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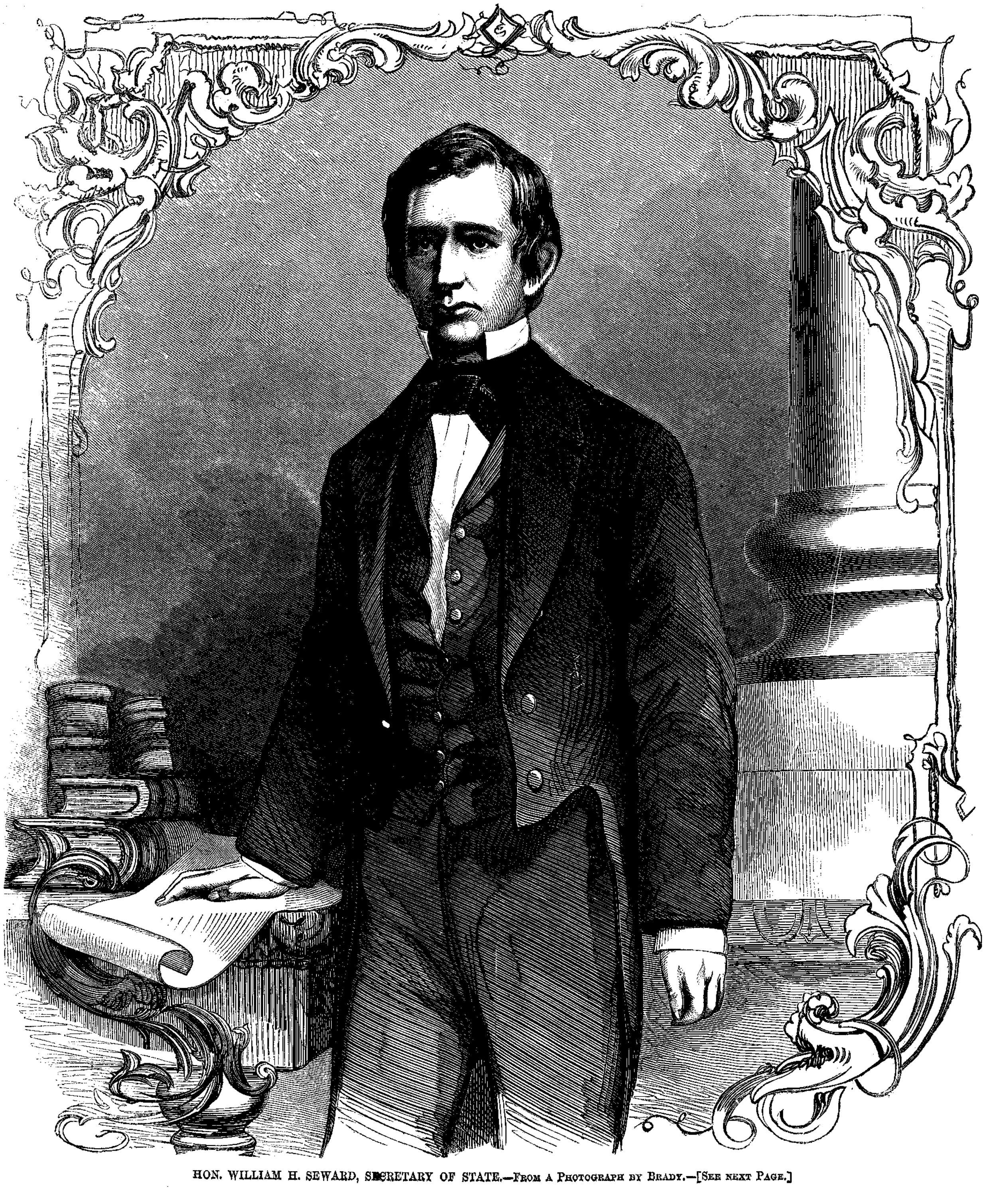


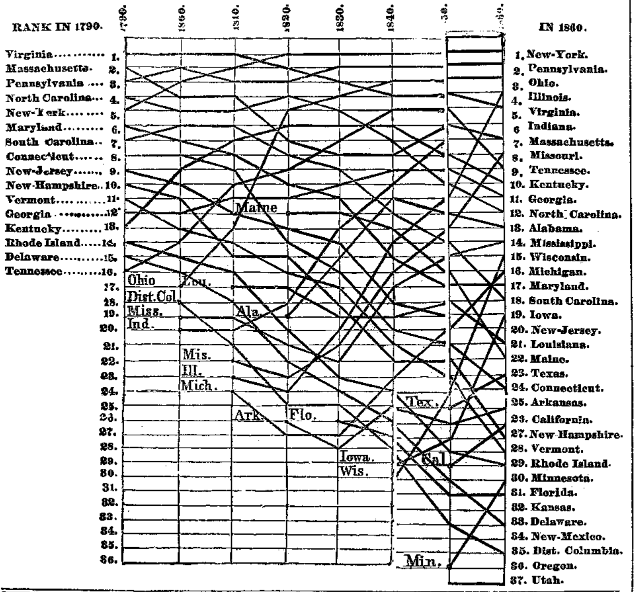
HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.—From a Photograph by Brady.—[See next Page.]

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

STATES.	CENSUS OF 1850.			CENSUS OF 1860.			38TH CONGRESS.		
	Free.	Slave.	Total.	Free.	Slave.	Total.	Reps.	Loss.	Gain.
Alabama*	428,77	342,844	771,623	529,164	435,132	964,296	6	1	..
Arkansas	162,797	47,100	209,897	324,323	111,104	435,427	3	..	1
California	92,597	....	92,597	380,015	....	380,015	3	..	1
Connecticut	370,792	....	370,792	460,151	....	460,151	4	..	..
Delaware	89,242	2,290	91,532	110,420	1,798	112,218	1	..	..
Florida*	48,135	39,310	87,445	78,686	61,753	140,439	1	..	..
Georgia*	524,503	381,682	906,185	595,097	462,230	1,057,327	7	1	..
Illinois	851,470	....	851,470	1,711,753	....	1,711,753	13	..	4
Indiana	988,416	....	988,416	1,350,479	....	1,350,479	11	..	..
Iowa	192,214	....	192,214	674,948	....	674,948	5	..	3
Kansas	....	....	....	107,110	....	107,110	1	..	..
Kentucky	771,424	210,981	982,405	930,223	225,490	1,155,713	8	2	..
Louisiana*	272,953	244,809	517,762	376,913	332,520	709,433	5	..	1
Maine	583,169	....	583,169	628,276	....	628,276	5	1	..
Maryland	492,666	90,368	583,034	599,846	87,188	687,034	5	1	..
Massachusetts	994,514	....	994,514	1,231,065	....	1,231,065	10	1	..
Mississippi*	296,648	309,878	606,526	354,699	436,696	791,395	5	..	..
Missouri	594,622	87,422	682,044	1,058,352	114,965	1,173,317	9	..	2
Michigan	397,654	....	397,654	749,112	....	749,112	6	..	2
Minnesota	6,077	....	6,077	162,022	....	162,022	1	1	..
New Hampshire	317,976	....	317,976	326,072	....	326,072	3	..	..
New Jersey	489,319	236	489,555	672,031	....	672,031	5	..	..
New York	3,097,394	....	3,097,394	3,887,542	....	3,887,542	31	2	..
North Carolina	580,491	288,548	869,039	661,586	331,081	992,667	7	1	..
Ohio	1,980,329	....	1,980,329	2,339,599	....	2,339,599	18	3	..
Oregon	13,294	....	13,294	52,464	....	52,464	1	..	..
Pennsylvania	2,311,786	....	2,311,786	2,906,370	....	2,906,370	23	2	..
Rhode Island	147,545	....	147,545	174,621	....	174,621	1	1	..
South Carolina*	283,523	384,984	668,507	301,271	402,541	703,812	4	2	..
Tennessee	763,258	239,459	1,002,717	834,063	275,784	1,109,847	8	2	..
Texas*	154,431	58,161	212,592	420,651	180,388	601,039	4	..	2
Vermont	314,120	....	314,120	315,116	....	315,116	2	1	..
Virginia	949,133	472,528	1,421,661	1,105,196	490,887	1,596,083	11	2	..
Wisconsin	305,391	....	305,391	775,873	....	775,873	6	..	3
POP. OF STATES	19,856,662	3,200,600	23,067,26[illegible]	27,185,109	3,949,557	31,134,666	233	24	19
TERRITORIES.									
Colorado	....	....	....	34,197	....	34,197			
Dakotah	....	....	....	4,839	....	4,839			
Nebraska	....	....	....	28,832	10	28,842			
Nevada	....	....	....	6,857	....	6,857			
New Mexico	61,547	....	61,547	93,517	24	93,541			
Utah	11,354	26	11,380	40,266	29	40,295			
Washington	....	....	....	11,578	....	11,578			
Dist. of Col.	48,000	3,687	51,687	71,895	3,181	75,076			
TOTAL POP.	19,987,563	3,204,313	23,191,876	27,477,090	3,952,801	31,429,891			
* Deduct the population of the seven "*Confederate States*," 1860				2,656,481	2,311,260	4,967,741			
Population of the other, according to the Census of 1860				24,820,609	1,641,541	26,462,150			

The number of Representatives is fixed at 233, apportioned as follows: To the free population three-fifths of the number of slaves is added; the sum forms the representative population; this divided by 233, gives the ratio of population required for a Representative. The representative population of each State, divided by this ratio, gives the number of Representatives to which it is entitled. The fractions thus left would decrease the Representatives below the number of 233. This is obviated by giving an additional member to the States having the largest fractions, until the number of 233 is reached.

The following Table, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the New York *Times*, shows the progress of population in each State from 1790 to 1860:



HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

THE Census Tables have at length been completed at Washington. The preceding analysis shows the population of the United States according to the Census of 1850 and that of 1860, together with the Representatives in the 38th Congress, and the losses and gains in each State.

The great increase of the past ten years has been in the Western States. The population of Illinois and Wisconsin has doubled; that of Iowa has nearly trebled; that of Michigan has nearly doubled. The exact increase has been 90 per cent. in Michigan, 101 per cent. in Illinois, 154 per cent. in Wisconsin, 251 per cent. in Iowa. The older Western States have not gained as much; Ohio shows an increase of 18 per cent. only; Indiana 37 per cent. The Middle States—New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—have increased 26 per cent. The New England States have only increased 15 per cent., less than the natural increase; Vermont and New Hampshire have stood still. The border Slave States have increased 28 per cent. in white, and 14 per cent in slave population. The seceded States 33 per cent. in white, and 31 per cent. in slave population. These figures illustrate the gradual migration of our people, North and South, from the old to the new lands.

The second table published above shows how New York has steadily risen to be the first State of the Union, and is followed closely by the other great Central States, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Virginia, which was the first State for the first quarter of a century of our national existence, has now fallen to the fifth place. Massachusetts was second in line at the time the first census was taken, but soon fell, and now occupies the seventh rank. Pennsylvania has held her own better; she was third in 1790, and is now second. The fourth State, when the first census was taken, was North Carolina, and the seventh South Carolina; they are now respectively twelfth and eighteenth. Maryland has fallen from the sixth to the seventeenth place; New Jersey from the ninth to the twentieth; New Hampshire from the tenth to the twenty-seventh; Vermont from the eleventh to the twenty-eighth; Rhode Island from the fourteenth to the twenty-ninth. So the older States are thrust out of their original rank by their younger, more fertile, and more thriving sisters.

A PRESIDENTIAL PATENT.

AMONG the registered patents in the Patent Office at Washington is one for buoying vessels through shallow waters, taken out some years ago by Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, Illinois.

The method is by the employment of air-chambers constructed on the principle of a bellows, and distended or contracted by ropes, as the depth of water may require. It was by a somewhat similar scheme, on a larger scale, that it was once proposed to bring the *Great Eastern* through the East River to a dock.

