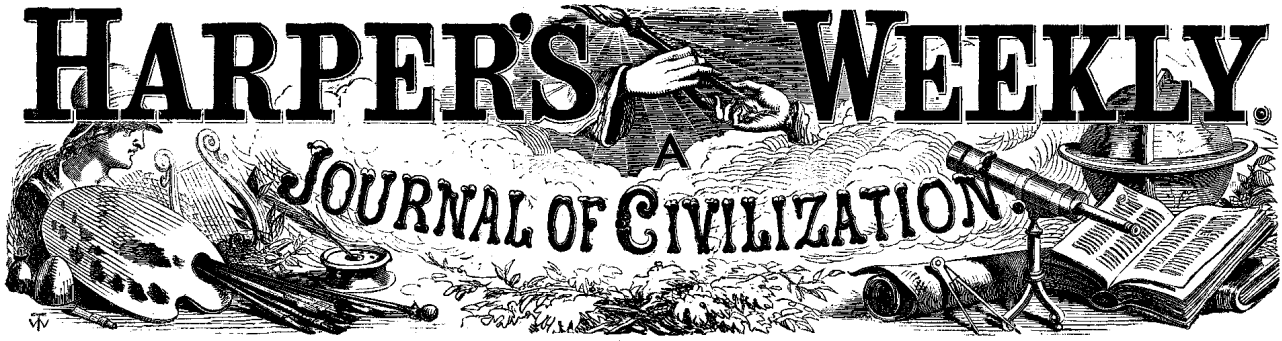


# HARPER'S WEEKLY

## JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

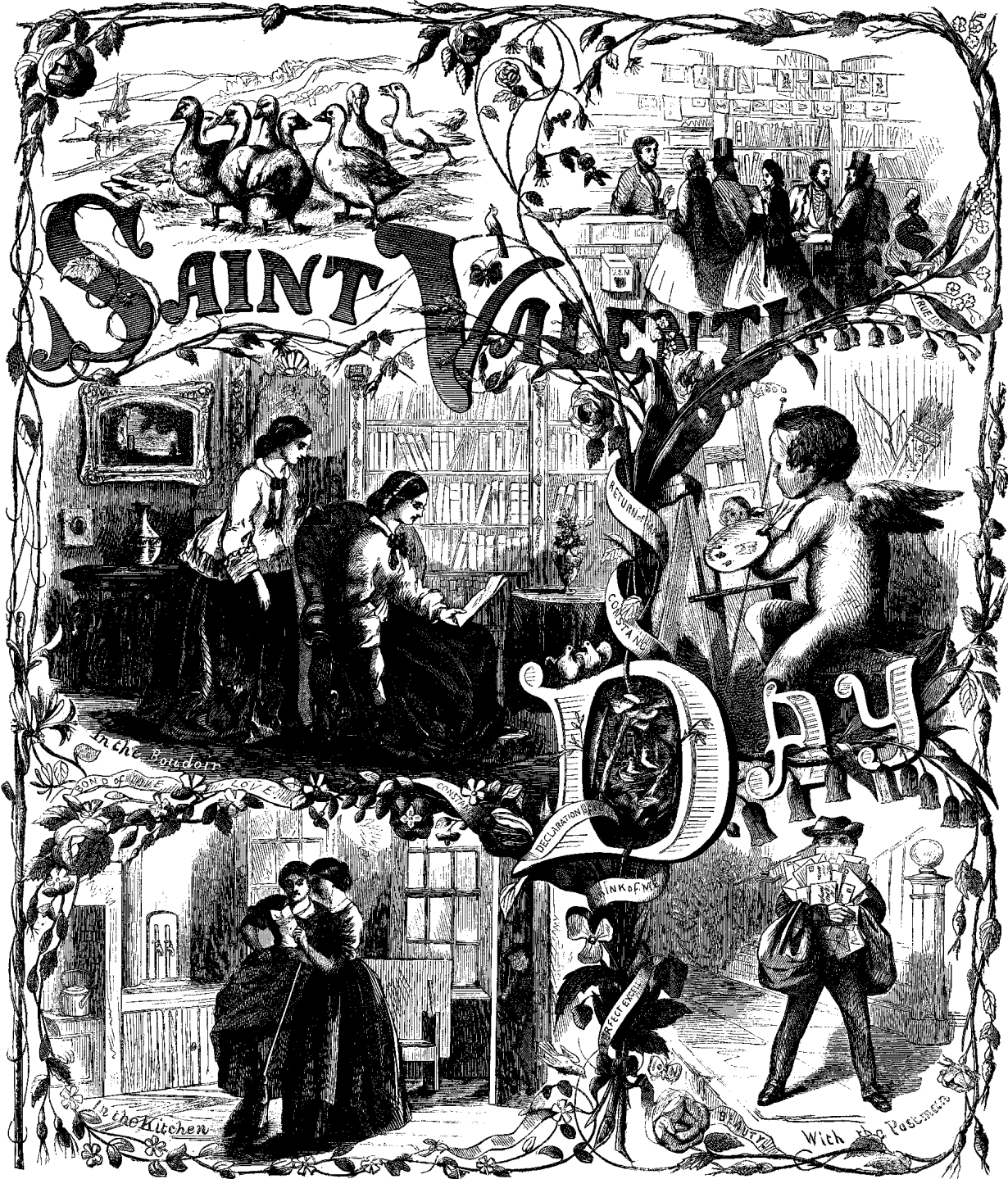


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JAN THE HAWKER.

HEAVILY, heavily hangs the sky, All dull and glazed as a dead man's eye;

Tall and strong and lusty is he; Like in his limbs as a sapling tree;

Jan is clad in his best array, His face is bright and rosy and gay;

A quaint old gauntlet gloves his hand, Curiously brocaded in seam and band;

The villagers smile as Jan goes by, And the maidens follow with envious eyes;

'Tis just a twelvemonth, lacking a day, Since Jan was plighted to Bessie Gray;

Cutting and cold the north winds blow; Heavily, heavily falls the snow;

And so till Sunday the storm keeps on; The buried country looks white and wan;

"Jan is lost in the snow!" he cries, With a terrible fear to his haggard eyes.

He scarce has finished ere fifty men Are spee'ding over the snow again;

White, all white, so white and cold, Whiteness covering forest and fold!

Old Farmer Gray comes toiling on; Hope and strength are well-nigh gone;

Hark! Is that the scream of a hawk? The farmer stops in his weary walk;

Calling, shouting, and whistling still, He dashes lustily up the bill;

Heavily, heavily hangs the sky, As dull and glazed as the dead man's eye.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

COTTON SUPPLY.

OUR Revolution has created a cotton panic in Europe. Merchants and statesmen foresee contingencies which may interfere with the production of cotton in this country;

may perhaps shed some light upon the prospects of the new movement.

Europe derives its cotton supply from five sources—the United States, Brazil, the West Indies, the East Indies, and Egypt.

Table with 2 columns: Source and Amount. Rows include United States, Brazil, West Indies, East Indies, and Egypt.

If we look back a few years we shall find that the proportion has not varied materially. Counting by thousands of bales, the cotton supply of Europe has been as follows for the past seven years:

Table with 7 columns: Year (1854-1860) and Amount. Rows include United States, Brazil, West Indies, East Indies, and Egypt.

It will thus be perceived that while there has been no perceptible increase in the cotton supply from Brazil, the West Indies, and Egypt during the past seven years, the supply from the United States and from the East Indies has increased fifty per cent.

The price has generally been governed by the condition of the crops in this country. When it became known in Europe that the supply from the United States in 1857 would be short, the price rose, in October of that year, to 92d. a pound at Liverpool; it fell last year, on the advice of a very handsome crop, to 52d. in July.

From the fact that strenuous efforts have been made for many years to increase the production of Egypt, the West Indies, and Brazil, while the above table shows that they yield no more now than they did in 1854, it may be inferred that they have reached their maximum product, and that no exertions of the European cotton-spinners can extract from them more cotton than they now export.

The question whether Europe can obtain cotton from countries outside of the United States turns upon the capabilities of the British dominions in India, and upon the development of the plant in new regions.

As to British India. In 1857, it is shown above that British India exported 738,000 bales; the bale being, however, as we suppose, of 220 pounds only, the total product was not quite equal to 369,000 American bales. Can this product be increased eight or ten fold? On the face of it, such a development seems impossible. Still, it is as well to look things in the face, and it must be admitted that there are reasons for expecting a very large increase of cotton supply from India. Since 1857 that country has passed out of the hands of the East India Company. The obstacles which that corporation systematically threw in the way of individual enterprise are now removed. Englishmen and English companies may now grow cotton in any part of India with the approval of the Government—a thing which was impossible under the Company's régime. It is reasonable to suppose, on the one hand, that the new Government of India will offer every encouragement to cotton culture, and, on the other, that the fears of the European spinners, aroused by the revolution in our Southern States, will stimulate them to offer liberal encouragement to the growth of Indian cotton. Labor is cheaper in India than in our Southern States; every variety of climate can be found; and there is no difficulty in procuring skilled managers and machinery. Under ordinary circumstances, the proximity of our cotton-fields to the work-shops of Europe would have afforded them an insurmountable advantage over Indian rivals; but if politics are to disturb our agriculture and our commerce, who can foresee the result?

It is argued by European political economists that a very large section of the world's surface is adapted to the growth of cotton; that it is not indigenous to the Slave States of this country; that it may be produced even to better advantage elsewhere. For instance:

Dr. Livingstone reports that cotton grows wild throughout the regions of Central Africa which he has explored, and that the establishment of friendly commercial relations would lead to the cultivation of the plant on an extended scale for export. This region lies on rivers whose mouth is on the eastern shore of Africa.

Cotton is already freely grown for export in the region through which the Niger flows, in Western Africa. One port—Abokuta—is said to have increased its cotton export from half a bale in 1850 to 2000 bales in 1860. Could the supply from this source be increased?

The Emperor of the French has had careful surveys made of Algeria, with a view to the development of its capacity as a cotton-growing region. It is reported in the Paris journals that they have proved that Algeria can grow all the cotton needed for the consumption of the French Mills.

Mr. E. G. Squier, the well-known Central American traveler, publishes a statement to the effect that Honduras is admirably adapted for

the growth of cotton; that the plant, which is annual on our sea-islands, is perennial there, and reaches a growth unknown to our latitudes.

Finally, writers in European journals predict a speedy development of cotton culture on shores of the Mediterranean which have never grown a pound of the staple, but which are said to be adapted to its production; and other writers, alluding to the enormous production of cotton in China, affirm that if attention were directed to the subject, an ample supply could be obtained from thence.

These are the principal countries to which Europeans are looking for a supply of cotton—in view of a probable failure of the supply from the United States.

It may be remarked that to produce cotton equal to that of our Slave States, not only climate, but labor, is required. The product of our Slave States could be doubled if they had twice as many negroes to work the cotton fields. And it will serve the European spinners but little to discover soil and climate suited to the growth of cotton, if they can not likewise find laborers to cultivate the plant. This deficiency will at once prove fatal to the proposed culture of cotton in Australia, for instance, which does not contain laborers; and in the West Indies, where cotton might have been grown to any extent if labor had been forthcoming.

Whether the free negroes of Africa, in the regions watered by the Zambesi and the Niger, will consent to work sedulously for whole seasons, in order to develop fairly the capabilities of the soil to produce cotton, is one of those problems which can only be solved by experience. Dr. Livingstone and the agents of certain Cotton Supply Associations seem to be sanguine that they will; the experience of Jamaica is on the side of the negative.

It is understood that the Emperor of the French proposes to procure labor from China. Contracts are said to have been made by his agents for large supplies of coolie laborers for Algeria. A similar policy has been pursued by Great Britain for some time past; Trinidad, and other West India Islands, are supplied with coolie labor, and their crops are raised almost entirely by coolies. If a system of coolie emigration from Hindostan and China be once established on a permanent basis, no limits can be set to the amount of labor which can thus be obtained. China is said to contain 400,000,000, and Hindostan 150,000,000 inhabitants. Under energetic management, half a million laborers could be conveyed annually from these countries to new cotton fields; and in ten years Algeria might contain three or four millions of coolie cotton-producers.

The attempts which have been so often made by Europe to emancipate itself from dependence on this country for cotton have, hitherto, invariably failed. It is well, however, that our success and our good fortune in the past should not render us careless of the proceedings which are being had to dethrone King Cotton in the future.

STAY LAWS.

WE trust that our Southern friends will believe that we have no partisan purpose in view if we direct their attention to the fatal consequences of the stay laws which are now being enacted in certain Southern States. Such measures are calculated to do far more injury to the people of the States which enact them than to the creditors whom they defraud of their just dues. Yet Georgia has already passed an act postponing the compulsory collection of debts till New-Year 1862; similar measures are pending before the Legislatures of Alabama and South Carolina, and have been broached in Mississippi and Louisiana.

According to the Constitution of the United States (Art. I, sect. 10) "no State...shall pass any...law impairing the obligation of contracts." Under this section it is probable that the Supreme Court would decree the invalidity of State stay laws. If, however, it should be urged either, on the one hand, that a postponement of writs of execution does not impair the original validity of contracts, or, on the other, that States which have seceded are no longer bound by the Constitution of the United States, it would nevertheless remain obvious that the practical effect of stay laws must be detrimental to the communities which enact them.

For credit is the life and soul of trade, enterprise, and material prosperity; and laws impairing or postponing the just claims of creditors are necessarily fatal to credit.

For many years our Southern States have enjoyed first-rate credit, both at the North and abroad. Southern obligations have always been preferred in New York to obligations from the East or West. For instance, it has been estimated that the South owes the North at present from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Southern men have been considered here as good under all circumstances. Their honor has been relied upon to any extent. Houses which would not trust Western or Eastern dealers a hundred dollars have been delighted to give credits of thousands to Southerners. The simple reason was that people have had an undying faith in the honor of the Southern people—a firm conviction

that under no circumstances would they seek to evade payment of their debts. It is this faith, it is this conviction to be demolished now by the passage of stay laws?

We warn our Southern friends against the perils of the path into which some of their leaders are hurrying them. Their wealth and prosperity and expansion are in a large measure the fruit of the credit they have enjoyed. Credit is very sensitive; they should not, for their own sake, subject theirs to any rude ordeals.

THE LOUNGER.

GOING! GONE!

Eight or nine years ago a jolly company set forth one morning from New York upon a railroad excursion. There were Mr. Fillmore, the President of the United States; and Mr. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; and Mr. Graham, Secretary of the Navy, and other gentlemen of the cabinet.

There were Senator Seward of New York, and Senator Douglas of Illinois, and other Senators and representatives of the people. All the politicians and ex-politicians of the State were also there, and a crowd of authors, artists, men of leisure, and merchants. The hilarious company departed at early morning from the foot of Duane Street in a capacious and "splendid" steamer, and speedily disembarked at Piermont, just beyond the Palisades. There a crowd of the neighbors received them, and they entered the new and nice cars upon the broad gauge Erie road. The impatient locomotive, gay and excited with pretty flags, whistled and shrieked, and at length moved forward, and away went the jolly company into the heart of the hills.

The country left its work that day and came to look at the long train, the first "through" train upon the Erie Railroad, that it might feast its eyes upon the promise and prophecy of things to come. Presidents, statesmen, artists, authors, merchants, were only so many samples of the commodities and influences that should follow upon the opening of the road. The lovely valleys of the Susquehanna and the Delaware should be ruins no longer but belles. The tier of towns along the southern part of the State should feel the iron of the track, and spring into cities, as the squire feels the sword upon his shoulder and rises a knight. The subject valleys of the Chenango, the Genesee, and the rest, should start with the thrill of new life; and above all, the proud and domineering Central should be brought low, and the great stream of Western travel be tapped at Dunkirk and turned into the coffers of the triumphant rail.

The night was passed at Elmira. You remember, dear B., how we sat and scribbled late in our little room, writing the day's history while the stars were fresh, and how the hundreds of less fortunate friends, not members of the fourth estate, stretched their weary lengths upon sofas, and chairs, and floors. There were two new hotels for the city of Elmira that was to be a metropolis to-morrow. They were very comfortable and very fine; but they swarmed with guests; and absolute happiness must have reigned in the hearts of all the hosts. It was not a night sacred to sleep, but who would lose a minute of the festivity?

In the morning the journey was resumed. At every station there were shouts for some of the great men. The President bowed blandly. The Secretary of State showed his dark, imposing front and stared at the crowd with his deep, mournful eyes. Sometimes he spoke a few words, standing upon the platform; and the senators spoke a great many. On went the train, cutting sentences and words in twain. There was a waving of hats, a gust of hurrahs, hushed suddenly by distance, and then vills to the "railroad," which was administered with the utmost liberality.

Meanwhile the grand scenery along the route unrolled itself for admiration, more lovely and wild as the train went West. At length it was all forest, and suddenly from one point, looking for many a mile over a descending surface of tree tops, that seemed as solid and as smooth as a vast shaven lawn, the eager travelers beheld a glittering line along the horizon, and shouted for Lake Erie. Then, like fiery steeds impatient to drink, rushed the cars toward that sparkling goal, and in the afternoon of the second day rolled into Dunkirk, and the jolly company immediately overflowed with members the astonished little town. They slept in houses and on steamboats, and wherever a spot could be found; and the next day they parted. Some returned by the lake and Buffalo, some went westward, and some returned over the Erie road. At sunset of the day they arrived in Dunkirk Webster spoke from the piazza of the hotel, the last time I saw or heard him. His swarthy, gaunt, melancholy face is not to be forgotten. By its side, over his shoulder, you could see the sun setting, and seeing that, you neither heard nor cared to hear what the great voice was saying.