The inventor, Mr. Lincoln, has not had the satisfaction of seeing his patent in use on the Mississippi or its tributaries.

But it has fallen to his lot to be in command of a ship of uncommon burden on a voyage of uncommon danger. It devolves upon him to navigate the ship of state through shallows of unprecedented peril, and over flats of unparalleled extent. The difficulty is how to prevent her grounding and becoming a wreck.

We trust that the President will set the fashion of using his own patent.

He must throw some of his cargo overboard, and buoy up his craft on all sides. He need not change his voyage, or sail for a strange port. But unless he can set his air-chambers at work so as to diminish the draught of his vessel—in a word, unless he can increase her buoyancy, and bring more of her hull into God's daylight, he will run no small risk of losing her altogether.

THE GALWAY STEAMERS.

THE new line of transatlantic steamers, between Galway, in Ireland, and Boston and New York, in this country, commenced their weekly service, under their contract with the British Government, on 26th March. The line consists of our famous Collins steamer the *Adriatic*, which the Company bought at one-third her cost, and of three new steamers—the *Hibernia*, *Anglia*, and *Columbia*—each of about 2800 tons register, and 4400 burden. The three last-named vessels were known last year by the names of the *Leinster*, *Munster*, and *Ulster*; the names were changed at the instance of the Irish board of direction, in order to avoid their being confounded with the Channel boats bearing those names. The board of direction, by-the-way, has been changed as well as the ships' names; and from all that we have heard of the old and of the new boards, this change is undoubtedly for the better. The new board consists of practical steamboat men, of large means and high character: the well-known MALCOMSON—who would be called a Commodore if he lived in this country—is an influential member.

The new line will run to Boston and New York alternately, and, with ordinary good fortune and reasonable good management, will probably do well. The *Hibernia*, we have heard, is a splendid vessel; on her trial trip she made 21 knots. The *Adriatic*, every body knows, is the finest passenger vessel afloat.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, whose portrait we publish on the preceding page, is one of the foremost representative men of the age. Few of his fellow-citizens are unwilling to render the due tribute to his intellectual ability, while his party regard him as the champion of human freedom and of progress.

Mr. Seward was born in the village of Florida, Orange County, New York, on the 16th day of May, 1801. Of an active disposition, and possessing an inquiring mind, he mastered the rudiments of education at an early age, and in 1816 entered Union College, at Schenectady, where he greatly distinguished himself as a diligent student. Having graduated with high honors, he went to New York city in 1820, and commenced the study of the law in the office of Hon. John Anthon; but the next year returned to his native county, where he completed his legal studies in the office of Hon. Ogden Hoffman, at that time District Attorney.

In 1822 Mr. Seward was admitted to the bar, at Goshen, and soon afterward he removed to Auburn, where he entered into partnership with his future father-in-law, Judge Miller, and where he has since resided. Devoted to the interests of his numerous clients, the young practitioner soon gained a high reputation, and enjoyed a lucrative practice.

Mr. Seward became identified with the "Anti-Masonic" party in this State, and in 1828 was the President of a Young Men's State Convention, at Utica, in favor of the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidential chair. In 1830 he was elected to the Senate of the State of New York, where he at once distinguished himself as a Reformer.

Having served four years as State Senator, Mr. Seward was persuaded, in 1834, to accept a nomination for Governor, in opposition to Hon. William L. Marcy, who then held the position. He was defeated; but two years later he was more successful, defeating his veteran opponent by ten thousand majority. In 1840, after the memorable "Harrison campaign," in which he took an active part, he was triumphantly re-elected.

In 1843 Governor Seward, having declined a renomination, settled down at Auburn to enjoy the comforts of domestic life, and to devote himself to his profession, in which he since occupied a leading position. His practice was varied and extensive, embracing many important patent cases and other civil suits; while at the same time he was regarded as one of the best criminal lawyers in the State of New York.

The nomination of General Taylor in 1848 as the Whig candidate for President was regarded by Governor Seward as one eminently "fit to be made," and he entered into the canvass with great zeal. The State of New York gave Taylor and Fillmore a large majority; and when the Legislature assembled Governor Seward was elected to the United States Senate by a vote of 121 to 30. It was expected that he would have been the controlling spirit of the Taylor Administration; but the untimely death of the President completely changed the aspect of political affairs at Washington.

Senator Seward was one of the most earnest opponents of the "Compromise Measures" passed by the Thirty-First Congress. "I feel assured," said he, in his famous speech of March 11, 1850, "that slavery must give way, and will give way, to the salutary instructions of economy and to the ripening influences of humanity; that emancipation is inevitable and is near; that it may be hastened or hindered; that all measures which fortify slavery or extend it tend to the consummation of violence—all that check its extension and abate its strength tend to its peaceful extirpation. But I will adopt none but lawful, constitutional, and peaceful means to secure even that end; and none such can I or will I forego."

In the Presidential campaign of 1852 Senator Seward advocated the election of General Scott, although he did not approve of the "platform." The disastrous result, which brought about a dissolution of the old "Whig party," did not appear to discourage the Senator from New York, who took bold and decided ground against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which he denounced in two able speeches.

In February, 1855, Senator Seward was re-elected by a combination of Whig, American, and Anti-Slavery Representatives, who then laid the foundation of the present Republican party, of which he is the acknowledged leader. It was, however, deemed expedient, at the ensuing Presidential election, to place Colonel Frémont in nomination; and Mr. Seward labored on his behalf with the same energetic zeal which had marked his exertions to promote the success of Clay, of Taylor, and of Scott.

After the adjournment of Congress in the summer of 1859 Senator Seward again visited Europe, extending his tour to "the Orient." He was every where received with marked distinction, and was the guest of the sovereigns of the principal governments.

When the Chicago Convention met in May, 1860, it was generally expected that he would be the candidate of the party. He was passed over, and Mr. Lincoln was selected in his stead. He did his share of the campaign; he stumped the entire Northwest, and part of New England and New York, speaking every where to enormous audiences, and no doubt contributed largely to the success of the party. It was generally understood that he would not accept office, at least at home, under Mr. Lincoln; but the unexpected troubles which followed the election compelled him to reverse this intention, and he accepted the post of Secretary of State as soon as it was offered him. His speeches in the Senate, which were delivered shortly afterward, have been justly regarded as expositions of the policy of the administration. In office, Mr. Seward is understood to be in favor of conciliation and delay, in the hope that time will mitigate the asperities of the pending civil contentions.

In personal appearance Senator Seward is remarkably unassuming, of middle size, with light hair toned down by age, prominent features, and heavy, overhanging eyebrows. His smile is cordial, and there is a luminous depth in the searching glance of his keen eyes that betrays a warm heart. Married, early in life, to a daughter of Judge Miller, of Auburn, he has two sons and two daughters, and a portion of his family have always accompanied him to Washington whenever his duties have called him there. No man has a larger circle of devoted friends, and no public personage of our time enjoys a higher reputation as a cultivated, high-toned gentleman. Politicians of every phase meet at his hospitable board, which is enlivened by his inexhaustible reminiscences and sparkling wit.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

IT is a dismal beginning to say that the present exhibition of the National Academy is the poorest of late years, but we may as well begin by telling the truth. It is not fair, of course, to require that a plant shall put forth its finest blossoms every time it flowers, nor that every apple on the tree shall be the best apple it ever grew. It is too much to require that every annual exhibition shall be better than all the others, but it would be a very agreeable fact if it were so; and certainly, for the last few years, it has not been easy to deny that there was a steady advance in the quality of execution and the variety of subjects. This year there are a few capital pictures, and no more. The works are very good, or they are poor.

Some of the most familiar names are not upon the catalogue. Elliott has no portrait; for last year, you remember, he cut one of his works out of the frame because he did not like the place in which it was hung. Hicks has no portrait, and only two small contributions. Gignoux has nothing. Church shows one small picture. Kensett has but one small landscape, very lovely, and one portrait! Eastman Johnson's works are less striking than in the last two years. Allan Gay, whose coast scenes of last year were among the best pictures, is not represented. Hamilton Wild has not chosen to make his *rentrées*. The eye goes about the rooms asking the walls for many a touch it remembers and anticipates, but does not find.

On the other hand, Page and Leutze have each a considerable work; Gray has the best portrait he has yet exhibited; Rowse has an exquisite crayon head of an Italian girl; Furness, of Philadelphia, and Hunt, of Newport, have masterly portraits, and Gifford has a striking and admirable landscape.

This morning let us take a rapid run through the rooms and note what arrests us. Nos. 25 and 26 are colored elevations of the new building for the National Academy. It is somewhat Saracenic or Venetian in its general aspect, vaguely recalling the palace of the Doges. It can not fail to be unique. Mr. P. B. Wight is the architect. Nearly opposite, No. 72, is an Italian Girl. It is full of the tenderest feeling, and the handling is delicate, broad, and poetic. It has the true Italian pensiveness, which we shall find in Page's Italian picture, further on. In the same gallery, Nos. 151 and 157 are portraits by William Hunt. The latter is the head of W. S. Thayer, our new Consul-General to Egypt. The former is the back-head of a lady. It is turned away and half-downward with sweet womanly decision. Every bit of a rose-leaf is odorous, and the character of a woman shows itself, however you may see her. If Mr. Hunt is as good a painter as we believe him to be, this is a study of feminine simplicity, elegance, and repose. A man could write an essay upon this portrait, the text of which should be what Dick Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that to love her was a liberal education.

In the next room, No. 170 is a portrait three-quarters length, by W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia. The modeling, the expression, and the fidelity of this work are remarkable. It is a human skull beneath the skin, and the hand, with the forefinger in the book, is a hand of bone and muscle and blood, and can open and shut. Mark, too, how well the book itself is done; not a point of the picture is slighted. The color is perhaps faint, but Mr. Furness must count among the very best of our portrait painters. Try him, for instance, by Gray's No. 175, certainly one of the best portraits in the gallery. How well 170 holds its own!—less rich and bold in color, indeed, but of the same masterly quality.

No. 194, a Lake in the Highlands, by Gifford, catches one of those fleeting moments of golden glory which irradiate the landscape after a summer shower, the moment of which Tennyson sings

> "Sweet after showers ambrosial air."

It is a fair question whether an aspect of nature necessarily so evanescent is a satisfactory subject; but the picture is certainly effective and pleasing: so No. 199, a Reminiscence of Trenton Falls, by Hicks, is a striking and poetic bit of moonlight effect upon the water and wooded bank steeped in rich gloom. It is a vigorous and charming sketch. In No. 218, Emigrants Camping, Bierstadt, who painted the large Rocky Mountain landscape of last year, gives another episode of the far Western life, toward California and the Oregon Trail; and No. 223 is Eastman Johnson's Husking. This little picture has all the fidelity which marks his pictures, and his reliance upon the incidents of common contemporary life for a deep poetic effect. It is not so charming as the Pigeon-house and the Margaret of last year; for he seems less fully to represent what he intends. Are the sitting pair lovers? That is a kind of question which Mr. Johnson should never allow a Lounger to ask. He may retort, of course, that he furnishes pictures and not brains to perceive them with. He may insist that only the dullest of Loungers could fail to see that they *are* lovers. Perhaps, but it is a very incipient stage of the passion. The picture upon the whole, with differences in the handling, is more like Edmonds than Johnson.

In No. 225, a Twilight in the Catskills, we have the largest and most important landscape in the Exhibition, by Gifford. This gentleman's progress of late years is very marked; and this picture is the most striking proof of it. The spectator looks across a wild valley to the range of the mountains; a dense purple wall rimmed above by a broad belt of luminous sunset sky, which is again contrasted with a bank of gloomy cloud. This peculiar but not unusual effect is painted with a great deal of richness and power. The picture undeniably reminds you of some earlier works by Church, in which the same general effect was represented; but that is only a resemblance of subject. It is a very interesting and skillful work. If Mr. Gifford resists the almost inevitable tendency of an artist who, like himself, has such graphic facility, to slur the conscientious details of his work, he will apparently go on from year to year to a very high position. Every one who has watched his course will sincerely wish it.

Next week we will step into the next room.

ONE HEROINE LESS.

Two or three weeks ago Mrs. Mary Ann Patten died in Boston, a woman as famous; three or four years ago, as Grace Darling in her time. She was the wife who, when her husband was laid low upon his ship with illness and blindness, took command, and brought the vessel safely into San Francisco. She was not twenty years old at the time, and she has earned more than the rhetorical torpedoes which were cracked in her honor—she has made her name an illustration of heroic fidelity.

The point of her story, however, is the fact that, what is well done and approved, conclusively answers the question whether it ought to be, or can be done. We wrangle and cant until we are blue about the sphere of women; but when Elizabeth rules England—when Madame de Staël writes "Corinne"—when Florence Nightingale goes to the Crimea, or Dorothy Dix to the asylums, or Elizabeth Fry to the prisons, or Mary Ann Patten to the helm—then we discover that we need not lose our tempers, nor call names, nor bluster, nor slander, but see, with our eyes wide open, that God means us all to do what he gives us the capacity and the occasion to do.

MACAULAY'S LAST.

There is one good thing in this general lull of literary activity, and it is that we shall all have plenty of time to read and enjoy every word of the last volume of Macaulay's History, which will presently appear. It is stale and rather questionable praise of a history to say that it is as interesting as a novel; but the brilliancy and interest and vehemence of Macaulay do certainly invest all that he wrote with a singular fascination. He was a great literary artist, if not a great historian. He had also a perfect familiarity with English history. It was the study and delight of his life, to which all his other scholarship was subsidiary, and his work will always be a classic. There was a report last year that Thackeray was to continue it, and it is just one of the instances in which such a continuation might be possible and successful; for Macaulay left his work precisely at that period of English history with which Thackeray is most familiar, and of which he writes most charmingly.

The new volume is edited by Macaulay's sister, Lady Trevelyan. With the exception of a most interesting account of the death of William Third, with which the work closes, it was finally transcribed and revised by the author himself. Macaulay's "History of England from the Accession of James Second" is thus fully completed to the death of that King, and to the close of the reign of his successor, with the exception of the last two months of that reign, of which Macaulay's first rough draft is published. The new volume has an interest of story and a splendor of narration not surpassed by any thing Macaulay wrote, and can not fail to renew the satisfaction and popularity with which the first volumes were hailed.

DE OMNIBUS, ETC.

As there is a general discussion of the advantage of a railroad in Broadway, people begin to discover (or they say so, at least) that the heavy, slow, high, lumbering, and inconvenient omnibus is far behind the age. But every citizen will probably have the same kindly feeling for them that every body had for the old stage-coaches when railroads came in. There could be no question that they must go—but they should not be kicked out. They should be gently remembered; yes, they should be even pathetic, so that when the good old stage-coach days were spoken of there should be a vision of an Arcadian and golden age.

Omnibuses ought hardly to anticipate a poetic remembrance; and yet, when they are once well got rid of, and we are obliged to ride in them no more, how charitably we shall speak of them! Why, even now, those long white omnibuses of Brower's, which used to stand at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street, with a seat outside at the door for the collector, may be remembered and mentioned to the younger people with a kind of Knickerbocker air, as if you were speaking of a remote antiquity. The truth is, that New York is knocked down and rebuilt so often that a man of few years may appear as venerable, from his remembrances, to a younger man, as the good Dr. Francis seemed to our fathers, and his conversation have the same fine traditional flavor which gave such zest to the Doctor's talk.

If, then, omnibuses must go, let them retire with all the honors; and if rights are vested in them, let them be carefully respected. It is still a puzzle to the Lounger why a railroad can not be laid in the city without asking the Legislature of the State. Do the omnibuses run by Legislative grant? Isn't the city capable of taking care of its own streets? One thing may be freely granted, and that is, that it is *not* capable of managing its police so well as the Legislature manages it. But does it follow that it can not regulate railroads in its highways? If it can not, why not enter a general verdict of incapacity and nonage, and invoke Legislative aid for lighting the streets and cleaning them?

It is, indeed, a fair question whether the city of New York would not be a hundred-fold cleaner, safer, and more economical, if it were managed altogether by the State. Its upright and candid Chief Magistrate thinks otherwise, and is doubtless of opinion that it would be much more wisely and successfully governed if it were given over to his unlimited tender mercies. But until that Millennial day dawns, and while we do yet nominally manage our own affairs, why do we not go through the form, at least, of deciding whether cars shall or shall not run in our streets?

JENNY LIND.

The annual report is in circulation that Mr. Gye, director of court entertainments, has made an engagement with Jenny Lind for the coming season. It is probably not true, but if it were so, it would be almost a pity. Not, of course, for those who would hear her, but for her own fame.

Nobody can turn and wreath the old laurels around his head. Mrs. Kemble tried it, and Sontag. They were both of too decided talent not to do well; but they did not do as at first, and they could not. They stood in their own light, as under such circumstances every artist must. They may have been of even greater power than before, but they had to measure themselves with a traditional fame which always magnifies. If Kean could come again, Kean would not seem to us what we believe he seemed to our fathers. Even they would wonder whither the old charm had fled.

In another way we often try to renew emotions by removing to the spot in which they were felt. We constantly forget that we can not go twice to a place for the first time. And yet how many a man of forty, who recalls what Europe was to him as a youth of twenty, secretly longs to go again, that he may renew that enjoyment!

When Fanny Kemble returned to the stage, it was necessary for her to appear to be all that tradition had painted her. But histrionic or operatic verdicts are always mellowed by the intoxication of enthusiasm. No woman can seem to you so beautiful as her lover describes her. No actor can satisfy your anticipations reared by your imagination upon the description of another. Malibran can never sing so sweetly as you believe her, or remember her, to have sung. Then in all great popularity there is something factitious. It overdoes the occasion. At best it is the foam upon the wine. Do not try to shake it back again. Sontag's prestige in her latter days, when the Countess became the cantatrice again, was a warm but sad Indian summer of success. Let us do no harm to the image of Jenny Lind, so frank, so fair, so willful, so earnest, so triumphant. The sky-lark, still singing, was lost to our view. Let the memory be "a sightless song."

GORILLA DU CHAILLU.

In mentioning the forthcoming books of travel, a few weeks since, the Lounger spoke of the work of Mr. Du Chaillu as one that would naturally attract more attention than any since Livingstone's. Those who remember his most interesting exhibition of the trophies of travel he brought back, will be very sure of the great interest of his story.

Mr. Du Chaillu went to England, a few weeks since, to superintend the English publication of his work, and has been the subject of an "ovation" from the Royal Geographical Society and many of the most distinguished men in England.

A very crowded meeting of the famous Society was held, with Sir Roderick Murchison in the chair. Among the guests of mark were the Count of Paris, the Right Honorable Mr. Gladstone, the American Minister and Consul, Professor Owen, Captains M'Clintock, Sherrad Osborn, and Forbes, Mr. Layard, the Austrian Minister, Sir Henry Holland, and many more of the men whose presence is considered the highest distinction.

The paper read was Mr. Du Chaillu's "Travels in the [Gorilla] Region of Western Equatorial Africa," illustrated by diagrams and specimens of the gorilla. After Mr. Du Chaillu sat down, Sir Roderick Murchison made some remarks, and was followed by the greatest English authority upon comparative anatomy, Professor Owen, who said that "natural history had never received a more remarkable acquisition than had been imparted that evening. Hitherto we had only obtained a few raw materials of this great gorilla; but now, for the first time, the naturalist had heard, from one who had seen the gorilla in its native country, some authentic account of its power and its habits."

Professor Owen was followed by the greatest orator in England, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, who "wished that it were in his power more frequently to appear in the character of a pupil. He thought that it was no presumption to say that they had heard that night one of the most modest, talented, and enterprising of modern travelers; and the rich and rare discoveries which he had communicated had been developed and applied to many of the highest and most important points of knowledge by a man of the most brilliant genius that in this or any other period has applied himself to the study."

The latter part of this remark applies to Owen, who has devoted himself to the examination of the gorilla.

Mr. Du Chaillu's work will be published simultaneously in New York and London.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE HERMIT IN THE WOOD.

Father John was a holy man,
And he lived beside a wood,
The bramble fruit and the scarlet hip
Were all his simple food.

'Twas when the rose began to bloom,
And flush in crimson dyes,
He said, "This blossom Adam saved
As a relic of Paradise."

And when the thrush came to the lime
To prune his darksome wing,
He said, "It is my little child's soul
An angel has taught to sing."

A TAKING FASHION.

It is extraordinary what thieves owe to the fashions. This is their last debt, and one that they are never likely to repay, unless made to do so by the strong hand of justice:

"A noted French pickpocket, upon his arrest, declared his opinion that Crinoline affords better opportunities for practicing thefts on the unwary than any style of dress previously worn. Being worn loosely away from the lady, ample opportunity is afforded to cut the dress and get at the purse without detection."

We are not surprised, however, at its favoring the propensity of thieves, when we know that Crinoline itself is, in the generality of cases, strongly attached to steel. It may be called the perfect pick of the fashion.

NAVAL FASHIONS.

Steel corsets are beginning to be worn by frigates, but do not, in the last novelty, come up to the bows in front or descend quite to the other extremity. The sides are pierced with holes for the arms, forming a stylish openwork. Canvas is less employed than formerly, which, during the prevalence of March winds, is not to be regretted.

HAUSSE ET BAISSE.

HAUSSE.

I see a Brass Colossus, thinly gilt,
Upon two feet of varnished clay up-built,
Holding a huge mud-bubble, where doth waver,
The iridescence of Imperial favor.

BAISSE.

The gold upon the brass is rent and tarnished,
The lacquer cracks with which the clay was varnished,
A sudden cloud blots out the Imperial Iris,
The huge mud-bubble bursts, and Mirès mire is.

FINE OLD GIRLS.

The moralizing wet blankets who try to make young persons of both sexes uncomfortable by continual lamentation on the fugitive character of feminine charms, will find a refutation of their melancholy philosophy in the subjoined extract from the "Fashions for March" in *Le Follet:*

"Velvet, though very effective, is only deemed suitable for elderly ladies."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating; the proof of the velvet must lie in the wearing. As velvet is only deemed suitable for elderly ladies, the presumption is that velvet is worn by elderly ladies only. Then the appearance which elderly ladies present in velvet is the only proof of its effectiveness. But velvet is very effective. Here, then, are elderly ladies wearing dresses which are very effective, notwithstanding the wearers' time of life. Effective, in the serious language of milliners, means having the power of attracting admiration, and not that of exciting mirth. We are to understand that elderly ladies in velvet create the same sort of sensation as that which their juniors dress with a view to creating. In short, according to the *Follet*, elderly ladies in velvet look pretty, or at least handsome. This consideration may encourage the younger portion of the softer sex to dismiss all unpleasant suggestions as to the ravages of time, and indulge the pleasing confidence that Loveliness, in future, will outgrow muslin only to bloom perennially in velvet.

Which of our servants is most likely to steal the eggs?—The cook, who (*cuckoo*) is notorious for that species of larceny!

SYMPATHY.

BY A SWELL.

That Dublin mawidge twial—haw!
Most chawming histowy to wead!
Paw fellah! what a hawwid baw!
A cwuel case faw him indeed!
A should not care faw waving mobs,
And having all the Pwess at one;
Because they're such a set of snobs;
And vawtuous indignation's fun.