And so the great Erie Railroad was inaugurated. Its cost had been enormous. Yes; but what of that? It shortened travel to the West, it opened up an entirely new and wonderfully rich region, it wound through the finest farming country in the State; it was a stupendous enterprise, worthy the American people, worthy the imperial State of New York, etc., etc. You will find it all stated in the reported eloquent speeches delivered upon the occasion from car platforms and the front steps of hotels. So it was triumphantly inaugurated, after many millions had been paid to build it. Many of the great men at the opening are dead—some actually, others only politically. The great hotels where we passed the nights in revelry, they are there—"though fallen, great." Little Dunkirk dropped asleep again the next day, and dreams upon the shore of her one event. The rich farming country, the fine landscape, the happy valleys, you may see them whenever you choose

to take passage. But the great road itself, falling to through every kind of disaster and bad fortune, was sold last week—property, franchise, and all—for two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. That includes five mortgages and the back interest of about eight hundred thousand dollars. So we may say that the great road has gone with the great men who celebrated its opening.

It is another triumph of the "practical men;" and an illustrious poet asks, "What right have such people as those who build the Erie Railroad to sneer at those of us who build railroads to the moon? The dividends in both cases are the same—pure moonshine: and with this advantage for us, that we desired and expected nothing else. We poets went out to get wool, and returned with the very thing we went for. The 'practical men' went out for wool of another kind, and have returned shorn, and shorn very short indeed."

PHOTOMANIA.

The fashions of the drawing-room, in work and play, are always a pleasant study. They are as variable and incessant as any other fashion; often, like fashions of dress, repeating themselves after long intervals. But science constantly reveals new varieties. A little while since the *Photomania*—or, the pasting of pictures upon vases and glasses—was the most absorbing and interesting of the parlor pastimes; but the fever of collecting card-photographs has since taken its place, and is the most amiable form that the disease has recently assumed.

It began in Paris, of course, where they made the photographic *cartes de visite*. But the effect of these little pictures was so charming that the thought of preserving them in appropriate albums, and so creating a gallery of friendship and fame, was very obvious and alluring. The artists in "fancy goods" immediately designed the albums, until now they are quite universal, and as fast as they are brought to us, they are taken up with enthusiasm. They are of various shapes and sizes, the most convenient being those that are of small quarto form, holding fifty cards.

With the albums came the cards of the chief living celebrities, except among the Americans, for they seem to be rather shy of this particular form of homage. But in a good collection you shall see the royal families in many groups and attitudes. The Queen of England, for instance, standing quite alone, in a simple dark dress; or leaning over the Prince Consort's chair, who looks ardently up into her eyes; or sitting upon a terrace with the Consort by her side, and the nine plagues of a happy royal love around them. There is also the Emperor over the way from Windsor, standing in front of a chair; or sitting in it and leaning forward, as if in travail of great state projects; or walking with a baton, in plain clothes, by the side of a fashionable woman, his wife; or leading the young Prince by the hand. The Empress, too, is presented in many attitudes; and the young Imperial heir riding on a rocking-horse, or standing, a grenadier, drawing—always with the sword, the symbol of his empire. *Les cœurs d'as* is gone. This tall, gaunt, and white-haired gentleman, in a helmet, is the new King of Prussia; and this pretty Velasquez picture is the Queen of Spain, leaning over a young characteristically Spanish girl, in a broadly-striped silk dress, writing at a carved table.

As you turn from these you are forced to confess that Nature has not stamped the divine right upon any of them. Her Majesty of England looks like the reversed George Third. His Majesty of France can not be thought by the most loyal imagination, to resemble an ideal gentleman, in his appearance, at least; and her Majesty of Spain looks like any body's comfortable aunt. The sun does not respect the divinity that doth hedge a king. He only shows, more faithfully than Titian and Vandyck, that kings and queens may look like ordinary men and women. The sun is the most tremendous demerol. Let in light enough, and away go the regal figures, like ghosts.

But there are other cards more essentially interesting. Thiers, the French historian, a well-preserved, handsome, substantial Parisian gentleman of sixty. Lord Palmerston, Lord John, Lord Brougham, Lord Clarendon, Lord Grey, and others thoroughly English, show how technically British in appearance are the British statesmen. Here is Garibaldi, winking in the Sicilian sun; and Cavour, with his high, broad, thoughtful brow, and the keen, penetrating common sense of his eyes; or Horace Vernet, clasping his leg as he sits, with his long mustache and pointed beard in shadow; or Alphonse Karr, with shaved black hair, a typical Frenchman; or Sir David Brewster, white-haired, and whiskered, equally English; or Baron Rothschild, leaning upon his hand, as if money might give a headache. These, and scores more. You make a hundred calls of interest upon as many people you would gladly see just as much as you do upon the card; and it is so much pleasanter to give fifty cents and be presented in slippers to Victoria in her daily dress, than to pay a hundred dollars for a court-dress, and how to her Majesty in feathers!

There are plenty of others; the leading ladies at the French Court, for instance. The Duchess and Princesses, and the corresponding gentlemen. The Duchess of Hamilton, of Alba, of Luxembourg; the Prince Murat and Esterhazy; the Countess Montijo, mother of the Empress, and the Princess Mathilde, at your service. Here is Madeleine Brohan, of the *Comedie*, who knows how to sit for her picture; and lo! Ristori, Medea, of many voices.

What a comment upon history it would be, if we could turn over some photograph album of any famous antecedent period, and know the men and women as they looked, and not as the preposterous court-painters represented them. The ways of history and the court-painters have been always in conspiracy, and we have admired and condemned in a hundred wrong places where the sun would have put us all right. Shakespeare and his friends,

Scott and his friends, Milton and his friends, Johnson and his friends, as the sun saw them and might have painted them, if science had only been shrewd enough to know that he was an artist, would not they be books to have and to peruse?

Could there be a prettier present than an album filled with a choice selection of photographic cards?

MR. RAREY.

MR. RAREY does much more than tame horses—he conquers prejudices. The old farmer, leaning upon his tumble-down wall that guards the patch of ground from which he laboriously extracts sustenance for his family every year, sneers with the profoundest complacency at your suggestion that a little more knowledge would help him; that, in fact, science would give him a better dinner every day in the week. "My father did so, and he got on," is his final dull reply to all your hints and arguments. "What my father did is good enough for me," is always the triumphant rejoinder of ignorance and jealousy.

Now a poor and intelligent farmer has many reasons for turning a deaf ear to whoever suggests a new thing. "If my crop fails," he says, with conviction, "all is lost. I scarcely bring, by my round as it is, and when I get from my farm all I count upon. But if I lose that, I should never breathe free again. I do not deny that your science might help me; but there is a risk, and I can not afford to take a risk." It is true enough; for the worst part of poverty is that you can not take the pretty safe risks of bettering your fortune which so often offer. The answer to the farmer is that it is not a risk—that science is knowledge, and that its suggestions to him are based upon proved laws. And the same dull reply may be made to those who think that Rarey has a peculiar knack in managing horses. His system is founded upon laws which any sensible person can understand, and any calm, heroic person can administer. His principle is, that the force of human reason subdues brute force. It is akin to the principle that man may conquer a tempest at sea, by understanding the laws of material forces, so as to be able to steer his ship. Brute force is no match for mental force. Brute force is conquered by a superior of the same kind. If you could knock a horse down by a blow of your fist, you could then control him as Rarey does. But men can not knock horses over; then the sly brain suggests that the fore-leg should be caught up, and the effect of knocking down, that is, of mastery, is produced, and the great, fiery animal owns his loyalty to superiority.

Of course there must be no fear or hesitation, and, above all, no losing of the temper; for the moment a man loses his temper, away goes his intellectual superiority, and he is but a two-legged brute, while the other has four legs. But the jockey doctrine with horses has been to treat them as they must be thrashed into obedience, and the general stable practice is a system of kicking and jerking and shouting. Reform it altogether, says Rarey. And he said something else, which has not been so generally remarked—that a woman could usually tame a horse more readily than a man, because she is so much more quiet and equable and gentle than he.

This is the quality which is always observed in sudden calamities of any kind, requiring watching and attendance; and especially in the medical and practice of women. The still, direct, sympathetic efficiency of women, whenever they are on serious duty, is a curious contrast to the popular assumption against their executive capacity.

Besides, why should not women tame horses well, since they tame men in their most purely animal period of childhood? Men are not the best trainers in their own nurseries—it would be drizzle if it should turn out that their wives can manage the stables better too! Well, we shall gradually learn that rights are proportioned to powers. The superior must be upon its guard. Its prerogative of oaths, and blows, and general jawing in the management of horses may prove to be not so very valuable after all; and when Mr. Rarey has conclusively demonstrated that fact in the stable, hadn't he better step into the house and demonstrate the success of the same principle among human beings?

THE LION HEART.

It is curious to observe how much of the final opinion of the world upon men and things is determined upon other grounds than those of fact; and we can always see at any moment of our own history what singular risks of misrepresentation surround men and measures. The popular idea of Henry Eighth, of England, is declared by Frontin, the Roman Catholic historian, to be substantially false. That may or may not be; but there is no doubt that Shakespeare is responsible for much of the character of that opinion. The Calif Haroun al Raschid is known to us almost exclusively as he appears in the "Arabian Nights"; and Sir William Wallace is in the general estimation the hero painted in the "Scottish Chiefs."

In the same way one art has a kind of veto upon the others. Shakespeare describes Hamlet in one way, but Sir Thomas Lawrence painted John Kemble as Hamlet in quite another; and it is the Kemble and Lawrence Hamlet that is really familiar to us, and not the Danish Prince of Shakespeare's creation and description. So the Lucrezia Borgia of history was a fair-haired woman; but it is Victor Hugo's dark and splendid and terrible Duchess who is our Lucrezia, and that, in a great degree, because the Italian singers who personate her are usually brunettes. The imagination of a poet and our own personal experience are more absolute interpreters of personality than history itself.

There is no more striking illustration of this truth than the popular conception of Richard the Lion Heart of England. We of this generation see King Richard as Scott, drunk with feudal enthusiasm, describes him; and it is Scott's Saladin, not the historical Sultan, with whom we are familiar. We see Richard as the embodiment of chivalry, as

the romantic knight in the castle upon the Danube, answering the song of the loyal Blondel, as the stalwart soldier with the terror of whose name Saracen mothers hushed their babes. The Richard of history, on the contrary, was half a savage; ignorant, willful, brutal, and powerful. He was a man of no particular moment, except, probably, as a man-of-war, and certainly of no representative significance in English history, as William the Norman was, or Henry the Eighth; and yet his statue has just been erected in the palace yard at Westminster, in London, by the entrance of the House of Peers.

And the same chance that seems to settle so much of the impression of history is evident also in the erection of this statue.

Whoever recalls the American Crystal Palace, and the exhibition there, will not forget the huge plaster statue of Washington on his horse, the work of Baron Marochetti. There were persons who wanted to have it put into marble and purchased as a permanent monument of our great man. But a kind Providence overruled the wish. The Baron, however, had another string to his bow. He had already exhibited a similar work, representing Richard the King, at the London Crystal Palace. It was too large and unimportant to stand within the building, so it stood without; but the Baron is an amateur, it appears, and a Baron, and "influences" persuaded certain persons to purchase, and the English Government to favor the purchasing of the statue in marble; and it is now standing in a conspicuous spot, with the Government as sponsor—a medieval knight sitting in armor upon a horse, and holding his right arm up with a drawn sword in the hand. The work is sharply criticised; but there it stands, and there it will stand, while good sculptors starve, and representative men go unrepresented. It will not commemorate a half-barbarous King of England so much as the half-barbarous conception of art, or, rather, indifference to art, among the ruling powers of England. But it will be a good text for Punch, and we shall perhaps not lose by it, after all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FROST AND THAW.

It was hard King Frost and soft Queen Thaw  
Came lately to a tussle,  
Where the King he prevailed, with his hands ice-matted,  
And with his iron strength of muscle,  
And with some of his power, he made the Queen,  
Who strove to invade his dominions,  
With her languid sighs, and her weeping eyes,  
And her soft and drooping pinions—

Quoth he, "Begone to the sniveling South,  
Where the mild winds hang hot and heavy;  
There hid the moisture with steamy curls,  
Its toll of moisture levy.  
Go, shakeen the hold of the night Spring-cold,  
And melt the moisture with its fervor,  
But leave to me black January,  
And the bitter New Year time.

"I crack the thin, I rive the rill,  
I mock the might of iron,  
I make brittle the bone, and shatter the stone,  
And melt the moisture with its fervor,  
A touch—the matted and spade are still,  
The trowel and hod go down—  
The board is bare, and the hearth is chill,  
And hunger holds the town.

"And is it thou, poor pulling Queen,  
Who dost tame a mightier mine?  
Wouldst lift the brand of my scolding hand,  
And loose where I confine?  
Go, do thy bidding, and my rivers burst  
My fetters, an if they may,  
Bid earth rejoice, give the birds a voice,  
And make me merry spiteful gay."

Then soft Queen Thaw to her side 'gan draw,  
Her gracious ministrance;  
She summoned the warm airs from the South,  
The soft rains from the sea.  
And sore she strove by the might of love,  
King Frost's hand, and to unloose,  
But the airs in her train came shivering again,  
And her rains they froze as they fell!

Then sudden this thought to her heart was brought,  
"Fool, to waste on snow and shower—  
'Tis not King Frost, whose path I've erred,  
But Nature's great power!  
Beneath his law stand Frost and Thaw;  
We work but as he wills;  
King Frost is the cold, and the way for life,  
When he makes hoar it kills.

"In earth and air 'Tis strife forebear:  
Leave them to Nature's law,  
But Frost shall see, though strong he be,  
There's a triumph still for Thaw.  
On human hearts 'T'll turn my arts,  
Love's fount therein unseal,  
Till the hard shall give, and the dead shall live,  
And the slow to play feel."

Go! speed such Thaw! still may I draw  
A score from all around,  
Till Love's green tree shoot fair and free,  
From out the frozen ground.  
High may it spring and broadly fling  
Its rain-like seed,  
May find 't'herewith its clothe itself,  
To shelter, warm, and feed!

ALL SOULS IN A NUT-SHELL.

Punch them dat. Give over your strains,  
Nor wear like angry cats;  
The Dons are right to banish brains,  
For All Souls must be flats.

Who is the most melancholy of young ladies?—Miss Anna-Thrope.

ENGLISH PRIZE BULL.—"The Irish Directory," said Brown. "Can Ireland produce such a thing? Surely, to keep up national character, it ought to be full of blunders." "Yes, to be accurate, 'ought'," said Jones.

The real victim of a coquette is the man she marries.

A young scapegrace, who had seen out a fortune, took up his residence in a country village, pretending to be an author. His shabby appearance was however accounted for by his being a poor man, and marks of poverty remained, many a romantic village maid sighed over the "graceful face of genius." Right would not pay his landlord's bill, and when a month had expired he was dunned in good earnest. At length the landlord told him he never saw any of his productions, and wished to know what work he had done. "Being thus pushed, and I replied, 'Why, Sir, I call myself an author, and so I am—the author of my own misfortunes.'"

—The Palsu supplies both food, shelter, clothing, and fuel.

REVOLUTION IN EVENING PARTIES.

BY A RED-NOSED OLD WALL-FLOWER.  
There is a madness starting, stark,  
At which I'm in amazement lost,  
Thermometers some twenty mark,  
Or twenty odd, degrees of frost,  
Not only common rivers cease  
Toward the sea their waves to pour,  
White up their cold white ducks and geese,  
But Tames himself is frozen o'er!

The frantic folly that astounds  
My reason with its awful height,  
Is that of people going round  
Of evening parties night by night.  
They go at ten or later; leave  
At two or three; perhaps at four.  
Why, girls themselves, one would believe,  
Must find such sitting up a bore!

Or if to dance in gay attire  
Afford a pleasure so intense,  
As much an ecstasy inspire,  
As to exclude all other sense,  
There is prospect which might well  
Apply the girl of empty head,  
That she was worn by ball-room bella,  
'Tis that of going home to bed.

The fire extinct—the middle-class  
At least must try their servants sleep—  
Oh dear, how cold! and what an ass  
Are you, such hours as these to keep!  
What comfort do you now derive  
From having on the finest clothes,  
To-morrow, sure you will be alive,  
You'll have a cold; 'till through your nose.

But hoveforward if you have to ride  
Miles from a stupid County hall,  
That scene of vanity and pride,  
That punishment is worst of all.  
That have your hapless stinkies done,  
That they should have  
Imposed on them to drive—no fun—  
You home at such a time of year?

Oh, brothers! I appeal to you,  
For men have reason, men have truth,  
All evening parties to eschew,  
Combine and vow let all our youth,  
Until they shall no more extend  
From midnight to the rising sun;  
Enough, in dancing time to spend  
To go at seven and leave at one.

UN GEF IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

Why should a classical scholar never attempt to count eggs more than one at a time?  
Because he would be sure to count them out and over.

When are the shares of a company like the Emperor of China's Summer Palace near Pekin?—When they are a'booted.

A young Tipperary widow, Nelly McPhee, was courted and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Shane, on her way to her husband's funeral. "She accepted, of course," said Grossman. "No, she did not," said Smith. "Tooley dear," says she, "'Tis too late now; for what I would have him a decent time after poor McPhee was under board." "Well," said Grossman, "widows of all nations are much alike. There was a Dutch woman whose husband, Dietrich Von Frank, died and left her homeless. He was buried in the city of the hills. Folks in that grief would not be comforted in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot, and finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight when the servant told her they were out of knitting stuff, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied in a very quiet way, 'Mayhap it is well enough now to split up old Van Frank vs. his up stairs.'"