These nine days' wondaws soon elapse,
What I should feel is being in,
By Jove! faw bigamy pawhaps;
At any wate faw lots of tin.
I do admiaw the fellaw's pluck,
Who, deeming manufactuas mud,
Owns he don't pay the common wuck
The same wespect as gentle blood.

It may tawn out all wight at last—
Most awnestly A hope it may;
And he, when all the wow is past,
Will be Lad Avonmaw some day.
But still, whoevaw feels, hencefawth,
Inclined to do that sawt of thing,
He'd better not go too faw Nawth,
Naw tampaw with a wedding wing.

TWO FRENCH IDOLS.

The Senate Napoleon exalts on a line,
Where if two names could stand, they would both be divine;
And a Bishop, affecting fanatical airs,
To Pontius Pilate the Emperor compares.
The abuse and the incense alike are profane,
But wisdom the Toadies alone would restrain,
And give the Fanatic abundance of rope:
If Napoleon is Pilate whom calls he the Pope?

SUPERNATURAL SWINDLE.

According to the *Unita Italiana* of Genoa, several Pontifical soldiers, having been made prisoners, had arrived in that port. These fellows were all provided with a paper inscribed with the following words:

"Reserve Corps of the Holy See; 100 years of plenary indulgence to whoever takes arms against the excommunicated King. Signed: Cardinal de Angelis."

Of course a century of plenary indulgence could hardly be enjoyed in this world, and must be taken to mean an advantage to be conferred in the other—remission, for so long, of purgatorial pains. In short, the indulgence, if it were not a mere humbug, would entitle the holder to a discharge from the prison of purgatory so many years before, in the regular way, his term of imprisonment would expire. Thus the warrant of release above described, which the Pontifical soldiers were furnished with, was a spiritual ticket of leave. The Pope's troops being largely composed of brigands and banditti were no doubt qualified in every respect, except amendment of life, to be not only spiritually, but also in a natural sense, ticket-of-leave men. As to Cardinal De Angelis, whose signature was appended to the foregoing note of redemption from future punishment, he may call himself de Angelis, but he must consider himself to be far above all the Angels. Yet the Cardinal is only the Pope's deputy, so that the altitude assumed for His Holiness is still greater than that pretended to by his Eminence. When an old priest, to induce cut-throats to fight against an "excommunicated King," bribes the rascals with checks on the Bank of Divine Justice, to be presented in the other world, the altitude that he has attained to is evidently that of absurdity or swindling.

A GOOD LICKING.

The height, or depth, of profane adulation was surely arrived at by the French Senate in the antithesis presented by the following extract from their address to their Imperial master:

"It was a fine day that on which, in the centre of the restored Cathedral, were heard the 'Te Deum' for the Lord, and the 'Domine Salvum' for the Emperor."

Louis Napoleon smokes. In the presence of his Senators he will never want a spittoon.

Doctor Barton was a punster. He said, "The fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a *stop* to it." Whether for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, is uncertain. He invited, for the love of punning, Mr. Crowe and Mr. Rooke to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a hint to be rather after the time, on his appearance, said, "Mr. Rooke, Mr. Crowe, I beg leave to introduce one *Bird more!*"

There is a curious little song, dating back to 1601, entitled "O Mother, a Hoop!" in which the value of hoop-skirts is set forth by a fair damsel in terms that would delight a modern belle. It commences thus:

"What a fine thing I have seen to-day!
O mother, a hoop!
I must have one; you can not say nay!
O mother, a hoop!"

Another stanza shows the practical usefulness of the hoop:

"Pray hear me, dear mother, what I have been taught,
Nine men and nine women upset in a boat;
The men were all drown'd, but the women did float,
And by the help of their hoops were all safely got out."

"The most luxurious smoker I ever knew," says Mr. Paget, "was a young Transylvanian, who told me that his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth the first thing in the morning, and that he smoked it out before he awoke. 'It is so pleasant,' he observed, 'to have the proper taste restored to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its wants.'"

"Julius, whar did you get dat coat?"
"Down here to Pull's."
"What's dat?"
"Little ways down in Brattle Street, whar it says 'Pull' on the door. I pulled dis coat, and run out."

The Five Daughters.—A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to some useful and respectable occupation in life. These daughters married one after the other, with the consent of their father. The first married a gentleman by the name of Poor; the second a Mr. Little; the third a Mr. Short; the fourth a Mr. Brown; and the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters, with their husbands, were present. After the ceremonies of the wedding were over, the old gentleman said to his guests: "I have taken great pains to educate my five daughters that they may act well their parts in life; and from their advantages and improvements I hoped that they would do honor to my family; and now I find that all my pains, cares, and expectations have turned out nothing but a *Poor, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg.*"

A wayward son of Emerald Isle "left the bed and board" which he and Margaret, his wife, had occupied for a long while, and spent his time around rum-shops, where he was always on hand to count himself "in" whenever any body should "stand treat." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she proceeds—

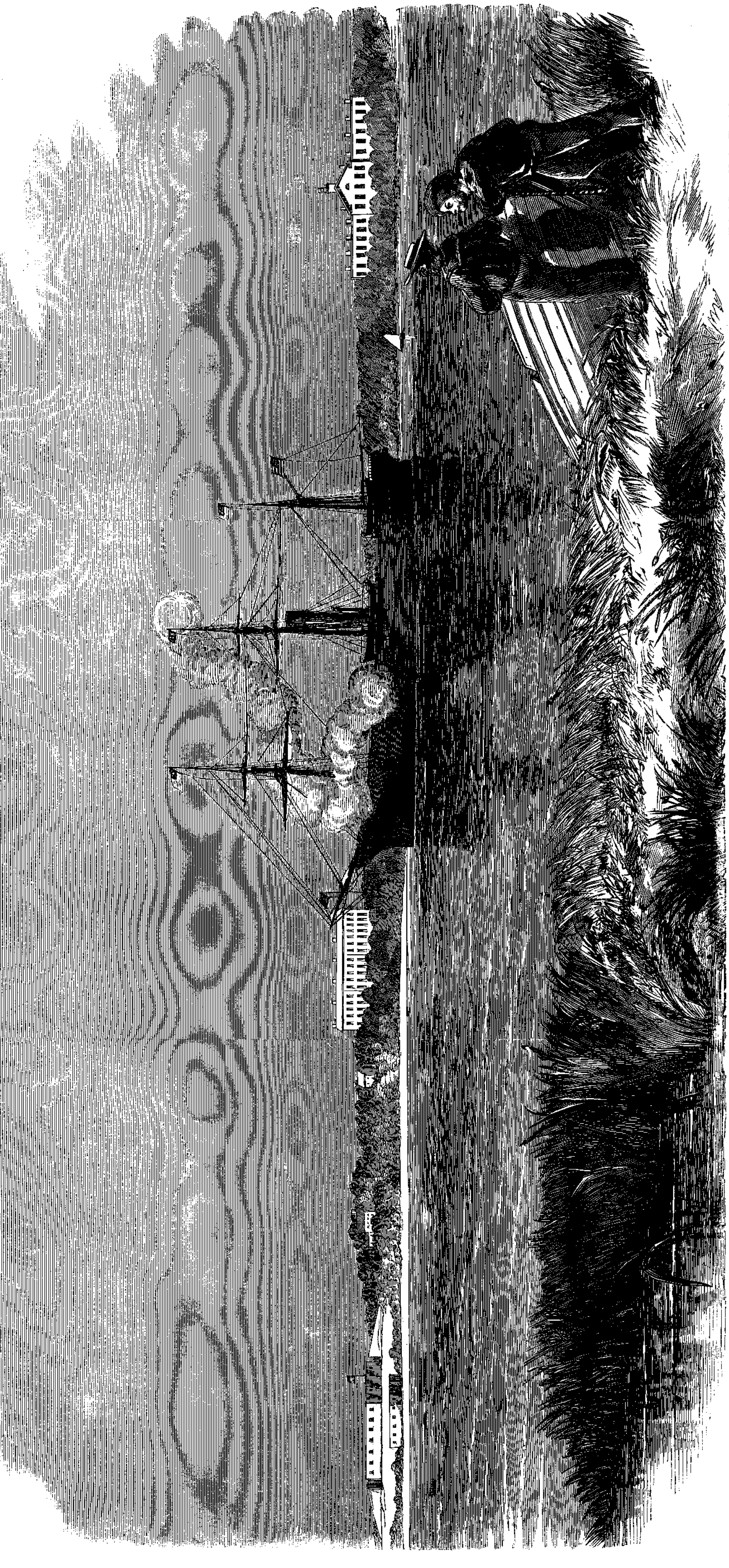
"Now, Patrick, my honey, will you come back?"
"No, Margaret, I won't come back."
"And won't you come back for the love of the children?"
"Not for the love of the children, Margaret."
"Will you come back for the love of myself?"
"Niver at all. 'Way wid ye."

Margaret thought she would try another inducement. Taking a pint-bottle of whisky from her pocket, and holding it up to her truant husband, she said:

"Will you come for the drop of whisky?"

"Ah, me darling," said Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation, "it's yourself that'll always bring me home agin—ye has such a winning way wid ye, I'll come, Margaret."

Margaret declares that "Patrick was reclaimed by moral suasion."


Fort Barrancas.
Barrancas Barracks.
United States Gun-boat "Wyandotte."
United States Marine Hospital.

THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "WYANDOTTE" FIRING A SALUTE ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN PENSACOLA HARBOR.—[Drawn by an Officer of Lieut. Slemmer's Command.]

LOST JEWELS.

A flash of gold—of silver sheen—
Of the light thrown quivering back
From gems that shone, like fairy things,
In the palace of Ball & Black.
A stately lady, fair and tall,
On her slender fingers tried
The jeweled circlets one by one,
But she laid them all aside.

"I have lost a gem that was brighter far
Than these in their shimmering light;
I shall never find it—never more—
It has sunk 'mid the coral white;
For it slipped as I pointed down below
To the waves 'round the good ship's prow,
And the ocean queen, in her gleaming home,
May be decked with its glory now."

In a weary tone, with a little sigh,
The lady swept the gems away,
And the quiet salesman put them back,
Till in glittering ranks they lay.
But his eye fell not on the diamond's light,
On the opal's changeful hue,
The purple gleam of the amethyst,
Or the pearls like drops of dew.

But a wistful, longing, eager gaze
He cast on the little child
Whom the lady held by a loving clasp—
He looked, but he never smiled:
For his eyes grew dim with coming tears
As he stooped to the golden head
For a good-by kiss. In a trembling tone,
Like a dreamer's voice, he said:

"And I a treasure, too, have lost,
That was dearer far to me
Than a bauble dropp'd in an idle mood
Down in the dark blue sea.
My jewel slipped from my loving hand,
Though I clasped it on my heart
Till its light grew strangely dim and pale;
Then I knew we must sadly part.

"But I shall find my vanished gem,
I know"—and the speaker's face grew bright—
"Where the golden streets and the pearly gates
Will glow in its living light;
For His jewels all He will gather in,
That were lent on the earth to men;
And then in the shining rank I'll see
My long-lost pearl again."

On the lady's face a shadow fell,
And grave grew her laughing eye,
For she heard it still as she walked away—
"I shall find it by-and-by."
The boy put back his golden hair,
Glancing with movement shy,
And the echo came in his childish voice—
"He will find it by-and-by."

OUR FORT PICKENS PICTURES.