A butcher was in the habit of killing pigs for a neighbor—a quiet, decent woman, and a little shrewd in her way, which were nobody's business; and it so happened that the woman's pigs which were always found dead, the kidneys. Desiring this desideratum some unaccountable force of nature, but anxious to get as near to the truth as possible, she one day, on seeing another of her pigs laid open with similar shewings, remarked to the honest butcher: "Hoo is it, Master Donald, that my pigs are at wantin' kidneys?" The butcher did not glance at the occult pocket, but replied, "It's the breed, guid wife, jist the breed!"

If an editor can find nobody that will credit a word he says, he may fairly boast that he has no coeditor.

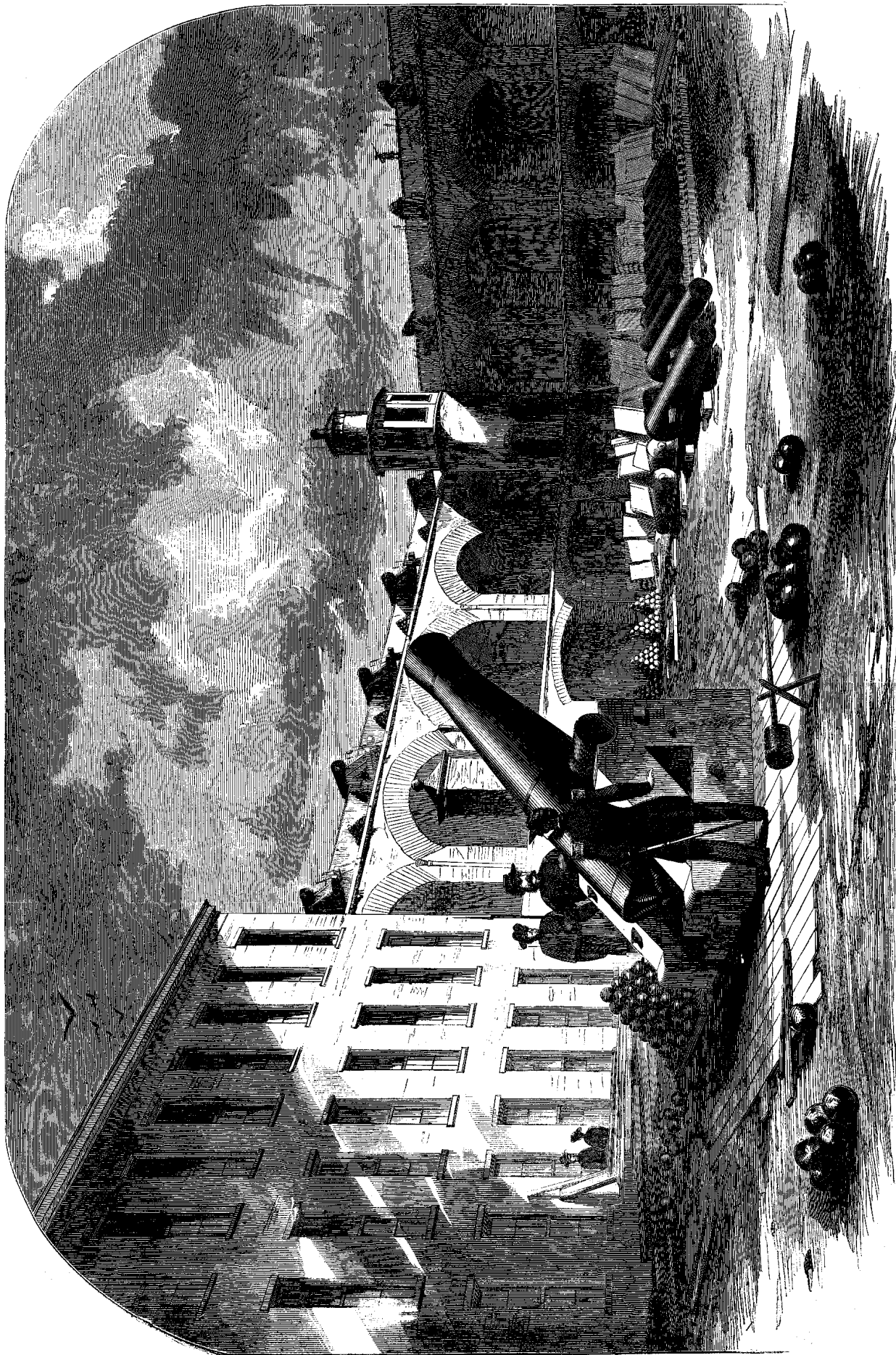
The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2 that her master expected her to come to the Bays, to see him a visit at Christmas; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected the Bails in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the balliffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken in extension, and that it was killing his poor dear wife; and so it went on increasing and increasing, until it got to No. 53, where it was reported that the detective police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor wife; and was arrested, and it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed at Horsemaneger Lane Jail, as the facts of the case were very clear against him.

"John, who was the wisest man?"—"Don't know, Sir."—"Yes, you do know. Tell me."—"Well, I guess it was Uncle; for father sez he was so cunning he got every body to trust him, and wasn't fool enough to pay nobody."

Lord Chief Justice Keppel was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in the case of an action brought for the non-fulfillment of a contract, on a large scale, for shoes, the question mainly was, whether or not my wife were well and soundly made, and with the best materials. A number of witnesses were called; one of whom, being closely questioned, returned contradictory answers; when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to the witness, which were regularly betrayed by the broad silver buckle of the day—"Were the shoes any thing like these?" "No, my lord," replied the witness; "they were a great deal better, and more comfortable." The Lord Chief Justice, being amused with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

"You will please to observe," said old schoolmaster Lamwell, as he led a party of gentlemen through his school, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness as well as discipline." They had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water-bucket, and one had just sarged his mouth with the contents of the cup, while the old gentleman was stopping over to recover his hand from the floor, when another, passing along behind, snuffed his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, which caused him on a sudden to neglect the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping, he shouted aloud, "Who did that?" The party unanimously cried out, "Jim Gunn, Sir!" "James Gunn, what did you do that for?" "Jim, my lord, the mischief he had done, mattered that it was not his fault, but that Tom Owen had snuffed him." This changed the direction of old Lamwell's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked, "Did you snuff Gunn?" The culprit, trembling, replied, "Yes, my lord." "Yes, Sir, I snuffed Gunn, but I didn't know that he was loaded."

Goethe says: "I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself." Had the gentleman ever committed suicide?



A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD MOUNTED AS A MORTAR AT FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE SALLY-PORT AT SUMTER.—INTERIOR.

**FORT SUMTER.**

We are again enabled, through the polite attention of officers of Major ANDERSON'S command, to illustrate FORT SUMTER. We publish on the preceding page a large picture of the COLUMBIAD which has just been placed in position as a mortar; and above a VIEW OF THE SALLY-PORT, from the inside. The question having been raised whether the guns at FORT SUMTER can reach the City of Charleston, it may be interesting to know that the problem has been solved, as the following letter from FORT SUMTER explains:

"To the Editor of Harper's Weekly: The Weekly of January 26 quotes the Herald in proof that these guns can not send a shell to Charleston, and gives very fair data for that opinion. But a 10-inch COLUMBIAD throws its shell easily 4828 yards.

"By making this shell eccentric, at least 500 more can be gained; and all intelligent artillerymen know of certain other expedients by which the difference between this total (5928 yards) and 5500—the distance to Broad Street—can be overcome. Q.E.D. And we trust we shall not be compelled to prove it practically."

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS.**

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORNING made a considerable difference in my general prospect of Life, and brightened it



so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind was the consideration that six days intervened between me and the day of departure; for I could not divest myself of a misgiving that something might happen to London in the mean while, and that, when I got there, it would be either greatly deteriorated or clean gone.

Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. After breakfast Joe brought out my indentures from the press in the best parlor, and we put them in the fire, and I felt that I was free. With all the novelty of my emancipation on me, I went to church with Joe, and thought perhaps the clergyman wouldn't have read that about the rich man and the kingdom of Heaven if he had known all.

After our early dinner I strolled out alone, purposing to finish off the marshes at once, and get them done with. As I passed the church, I felt (as I had felt during service in the morning) a sublime compassion for the poor creatures who were destined to go there, Sunday after Sunday, all their lives through, and to lie obscurely at last among the low green mounds. I promised myself that I would do something for them one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon every body in the village.

If I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive whom I had once seen limping among those graves, what were my thoughts on this Sunday, when the place recalled the wretch, ragged and shivering, with his felon iron and badge! My comfort was that it happened a long time ago, and that he had doubtless been transported a long way off, and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead into the bargain.

No more low, wet grounds, no more dykes and sluices, no more of these grazing cattle—though they seemed, in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now, and to face round, in order that they might stare as long as possible at the possessor of such great expectations—farewell, monotonous acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness: not for smith's work in general and for you! I made my exultant way to the old Battery, and, lying down there to consider the question whether Miss Havisham intended me for Estella, fell asleep.

When I awoke I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me, smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said:

"As being the last time, Pip, I thought I'd foller."

"And, Joe, I am very glad you did so."

"Thankee, Pip," said Joe.

"You may be sure, dear Joe," I went on, after we had shaken hands, "that I shall never forget you."

"No, no, Pip!" said Joe, in a comfortable tone. "I'm sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap! Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round in a man's mind to be certain on it. But it took a bit of time to get it well round; the change come so uncommon plump; didn't it?"

Somehow I was not best pleased with Joe's being so mightily secure of me. I should have liked him to have betrayed emotion, or to have said, "It does you credit, Pip," or something of that sort. Therefore I made no remark on Joe's first head: merely saying, as to his second, that the tidings had indeed come suddenly, but that I had always wanted to be a gentleman, and had often and often speculated on what I would do if I were one.

"Have you thought?" said Joe. "Astomishing!"

"It's a pity now, Joe," said I, "that you did not get on a little more, when we had our lessons here; isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Joe. "I'm so awful dull. I'm only master of my own trade. It were always a pity as I was so awful dull; but it's no more of a pity now than it was—say this day twelve month—don't you see?"

What I had meant was, that when I came into my property and was able to do something for Joe, it would have been much more agreeable if he had been better qualified for a rise in station. He was so perfectly innocent of my meaning, however, that I thought I would mention it to Biddy in preference.

So, when we had walked home and had had tea, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and, after throwing out in a general way for the elevation of her spirits, that I should never forget her, said I had a favor to ask of her.

"And it is, Biddy," said I, "that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on a little."

"How helping him on?" asked Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

"Well! Joe is a dear good fellow—in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived—but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners."

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

"Oh, his manners! Won't his manners do them?" asked Biddy, pinching a black currant leaf.

"My dear Biddy, they do very well here—" "Oh! they do very well here?" interposed Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

"Hear me out—but if I were to remove Joe into a higher sphere, as I shall hope to remove him when I fully come into my property, they would hardly do him justice."

"And don't you think he knows that?" asked Biddy.

It was such a very provoking question for it had never in the most distant manner occurred to me, that I said, snappishly, "Biddy, what do you mean?"

Biddy having rubbed the leaf to pieces between her hands—and the smell of a black currant bush has ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of the lane—said, "Have you never considered that he may be proud?"

"Proud!" I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

"Oh! there are many kinds of pride," said Biddy, looking full at me and shaking her head; "pride is not all of one kind—"

"Well? What are you stopping for?" said I.

"Not all of one kind," resumed Biddy. "He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill, and fills

well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is: though it sounds bold in me to say so, for you must know him far better than I do."

"Now, Biddy," said I, "I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect to see this in you. You are envious, Biddy, and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune, and you can't help showing it."

"If you have the heart to think so," returned Biddy, "say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so."

"If you have the heart to be so, you mean, Biddy," said I, in a virtuous and superior tone; "don't put it off upon me. I am very sorry to see it, and it's a—'t's a bad side of human nature. I did intend to ask you to use any little opportunities you might have after I was gone of improving dear Joe. But after this I ask you nothing. I am extremely sorry to see this in you, Biddy," I repeated. "It's a—'t's a bad side of human nature."

"Whether you would me or approve of me," returned poor Biddy, "you may equally depend upon my trying to do all that lies in my power here at all times. And whatever opinion you take away of me, shall make no difference in my remembrance of you. Yet a gentleman should not be unjust neither," said Biddy, turning away her head.

I again warmly repeated that it was a bad side of human nature (in which sentiment, wearing its application, I have since seen reason to think I was right), and I walked down the little path away from Biddy, and Biddy went into the house, and I went out at the garden gate and took a dejected stroll until supper-time; again feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this, the second night of my bright fortunes, should be as lonely and unsatisfactory as the first.

But returning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the tailor, who was having his breakfast in the parlor behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me in to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a hail-fellow-well-met kind of way. "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

Mr. Trabb had sliced his hot roll into three feather beds, and was slipping butter in between the blankets, and covering it up. He was a prosperous old bachelor, and his open window looked into a prosperous little garden and orchard, and there was a prosperous iron safe let into the wall at the side of his fire-place, and I did not doubt that heaps of his prosperity were put away in it in bags.

"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property."

A change passed over Mr. Trabb. He forgot the butter in bed, got up from the bedside, and wiped his fingers on the table-cloth, exclaiming, "Lord bless my soul!"

"I am going up to my guardian in London," said I, casually drawing some guineas out of my pocket and looking at them; "and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them." I added—otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them, "with ready money."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respectfully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of each elbow, "don't hurt me by mentioning that. May I venture to congratulate you? Would you do me the favor of stepping into the shop?"

Now Mr. Trabb's boy was the most audacious boy in all that country-side. When I had



"AND MAY I—MAY I—?"

entered he was sweeping the shop, and he had sweetened his labors by sweeping over me. He was still sweeping when I came into the shop with Mr. Trabb, and he knocked the broom against all possible corners and obstacles, to express (as I understood it) equality with any blacksmith, alive or dead.

"Hold that noise," said Mr. Trabb, with the greatest sternness, "or I'll knock your head off! Do me the favor to be seated, Sir. Now this," said Mr. Trabb, taking down a roll of cloth, and tiding it out in a flowing manner over the counter, preparatory to getting his hand under it to show the gloss, "is a very sweet article. I can recommend it for your purpose, Sir, because it really is extra super. But you shall see some others. Give me Number Four, you!" (To the boy, and with dreadful severity, foreseeing the danger of that miscreant's brushing me with it, or making some other sign of familiarity.)

Mr. Trabb never removed his stern eye from the boy until he had deposited number four on the counter and was at a safe distance again. Then he commanded him to bring number five and number eight. "And let me have none of your tricks here," said Mr. Trabb, "or you shall repent it, you young scoundrel, the longer delay you have." Mr. Trabb then bent over number four, and in a sort of deferential confidence recommended it to me as a light article for summer wear, an article much in vogue among the nobility and gentry, an article that it would ever be an honor to him to reflect upon a distinguished fellow-townsman's (if he might claim me for a fellow-townsman) having worn. "Are you bringing numbers five and eight, you vagabond," said Mr. Trabb to the boy after that; "or shall I kick you out of the shop and bring them myself?"

I selected the materials for a suit, with the assistance of Mr. Trabb's judgment, and re-entered the parlor to be measured. For, although Mr. Trabb had my measure already, and had previously been quite contented with it, he said apologetically that it "wouldn't do under existing circumstances, Sir—wouldn't do at all." So Mr. Trabb measured and calculated me, in the parlor, as if I were an estate and he the finest species of surveyor, and gave himself such a world of trouble that I felt that no suit of clothes could possibly remunerate him for his pains. When he had at last done, and had appointed to send the articles to Mr. Pumblechook's on the Thursday evening, he said, with his hand upon the parlor lock, "I know, Sir, that London gentlemen can not be expected to patronize local work, as a rule; but if you would give me a turn now and then in the quality of a townsman, I should greatly esteem it. Good-morning, Sir; much obliged. Door!"

The last word was hung at the boy, who had not the least notion what it meant. But I saw him collapse as his master ruded me out with his hands, and how he had enjoyed the stupendous power of money was, that it had morally laid upon his back Trabb's boy.

After this memorable event, I went to the hatter's, and the bootmaker's, and the hosier's, and felt rather like Mother Hubbard's dog, whose outfit required the services of so many trades. I also went to the coach-office, and took my place for seven o'clock on Saturday morning. It was not necessary to explain every where that I had come into a handsome property; but whenever I said any thing to that effect, it followed that the officiating tradesman ceased to have his attention diverted through the window by the High Street, and concentrated his mind upon me. When I had ordered every thing I wanted I directed my steps toward Pumblechook's, and as I approached that gentleman's place of business I saw him standing at his door.

He was waiting for me with great impatience. He had been out early with the chaise-cart, and had called at the forge and heard the news. He had prepared a collation for me in the Barnwell parlor, and he stood expectant to have his attention diverted through the window by the High Street, and concentrated his mind upon me. When I had ordered every thing I wanted I directed my steps toward Pumblechook's, and as I approached that gentleman's place of business I saw him standing at his door.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, taking me by both hands, when he and I and the collation were alone, "I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved, well deserved!"

"This was coming to the point, and I thought it a sensible way of expressing himself.

"To think," said Mr. Pumblechook, after smothering admiration at me for some moments, "that I should have been a humble instrument of leading up to this, is a great reward."

I begged Mr. Pumblechook to remember that nothing was to be ever said or hinted on that point.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "if you will allow me to call you so—"

I murmured "Certainly;" and Mr. Pumblechook took me by both hands again, and communicated a movement to his waistcoat that had an emotional appearance, though it was rather low down—"My dear young friend, rely upon my doing my little all in your absence, by keeping the fact before the mind of Joseph."

"Joseph!" said Mr. Pumblechook, in the way of a compassionate adjuration. "Joseph! Joseph!" Thereupon he shook his head and tapped it, expressing his sense of deficiency in Joseph.

"But my dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a chicken had round from the Boar, here's one or two little things that I hope you may not despise. But do I," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again the moment after he had sat down, "for some moment after I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I—may I—"

"This may I mean, might he shake hands? I consented, and he was fervent, and then sat down again.

"Here is wine," said Mr. Pumblechook, "Let

us drink, Thanks to Fortune, and may she ever pick out her favorites with equal judgment! And yet I can not," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "so afford me One—and likewise drink to One—without again expressing—May I—may I—?"

I said he might, and he shook hands with me again, and emptied his glass and turned it upside down. I did the same; and if I had turned myself upside down before drinking, the wine would not have gone more direct to my head.

Mr. Pumblechook helped me to the liver wing, and to the best slice of tongue (none of those out-of-the-way No-Thoroughfares of Pork now), and took, comparatively speaking, no care of himself at all. "Ah! poultry, poultry! You little thought," said Mr. Pumblechook, apostrophizing the fowl in the dish, "when you was a young fledgling, what was in store for you. You little thought you was to be refreshment beneath this humble roof for one as—call it a weakness, if you will," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "but may I? may I?"

It began to be unnecessary to repeat the form of saying he might, so he did it at once. How he ever did it so often without mortally wounding himself with my knife, I don't know.

I had not yet finished my resumed, albeit a little steady eating, "which had the honor of bringing you up by hand! It's a sad picture, to reflect that she's no longer equal to fully understanding the honor. May—"

I saw he was about to come at me again, and I stopped him.

"We'll drink her health," said I.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Pumblechook, leaning back in his chair, quite flaccid with admiration, "that's the way you know 'em, Sir!" (I don't know who Sir was, but he certainly was not I, and there was no third person present.) "That's the way you know the noble minded, Sir! Ever forgiving and ever affable. It might," said the servile Pumblechook, putting down his unstarted glass in a hurry and getting up again, "to a common person, have the appearance of repeating—but may I—?"

When he had done it he resumed his seat and drank to my sister. "Let us never be blind," said Mr. Pumblechook, "to our faults of temper, but it is to be hoped she meant well."

At about this time I began to observe that he was getting flushed in the face, as to myself, I felt all face, steeped in wine and snoring.

I mentioned to Mr. Pumblechook that I wished to have my clothes sent to his house, and he was ecstatic on my so distinguishing him. I mentioned my reason for desiring to avoid observation in the village, and he lauded it to the skies. There was nobody but himself, he intimated, worthy of my confidence, and—in short, might he? Then he asked me tenderly if I remembered our boyish games at sums, and how we had gone together to have me bound apprentice, and how he had ever been my favorite friend, and my chosen friend? If I had taken ten times as many glasses of wine as I had, I should have known that he never had stood in that relation toward me, and should in my heart of hearts have repudiated the idea. Yet for all that, I remember feeling convinced that I had been most mistaken in him, and that he was a sensible, practical, good-hearted, prime fellow.

By degrees he fell to reposing such great confidence in me, as to ask my advice in reference to his own affairs. He mentioned that there was an opportunity for a great speculation and monopoly of the corn and seed trade on those premises, if enlarged, such as had never occurred before in that, or any other neighborhood. What alone was wanting to the realization of a vast fortune he considered to be More Capital. Those were the two little words, more capital. Now it appeared to him (Pumblechook) that if that capital were got into the business through a sleeping partner, Sir: which sleeping partner would have nothing to do but walk in, and get off duty, whenever he pleased, and examine the books, and walk in twice a year and take his profits away in his pocket, to the tune of fifty per cent.—it appeared to him that that might be an opening for a young gentleman of spirit combined with property, which would be worthy of his attention. But what did I think? He had great confidence in my opinion, and what did I think? I gave 5/6 as my opinion, "Wait a bit!" The united vastness and distinctness of this view so struck him, that he no longer asked if he might shake hands with me, but said he really must—and did.

We drank all the wine, and Mr. Pumblechook pledged himself over and over again to keep Joseph up to the mark (I don't know what mark), and to render me efficient and constant service (I don't know what service). He also made known to me for the first time in my life, and certainly after having kept his secret wonderfully well, that he had always said of me, "That boy is no common boy, and mark me, his fortune will be no common fortune." He said with a tearful smile that it was a singular thing to think of now, and I said, "I'm glad, I went out into the air with a dim perception that there was something unvoiced in the conduct of the sunshine, and found that I had slenderly got to the turnpike without having taken any account of the road.

There I was roused by Mr. Pumblechook's hailing me. He was a long way down the sunny street, and was making expressive gestures for me to stop. I stopped, and he came up breathless.

"No, my dear friend," said he, when he had received my speech, "for some moment after I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I—may I—"

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"Ah!" cried Mr. Pumblechook, leaning back in his chair, quite flaccid with admiration, "that's the way you know 'em, Sir!" (I don't know who Sir was, but he certainly was not I, and there was no third person present.) "That's the way you know the noble minded, Sir! Ever forgiving and ever affable. It might," said the servile Pumblechook, putting down his unstarted glass in a hurry and getting up again, "to a common person, have the appearance of repeating—but may I—?"

When he had done it he resumed his seat and drank to my sister. "Let us never be blind," said Mr. Pumblechook, "to our faults of temper, but it is to be hoped she meant well."

At about this time I began to observe that he was getting flushed in the face, as to myself, I felt all face, steeped in wine and snoring.

I mentioned to Mr. Pumblechook that I wished to have my clothes sent to his house, and he was ecstatic on my so distinguishing him. I mentioned my reason for desiring to avoid observation in the village, and he lauded it to the skies. There was nobody but himself, he intimated, worthy of my confidence, and—in short, might he? Then he asked me tenderly if I remembered our boyish games at sums, and how we had gone together to have me bound apprentice, and how he had ever been my favorite friend, and my chosen friend? If I had taken ten times as many glasses of wine as I had, I should have known that he never had stood in that relation toward me, and should in my heart of hearts have repudiated the idea. Yet for all that, I remember feeling convinced that I had been most mistaken in him, and that he was a sensible, practical, good-hearted, prime fellow.

By degrees he fell to reposing such great confidence in me, as to ask my advice in reference to his own affairs. He mentioned that there was an opportunity for a great speculation and monopoly of the corn and seed trade on those premises, if enlarged, such as had never occurred before in that, or any other neighborhood. What alone was wanting to the realization of a vast fortune he considered to be More Capital. Those were the two little words, more capital. Now it appeared to him (Pumblechook) that if that capital were got into the business through a sleeping partner, Sir: which sleeping partner would have nothing to do but walk in, and get off duty, whenever he pleased, and examine the books, and walk in twice a year and take his profits away in his pocket, to the tune of fifty per cent.—it appeared to him that that might be an opening for a young gentleman of spirit combined with property, which would be worthy of his attention. But what did I think? He had great confidence in my opinion, and what did I think? I gave 5/6 as my opinion, "Wait a bit!" The united vastness and distinctness of this view so struck him, that he no longer asked if he might shake hands with me, but said he really must—and did.

We drank all the wine, and Mr. Pumblechook pledged himself over and over again to keep Joseph up to the mark (I don't know what mark), and to render me efficient and constant service (I don't know what service). He also made known to me for the first time in my life, and certainly after having kept his secret wonderfully well, that he had always said of me, "That boy is no common boy, and mark me, his fortune will be no common fortune." He said with a tearful smile that it was a singular thing to think of now, and I said, "I'm glad, I went out into the air with a dim perception that there was something unvoiced in the conduct of the sunshine, and found that I had slenderly got to the turnpike without having taken any account of the road.

There I was roused by Mr. Pumblechook's hailing me. He was a long way down the sunny street, and was making expressive gestures for me to stop. I stopped, and he came up breathless.

"No, my dear friend," said he, when he had received my speech, "for some moment after I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I—may I—"

"This may I mean, might he shake hands? I consented, and he was fervent, and then sat down again.

"Here is wine," said Mr. Pumblechook, "Let

us drink, Thanks to Fortune, and may she ever pick out her favorites with equal judgment! And yet I can not," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "so afford me One—and likewise drink to One—without again expressing—May I—may I—?"

I said he might, and he shook hands with me again, and emptied his glass and turned it upside down. I did the same; and if I had turned myself upside down before drinking, the wine would not have gone more direct to my head.

Mr. Pumblechook helped me to the liver wing, and to the best slice of tongue (none of those out-of-the-way No-Thoroughfares of Pork now), and took, comparatively speaking, no care of himself at all. "Ah! poultry, poultry! You little thought," said Mr. Pumblechook, apostrophizing the fowl in the dish, "when you was a young fledgling, what was in store for you. You little thought you was to be refreshment beneath this humble roof for one as—call it a weakness, if you will," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "but may I? may I?"

It began to be unnecessary to repeat the form of saying he might, so he did it at once. How he ever did it so often without mortally wounding himself with my knife, I don't know.

I had not yet finished my resumed, albeit a little steady eating, "which had the honor of bringing you up by hand! It's a sad picture, to reflect that she's no longer equal to fully understanding the honor. May—"

I saw he was about to come at me again, and I stopped him.

"We'll drink her health," said I.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Pumblechook, leaning back in his chair, quite flaccid with admiration, "that's the way you know 'em, Sir!" (I don't know who Sir was, but he certainly was not I, and there was no third person present.) "That's the way you know the noble minded, Sir! Ever forgiving and ever affable. It might," said the servile Pumblechook, putting down his unstarted glass in a hurry and getting up again, "to a common person, have the appearance of repeating—but may I—?"

I was to leave our village at five in the morning, carrying my little hand-portmanteau, and I had told Joe that I wished to walk away all alone. I am afraid—I am sore afraid—that this purpose originated in my sense of the contrast there would be between me and Joe if we went to the coach together. I had pretended with myself that there was nothing in this matter in the arrangement; but when I went up to my little room on this last night I felt compelled to admit that it might be so, and had an impulse upon me to go down again and entreat Joe to walk with me in the morning after all. I did not.

All night there were coaches in my broken sleep, going to wrong places instead of to London, and having in the traces, now dogs, now cats, now pigs, now men—never horses. Fantastic failures of journeymen occupied me until the day dawned and the birds were singing. Then, I got up and partly dressed, and sat at the window to take a last look out, and in taking it fell asleep.

Biddy was astir so early to get my breakfast that, although I did not sleep an hour, I smelled the smoke of the kitchen fire when I started up with a terrible idea that it must be late in the afternoon. But long after that, and long after I had heard the clinking of the tea-cups and was quite ready, I wanted the resolution to go down stairs. After all, I remained up there, trying to cheat myself by repeatedly unlocking and re-locking my small portmanteau and looking and strapping it up again, until Biddy called to me that I was late.

It was a hurried breakfast with no taste in it. I got up from the meal, saying with a sort of briskness, as if it had only just occurred to me, "Well! I suppose I must be off!" and then I kissed my sister, who was laughing and nodding and slinging in her usual chair, and kissed Biddy, and threw my arms around Joe's neck. Then I took up my little portmanteau and walked out. The last I saw of them was when I presently heard a scuffle behind me, and looking back, saw Joe throwing an old shoe after me and Biddy throwing another old shoe. I stopped then to wave my hat, and dear old Joe waved his strong right arm above his head, crying huskily, "Hooroar!" and Biddy put her apron to her face.

I walked away at a good pace, thinking it was easier to go than I had supposed it would be, and reflecting that it would never have occurred to me to have an old shoe thrown after the coach, in sight of all the High Street. I whistled and made nothing of it. But the village was very peaceful and quiet, and the light mists were solemnly rising, as if to slow me the world, and I had been so innocent and little there, and all beyond was so unknown and great, that all in a moment with a strong heave and sob I broke into tears. It was by the finger-post at the end of the village, and I laid my hand upon it, and said "Good-by my dear, dear friend!"

Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of shedding tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts. I was better after I had cried than before—more sorry, more aware of my own ingratitude, more gentle altogether. If I had cried before, I should have had Joe with me then.

So subdued I was by those tears, and by their breaking out again more than once in the course of the quiet walk, that when I was on the coach, and it was clear of the town, I deliberately, with an aching heart whether I would not get down when we changed horses, and walk back, and have another evening at home, and a better party. We changed, and I had not made up my mind, and still considered for my comfort that it would be quite practicable to get down and walk back, when we changed again. And while I was occupied with these deliberations, I would fancy an exact resemblance to Joe in some man coming along the road toward us, and my heart would beat high. As if he could possibly be there!

We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world was before me.

THIS IS THE END OF THE FIRST STAGE OF FIP'S EXPECTATIONS.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

On Friday, 1st February, in the Senate, Senator Ten Eyck presented the resolutions of the Legislature of New Jersey in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, but took occasion to dissent from its sentiments, and a resolution offered by Senator Trumbull, providing for the appointment of a committee to co-operate with a committee of the House, in counting the Electoral votes for President and Vice-President, was objected to by Senator Bigler and laid over. The President's Message was then taken up for further consideration, and Senator Latham, of California, proceeded to address the Senate. When he had concluded the Tariff Bill was reported from the Select Committee, with amendments; and the Diplomatic and the Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bills were passed. In the House, Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill authorizing the President, before the 1st of July next, to borrow \$2,000,000, should so large a sum be found necessary. Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, offered a substitute for the report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three. Subsequently the report was considered in Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, made a strong Union speech. He was followed by Mr. Stokes, of Tennessee, who also made a telling speech for the Union. An evening session was held for general debate.

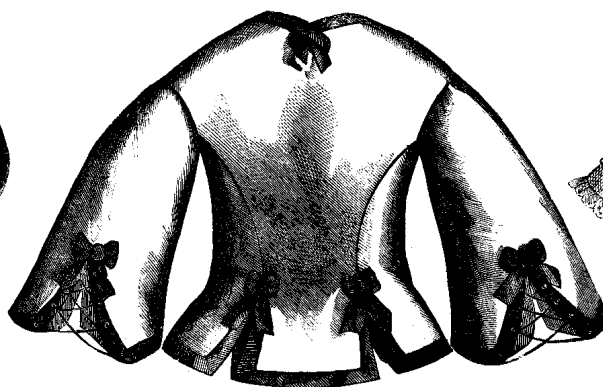
On Saturday, 2d, in the Senate, a petition from Michigan was presented by Senator Chandler, asking the Congress to adopt coercive measures toward the seceding States. The joint resolution presented on this subject, relating to the counting of the Electoral votes for President and Vice-President, was passed. In the House, similar provision was made for counting the President's vote. Mr. Sherman called up the bill authorizing the President, before the 1st of July next, to borrow \$2,000,000, should so large a sum be found necessary to meet the exigencies of the Government, which was passed after considerable opposition. The Crittenden amendment to the Presidency Bill was



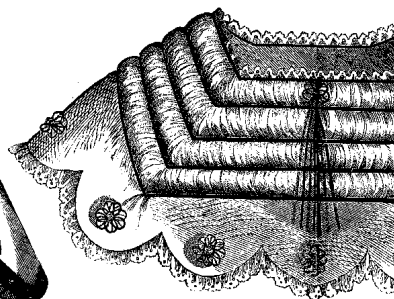
Woolen Hood.



Zouave Jacket (Back).