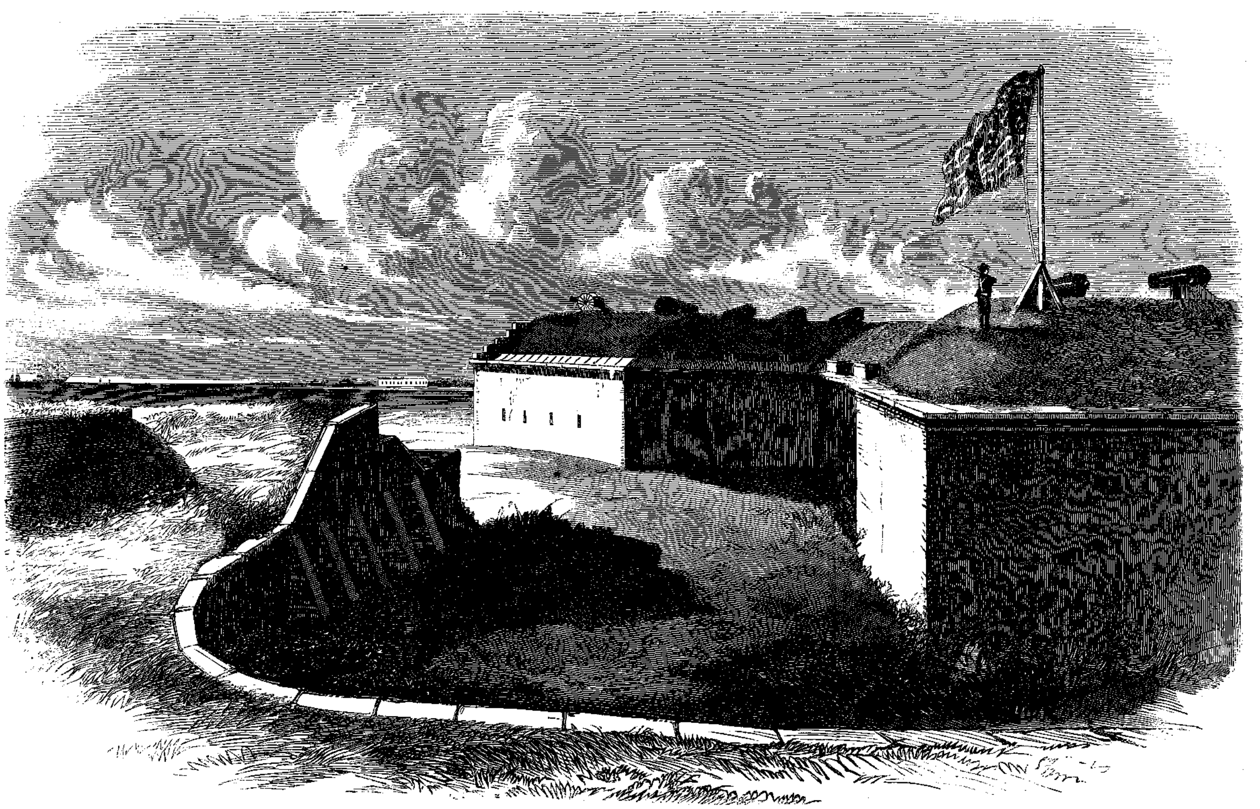
We continue our series of illustrations of Fort Pickens from sketches by our attentive correspondent in the fort. Our correspondent writes, with reference to the picture of the salute on Washington's birthday:

"This view of the *Wyandotte* firing a salute on Washington's birthday is taken from the same spot as my last sketch of Fort Pickens, but of course looking in the opposite direction.

"On the right is seen the United States Marine Hospital. On the left of the bow is Barrancas Barracks. In front of this, half hidden by trees, is a private house, economically allowed to cumber the premises in a most inconvenient manner. On the left of the barracks are part of the officers' quarters seen through the foliage, and on the extreme left is Fort Barrancas firing a salute in honor of the day. Between the fort and the long low white beach at the foot of its glacis, and flanked by low shrubbery, is the old Spanish stone water-battery, within a few rods of the ditch of the main work in its rear. When the Spaniards, at the approach of General Jackson, were helped off by the English, they blew up the old Fort San Carlos de Barrancas, on whose site the present fort was built; but the water-battery being uninjured was mounted subsequently by the Americans, and is in all other respects the work as the Spaniards left it.

"The *Wyandotte* is a third-class sloop of war, mounting four long thirty-twos on the main and two brass pieces on the upper deck. She is commanded by Captain Berryman, who, with his officers and men, deserve great praise for their conduct since the evacuation of Fort Barrancas, and for the aid given by them to Lieutenant Slemmer, in his labors both then and since. Berryman opposed the treason of his former comrades, and as soon as relieved from the incubus of Armstrong's command, was ordered to remain by Captain Wauk under the walls of the fort. The *Wyandotte* is sentinel, coast guard, and supply vessel for the fleet. The unanimity and pleasant concord existing between the naval and military commanders affects the men, who have more than once, and in a marked manner, displayed their *amor patriæ*. The few men in Fort Pickens, and the crew of the *Wyandotte*, are the only ones out here just now who have any thing to do; the rest lie out beyond the bar, and helplessly but unwillingly look on while these devoted fellows work like horses.

"At noon on the 22d some secession guns in the Navy-yard, to the right of the Hospital, most unexpectedly to us opened a salute; soon after a puff of smoke rolled up from Fort Barrancas, and hid their flag of *one* star and many stripes, and they were hardly fairly at it before Berryman's port showed a lightning flash, and a column of smoke shooting out, paused an instant, rose, and then the breeze, striking it in the centre, bore it to leeward in an N-like shape over the vessel, while a beautiful ring hung for a moment over the flag at the main, then melted softly away, while one could


Water Battery near Fort M'Rae.

THE FLAG-STAFF BASTION AT FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.—[Drawn by an Officer of Lieut. Slemmer's Command, March 6, 1861.]

hear exclamations of delight from our men on the ramparts. It was a grand, pleasing, but withal melancholy sight; these white puffs of smoke shrouding different flags, and yet honoring one man. The guns, all harmless now, and speaking in thunder tones for him whom we all call Father, might, alas! on the morrow be shotted and worked by brothers against brothers. I am sure we all felt the better for this unexpected meeting on a common ground.

"Looking seaward, we saw the *Brooklyn* and *St. Louis* close together, and wrapped in a cloud of smoke, while the rapid, spiteful discharges brought most vividly to mind one's idea of a naval battle. The *Sabine* was further off, pounding away majestically by herself, which I think she is well able to do. After all was silent, and the eyes of friend and foe were turned to Fort Pickens, a long thirty-two opened seaward, and then the salute ran from gun to gun around the whole parapet, and thus ended the 22d in Pensacola harbor."

With regard to the other picture he writes, on 15th:

"Inclosed I send you a sketch of the Flag-staff Bastion of Fort Pickens. In my drawing of the fort last sent the flag appears on the northeast bastion. It has since been changed, and is now on the southwest, or diagonally opposite its former position, and in what may be called the rear. The staff is scarcely less temporary than the former, which was simply a long pole stuck up in the first hurry of occupation. The present one is a piece of joist propped up in the dirt of the parapet. The end of the covered way, with its buttressed traverse stairs leading down to the gallery, and the door to the gallery in the counterscrap, are all seen on the left, with the parapet of the covered way overlooking the beach, about two hundred yards distant.

"On the distant point on the other side of the channel is seen the water-battery of Fort M'Rae, which, by-the-way, has no guns. The fort itself is hidden from view by the bastion on which is seen the field-piece. To the left of the latter is a Columbiad pointing toward the hostile forces, and from the flank opposite to the one seen in the picture. The size and height of this gun renders it easy to see it over the intervening parapet. The two bastions represented are separated by a curtain. One embrasure of this curtain is seen beyond the nearest bastion. The face of the bastion to the left is loopholed for musketry.

"The two sail—one an English ship with painted ports, and the other a pilot-boat—are near the buoy in the Swash Channel."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

After well considering the matter while I was dressing at the Blue Boar in the morning, I resolved to tell my guardian that I doubted Orlick's being the right sort of man to fill a post of trust at Miss Havisham's. "Why, of course he is not the right sort of man, Pip," said my guardian, comfortably satisfied beforehand on the general head, "because the man who fills the post of trust never is the right sort of man." It seemed quite to put him into spirits to find that this particular post was not accidentally and exceptionally held by the right sort of man, and he listened in a satisfied manner while I told him what knowledge I had of Orlick. "Very good, Pip," he observed, when I had concluded, "I'll go round presently, and pay our friend off." Rather alarmed by this summary action, I was for a little delay, and even hinted that our friend himself might be difficult to deal with. "Oh no he won't," said my guardian, making his pocket-handkerchief point with perfect confidence; "I should like to see him argue the question with *me*."

As we were going back together to London by the mid-day coach, and as I breakfasted under such terrors of Pumblechook that I could scarcely hold my cup, this gave me an opportunity of saying that I wanted a walk, and that I would go on along the London Road while Mr. Jaggers was occupied, if he would let the coachman know that I would get into my place when overtaken. I was thus enabled to fly from the Blue Boar immediately after breakfast. By then making a loop of about a couple of miles into the open country at the back of Pumblechook's premises, I got round into the High Street again, a little beyond that pitfall, and felt myself in comparative security.

It was interesting to be in the quiet old town once more, and it was not disagreeable to be here and there suddenly recognized and stared after. One or two of the tradespeople even darted out of their shops and went a little way down the street before me, that they might turn, as if they had forgotten something, and pass me face to face—on which occasions I don't know whether they or I made the worse pretense; they of not doing it, or I of not seeing it. Still my position was a distinguished one, and I was not at all dissatisfied with it, until Fate threw me in the way of that unlimited miscreant, Trabb's boy.

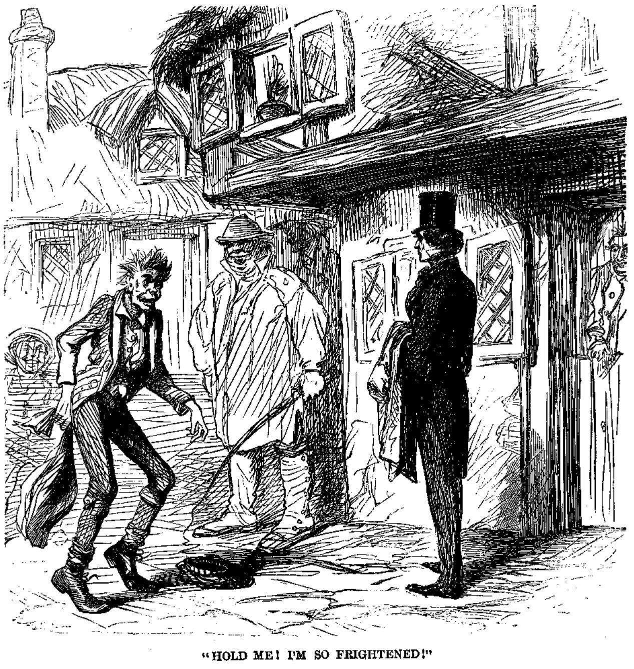
Casting my eyes along the street at a certain point of my progress, I beheld Trabb's boy approaching, lashing himself with an empty blue bag. Deeming that a serene and unconscious contemplation of him would best beseem me, and would be most likely to quell his evil mind, I advanced with that expression of countenance, and was rather congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly the knees of Trabb's boy smote together, his hair uprose, his cap fell off, he trembled violently in every limb, staggered out into the road, and crying to the populace, "Hold me! I'm so frightened!" feigned to be in a paroxysm of terror and contrition, occasioned by the dignity of my appearance. As I passed him his teeth loudly chattered in his head, and, with every mark of extreme humiliation, he prostrated himself in the dust.

This was a hard thing to bear, but this was nothing. I had not advanced another two hundred yards, when, to my inexpressible terror, amazement, and indignation, I again beheld Trabb's boy approaching. He was coming round a narrow corner. His blue bag was slung over his shoulder, honest industry beamed in his eyes, a determination to proceed to Trabb's with cheerful briskness was indicated in his gait. With a shock he became aware of me, and was severely visited as before; but this time his motion was rotatory, and he staggered round and round me with knees more afflicted, and with uplifted hands as if beseeching for mercy. His sufferings were hailed with the greatest joy by a knot of spectators, and I felt utterly confounded.

I had not got as much further down the street as the post-office, when I again beheld Trabb's boy shooting round by a back way. This time he was entirely changed. He wore the blue bag in the manner of my great-coat, and was strutting along the pavement toward me on the opposite side of the street, attended by a company of delighted young friends to whom he from time to time exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "Don't know yah!" Words can not state the amount of aggravation and injury wreaked upon me by Trabb's boy, when, passing abreast of me, he pulled up his shirt-collar, twined his side-hair, stuck an arm akimbo, and smirked extravagantly by, wriggling his elbows and body, and drawling to his attendants, "Don't know yah, don't know yah, 'pon my soul don't know yah!" The disgrace attendant on his immediately afterward taking to crowing and pursuing me across the bridge with crows as from an exceedingly dejected fowl who had known me when I was a blacksmith, culminated the disgrace with which I left the town, and was, so to speak, ejected by it into the open country.

But unless I had taken the life of Trabb's boy on that occasion, I really do not even now see what I could have done save endure. To have struggled with him in the street, or to have exacted any lower recompense from him than his heart's best blood would have been futile and degrading. Moreover, he was a boy whom no man could hurt; an invulnerable and dodging serpent who, when chased into a corner, flew out again between his captor's legs, scornfully yelping. I wrote, however, to Mr. Trabb by next day's post, to say that Mr. Pip must decline to deal further with one who could so far forget what he owed to the best interests of society, as to employ a boy who excited Loathing in every respectable mind.

The coach, with Mr. Jaggers inside, came up



"HOLD ME! I'M SO FRIGHTENED!"

in due time, and I took my box-seat again, and arrived in London safe—but not sound, for my heart was gone. As soon as I arrived I sent a penitential codfish and barrel of oysters to Joe (as reparation for not having gone myself), and then went on to Barnard's Inn.

I found Herbert dining on cold meat, and delighted to welcome me back. Having dispatched The Avenger to the coffee-house for an addition to the dinner, I felt that I must open my breast that very evening to my friend and chum. As confidence was out of the question with The Avenger in the hall, which could merely be regarded in the light of an ante-chamber to the keyhole, I sent him to the Play. A better proof of the severity of my bondage to that taskmaster could scarcely be afforded than the degrading shifts to which I was constantly driven to find him employment. So mean is extremity that I sometimes sent him to Hyde Park corner to see what o'clock it was.

Dinner done and we sitting with our feet upon the fender, I said to Herbert, "My dear Herbert, I have something very particular to tell you."

"My dear Handel," he returned, "I shall esteem and respect your confidence."

"It concerns myself, Herbert," said I, "and one other person."

Herbert crossed his feet, looked at the fire with his head on one side, and having looked at it in vain for some time, looked at me because I didn't go on.

"Herbert," said I, laying my hand upon his knee. "I love—I adore—Estella."

Instead of being transfixed, Herbert replied in an easy, matter-of-course way, "Exactly. Well?"

"Well, Herbert? Is that all you say? Well?"

"What next, I mean?" said Herbert. "Of course I know *that*."

"How do you know it?" said I.

"How do I know it, Handel? Why, from you."

"I never told you."

"Told me! You have never told me when you have got your hair cut, but I have had senses to perceive it. You have always adored her, ever since I have known you. You brought your adoration and your portmanteau here together. Told me! Why you have always told me all day long. When you told me your own story, you told me plainly that you began adoring her the first time you saw her, when you were very young indeed."

"Very well, then," said I, to whom this was a new and not unwelcome light, "I have never left off adoring her. And she has come back a most beautiful and most elegant creature. And I saw her yesterday. And if I adored her before, I now doubly adore her."

"Lucky for you then, Handel," said Herbert, "that you are picked out for her and allotted to her. Without encroaching on forbidden ground, we may venture to say that there can be no doubt between ourselves of that fact. Have you any idea yet of Estella's views on the adoration question?"

I shook my head gloomily. "Oh! she is thousands of miles away from me," said I.

"Patience, my dear Handel: time enough, time enough. But you have something more to say?"

"I am ashamed to say it," I returned, "and yet it's no worse to say it than to think it. You call me a lucky fellow. Of course, I am. I was a blacksmith's boy but yesterday; I am—what shall I say I am—to-day?"

"Say a good fellow, if you want a phrase," returned Herbert, smiling, and clapping his hand on the back of mine, "a good fellow with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming, curiously mixed in him."

I stopped for a moment to consider whether there really was this mixture in my character. On the whole, I by no means recognized the analysis, but thought it not worth disputing.

"When I ask what I am to call myself today, Herbert," I went on, "I suggest what I have in my thoughts. You say I am lucky. I know I have done nothing to raise myself in life, and that Fortune alone has raised me; that is being very lucky. And yet, when I think of Estella—"

("And when don't you, you know?" Herbert threw in, with his eyes on the fire; which I thought kind and sympathetic of him.)

"—Then, my dear Herbert, I can not tell you how dependent and uncertain I feel, and how exposed to hundreds of chances. Avoiding forbidden ground as you did just now, I may still say that on the constancy of one person (naming no person) all my expectations depend. And at the best, how indefinite and unsatisfactory only to know so vaguely what they are!" In saying this, I relieved my mind of what had always been there, more or less, though no doubt most since yesterday.

"Now, Handel," Herbert replied, in his gay, hopeful way, "it seems to me that in the despondency of the tender passion we are looking into our gift-horse's mouth with a magnifying glass. Likewise, it seems to me that concentrating our attention on that examination we altogether overlook one of the best points of the animal. Didn't you tell me that your guardian, Mr. Jaggers, told you in the beginning that you were not endowed with expectations only? And even if he had not told you so—though that is a very large If, I grant—could you believe that, of all men in London, Mr. Jaggers is the man to hold his present relations toward you unless he were sure of his ground?"

I said I could not deny that this was a strong point. I said it (people often do so, in such cases) like a rather reluctant concession to truth and justice—as if I wanted to deny it!

"I should think it *was* a strong point," said Herbert, "and I should think you would be puzzled to imagine a stronger; as to the rest, you must bide your guardian's time, and he must bide his client's time. You'll be one-and-twenty before you know where you are, and then perhaps you'll get some further enlightenment. At all events you'll be nearer getting it, for it must come at last."

"What a hopeful disposition you have!" said I, gratefully admiring his cheery ways.

"I ought to have," said Herbert, "for I have not much else. I must acknowledge, by-the-by, that the good sense of what I have just said is not my own, but my father's. The only remark I ever heard him make on your story was the final one: 'The thing is settled and done, or Mr. Jaggers would not be in it.' And now before I say any thing more about my father, or my father's son, and repay confidence with confidence, I want to make myself seriously disagreeable to you for a moment—positively repulsive."

"You won't succeed," said I.

"Oh yes I shall!" said he. "One, two, three, and now I am in for it. Handel, my good fellow"—though he spoke in this light tone he was much in earnest—"I have been thinking since we have been talking with our feet on this fender, that Estella surely can not be a condition of your inheritance, if she was never referred to by your guardian. Am I right in so understanding what you have told me, as that he never referred to her, directly or indirectly, in any way? Never even hinted, for instance, that your patron might have views as to your marriage ultimately?"

"Never."

"Now, Handel, I am quite free from the flavor of sour grapes, upon my soul! Not being bound to her, can you not detach yourself from her?—I told you I should be disagreeable."

I turned my head aside, for, with a rush and a sweep, like the old marsh winds coming up from the sea, a feeling like that which had subdued me on the morning when I left the forge, when the mists were solemnly rising, and when I laid my hand upon the village finger-post, smote upon my heart again. There was silence between us for a little while.

"Yes, but my dear Handel," Herbert went on, as if we had been talking instead of silent, "it's having been so strongly rooted in the breast of a boy whom nature and circumstances made so romantic renders it very serious. Think of her bringing-up, and think of Miss Havisham. Think of what she is herself (now I am repulsive, and you abominate me). This may lead to miserable things."

"I know it, Herbert," said I, with my head still turned away, "but I can't help it."

"You can't detach yourself?"

"No. Impossible!"

"You can't try, Handel?"

"No. Impossible!"

"Well!" said Herbert, getting up with a lively shake as if he had been asleep, and stirring the fire, "now I'll endeavor to make myself agreeable again!"

So he went round the room and shook the curtains out, put the chairs in their places, tidied the books and so forth that were lying about, looked into the hall, peeped into the letter-box, shut the door, and came back to his chair by the fire; where he sat down, nursing his left leg in both arms.

"I was going to say a word or two, Handel, concerning my father and my father's son. I am afraid it is scarcely necessary for my father's son to remark that my father's establishment is not particularly brilliant in its housekeeping."

"There is always plenty, Herbert," said I: to say something encouraging.

"Oh yes! and so the dustman says, I believe, with the strongest approval, and so does the marine store-shop in the back street. Gravely, Handel, for the subject is grave enough; you know how it is as well as I do. I suppose there was a time once when my father had not given matters up; but if there ever was, the time is gone. May I ask you if you have ever had an opportunity of remarking down in your part of the country, that the children of not exactly suitable marriages are always most particularly anxious to be married?"

This was such a singular question that I asked him in return, "Is it so?"

"I don't know," said Herbert; "that's what I want to know. Because it is decidedly the case with us. My poor sister Charlotte, who was next me and died before she was fourteen, was a striking example. Little Jane is the same. In her desire to be matrimonially established, you might suppose her to have passed her short existence in the perpetual contemplation of domestic bliss. Little Alick, in a frock, has already made arrangements for his union with a suitable young person at Kew. And indeed, I think we are all engaged except the baby."

"Then you are?" said I.

"I am," said Herbert, "but it's a secret."

I assured him of my keeping the secret, and begged to be favored with further particulars. He had spoken so sensibly and feelingly of my weakness, that I wanted to know something about his strength.

"May I ask the name?" I said.

"Name of Clara," said Herbert.

"Live in London?"

"Yes. Perhaps I ought to mention," said Herbert, who had become curiously crest-fallen and meek since we entered on the interesting theme, "that she is rather below my mother's nonsensical family notions. Her father had to do with the victualing of passenger-ships. I think he was a species of purser."

"What is he now?" said I.

"He's an invalid now," replied Herbert.

"Living on—?"

"On the first floor," said Herbert. Which was not at all what I meant, for I had intended my question to apply to his means. "I have never seen him, for he has always kept his room overhead since I have known Clara. But I have heard him constantly. He makes tremendous rows—roars, and pegs at the floor with some frightful instrument." In looking at me, and then laughing heartily, Herbert for the time recovered his usual lively manner.

"Don't you expect to see him?" said I.

"Oh yes, I constantly expect to see him," returned Herbert, "because I never hear him without expecting him to come tumbling through the ceiling. But I don't know how long the rafters may hold."

When he had once more laughed heartily he became meek again, and told me that the moment he began to realize Capital it was his intention to marry this young lady. He added, as a self-evident proposition, engendering low spirits, "But you *can't* marry, you know, while you're looking about you."

As we contemplated the fire, and as I thought what a difficult vision to realize this same Capital sometimes was, I put my hands in my pockets. A folded piece of paper in one of them attracting my attention, I opened it, and found it to be the play-bill I had received from Joe, relative to the celebrated provincial amateur of Roscian renown. "And, bless my heart!" I involuntarily added aloud, "it's to-night!"