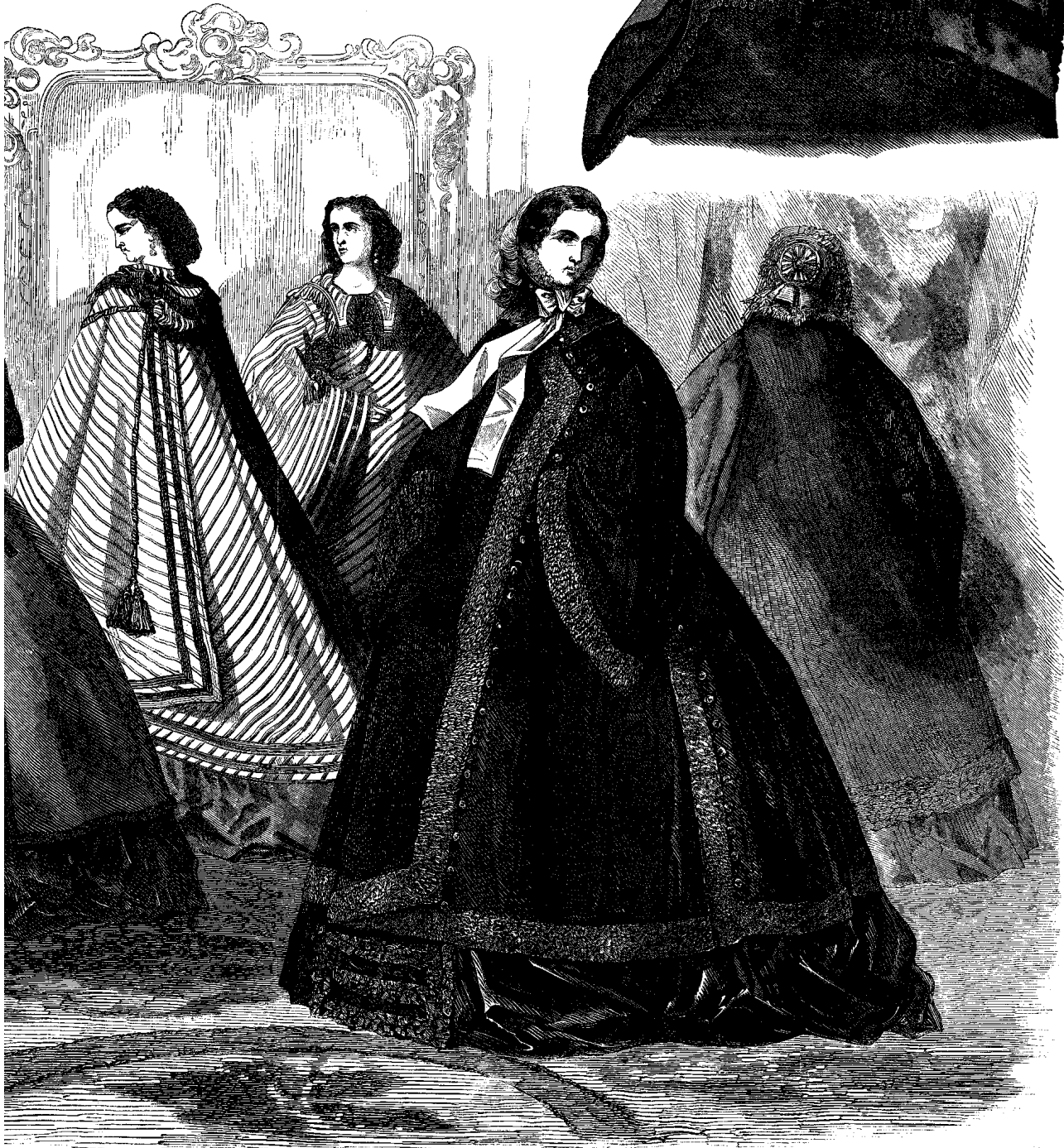
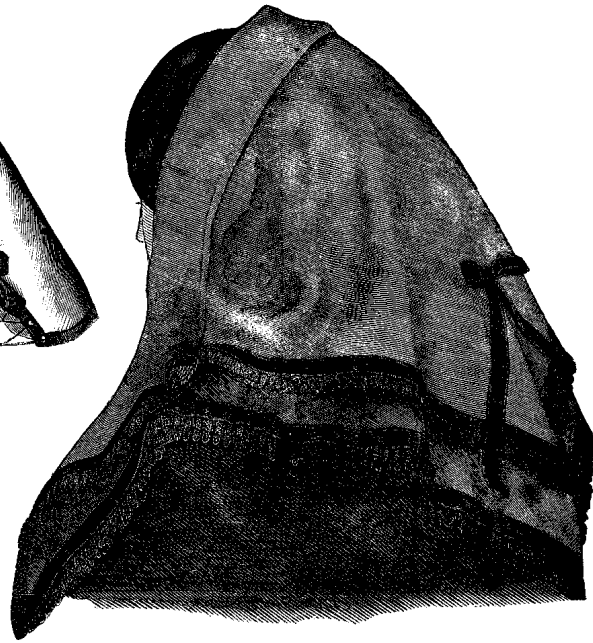
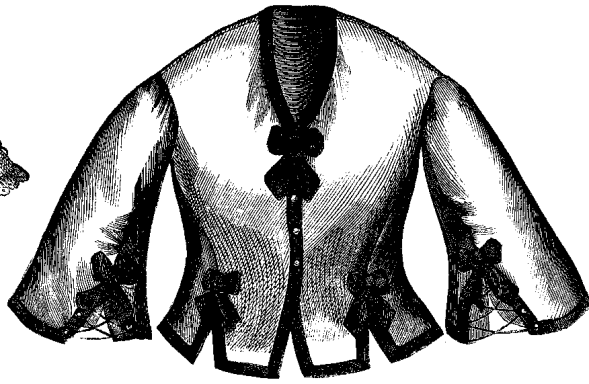
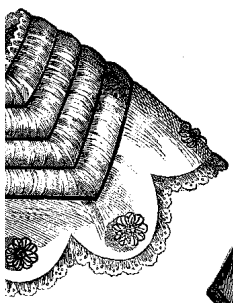


Italian Collar.



Zouave Jacket (Front).

Hood of Red Flannel.





“BRING ME A LIGHT!”  
A GHOST STORY.

My name is Thomas Whinnmore, and when I was a young man I went to spend a college vacation with a gentleman in Westmoreland. He had known my father's family, and had been appointed the trustee of a small estate left me by my great-aunt, Lady Jane Whinnmore. At the time I speak of I was one-and-twenty, and he was anxious to give up the property into my hands. I accepted his invitation to “come down to the old place and look about me.” When I arrived at the nearest point to the said “old place,” to which the Carlisle coach would carry me, I and my portmanteau were put into a little cart, which was the only wheeled thing I could get at the little wayside inn.

After we had journeyed a few miles, my driver, a tall, strong, old man, glancing sharply at me, inquired: “Be ye t'maister, lad?”  
“I am,” said I. “My name is Whinnmore.”  
“Maister Tom?”  
“The same. Do you know any thing about me and my old house?”

“Deed do I. You're the heir of t'ould laddy, Mr. Erle is your guardian, and farms your lands.”  
“I know so much, myself,” I replied. “I want you to tell me who lives in Whinnmore Hall now; surely there is somebody, some old woman or other, who lives in the old house and airs the rooms?”  
“Deed is there. But it's nobbut ghosts and deevil's spawn of that sort.”  
“I am surprised, Mr. Thirlston, to hear a man like you talk such nonsense.”  
“What like maist do ye happen know that I am, Maister Whinnmore? The 'if I talk nonsense and I'm no gallansaying what a learned collegger like you can talk about nonsense, yet it's just the things I have heard and seen myself,” I am speaking of.”

“What have you heard and seen at Whinnmore Hall?”  
“What a' body hears and sees to Whinnmore, 'twixt sunset and moonlight; and what I used to see times and oft when I lived there farming-man to t'ould Laddy Jane—what I'm not curious to see again, now. So get on, Timothy,” he added to the horse, “or we may chance to come in for a fright.”

“Is that the house, yonder, on the right?” I asked.  
“There's naither house, good or bad, to be seen from this,” he replied; but I observed that he did not turn his head in the direction I had indicated. He kept a look-out straight between the horse's ears; I, on the contrary, never took my eyes off the gray building which we were approaching. Just as we entered the shadow cast by the trees of the shrubbery our horse started, and sprang several yards from the inclosure.

“Now for it! It is your own fault for running away, and bringing us late,” muttered Ralph Thirlston, grasping the reins and standing up to get a better hold of the horse. Timothy now stood still; and to my surprise he was trembling in every limb, and shaking with terror.

“Something has frightened the beast,” said I. “I shall just go and see what it was,” and was about to jump down, when I felt Ralph Thirlston's great hand on my arm: it was a powerful grip.

“For the love of God, lad, stay where ye are!” he said, in a frightened whisper. “It's just here that my brother met his death, for doing what you want to do now.”

“What! For walking up to that fence and seeing what trifle frightened a skittish horse?” And I looked at the fence intently. There was nothing to be seen but a straggling bough of an elder bush which had forced its way through a chink in the rotten wood and was waving in the wind.

“Finding that the man was really frightened as

well as the horse, I humored him. He still held my arm.  
“There is no need for any one to go closer to see the case of poor Timothy's fear,” I said, laughing. “If you will look, Mr. Thirlston, you will see what it was.”  
“Na! lad, na! I'm not going to turn my face toward the devil and his works. Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us! Our Father which art in heaven—” and he repeated the whole prayer with emphasis, slowness, and with his eyes closed. I sat still, an amazed witness of his state of mind.

When he had said “Amen,” he opened his eyes, and looking down at the horse, who seemed to have recovered, as I judged, by his putting his head down to graze, he gave a low whistle, and tightening the reins once more, Timothy allowed himself to be driven forward. Thirlston kept his face away from the inclosure on his right hand, and looked steadily at Timothy. I gave another glance toward the innocent elder bough—but what was my astonishment to see where it had been, or seemed to be, the figure of a man with a drawn sword in his hand.

“Stop, Thirlston! stop!” I cried. “There is somebody there. I see a man with a sword. Look! Turn back, and I'll soon see what he is doing there.”  
“Na! na! Never turn back to meet the deevil, when ye have once got past him!” And Thirlston drove on rapidly.

“But he may overtake you,” I cried, laughing. But as I looked back I saw that a pursuit was not intended, for the figure I had seen was gone. “I'll pay a visit to that devil to-morrow,” I added. “I shall not harbor such game in my preserves.”  
“Lord's sake, don't talk like that, Maister Whinnmore!” whispered Thirlston. “It's just as well to the gaet! Maybe they may strike Timothy dead!”

“They? Who? Not the ghosts, surely?” I looked through the great gate as we passed, and saw the whole front of the house. “Why, Mr. Thirlston, you said no one lived in the old Hall! Look! I see lights in the windows.”  
“Ay! ay! I thought you would see them,” he said, in a terrified whisper, without turning his head.

“Why, look at them yourself,” cried I, pointing to the house.  
“God forbid!” he exclaimed, and he gave Timothy a stroke with the whip that sent him flying past the rest of the garden of the Hall. Our ground rose again, and in a few minutes a good view of the place was obtained. I looked back at it with vivid interest. No lights were to be seen now, no moving thing; the black windows contrasted with the gray walls, and the gray chimneys with the black clouds, as when the place first appeared to me. The moon now shone above a dark hill on our left. Thirlston allowed Timothy to slacken his speed, and, turning round his head, he also looked back at Whinnmore Hall.

“We are safe enough now,” he said. “The only dangerous time is betwixt sunset and moonrise, when people are passing close to the accursed ould place.”

About a mile further the barking of a house-dog indicated that we were approaching Mr. Erle's. The driver stopped at a small wicket-gate leading into a shrubbery, got down, and invited me to the post. He then fastened Timothy to the gate-post. The garden and the house have nothing to do with my present tale, and are far too dear to me to be flung in as an episidial adornment. They form the scenery of the romantic part of my own life; for Miss Erle became my wife a few years after this first visit to Whinnmore. I saw her that evening, and forgot Ralph Thirlston, the old Hall, its ghosts and mysterious lights. However, the next morning I was forced back to this workaday world in her father's study. There I heard Mr. Erle's account of my property. All the land was farmed by himself, except the few acres round the Hall, which no one would take because it was not worth tillage, and because of the evil name of the house itself.

“I suppose you know why no tenant can be found for the Hall, since Ralph Thirlston drove you over?”  
“Yes,” I said, smiling. “But I could get no rational account from him. What is this nonsense about ghosts and lights? Who lives in the Hall?”

“No one, my good fellow. Why, you would not meet the stoutest man in the parish, and there's Thirlston, to go into the house after sunset, much less live in it.”  
“But I have seen lights in some of the windows myself.”  
“So have I,” he replied.

“Do you mean to say that no human beings make use of the house, in virtue of the superstition about it? Tricks of this kind are not uncommon.”  
“At the risk of seeming foolish in your eyes, I must reply that I believe no human being now living have any hand in the operations which go on in Whinnmore Hall.” Mr. Erle looked perfectly grave as he said this.

“I saw a man, with a sword in his hand, start from a part of the fence. I think he frightened our horse.”  
“I, too, have seen the figure you speak of. But I do not think it is a living man.”  
“What do you suppose it to be?” I asked, in amazement; for Mr. Erle was no ignorant or weak-minded person. He had already impressed me with real respect for his character and intellect.

“I live apart from what is called the world,” said he. “Grace and I are not polite enough to think every thing which we can not account for either impossible or ridiculous. Ten years ago I myself was a new resident in this county, and wishing to improve your property, I determined to occupy the old Hall myself. I had it prepared for my family. No mechanic would work about the place after sunset. However, I brought all my servants from a distance, and took care that they should have no intercourse with any neighbor for the first three days. On the third evening they all came to me and said that they must leave the next morning—all but Grace's nurse, who had been her mother's attendant, and was attached to the family. She told me that she did think it safe for the child to remain another night, and that I must give her permission to take her away.”

“What did you do?” said I.  
“I asked for some account of the things that had frightened them. Of course I heard some wild and exaggerated tales; but the main phenomena related were what I myself had seen and heard, and which I was as fully determined as they were not to see and hear again, or to let my child have a chance of encountering. I told them so, candidly; and at the same time declared that it was my belief God's providence or punishment was at work in that old house, as every where else in creation, and not the devil's mischievous hand. Once more I made a rigorous search for secret devices and means for producing the sights and sounds which so many had heard and seen, but without any discovery; and before sunset that evening the Hall was cleared of all human occupants. And so it has remained until this day.”

“Will you tell me the things you saw and heard?”  
“Nay, you had better see and hear them for yourself. We have plenty of time before sunset. I can show you over the whole house, and if your courage holds good, I will leave you there to pass an hour or so between sunset and moonrise. You can come back here when you like; and if you are in a condition to hear, and care to hear, the story which sometimes your old Hall with horrors, I will tell it you.”

“Thank you,” said I. “Will you lend me a gun and pistols to assist me in my investigations?”  
“Surely.” And taking down the weapons I had pointed out, he began to examine them.

“You want them loaded?”  
“Certainly, and with bullets. I am not going to play.”  
Mr. Erle loaded both gun and pistols. I put the latter into my pocket, and we left the room by the window. Grace Erle met us on the moor, riding a shaggy pony.

“Where are you going, so near dinner time?” she asked.  
“Mr. Whinnmore is going to look at the old Hall.”  
“And his gun?” she asked, smiling.  
“I want to shoot vermin there.”

She looked as if she were about to say something eagerly, but checked herself, and rode slowly away. I looked after her, and wondered what she was going to say. Perhaps she wished to prevent my returning home.

Presently we stood before the great iron gate of Whinnmore. Mr. Erle took two keys from his pocket. With one he unlocked the gate, with the other the chief door. There were no other fastenings. These were very rusty, and were moved with difficulty.

“People don't get in this way,” said I. “That is clear.”  
“The garden was a sad wilderness, and grass grew on the broad steps which led up to the door. As soon as we had crossed the threshold I felt the influence of that desolate dwelling creep over my spirits. There was a cold stagnation in the air—a deathly stillness—a murky light in the old rooms that was indescribably depressing. All the lower windows had their pierced shutters fastened, and cobwebs and dust adorned them plentifully.

Yet I could have sworn I saw lights in two, at least, of these lower windows. I said so to my companion. He replied:  
“Yes. It was in this very room you saw a light, I dare say. This is one in which I have seen lights myself. But I do not wish to spoil my dinner by seeing any thing supernatural now. We will leave it, and I will hasten to the lady's bed-chamber and dressing-room, where the apparitions and noises are most numerous.”

I followed him, but cast a glance round the room before I shut the door carefully. It was partly furnished like a library, but on one side was a bed, and beside it an easy-chair. “What name is given to this room? It looks ominous of some evil deed,” I said.

“It is called ‘Squire's Murder Room’ by the people who know the story connected with it.”  
“Ah!” I said; “then I may look for a ghost there?”  
“You will perhaps see one, or more, if you stay long enough,” said Mr. Erle, with the utmost composure. After showing me some other rooms, he added: “Most of the rooms are good enough for a gentleman's household. The rooms I have shown

you, and the passages and staircase which lead from one to the other, are the only portions of the house in which you are subjected to annoyance. I have slept in both the rooms, and advise no one else to do so.”

“You had had dreams?” I asked, with an involuntary smile, as I took my gun from the hall-table, where I had left it.  
“As you please,” said Mr. Erle, smiling also. I stretched out my hand to him when we stood at the gate together.

“Good-night!” said I. “I think I shall sleep in one of those rooms, and return to you in the morning.”  
Mr. Erle shook his head. “You will be back at my house within three hours, Tom Whinnmore; so, adieu!”

He strode away over the moor. His fine figure appeared almost gigantic as it moved between me and the setting sun.  
“That does not look like a man who should be a prey to weak superstition, any more than good Ralph Thirlston, who drove home alone willingly enough past this same gate and fence at nine o'clock last night! The witching hour, it seems, is just after sunset. Well, it wants a quarter of an hour of that now,” I continued, thinking silently. “There will be time enough for me to explore the garden a little before I return to the house and wait for my evening's entertainment.”

I walked through the shrubbery and lingered on the grass-grown steps to look at the last rays of the sun, reddening the heather on the distant fell. As I leaned on my gun enjoying the profound stillness of this place, far from all sounds of village, or wood, or sea—a stillness that seemed to deepen and deepen into unearthly intensity—the charm was broken by a human voice speaking near me—the tone was hollow and full of agony—  
“Bring me a light! Bring me a light!” it cried.

It was like a sick or dying man's cry. The voice came, I thought, from the room next to me on the right hand of the Hall. I rushed into the house and to the door of that room; it was the first which Mr. Erle had shown me. I remembered shutting the door—it now stood wide open; and there was a sound of hurrying footsteps within.

“Who is there?” I shouted. No answer came. But there passed by me, as it were, in the very door-way, the figure of a young and, as I could see at a glance, very beautiful woman.

When she moved onward I could not choose but follow, trembling with an indefinable fear, and borne on by a mystic attraction. At the foot of the stairs she turned on me again, and smiled, and beckoned me with an upraised arm, whereon great jewels flashed in the gloom. I followed her quickly, but could not overtake her. My limbs—I am not ashamed to say it—shook with strange fear; yet I could not turn back from following that fair form. Onward she led me—up the stairs and through the gallery to the door of the lady's chamber. There she paused a moment, and again turned which her bewitching face, radiant with smiles, upon me before she disappeared within the dark door-way. I followed into the room, and saw her stand before the antique toilet and arrange in her bosom a spray of roses; then she kissed her hand to me and glided to the narrow stairs that led to the little room above. Then came a loud haughty voice—the voice of a woman accustomed to command. It sounded from the little room above, and it could not be the voice of that fair girl, I felt sure. It said:

“Bring me a light! Bring me a light!”  
I shuddered at the sound; I knew not why, but I stood there still. I then saw the figure of an old female servant rise from a chair by one of the windows. She approached the toilet, and there I saw her light two tapers, with her breath, it seemed.  
“Bring me a light!” was repeated in an angry tone from the upper room.

The old woman passed rapidly to the stairs. Thither I followed in obedience to a sign from her; and mounting to the top, saw into the room. Her costly lace gown sweeping the floor, and her bright curls drooping to the waist. Her back was toward me, but I could see her innocent, sweet face in the great glass. What a lovely, happy face it was!

Behind her stood another lady, taller, and more majestic. She pretended to caress her, but her proud eyes, unseen by the young lady, brightened with triumphant malice. They danced gladly in the light of the taper which she took from the maid. “God of heaven! can a woman look so wicked?” I thought.

“Watch her!” whispered a voice in my ear—a voice that stirred my hair.  
I did watch her. Would to God I could forget that vision! She—the woman, the fiend—bent carefully to the floor, as though to set right something amiss in the border of the fair bride's robe. I saw her lower the flame of the candle, and set fire to the dress of the smiling, trusting girl. Ere I could move she was enveloped in flames, and I heard her wild shrieks mingling with the low demonic laughter of her murderers.

I remember suddenly raising the gun in my hand and firing at the horrid apparition. But still she laughed and pointed with mocking gestures to the flames and the writhing figure they enveloped. I ran forward to extinguish them; my arms struck against the wall, and I fell down insensible.

I was now a very coward. Grasping the baluster with one hand, and feeling for the unused pistol with the other, I called out—

"Who are you?" and with stupid terror I fired at the thing without pausing.

There was a slight cry; a very human one. Then a little laugh.

"Don't fire any more pistols at me, Mr. Whinmore. I'm not a ghost."

Something in the voice sent the blood once more coursing through my veins.

"Is it—?" I could not utter another word.

"It is I, Grace Erle."

"What brought you here?" I said, at length, after I had descended the stairs, and had seized her hand that I might feel sure it was of flesh and blood.

"My pony. We began to get uneasy about you. It is nearly midnight. So papa and I set off to see what you were doing."

"What the devil are you firing at, Whinmore?" asked Mr. Erle, coming hurriedly from a search in the lower rooms.

"Only at me, papa!" answered his daughter, archly, glancing up at my face. "But he is a bad shot, for he didn't hit me."

"Thank God!" I ejaculated—"Miss Erle, I was mad."

"No, only very frightened. Look at him, papa!"

Mr. Erle looked at me. He took my arm.

"Why! Whinmore, you don't look the better for seeing the spirits of your ancestors. However, I see it is no longer a joking matter with you. You do not wish to take up your abode here immediately."

I rallied under their kindly badinage.

"Let me get out of this horrible place," said I.

Mr. Erle led me beyond the gate. I leaned against it in a state of exhaustion.

"Here. Try your hand at my other pocket-pistol!" said Mr. Erle, as he put a precious flask of that kind to my lips. After a second application of the remedy I was decidedly better.

Miss Erle mounted her pony, and we set off across the moor. I was very silent, and my companions talked a little with each other. My mind was too confused to recollect just then all that I had experienced during my stay in the house, and I wished to arrange my thoughts and compose my nerves before I conversed with Mr. Erle on the strange visions of that night.

I excused myself to my host and his daughter in the best way I could, and after taking a slice of bread and a glass of water I went to bed.

The next day I rose late; but in my right mind. I was much shocked to think of the cowardly fear which had led me to fire a pistol at Miss Erle.

I began my interview with my host by uttering some expressions of this feeling. But it was an awkward thing to declare myself a fool and a coward.

"The less we say about that the better," said her father, gravely. "Fear is the strongest human passion, my boy; and will lead us to commit the vilest acts if we let it get the mastery."

"I acknowledge that I was beside myself with terror at the sights and sounds of that accursed house. I was not sane at the moment I saw your daughter! I shall never—"

"Whinmore, she hopes you will never mention it again! We certainly shall not. Now, if you are disposed to hear the story of your ancestor's evil deeds, I am ready to fulfill the promise I made you last night."

"How long ago I can't exactly find out, but some time between the Reformation and the Great Rebellion, the Whinmores settled in this part of the county, and owned a large tract of land. They were iron-handed and iron-hearted, staunch Catholics, and staunch Jacobites, during the religious and political dissensions of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries.

After the establishment of the Hanoverian dynasty the Whinmores of Whinmore Hall ceased to take any part in public affairs. They were too proud to farm their own land, and putting trust in a nefarious steward, the Whinmore who reigned at the Hall when King George the Second reigned over England was compelled to keep up appearances by selling half the family estate.

"The Whinmore in question, 'could squire,' as the people call him, was a melancholy man, not much blessed in the matrimonial lottery. His wife, Lady Henrietta Whinmore, was the daughter of a poor Catholic Earl. Tradition says she was equally beautiful and proud; and I believe it.

"To return. This couple had only one child, a son. When Lady Henrietta found that her husband was a gentleman of a shrewd and unenterprising turn of mind, that she could not persuade him to compromise his principles, and so find favor with the new government, she devoted herself to the education of her son, Graham. As he was a clever boy, with strong health and good looks, she determined that he should retrieve the fortunes of the family. She kept him under her own superintendence till he was ten years of age. She then sent him to Eton, with his cousin the little Earl of ——. He was brought up a Protestant, and thus the civil disabilities of the family would be removed. He was early accustomed to the society of all ranks, to be found in a first-class English public school; and his personal gifts as well as his mental excellence helped to win him the good opinion of others. Graham came home from Oxford in his twenty-third year a first-class man. He staid at home for a month or two in repose, after the fatigues of study. One afternoon, as he rode home from a distant town, he passed on the top of Whinmore Hill, which commands a good view of the Hall. The simple baroness of the great hills around, the antique beauty and retirement of the Hall—above all, the sweet impressive stillness of the place, had often charmed Graham, as a boy. Now he gazed with far stronger feeling at it all.

"It shall not be lost to me and my children," he vowed, inwardly. "I will redeem the mortgage

on the house, I will win back every acre of the old Whinmore land. Yes, I will work for wealth; but I must lose no time, or my opportunity will be gone."

"He looked at the ruined part of the house, and began to calculate the cost of rebuilding as he hastened forward. As soon as he entered the house he went to see his father, whom he had not seen that day. He found him in his bed, with the nurse asleep in the easy-chair beside it. His father did not recognize him, and to Graham's mind looked very much changed since the previous day. He left the room in search of his mother; thinking, in spite of his love for her, that she neglected her duty as a wife. "She should be beside him now," he thought. "Still he framed the best excuse he could for her then, for he loved and revered her. She was so strong-minded, so beautiful. Above all, she loved him with such passionate devotion. He dreaded to tell her the resolution he had formed. She was an aristocrat and a woman. She did not understand the mutation of things in that day; she would not believe that the best way to wealth and power was not through the Court influence, but by commercial enterprise. He went to her bedroom, the Lady's Chamber, in which you were last night. She was not there, and he was about to retreat, when he heard her voice in angry speaking to some one in the dressing-room or oratory above. Graham went toward the stairs, and was met by an old female servant who was in his mother's confidence, and acted as her maid and head-nurse to his father. She came down in tears, murmuring, 'I can not bear it. It was you gave me the draught for him. I will send for a doctor.'"

"A doctor, indeed! He wants no doctor," cried the angry mistress. "And don't talk any more nonsense, my good woman, if you value your place."

"In her agitation the woman did not see her young master, and hastily left the room."

"Astounded at the woman's words, he slowly ascended the steps to the dressing-room. He found his mother standing before the long looking-glass arrayed in a rich dress of old point lace, over a brocaded petticoat, with necklace, bracelets, and

"Lady Henrietta opened the letter quickly, for she saw that the handwriting was her son's. 'Perhaps he is coming this week,' she thought with a thrill of delight. 'Yes, he will come to take me to the Lord-Lieutenant's ball. He is proud of his mother yet, and I must look my best.' But she had not read a dozen words before the expression of her face changed. Surprise darkened into contempt and anger—anger deepened into rage and hatred. She uttered a sharp cry of pain. The old servant ran to her in alarm; but her mistress had composed herself, though her cheek was livid.

"Did your ladyship call me?"

"Yes. Bring me a light!"

"In this letter Graham announced his return home the following week with a wife—a beautiful girl, penniless, and without connections of gentility. No words can describe the bitter rage and disappointment of this proud woman. Receive a beggarly, low-born wench for her daughter-in-law?—No! She would never do that. She paced the room with soft, firm steps, like a pantler. After a time thought became clearer, and she saw that there was no question of her willingness to receive her daughter-in-law, but of that daughter-in-law's willingness to allow her to remain in the house. Ah! but it was an awful thing to see the proud woman when she looked that fact fully in the face. She hated her unseen daughter with a keen cold hate—a remorseless hate born of that terrible sin, Pride. But she was not a woman to hate passively. She paced to and fro, turning and returning with savage, stealthy quickness. The day waned, and night began. Her servant came to see if she were wanted, and was sent away with a haughty negative. 'She is busy with some wicked thought,' murmured the angry woman.

"Graham Whinmore's bride was, as he had said, 'so good and so lovely, that no one ever thought of asking who were her parents.' She was also accomplished and elegant in manner. She was in all respects but birth superior to the Duke's daughter whom Lady Henrietta had selected for her son's wife. The beautiful Lillian's father was a music master, and she had given les-

sons in singing herself. Lady Henrietta learned this and every thing else concerning her young daughter-in-law that could be considered disgraceful in her present station. But she put restraint on her contempt, and received her with an outward show of courtesy and stately kindness. Graham believed that for his sake his mother was determined to forget his wife's low origin, and he became easy about the result of their connection after he had seen his mother caress his wife once or twice. He felt sure that no one could know Lillian and not love her. He was proud and happy to think that two such beautiful women belonged to him.

"The Lord-Lieutenant's ball was expected to be unusually brilliant that year, and Graham was anxious that his wife should be the queen of the assembly.

"I should like her to wear the old lace and the jewels, mother," said Graham.

"The Lady Henrietta's eyebrows were contracted for a moment, and she shot forth a furtive glance at Lillian, who sat near, playing with a greyhound.

"If Graham had seen that glance! But her words he believed.

"Certainly, my son. It is quite proper that your wife should wear such magnificent heir-looms. There is no woman of quality in this country that can match them. I am proud to adulate my right in her favor."

"There, Lillian! Do you hear, you are to eclipse the Duchess herself!"

"I will do so, if you wish it," said Lillian.

"But I do not think that will amuse me so much as dancing."

"Balls, in those times, began at a reasonable hour. Ladies who went to a ball early in November began to dress by daylight.

"Lillian had been dressed by her maid. Owing to a certain sentimental secret between her and her husband, she wore her wedding-dress of white Indian muslin, instead of a rich brocaded silk petticoat, underneath the grand lace robe. The diamonds glittered gayly round her head and her softly-rounded throat and arms. She went to the

old library, where Graham sat awaiting the ladies. She wanted his opinion concerning her appearance. The legend does not tell how he behaved on this occasion, but leaves it to young husbands to imagine.

"You must go to my mother, and let her see how lovely you look. Walk first, that I may see how you look behind." So she took from his hand a spray of roses he had gathered, and preceded him from the room, and up the staircase to his mother's chamber. She was in the dressing-room above.

"Go up by yourself," said Graham; "I will remain on the stairs, and watch you both. I should like to hear what she says, when she does not think I hear; for she never praises you much to me, for fear of increasing my blind adoration, I suppose."

"Lillian smiled at him, and disappeared up the stairs. It was now becoming dark, and as he approached the stairs, a few minutes afterward, to hear what was said, his mother's voice, in a strange, eager tone, called from above,

"Bring me a light! Bring me a light!"

"Then Graham saw his mother's old servant run quickly from her seat by the window, and light a tall taper on the tablet. She carried this up to her mistress, and found Graham on the stair on her return. She grasped his arm, and whispered fearfully,

"Watch her! Watch her!"

"He did watch, and saw—"

"For God's sake, Mr. Erle," I interrupted, "don't tell me what he saw—for I saw the same dreadful sight!"

"I have no doubt you did, since you say so; and because I have seen it myself."

We were silent for some moments, and then I asked if he knew any thing more of these people.

"Yes—the rest is well known to every one who lives within twenty miles. Graham Whinmore vowed not to remain under the same roof with his mother, after he had seen his wife's blackened corpse. His grief and resentment were quiet and enduring. He would not leave the corpse in the house; but before midnight had it carried to a summer-house in the shrubbery, where he watched beside it, and allowed no one to approach, except the old servant who figures in this story. She brought him food, and carried his commands to the household. From the day of Lillian's death till the day of her burial in the family vault at Whinmore Church, Graham guarded the summer-house where his wife lay, with his drawn sword as he walked by night round about. It was known that he would not allow the family jewels to be taken from the body, and that they were to be buried with it. Some say that he finally took them from the body himself, and buried them in the shrubbery, lest the undertakers, tempted by the sight of the jewels on the corpse, might desecrate her tomb afterward for the sake of stealing them. This opinion is supported by the fact that a portion of the shrubbery is haunted by the apparition of Graham Whinmore, in mourning garments, and with a drawn sword in his hand."

"Would you advise me to institute a search for those old jewels?" I asked, smiling.

"I would," said he. "But take no one into your confidence, Tom Whinmore. You may raise a laugh against you, if you are unsuccessful. And if you find them, and take them away—"

"Which I certainly should do," I interrupted.

"You will raise a popular outcry against you. The superstitious people will believe that you have outraged the ghost of your great-grandfather, who will become mischievous in consequence."

I saw the prudence of this remark, and it was agreed between us that we should do all the digging ourselves unknown to any one. I then asked how it was that I was descended from this unfortunate gentleman.

Mr. Erle's story continued thus:

"After his wife's funeral Graham Whinmore did not return to the Hall but went away to the south, and never came here again, not even to visit his mother on her death-bed, a year after. The last year of the wicked Lady Henrietta's life was very wretched, as you may suppose. Her besetting and cherished sins brought their own reward and her crowning crime was avenged without the terror of the law. For it is said that every evening at sunset the apparition of her murdered daughter-in-law came before her, wearing the rich dress which was so dear to the proud woman; and that she was compelled to repeat the cruel act, and to hear her screams and the farewell curses of her adored son. The servants all left the Hall in affright; and no one lived with the wicked lady except the faithful old servant, Margaret Thirston, who staid with her to the last, followed her to the grave, and died soon after."

"Her son and his wife were sought for by Jane Whinmore on her arrival here. She gave them a home, and every thing they wanted as housekeeper and farm-manager at the Hall. And at the death of Giles Thirston, his son Ralph became farm-manager in his place. He continued there till 't' Leidy's death, when he settled at the little wayside inn which you have seen, and which he calls 'Liddy Jane's Gift.'"

"I have but little more to say. Mr. Erle and I sought long for the hidden treasure. We found it, after reading a letter secreted in the escritoire, addressed to 'My youngest nephew's youngest son.' In that letter directions were given for recovering the hidden jewels of the family. They were buried outside the garden fence, on the open moor, on the very spot where I can swear I saw the figure of a man with a sword—my great-grandfather, Graham Whinmore."

After I married, we came to live in the south; and I took every means to let my little estate of Whinmore. To my regret the Hall has never found a tenant, and it is still without a tenant, after these twenty-five years."

"I must now pass over ten years. Before the end of that time Graham Whinmore had become rich enough to buy back every acre of the land and to build a brand-new house, twenty times finer than the old one, if he were so minded. But he was by no means so minded. He restored the old house—made it what it now is.

"The Lady Henrietta lived there still; and superintended all the improvements.

"It was the autumn of the tenth year since her husband's death, and she was expecting Graham shortly for his yearly visit to the Hall. She sat looking over papers of importance in her dressing-room; the old servant (who seems to have grown no older) sat sewing in the bedroom below, when a housemaid brought in a letter which the old servant took immediately to her mistress,

"She did it! She did it!"

"Lady Henrietta sat beside his bed and listened to these incoherent words without any outward emotion. She watched the breath leave the body, and then closed the eyes herself. But though she kept up so bravely then, she was dangerously ill for several months after her husband's death, and was lovingly tended by her son and the old servant.

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"MY ARMS STRUCK AGAINST THE WALL, AND I FELL DOWN INSENSIBLE."

tiars of diamonds. She looked very handsome as her great eyes still flashed and her cheeks were yet crimson with anger. She turned hastily as her son's foot was heard on the topmost stair. When she saw who it was her face softened with a smile.

"You here, Graham? I have been wanting you."

"Where are you going, mother, decked out in the family diamonds and lace?"

"Have you forgotten?—To the ball at the Lord-Lieutenant's. You must dress quickly, or we shall be late."

"At that moment hasty steps were heard in the chamber below, and a voice called:

"My lady! my lady! come quick! The Squire is dying!"

"Mother and son went fast to Mr. Whinmore's room. They arrived in time to see the old man die. He pointed to her, and cried with his last breath,

"She did it! She did it!"

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# A Valentine Romance of ye olden time



An Innkeeper's Knave is smitten with love.



As it behoveth he falleth in reveries thereupon.



He conceiveth of a Valentine.