This changed the subject in an instant, and made us hurriedly resolve to go to the play. So, when I had pledged myself to comfort and abet Herbert in the affair of his heart by all practicable and impracticable means, and when Herbert had told me that his affianced already knew me by reputation, and that I should shortly be presented to her, and when we had warmly shaken hands upon our mutual confidence, we blew out our candles, made up our fire, locked our door, and issued forth in quest of Mr. Wopsle and Denmark.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON our arrival in Denmark we found the king and queen of that country elevated in two arm-chairs on a small kitchen-table, holding a Court. The whole of the Danish nobility were in attendance; consisting of a noble boy in the wash leather boots of a gigantic ancestor, a venerable Peer with a dirty face, who seemed to have risen from the people late in life, and the Danish chivalry with a comb in its hair and a pair of white silk legs, and presenting on the whole a feminine appearance. My gifted townsman stood gloomily apart, with folded arms, and I could have wished that his curls and forehead had been more probable.

Several curious little circumstances transpired as the action proceeded. The late king of the country not only appeared to have been troubled with a cough at the time of his decease, but to have taken it with him to the tomb and to have brought it back. The royal phantom also carried a ghostly manuscript round its truncheon, to which it had the appearance of occasionally referring, and that, too, with an air of anxiety and a tendency to lose the place of reference which were suggestive of a state of mortality. It was this, I conceive, which led to the Shade's being advised by the gallery to "turn over!"—a recommendation which it took extremely ill. It was likewise to be noted of this majestic spirit that whereas it always appeared with an air of having been out a long time and walked an immense distance, it perceptibly came from a closely contiguous wall. This occasioned its terrors to be received derisively. The Queen of Denmark, a very buxom lady, though no doubt historically brazen, was considered by the public to have too much brass about her; her chin being attached to her diadem by a broad band of that metal (as if she had a gorgeous toothache), her waist being encircled by another, and each of her arms by another, so that she was openly mentioned as "the kettle-drum." The noble boy in the ancestral boots was inconsistent, representing himself, as it were in one breath, as an able seaman, a strolling actor, a grave-digger, a clergyman, and a person of the utmost importance at a Court fencing-match, on the authority of whose practiced eye and nice discrimination the finest strokes were judged. This gradually led to a want of toleration for him, and even—on his being detected in holy orders, and declining to perform the funeral service—to the general indignation taking the form of nuts. Lastly, Ophelia was a prey to such slow musical madness, that when, in course of time, she had taken off her white muslin scarf, folded it up, and buried it, a sulky man who had been long cooling his impatient nose against an iron bar in the front row of the gallery, growled, "Now the baby's put to bed let's have supper!" which, to say the least of it, was out of keeping.

Upon my unfortunate townsman all these incidents accumulated with playful effect. Whenever that undecided Prince had to ask a question or state a doubt, the public helped him out with it. As for example: on the question whether 'twas nobler in the mind to suffer, some roared yes, and some no, and some inclining to both opinions said "toss up for it;" and quite a Debating Society arose. When he asked what should such fellows as he do crawling between earth and heaven, he was encouraged with loud cries of "Hear, hear!" When he appeared with his stocking disordered (its disorder expressed, according to usage, by one very neat fold in the top, which I suppose to be always got up with a flat-iron), a conversation took place in the gallery respecting the paleness of his leg, and whether it was occasioned by the turn the ghost had given him. On his taking the recorders—very like a little black flute that had just been played in the orchestra and handed out at the door—he was called upon unanimously for Rule Britannia. When he recommended the player not to saw the air thus, the sulky man said, "And don't *you* do it, neither; you're a deal worse than *him!*" And I grieve to add that peels of laughter greeted Mr. Wopsle on every one of these occasions.

But his greatest trials were in the church-yard, which had the appearance of a primeval forest, with a kind of small ecclesiastical wash-house on one side and a turnpike-gate on the other. Mr. Wopsle, in a comprehensive black cloak, being descried entering at the turnpike, the grave-digger was admonished in a friendly way, "Look out! Here's the undertaker a coming to see how you're a getting on with your work!" I believe it is well known in a constitutional country that Mr. Wopsle could not possibly have returned the skull, after moralizing over it, without dusting his fingers on a white napkin taken from his breast; but even that innocent and indispensable action did not pass without the comment "Wai-ter!" The arrival of the body for interment, in an empty black box with the lid tumbling open, was the signal for a general joy, which was much enhanced by the discovery, among the bearers, of an individual obnoxious to identification. The joy attended Mr. Wopsle through his struggle with Laertes on the brink of the orchestra and the grave, and slackened no more until he had tumbled the king off the kitchen-table, and died by inches from the ankles upward.

We had made some pale efforts in the beginning to applaud Mr. Wopsle; but they were too hopeless to be persisted in. Therefore we had sat, feeling keenly for him, but laughing, nevertheless, from ear to ear. I laughed in spite of myself all the time, the whole thing was so droll; and yet I had a latent impression that there was something decidedly fine in Mr. Wopsle's elocution—not for old associations' sake, I am afraid, but because it was very slow, very dreary, very up-hill and down-hill, and very unlike any way in which any man in any natural circumstances of life or death ever expressed himself about any thing. When the tragedy was over, and he had been called for and hooted, I said to Herbert, "Let us go at once, or perhaps we shall meet him."

We made all the haste we could down stairs, but we were not quick enough either. Standing at the door was a Jewish man with an unnaturally heavy smear of eyebrow, who caught my eye as we advanced, and said, when we came up with him:

"Mr. Pip and friend?"

Identity of Mr. Pip and friend confessed.

"Mr. Waldengarver," said the man, "would be glad to have the honor."

"Waldengarver?" I repeated—when Herbert murmured in my ear, "Probably Wopsle."

"Oh!" said I. "Yes. Shall we follow you?"

"A few steps, please." When we were in a side alley, he turned and asked, "How did you think he looked?—I dressed him."

I don't know what he had looked like, except a funeral; with the addition of a large Danish order hanging round his neck by a blue ribbon, that had given him the appearance of being insured in some extraordinary Fire Office. But I said he had looked very nice.

"When he come to the grave," said our conductor, "he showed his cloak beautiful. But, judging from the wing, it looked to me that when he see the ghost in the queen's apartment, he might have made more of his stockings."

I modestly assented, and we all fell through a little dirty swing-door, into a sort of hot packing-case immediately behind it. Here Mr. Wopsle was divesting himself of his Danish garments, and here there was just room for us to look at him over one another's shoulders, by keeping the packing-case door, or lid, wide open.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wopsle, "I am proud to see you. I hope, Mr. Pip, you will excuse my sending round. I had the happiness to know you in former times, and the Drama has ever had a claim which has ever been acknowledged, on the noble and the affluent."

Meanwhile, Mr. Waldengarver, in a frightful perspiration, was trying to get himself out of his princely sables.

"Skin the stockings off, Mr. Waldengarver," said the owner of that property, "or you'll bust 'em. Bust 'em, and you'll bust five-and-thirty shillings. Shakspeare never was complimented with a finer pair. Keep quiet in your chair now, and leave 'em to me."

With that he went upon his knees, and began to flay his victim; who, on the first stocking coming off, would certainly have fallen over backward with his chair, but for there being no room to fall anyhow.

I had been afraid until then to say a word about the play. But then Mr. Waldengarver looked up at us complacently, and said,

"Gentlemen, how did it seem to you, to go, in front?"

Herbert said from behind (at the same time poking me), "capitally." So I said "capitally."

"How did you like my reading of the character, gentlemen?" said Mr. Waldengarver, almost, if not quite, with patronage.

Herbert said from behind (again poking me), "massive and excellent." So I said boldly, as if I had originated it, and must insist upon it, "massive and excellent."

"I am glad to have your approbation, gentlemen," said Mr. Waldengarver, with an air of dignity, in spite of his being ground against the wall at the time, and holding on by the seat of the chair.

"But I'll tell you one thing, Mr. Waldengarver," said the man who was on his knees, "in which you're out in your reading. Now mind! I don't care who says contrairy; I tell you so. You're out in your reading of Hamlet when you get your legs in profile. The last Hamlet as I dressed, made the same mistakes in his reading at rehearsal, till I got him to put a large red wafer on each of his shins, and then at that rehearsal (which was the last) I went in front, Sir, to the back of the pit, and whenever his reading brought him into profile, I called out 'I don't see no wafers!' And at night his reading was lovely."

Mr. Waldengarver smiled at me, as much as to say "A faithful dependent—I overlook his folly;" and then said aloud, "My view is a little classic and thoughtful for them here; but they will improve, they will improve."

Herbert and I said together, Oh, no doubt they would improve.

"Did you observe, gentlemen," said Mr. Waldengarver, "that there was a man in the gallery who endeavored to cast derision on the service—I mean, the representation?"

We basely replied that we rather thought we had noticed such a man. I added, "He was drunk, no doubt."

"Oh dear no, Sir," said Mr. Wopsle, "not drunk. His employer would see to that, Sir. His employer would not allow him to be drunk."

"You know his employer?" said I.

Mr. Wopsle shut his eyes, and opened them again; performing both ceremonies very slowly. "You must have observed, gentlemen," said he, "an ignorant and a blatant ass, with a rasping throat, and a countenance expressive of low malignity, who went through—I will not say sustained—the rôle (if I may use a French expression) of Claudius King of Denmark. That is his employer, gentlemen. Such is the profession!"

Without distinctly knowing whether I should have been more sorry for Mr. Wopsle if he had been in despair, I was so sorry for him as it was, that I took the opportunity of his turning round to have his braces put on—which jostled us out at the door-way—to ask Herbert what he thought of having him home to supper? Herbert said he thought it would be kind to do so; therefore I invited him, and he went to Barnard's with us, wrapped up to the eyes, and we did our best for him, and he sat until two o'clock in the morning, reviewing his success and developing his plans. I forget in detail what they were, but I have a general recollection that he was to begin with reviving the Drama, and to end with crushing it; inasmuch as his decease would leave it utterly bereft and without a chance or hope.

Miserably I went to bed after all, and miserably thought of Estella, and miserably dreamed that my expectations were all canceled, and that I had to give my hand in marriage to Herbert's Clara, or play Hamlet to Miss Havisham's Ghost, before twenty thousand people without knowing twenty words of it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

On Friday, 22d, in the United States Senate, Senator Hale offered a resolution that the Senate proceed to an election of Sergeant-at-Arms and door-keepers. It was laid over. A resolution directing the payment of extra compensation to clerks of committees was discussed, and rejected. Senator Douglas's resolution calling for information as to the designs of the administration with reference to the Southern forts was then taken up, and Senator Bayard concluded his remarks in favor of recognizing the independence of the Confederate States. He was followed by Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, in opposition to the resolution. Before Senator Howe had concluded the Senate went into executive session, and confirmed appointments.

On Saturday 23d, in the Senate, the Vice-President having signified his intention to be absent during the remainder of the session, on motion of Senator Hale, Senator Foot, of Vermont, was chosen President *pro tempore*. Senator Foot returned his thanks for the honor in appropriate terms. Senator Sherman, the newly-elected Senator from Ohio, was qualified and took his seat. The resolution of Senator Hale, to go into an election for Sergeant-at-Arms and door-keepers was then taken up. The Democrats opposed this first attempt to bestow the offices of the Senate upon political partisans with warmth and spirit, and succeeded in postponing the election. The Senate then went into executive session, and confirmed a number of appointments.

On Monday, 25th, in the Senate, Senator Hale's resolution for an election of subordinate officers was again laid over. Senator Powell offered a resolution calling for copies of Major Anderson's dispatches to the War Department during his command at Fort Sumter. The remainder of the session was occupied in discussing Mr. Douglas's resolution calling for information relative to the policy of the administration with reference to the seceded States.

On Tuesday, 26th, in the Senate, the debate on Senator Douglas's resolution, calling for information as to the policy of the administration with reference to the seceded States, was resumed, and continued mainly by Senators Douglas and Breckinridge, who discussed the issues involved in the Kansas question and the present troubles of the nation. Finally, Senator Douglas's resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 23 against 11. Senator Breckinridge and Senator Clingman then offered resolutions, to the effect that the Senate recommend the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the limits of the Confederate States. They were laid over for future consideration, and the Senate went into executive session and confirmed a number of appointments.