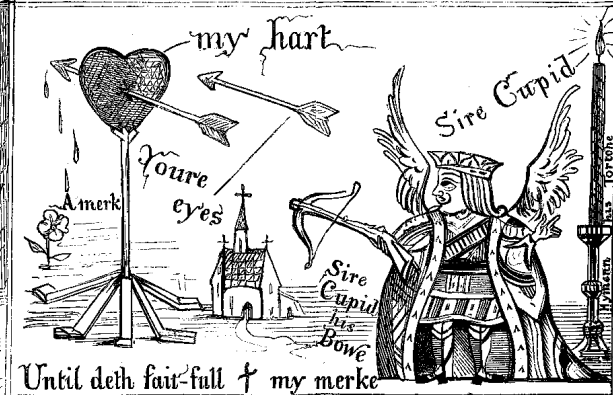
He runneth off to a scrivener.



Ye scrivener.



to whom ye knave dictateth a valentine.



Ye valentine.



He seeketh ye first opportunity to deliver ye valentine.



He meeteth with discouragements.



Other discouragements.



He succeedeth in delivering it to ye fair.



Ye fair not being skilled in reading goeth to ye scrivener who interpreteth it for her.



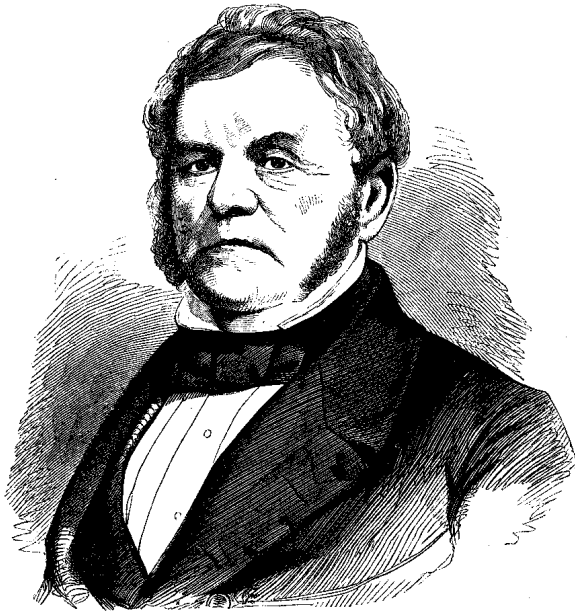
Open courtship is ye result.



Followed by marriage.



And happiness.



GOVERNOR THOMAS H. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

**GOV. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.**

We know of no man who occupies a more prominent position at the present time than the Governor of the State of Maryland, whose portrait we publish herewith. To his wise and patriotic action, in firmly resisting the tide of partisan feeling in his State, he has so far averted civil war, and preserved Maryland as a nucleus about which, if politic counsels prevail, our glorious Union may be preserved. As a representative man of the times, he should be held up as worthy of imitation by all who desire to aid in the perpetuation of the liberties which have given us so prominent a place among the nations of the earth.

Thomas Holliday Hicks was born in Dorchester County, Maryland, on the second day of September, 1798. His parents were plain, respectable people. His father was a mechanic, but late in life became a land-owner and farmer. Owing to his straitened circumstances, Governor Hicks, the eldest of a large family of children, was compelled to perform constant manual labor in the work-shop and on the farm. This mode of life he followed until he reached the age of twenty-two years; in the mean while utterly deprived of the means of education now so freely offered to every one.

When he reached the age of twenty-two he was appointed a constable for one of the districts of his county; which position he filled faithfully during two years, when he was, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for sheriff of the county by the Democratic party of that day. Though that party was then largely in the minority, Governor Hicks defeated his Federal opponent by a handsome majority—that opponent being, too, one of the most popular men in the county, and himself being the youngest man

ever elected in that county to fill the important office of sheriff.

In 1829 the Adams party, to which he had attached himself, elected him to the Legislature; and he was returned to that position in the following year. In 1831 he was elected a member of the Electoral College, the duties of which was to choose the State Senators. In 1836 he was again elected to that office; and while in the discharge of his duties at Annapolis he was again elected to the Legislature. This was the exciting period when the nineteen Democratic Electors, by refusing to meet the Electoral College, came very near subverting the Government of the State. In the following year he was again elected to the Legislature, and was made a member of the Governor's Council, which position he held until the Council was abolished. He was then appointed Register

of Wills for Dorchester County. In 1844 he was reappointed to that office, and served six years. In the mean while he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, by which the office of Register of Wills was made elective. Subsequently, the incumbent of the office having died, he was induced to accept the appointment at the hands of the Orphans' Court, and at the next regular election he was elected Register of Wills, which office he held until 1857, when he was nominated for Governor by the American party, to which he had attached himself, and was elected by a large majority. It is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding the fluctuations of party strength in his county and in the State, he never was defeated at a popular election but once—in 1851—when he was nominated, against his wishes, as the Whig candidate for Lottery Commissioner. In every election

at which he has been a candidate he has always led the poll in his own county. This fact is abundant evidence of the great popularity he has always enjoyed among those who knew him best.

In person he is about the medium height, thick-set, with iron-gray hair and side-whiskers, and a countenance and mien indicative of the utmost firmness of character. That he is possessed of an iron will is sufficiently indicated by his present position in reference to the crisis. It is that peculiarity which has so deservedly earned for him the sobriquet of "Old Caesar."

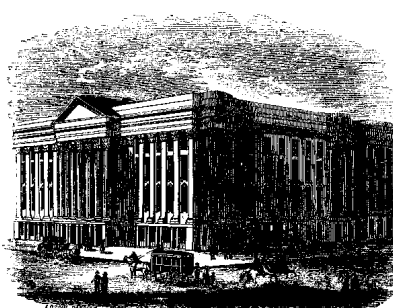
Although now the object of severe abuse among his political opponents, on account of his conservative position, he is cordially indorsed by a large majority of the best men in Maryland; and when the smoke of the serious conflict in which we are now engaged shall roll, it will, we think, be difficult to find an unprejudiced man who will refuse to laud him for his honest efforts to avert the terrible calamities which overshadow us.

**JOSEPH HOLT, SECRETARY OF WAR.**

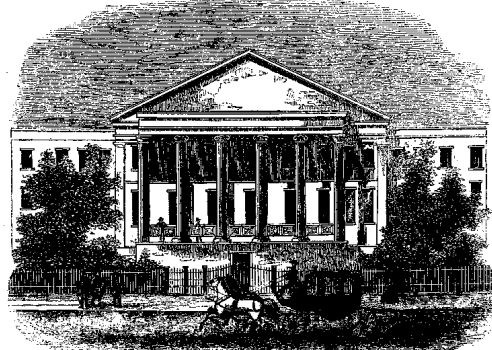
The distinguished occupant of the War Department of the United States was born in 1807, in Breckinridge County, Kentucky. His parents were poor, but he managed, by great industry and energy, to obtain a good education. He was educated a part of the time at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, and the remainder of his college life was spent in Centre College, Danville. In 1828 he commenced the practice of law at Elizabethtown, Kentucky; and he removed to Louisville in the winter of 1831-'32. In 1832, he was sent as a delegate to a Democratic Convention, held in Harrodsburg, Kentucky; and in that body he made a speech that gave him a widespread reputation through-



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.



THE MINT AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



FLOWER-GIRLS AT NEW ORLEANS.

out the State. In the early part of 1833 Mr. Holt was appointed Commonwealth's Attorney for the Jefferson Circuit, of which Louisville is the capital. He carried into that position that integrity, labor, clearness of judgment, and inflexible resolution that have been so eminently displayed by him in the national position of the Sheriff of the County, an ardent political opponent of Mr. Holt, often said to the writer that he never knew Mr. Holt to fail to be prepared for trial while he held the office. He scarcely ever failed in securing a conviction while he was "Prosecuting" Attorney. During this period the writer heard a number of Mr. Holt's speeches to juries, and then believed all that had been said of his eloquence. On one occasion the writer was standing by Mr. Holt at the conclusion of an address to a jury, when Judge Rowan, often called in Kentucky the monarch of the bar, advanced, took Mr. Holt by the hand, and said to him, "Mr. Holt, permit me to say that the effort just made is the finest specimen of legal eloquence I have ever heard." The writer has heard Clay, Barry, Bledsoe, Crittenden, Webster, and Everett, and has never heard as perfect oratory as that of Mr. Holt.

Governor James T. Morehead declared that Mr. Holt was the only Commonwealth's Attorney that faithfully wrote out for the Governor's office a full history of every case of conviction in the judicial district of which he was the representative of the Commonwealth. He so endeavored himself to the people of Louisville that, with great unanimity, they petitioned for his reappointment. In the autumn of 1835 Mr. Holt removed to Mississippi, and opened an office at Port Gibson. In the following spring he removed to Vicksburg, and soon came into possession of an immense practice. He was almost constantly pitted against S. S. Prentiss, Esq. Mr. Holt was equally as great an orator as that gentleman, and his superior as a lawyer. In the fall of 1839 Mr. Holt assisted in the prosecution of a murder committed in Vicksburg, and thrilled the community by the terrible power with which he used a quotation from Macbeth. Homicide was then almost a daily affair in Mississippi, but this murder was peculiarly horrible. A wealthy planter had murdered his son in circumstances of great aggravation. The prosecuting Attorney was in feeble health, and had a great array of legal talent against him. Mr. Holt volunteered his assistance. The report of a pistol was heard in the planter's parlour, and the neighbors made their way into the premises. The son was found murdered, and the father had concealed the weapon. It was found under the head of his bed, still warm from the discharge. The father denied all knowledge of the deed, and insisted that the body of his son, still warm, should be lifted from the yard and buried. In allusion to the father's nonchalance and his audacity, Mr. Holt said that if the murdered son were then to rise with his gaping wound, the father, "albeit with chattering teeth, would exclaim, 'Thou canst not say I did it! Shake not thy gory look at me!' " The present says they never saw such an effect produced in a court-room. The murderer looked as though the orator had summoned the real scene to view.

Mr. Holt acquired an ample fortune by his profession, and returned to Louisville, in 1842, with a serious affection of his throat. In 1848 he made a trip to Europe and to the East. He was absent seventeen months. In the winter of 1856-'57 he removed to Washington. In 1857 he was appointed Commissioner of Patents, in which he at once won the confidence of the country.

In 1859, upon the death of Postmaster-General Brown, Mr. Holt was transferred to that department, the details of which he speedily mastered. His reports for 1859 and 1860 will compare favorably with any ever made by his predecessors. In January, 1861, Mr. Holt was transferred to the War Department, upon the resignation of Mr. Floyd. The friends of the Union throughout the country hailed this appointment with great satisfaction, because they felt that whatever could be done by integrity, fidelity, and inflexible courage, would be done.

Mr. Holt has been married twice. His first wife was the daughter of Dr. Burr Harrison; the second, was the daughter of the Hon. C. A. Wickliffe. They were eminently lovely women, and deeply devoted to the subject of this sketch.

THE NEW ORLEANS CUSTOM-HOUSE, MINT, ETC.

NATURE marked out the position of New Orleans as the inevitable site of a great commercial emporium. Although more than a hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, it occupies the lowest point where a great city can stand. It is, therefore, the natural emporium of the largest and most fertile valley on the globe. Nothing short of some natural catastrophe which shall change the physical features of the country, or some political change which shall force the commerce of the Valley of the Mississippi to find some other outlet than its natural one by the mouth of that river, can reduce New Orleans from its present high position. In 1857 the products of the interior landed on the Levee at New Orleans amounted to \$156,000,000. Of this \$86,000,000—more than one-half—consisted of cotton; next came tobacco, \$12,000,000; then sugar, \$11,000,000. If the present duty on sugar is abolished, or materially reduced, the plantations of Louisiana must be ruined, and this article will no longer appear in the commercial statistics of New Orleans. The cotton trade of New Orleans has kept pace with its production, and must continue to do so. More than half the cotton products of the United States is shipped from this one port. In 1857, out of 2,940,000 bales, 1,435,000 were shipped from New Orleans, 500,000 from Mobile, 332,000 from Savannah, and 404,000 from Charleston. If "cotton is king," his court is at the Crescent City. New Orleans shows every where traces of the

two races—French and American—by whom it is chiefly peopled. Streets of low, red-tiled houses, lighted by lamps suspended from chains in the centre, are but a stone's-throw from the Levee, which presents a scene of commercial bustle exceeded in no city on the globe. The St. Charles, one of the most imposing of all the great American hotels, is thronged by SILLIMANS or FLOWERS, like in every thing but their dark faces and turbaned heads to those of Paris. The French language—not the purest, perhaps—is as common on the shop-signs, in the street placards, and newspaper advertisements, as the more robust English.

Of public buildings there are many deserving special note, such as three or four of the leading hotels, some churches, the Old Fellows' Hall, and the Charity Hospital—an edifice worthy of its noble purpose. Two, however, are just now of special interest: the NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE, of which the United States have had only a brief occupancy, and the BRANCH MINT—both of which have been recently seized by the State authorities. The former, as will be seen by our illustration, is a structure worthy of the commercial importance of the city. The MINT, of which we give a drawing on a smaller scale, is likewise a fine building, 282 feet long, with two wings of 20 by 81 feet.

A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER. AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I WENT the next morning to take leave of Harper before starting, but found to my astonishment that he was already off! He had, I learned, hired a small carriage to convey him to Brezeng, and had set out before daybreak. I do not know why this should have annoyed me, but it did so, and set me a thinking over the people whom Echstein, in his "Erfrahrungen," says, are born to be dupes. "There is," says he, "a race of men who are 'eingeboren nurnen'—'native nonsensicals,' one might say—who muddy the streams of true benevolence by indiscriminating acts of kindness, and who, by always aiding the wrong-doer, make themselves accomplices of vice." Could it be that I was in this barren category? Harper had told me the evening before that he would not leave Lindau till his sprain was better, and now he was off, just as if, having no further occasion for me, he was glad to be rid of my companionship—just as if—I was beginning again to start another conjecture, when I bethought me that there is not a more deceptive formula in the whole cyclopaedia of delusion than that which opens with these same words, "just as if." Rely upon it, amiable reader, that whenever you find yourself driven to explain a motive, to trace a cause, or reconcile a discrepancy, by "just as if," the chances are about seven to three that you are wrong. If I was not in all the bustle of paying my bill and strapping on my knapsack, I'd convince you on this head, as the morning is a bright, but mellow, one, of early autumn, and my path lies along the placid lake, waveless and still, with many a tinted tree reflected in its fair mirror. Let us not think of knaves and rogues, but rather dwell on the pleasant thought of all the good and grateful things which daily befall us in this same life of ours. I am full certain that almost all of us enter upon what is called the world in too combative a spirit. We are too fond of dragon slaying, and rather than be disappointed of our sport, we'd fall foul of a pet lamb for want of a tiger. Call it self-delusion, credulity, what you will, it is a faith that makes life very livable, and, without it,

We feel a light has left the world, A nameless sort of treasure, As though one plucked the crimson heart From out the rose of pleasure. I can't forgive the fate that made Me poor and young to-morrow, To have again the road that played So tenderly to sorrow, So buoyantly in happiness. Ay, I would brook deceiving, And even the deceiver's bliss, Just to go on believing!

"Still," thought I, "one ought to maintain self-respect; one should not willingly make himself a dupe." And then I began to wish that Väterchen had come up, and that Tintenfleck was rushing toward me with tears in her eyes, and my money-bag in her hands. I wanted to forget them. I tried in a hundred ways to prevent them crossing my memory; but though there is a most artful system of artificial memories invented by some one, the Lethæan art has met no explorer, and no man has ever yet found out the way to shut the door against by-gones. I believe it is scarcely more than five miles to Brezeng from Lindau, and yet I was almost as many hours on the road. I sat down perhaps twenty times, lost in reverie; indeed, I'm not very sure that I didn't take a sound sleep under a spreading willow, so that when I reached the inn the company was just going in to dinner at the table d'hôte. Simple and unpretentious as that board was, the company that graced it was certainly distinguished, being no less than the Austrian field-marshal in command of the district, and the officers of his staff. To English notions, scarcely very strange to see a nobleman of the highest rank in the proudest state of Europe, seated at a dinner-table, open to all comers, at a fraction less than one shilling a head, and where some of the government officials of the place daily came. It was not without a certain sense of shame that I found myself in the long, low chamber,

in which about twenty officers were assembled, whose uniforms were all glittering with stars, medals, and crosses; in fact, to a weak-minded civilian like myself, they gave the impression of a group of heroes fresh come from all the triumphant glories of a campaign. Between the staff-people occupied one end of the long table and the few townsfolk who sat at the other there intervened a sort of frontier territory uninhabited, and it was here that the waiter located me—an object of observation and remark to each. Resolving to learn how I was treated by my critics, I addressed the waiter in the very worst French, and protested my utter ignorance of German. I had promised myself much amusement from this expedition, but was doomed to a severe disappointment—the officers coolly seating me down for a servant, while the townspeople occupied me as a peddler; and when these judgments had been pronounced, instead of enquiring upon a psychological examination of my nature, temperament, and individuality, they never noticed me any more. I felt hurt at this, more indeed for their sakes than my own, since I bethought me of the false impression that is current of this people throughout Europe, where they have the reputation of philosophers deeply engaged in researches into character, minute anatomists of human thought and man's affections; "and yet," muttered I, "they can sit at table with one of the most remarkable men, and be as ignorant of all about him as the husbandman who toils at his daily labor is of the mineral treasures that lie buried down beneath him.

"I will read them a lesson," thought I. "They shall see that in the humble guise of foot-traveler it may be the pleasure of men of rank and station to journey." The townsfolk, when the dessert made its appearance, rose to take their departure, and I perceived that the room making a profound obeisance to the general, and then another but less lowly act of homage to the staff, showing by this that strangers were expected to withdraw, while the military guests sat over their wine. Indeed, a very significant look from the last person who left the room conveyed to me the etiquette of the place. I was delighted at this—it was the very opportunity I longed for—and so, with a clink of my knife against my wine-glass, the substitute for a bell in use among humble hostels, I rose up and asked for a pitcher and two glasses. I saw that my act had created some astonishment among the others, but it excited nothing more, and now they had all lighted their pipes, and sat smoking away quite regardless of my presence. I had ordered a flask of Steinberger at six florins, and given most special directions that my glass should have a "roped rim," and be of a tender green tint, but not too deep to spoil the color of the wine.

My admonitions were given aloud, and in a tone of command, but I perceived that they failed to create any impression upon my rascally neighbors. I might have ordered nectar or hypocras for all that they seemed to care about me. I raked up in memory all the impertinent and insolent things Henri Heine had ever said of Austria; I bethought me how they tyrannized in the various provinces of their scattered empire, and how they were hated by Hun, Slavon, and Italian; I revealed in those slashing leading articles that used to show up the great but bankrupt buty, and I only wished I was "own correspondent" to something at home, to give my impressions of "Austria and her military system."

Little as you think of that pale, sad-looking stranger, who sits sipping his wine in solitude at the foot of the table, he is about to transmit yourself and your country to a remote posterity. "Ay!" muttered I, "to be remembered when the Danube will be a choked up rivulet, and the park of Schönbrunn a prairie for the buffaloes." I am not exactly aware how or why these changes were to have occurred, but Lord Macaulay's New Zealander might have originated them.

While I thus mused and brooded the tramp of four horses came clattering down the street, and soon after swept into the arched door-way of the inn with a rolling and thunderous sound. "Here he comes—here he is at last!" said a young officer, who has rushed in hasty to the window, and at the announcement a very palpable sentiment of satisfaction seemed to spread itself through the company, even to the grim old field-marshal, who took his pipe from his mouth to say,

"He is in time—he saves 'arrest!'" As he spoke a tall man in uniform entered the room, and walking with military step till he came in front of the general, said, in a loud but respectful voice,

"I have the honor to report myself as returned to duty." The general replied something I could not catch, and then shook him warmly by the hand, making room for him to sit down next him. "How far did your royal highness go? Not to Coire?" said the general. "Far beyond it, Sir," said the other. "I went the whole way to the Splügen, and if it were not for the terror of your displeasure, I'd have crossed the mountain and gone on to Chiavenna."

The fact that I was listening to the narrative of a royal personage was not the only bond of fascination to me, for somehow the tone of the speaker's voice sounded familiarly to my ears, and I could have sworn I had heard it before. As I sat at the same side of the table with myself, I could not see him, but while he continued to talk the impression grew each moment more strong that I must have met him previously. I could gather—it was easy enough to do so—from the animated looks of the party, and the

repeated bursts of laughter that followed his sallies, that the newly-arrived officer was a wit and authority among his comrades. His elevated rank, too, may have contributed to this popularity. Must I own that he appeared in the character that to me is particularly offensive? He was a "narrator." That vulgar adage of "two of a trade" has a far wider acceptation when applied to the operations of intellect than when addressed to the work of men's hands. To see this jealousy at its height, you must look for it among men of letters, artists, actors, or, better still, those social performers who are the bright spirits of dinner-parties—the charming men of society. All the animosities of political or religious hate are mild compared to the detestation this rivalry engenders; and now, though the audience was a foreign one, which I could have no pretension to amuse, I conceived the most bitter dislikes for the man who now engaged their attention.

I do not know how it may be with others, but to myself there has always been this difficulty in a foreign language, that until I have accustomed myself to the tone of voice and the manner of a speaker, I can rarely follow him without occasional lapses. Now, on the present occasion, the narrator, though speaking distinctly, and with a good accent, had a very rapid utterance, and it was not till I had familiarized myself with his manner that I could gather his words correctly. Nor was my difficulty lessened by the fact that, as he pretended to be witty and epigrammatic, frequent bursts of laughter broke from his audience and obscured his speech. He was, as it appeared, giving an account of a fishing excursion he had just taken to one of the small mountain lakes near Peppenheim, and it was clear enough he was one who always could eke out an adventure of even the most ordinary incidents of daily life.

This fishing story had really nothing in it, though he strove to make out fifty points of interest or striking situations out of the veriest commonplace. At last, however, I saw that, like a practiced story-teller, he was leading up his great incident for the finish.

"As I have told you," said he, "I engaged the entire of the little inn for myself; there were but five rooms in it altogether, and though I did not need more than two, I took the rest that I might be alone and unmolested. Well, I went on my second morning there, as I sat smoking my pipe at the door, and looking over my tackle for the morrow, there came up the gleam the strange sound of wheels, and to my astonishment, a traveling carriage soon appeared, with four horses driven in hand, and I saw in a moment it was a lohnbuckler, who had taken the wrong turning after leaving Ragatz, and mistaken the road, for the highway ceases about two miles above Peppenheim, and dwindles down to a mere mule-path. Leaving my host to explain the mistake to the travelers, I hastily re-entered the room, just as the carriage drove up. The explanation seemed a very prolix one, for when I looked out of the window, half an hour afterward, there were the horses still standing at the door, and the driver, with a large branch of alder, whipping away the flies from them, while the host continued to hold his place at the carriage door. At last he entered my room, and said that the travelers, two foreign ladies—he thought them Russians—had taken the wrong road, but that the driver, what between fatigue and fear, was so overcome that she could not proceed farther, and entreated that they might be afforded any accommodation—mere shelter for the night—rather than retrace their road to Ragatz.

"Well," said I, "caressily, 'let them have the rooms on the other side of the hall; so that they only stop for one night, the intrusion will not signify.' Not a very gracious reply, perhaps, but I did not want to be gracious. The fact was, as the old lady got out, I saw something in an elephant's leg, on a far horse that quite decided me on not making acquaintance with the travelers, and I was rash enough to imagine they must be both alike. Indeed, I was so resolute in maintaining my solitude undisturbed, that I told my host on no account whatever to make me any communication from the strangers, nor on any pretext to let me feel that they were lodged under the same roof with myself. Perhaps, if the next day had been one to follow my usual sport, I should have forgotten all about them, but it was one of such rain as made it perfectly impossible to leave the house. I doubt if I ever saw rain like it. It came down in sheets, like water splashed out of buckets, fattening the small trees to the earth, and beating down all the night foliage into the muddy soil beneath; meanwhile the air shook with the noise of the swollen torrents, and all the mountain streams crashed and thundered away like great cataracts. Rain can really become grand at such moments, and no more resembling a mere shower than the cry of a single bawler in the street is like the roar of a mighty landslide. It was so fine that I determined I would go down to a little wooden bridge over the river, whence I could see the stream as it came down, tumbling and splashing from a cleft in the mountain. I soon dressed myself in all my best water-proofs—hat, cape, boots, and all—and set out. Until I was fully embarked on my expedition I had no notion of the severity of the storm, and it was with considerable difficulty I could make head against the wind and rain together, while the slippery ground made walking an actual labor. As I reached the river, but of the bridge the only trace was a single beam, which, deeply buried in the bank at one extremity, rose and fell in the surging flood, like the arm of a drowning swimmer. The stream had completely filled the channel, and swept along, with fragments of timber, and even furniture, in its muddy tide;

farm produce, and implements too, came floating by, showing what destruction had been effected higher up the river. As I stood gazing on the current, I saw, at a little distance from me, a man standing motionless beside the river, and apparently lost in thought; so at least he seemed, for though not at all clad in a way to resist the storm, he remained there, wet and soaked through, totally regardless of the weather. On inquiring at the inn, I learned that this was the lohokutscher—the "vetturino"—of the travelers, and who, in attempting to ascertain if the stream were fordable, had lost one of his best horses, and barely escaped being cast away himself. Until that I had forgotten all about the strangers, whom, it now appeared, were close prisoners like myself. While the host was yet speaking, the lohokutscher came up, and in a tone of equality that showed me he thought I was in his own line of business, asked if I would sell him one of my nags then in the stable.

"Not caring to disabuse him of his error regarding my rank, I did not refuse him so flatteringly as I might, and he pressed the negotiation very warmly in consequence. At last, to get rid of him, I declared that I would not break up my team, and retired into the house. I was not many minutes in my room when a courier came with a polite message from his mistress to beg I would speak with her. I went at once, and found an old lady—she was English, as her French bespoke, very well mannered and well bred—who apologized for troubling me, but having heard from her vetturino that my horses were disengaged, and that I might, if not disposed to sell one of them, hire out the entire team, to take their carriage as far as Andover. By the time she got things far, I perceived that she, too, mistook me for a lohokutscher. It just struck me what good fun it would be to carry on the joke. To be sure, the lady herself presented no inducement to the enterprise, and as I thus balanced the case, there came into the room one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She never turned a look toward where I was standing, nor deigned to notice me at all, but passed out of the room as rapidly as she entered; still, I remembered that I had already seen her before, and passed a delightful evening in her company at a little inn in the Black Forest."

When the narrator had got thus far in his story, I leaned forward to catch a full view of him, and saw, to my surprise, and I own to my misery, that he was the German count we had met at the Titi-see. So overwhelming was this discovery to me that I heard nothing for many minutes after. All of that wretched scene between us on the last evening at the inn came full to my memory, and I beheld with grief of lye the whole night on my hard, fevered, and aching and terror alternately. If it were not that his narrative regarded Miss Herbert now, I would have skulked out of the room and out of the inn, and out of the town itself, never again to come under the insolent stare of those wicked gray eyes, but in that name there was a fascination—not to say that a sense of jealousy burned at my heart like a furnace.

The turmoil of my thoughts lost me a great deal of his story, and might have lost me had not the hearty laughter of his comrades recalled me once again to attention. He was describing how, as a "vetturino," he drove their carriage with his own spanking gray horses to Coire, and thence to Ander. He had bargained, it seems, that Miss Herbert should travel outside on the cabriolet, but she failed to keep her pledge, so that they only met at stray moments during the journey. It was in one of these she said, laughingly, to him, "Nothing would surprise me less than to learn, some fine morning, that you were a prince in disguise, or a great count of the empire at least. It was only the other day we were honored with the incognito presence of a royal personage; I do not exactly know who, but Mrs. Keates could tell you. He left us abruptly at Schaffhausen."

"You can't mean the creature," said I, "that I saw in your company at the Titi-see."

"The same," said she, rather angrily. "Why, he is a saltimbanché; I saw him the morning I came through Constance with some others of his troop dragged before the maire for causing a disturbance in a cabaret; one of the most consummate impostors, they told me, in Europe."

"An infamous falsehood, and a base liar the man who says it," cried I, springing to my legs, and standing revealed before the company in an attitude of haughty defiance. "I am the person you have dared to defame. I have never assumed to be a prince, and as little am I a rope-dancer. I am an English gentleman traveling for his pleasure, and I hurt back every word you have said of me with contempt and defiance."

Before I had finished this insolent speech, some half-dozen swords were drawn and brandishing in the air, very eager, as it seemed, to cut me to pieces, and the count himself required all the united strength of the party to save me from his hands. At last, I was pushed, hustled, and dragged out of the room to another smaller one on the same floor, and the key being turned on me, left to my very happy reflections.

SNAKE STORIES.

I WAS in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington one torrid August afternoon.

I had examined the exterior of the building, with its stupendous Ionic arches, and windows, and its dark red stone that almost looked like chocolate. A very splendid ponderous Castle

of Otranto piece of Gothic it is, I must say. Indeed, Gothic does not thrive in America, and our audacious unmediated people take much more kindly to Corinthian pillars of white marble, fine Palladian windows, and other anti-Rustic enormities.

As I stood looking at the snakes, secured there in their crystal prison, two rough-looking people from Wisconsin came up.

They had both of them, Saul and Moses, often killed rattlesnakes, "any quantity of them," in the woods of Kentucky, whence they both came—but I had better give the matter, as nearly as I can, in their own language.

"Lor, stranger," said Moses, "I've killed a heap of snakes about the Green River—yes, sure; and on the Mississippi banks, yes, I guess, a few. I remember once when I was—yes—hunting bars one day in a cane-brake down at Green River, that some one saying something about snakes, put the darned spiteful critters all at once in my mind, and I began to feel kinder scared, and my hat to kinder lift up off my head, as if my hair had turned to wire, for just then I hearn an awful hissing, like a angry cat, and then the buzz of a snake going so fast, as to seem to show down, like a light string when you twang it backward, and leap it with your finger. Lor, a mercy, what a leap I did make backward!—seventeen feet if it was an inch—a caution to Blondin, I guess. Blue flugins, well my! if there warn't a snake coiled up under a hickory-tree, with its head up, its eye like a big diamond on fire, and its rattle rattling like castanets gone mad. Now, stranger, you must know the rattlesnake don't leap, like other snakes, and that's a kinder blessing to us 'Mericans, so I drew back another two feet or so, fired both barrels of my gun, which happened to be loaded, slap into his coils, and then finished him with a 'stockdoller' from a sassafras bough—wopped him to pieces—fact—yes, Sir. When I cut off his rattles I found he had fifteen rows of 'em, and one of these, 'cute people say, comes every year, so that rattlesnake varmint must have been fifteen year going about the world doing mischief! Wonder how many Christians he had slaughtered!"

On further questioning Saul and Moses, I found that in opening this same rattlesnake's mouth he had discovered a white slime, which he believed to be the poison, oozing through the hollow teeth, behind which the serpent carries his small pouches of portable death. The test, as he tried to explain to me, and as indeed I knew it already from actual examination, acted at once as lancets and injectors. They puncture a wound, and at the same instant that they punch two equidistant holes, project into them the poison. Providence, when it gave the bull its crescent horns, the stag its antlers, the bear its paws, and the tiger its teeth, gave the snake, in the hollow fangs, weapons of offense and of defense not less terrible. The rattlesnake, Moses assured me, seldom, except perhaps when it had its young round it, pursued its enemy; always, if possible, stole away and avoided the combat; but, if trod on by the hunter, or driven into a corner whence it was impossible for it to escape, it instantly flew at the unlucky intruder.

Was there any cure for a rattlesnake bite? I had heard that cau de luec was thought a specific in India in cases of bite from the dreaded cobra, or hooded snake, of Hindostan. "Wal, no," answered Moses, "I tell you what, Mister; a bite from a rattlesnake is always 'a cawshun,' that's sure; but there is one thing that is good for it, if taken in time, and that's whiskey." Then Moses went on to tell me many instances of the efficacy of whiskey; and I have read in the newspapers numerous cases in which whiskey had proved a remedy in dangerous snake bites. Saul now came forward, and speaking up very nasally, but still like a man, told us a story of an old "nigger" on his father's plantation, "a durned Seward somewhere near Jackson's landing on the Mississippi, who had saved himself in this way after a bite. Directly after the fangs went in he tied a handkerchief above the place (it was in his leg), and washed the punctures first with water and then with whiskey; for already it began to swell and feel sore. He then drank off all the rest of the bottle till he was quite drunk—it always in these cases takes more whiskey than usual to make a man drunk—and that staggered home. Next morning he awoke with his leg swollen and sore, but otherwise as well as usual; and in a week or two he was quite recovered, and able to go about at cotton hoeing.

Moses backed up this narrative by assuring me that once, riding through a Kentucky forest, a rattlesnake bit a chestnut mare he was on, in the off hind leg, just above the pastern. He instantly got off, washed the wound with whiskey, and poured a drench into the mare's mouth. She winced, and a little, and shuddered as if her blood were chilled, but next day she was all well again, and three weeks afterward she won a trotting match at Nashville.

Saul here interposed, and snatching me out of the hand of Moses, drew my attention to the fact of the rattlesnake's being unable to leap like the puff-adder or the cotton-mouth. This rendered the rattlesnake much more harmless than it otherwise would have been.

This fact, indeed, rendered it easy to escape from a rattlesnake when you came suddenly upon it in a wood for instance, by a leap backward. A story is told relative to this. On one occasion General Jackson was bivouacking by night during the war, in a log hut which the troops had found in a lonely wood. The general and his suite had heretofore settled down to sleep when a tremendous and multitudinous hissing showed them that a whole army of rattlesnakes was sheltering itself in the room below. Indeed, by the light of a blazing pine knot they could look down between the gaping planks of the floor, and see the "serpents" coiling and hissing, like so many eels in the well of a pump. The suite instantly "made tracks," and cleared out right a fire in the open air, or sleep round the fires the soldiers had already lighted. But

general, calm and unshaken, well knowing the constitution of rattlesnakes and their manners, having ascertained that the floor he lay on was less far above them for the snakes to reach, and knowing they could not leap, lay down on the planks, and, though hissed to sleep, enjoyed one of the best night's rest he obtained during the war.

I asked Moses about the cotton-mouth snake; having told him, in return for his information, a story about "the barber's pole" of Jamaica—a snake striped alternately with black and vermilion—and also about a certain snake of South America, whose bite is so deadly that no one was ever yet known to survive it.

Moses hereupon told me that the cotton-mouth was a snake very common in Carolina, and elsewhere. It was remarkable for the fact of the inside of its mouth being covered with a white, woolly filament resembling cotton. Its bite was peculiarly deadly. As to the whisky theory, the presumption among the planters who used the remedy was that the virus of the snake exercised a certain chilling paralyzing effect over the blood, which, eventually, if unchecked, would retard the circulation so much as to produce death. The poison, too, appeared to have a dangerous local effect. There had been cases where persons recovering from snake bites had had the wounds turn into running sores, which had remained painful and unhealable for months.

I need not say that our agreeable conversation ended as many Western conversations do, Saul and Moses cut themselves fresh "plugs," put their hands in their pockets, and strolled off toward a case of stuffed birds—among which the black and orange oriole was specially conspicuous—without bow, nod, or any other customary parting salutation. But I had learned to learn with these harmless things; if traveling does not teach one teleration, what will teach one?

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