On Wednesday, 27th, in the Senate a message was received from the President declining to communicate the dispatches received from Major Anderson, the commander at Fort Sumter, as their publication would at this time be inexpedient. A long debate then ensued upon the question of taking up Senator Breckinridge's resolution advising the withdrawal of the Federal troops from the seceded States. Upon taking the question the vote stood 19 to 10. As there was not a quorum, the subject was dropped, and the Senate went into executive session, and in the course of a couple of hours confirmed a large number of appointments.

On Thursday, 28th, in the Senate, Senator Trumbull offered a resolution declaring that in the opinion of the Senate the true way to preserve the Union is to enforce the laws of the Union; that resistance to their enforcement, whether under the name of anti-coercion or any other name, is disunion; and that it is the duty of the President to use all the means in his power to hold and protect the public property of the United States, and enforce the laws thereof, as well in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, and Texas as within the other States of the Union. Senator Trumbull desired to have a vote on the resolution, and the Democratic members expressed themselves in favor of an immediate expression of opinion on the subject. The Republicans, however, would not vote, but preferred an executive session. A motion to that effect was carried, and the Senate confirmed a large number of nominations. Subsequently, the President having no further communication to make, the Senate adjourned *sine die*.

THE PRESIDENT'S FIRST MESSAGE.

The following is President Lincoln's first message to the Senate, sent in on Wednesday, 27th:

"To the Senate of the United States:

"I have received a copy of a resolution of the Senate passed on the 25th instant, requesting me, if in my opinion it is not incompatible with the public interest, to communicate to the Senate the dispatches of Major Robert Anderson to the War Department during the time he has been in command at Fort Sumter. On examination of the correspondence thus called for, I have, with the highest respect for the Senate, come to the conclusion that at the present moment the publication of it would be inexpedient. Abraham Lincoln.

"Washington, *March* 26, 1861."

THE SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS AT WASHINGTON.

The leading secession organ, the New Orleans *Delta*, has the following special news from Washington, March 19:

"The Commissioners of the Confederate States have somewhat changed their policy in treating with the Cabinet here, and do not require or expect an answer from Lincoln's Administration for a week or ten days to come. Governor Roman has arrived, and to-day held his first conference with Messrs. Crawford and Forsyth. They have agreed to delay further action until the Fort Sumter affair is definitely settled, in accordance with the suggestion of President Davis. The Administration here are vacillating and unreliable, and are afraid of assuming responsibility. Nothing is officially known, except that Anderson is ordered to New York on recruiting service. It is reliably stated that the new ministers will be instructed to propose to England, France, and Spain, that Lincoln will guarantee the integrity of Mexico, and protect Spain in her possession of Cuba, if these governments will agree not to recognize the independence of the Confederate States. This policy has been disclosed to the Southern Commissioners, who will communicate it to Montgomery."

THE LATEST FROM TEXAS.

A dispatch dated Washington, March 27, says: Intelligence has been received by the Government from Brownsville, with dates to the 19th inst. Captain Stoneman states that seven companies, including French's battery, had embarked on board the *Daniel Webster* for Tortugas, Key West, and other ports. The cavalry were expected to leave on the 22d on board the *Arizona*, for New Orleans. The United States troops had not given up the posts.

Captain Stoneman had, in accordance with an arrangement made by General Twiggs, turned over to the Texans three hundred and fifty horses and ten six-mule teams. A few hours after there was a complete stampede of the horses, which caused great rejoicing among the soldiers.

Intelligence from Texas with recent dates states that the Indians were making sad havoc with the lives and property of the white settlers. The Indians on the frontier had been informed of the withdrawal of the United States troops, and were accordingly arranging for a general incursion.

THE EVACUATION OF SUMTER.

Colonel Lamon, President Lincoln's special envoy to Fort Sumter, returned to Washington on Wednesday afternoon. The particulars of the result of his mission have not been made public, but it is known that Fort Sumter will be evacuated as soon as the vessel detailed to convey away the garrison shall reach Charleston harbor, and arrangements for their removal have been completed.

IS FORT PICKENS TO BE ABANDONED?

Dispatches from Washington state that the Cabinet have had under consideration the question of evacuating Fort Pickens, and there is good reason to believe that the fort will be abandoned by the Federal troops within thirty days, thus removing the last immediate cause for hostilities between the two confederacies.

Other dispatches state, on the contrary, that the fort will be reinforced.

CUTTING OFF THE SUPPLIES.

Appended is the order of Major-General Bragg, cutting off supplies from the United States fleet off Pensacola:

"Head-quarters Troops Confederate States,
Near Pensacola, Florida, *March* 18, 1861.

"The Commanding General learns with surprise and regret that some of our citizens are engaged in the business of furnishing supplies of fuel, water, and provisions to the armed vessels of the United States now occupying a threatening appearance off this harbor.

"That no misunderstanding may exist on this subject, it is announced to all concerned that this traffic is strictly forbidden, and all such supplies, which may be captured in transit to said vessels, or to Fort Pickens, will be confiscated.

"The more effectually to enforce this prohibition, no boat or vessel will be allowed to visit Fort Pickens or any of the United States naval vessels without special sanction.

"Colonel John H. Forney, Acting Inspector-General, will organize an efficient Harbor Police for the enforcement of this order. By command of

"Brigadier-General Braxton Bragg.

"Robert C. Wood, Jun., Asst. Adjt. Gen."

DISUNION IN CALIFORNIA.

The latest intelligence from California renders probable the existence of a disunion conspiracy among Southern officers of the army there, in concert with a gang of desperate adventurers calling themselves "Knights of the Golden Circle." The loyalty of the mass of the people, however, is said to be proof against the machinations of the traitors.

THE SOUTHERN TARIFF.

The Montgomery (Alabama) *Advertiser* of the 19th ult. has the following respecting the Tariff Bill of the Southern republic:

"As there is general misapprehension in regard to the Tariff Bill having passed the Congress of the Confederate States, we take this occasion to inform the public that the bill did not pass. The committee drafted the Tariff Bill, which was ordered to be published, in order that it might be examined and discussed, and its merits or demerits thoroughly understood before the final passage of a bill on this important subject. But by some means the impression got out that the bill had been adopted by the Congress, and it was at once telegraphed and sent over the country as a law of the Confederacy. This, however, as we have stated, proves to be an error."

GOODS ENTERING FREE AT ST. LOUIS.

The St. Louis *Republican*, of the 23d says: "Every day our importers of foreign merchandise are receiving, by way of New Orleans, very considerable quantities of goods, duty free. The goods are landed at the port of New Orleans—no Custom-house notice is taken of them—no bonds are executed for the payment of duties on their arrival there; and on many articles the saving of one half the duty only, would afford a handsome profit. If this thing is to become permanent, there will be an entire revolution in the course of trade, and New York will suffer terribly. Our merchants have capital enough to justify them in making their purchases in Europe, and shipping to New Orleans, and in that city, because of the difference in the tariff, goods can be bought cheaper than in New York. With these advantages, we shall be able to sell cheaper than any other city in the Valley of the Mississippi."

DIRECT TRADE AT THE SOUTH.

The Charleston *Mercury* concludes an editorial on "Direct Trade," with the following significant language:

"There is but one solitary stumbling-block in the way of direct trade. A reconstruction of the Slave States with any of the Northern, Free, importing States, will at once, in our judgment, strike "direct trade" to the ground. New York has the track. She has the accumulated capital, and she has the custom. Nor can any possible efforts of the South divert her trade from her, except through the operation of two distinct nationalities. This will do it, as we have shown, most effectually. And nothing else will. Any political connection with New York will again bind us, very vassals in commerce, at the wheels of her triumphal car. Her rod will again be over us; and, with her accumulated capital and established business, no power can arrest it. Let us look well to this matter in the future. There are specks upon the Southern horizon that ere long may become dark and muttering clouds. We fear reconstruction on the basis of the new Constitution."

PRIVATEERING PROSPECTS.

The New Orleans *Crescent* continues to depict the terrible things which privateers might accomplish for the South. It says: "With a tolerably accurate knowledge of what is going on, and deliberately weighing all the circumstances, we conclude that, at the lowest estimate, seven hundred and fifty swift-sailing, stanch, substantial vessels, fully equipped, carrying, on an average, four mighty guns apiece, can be put afloat in four months to wage war upon Northern commerce, blockade Northern ports, cripple Northern strength, and destroy Northern property. We are sure that two hundred can be obtained in a very, *very* few days—and they will come from the especial home of mock philanthropy and false religion, in Yankee land. This, however, is not our affair."

ANOTHER SEIZURE IN CONSEQUENCE OF SECESSION.

The United States mail steamship *Bienville*, Captain E. D. Bulloch, was on Saturday morning taken possession of by the Revenue Department, for an alleged violation of the revenue law, in bringing a cargo from New Orleans without the regular certified manifests. The cargo is now being discharged, and the question submitted to the Treasury Department at Washington.

AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.

A Southern paper tells of a young lady who was caught in a disagreeable predicament while on her knees at church. The fair girl wore fashionable high-heeled shoes; kneeling on both knees, these heels of course stuck out at right angles, and in this position the highest hoop of her new-fangled skirt caught over them, and thus rendered it impossible for her to raise herself or straighten her limbs. The more she struggled the tighter she was bound; so she was constrained to call for help. This was immediately, if not scientifically, rendered by a young man in the same seat; and when the next prayer was made, she merely inclined her head on the back of the front pew—thinking, no doubt, that she was not in *praying costume*.

PERSONAL.

It seems that Mr. Mason's brother-in-law, Colonel Cooper, who resigned the office of Adjutant-General of the United States, has received the appointment to the corresponding position at Montgomery.

George W. Lane, a Unionist, has been nominated by the President as United States judge in Alabama.

Charles Francis Adams is the sixth citizen of Massachusetts who has been selected as American Minister at the British Court. John Adams was the first Minister to England after the peace of 1783. He was recognized by George III. in 1785. John Quincy Adams was the Resident Minister in 1815 and 1816. He returned early in 1817 to take the post of Secretary of State under Monroe, which office he held eight years. Mr. Everett was appointed Minister to England in 1841, George Bancroft in 1846, and Abbott Lawrence in 1849. The newly appointed Minister was a lad of eight years when he accompanied his parents to England, and it has always been said that he was obliged to fight his English school-fellows in defense of the honor of America.

Married, at Amagansette, Long Island, on the 18th ult., Sylvester Pharaoh, Grand Sachem of the Montauk tribe of Indians, to Mrs. Jerusha, daughter of the late Ephraim Pharaoh, and widow of the late General Putnam, of the same tribe. This is believed to have been the first marriage between members of the tribe (now reduced to some fifteen or eighteen individuals all told) that was ever solemnized by a clergyman.

Schuyler Colfax and John Sherman contemplate an overland tour to California on the first coach under the new mail contract over the central route. It is expected to start the 15th of June.

The Fremont (Ohio) *Democrat* says that, at the recent Post-Office election in Republic, Seneca County, Mrs. Melter, a stanch Democratic lady, was the successful candidate. There were four Republican candidates of the male persuasion, whose chagrin over the result may be well imagined.

M. Du Chaillu made an address before the Royal Geographical Society in London, at its last meeting, upon his African explorations, and exhibited some of the new animals discovered by him. At the conclusion of the address, Professor Owen, the eminent naturalist, said that natural history had never received a more remarkable acquisition than had been imparted that evening.

The Troy *Times* says that General Wool is confined to his residence in that city by sickness. It is probably a renewal of his Washington attack. His anxiety in respect to public affairs, and the constant excitement through which he has lately passed, has rendered the attacks of disease more severe than they otherwise would be.

Several young ladies, and young men in female apparel, residing in the neighborhood of Livermore, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, were recently taken before a magistrate, upon the complaint of a young man residing in the town, who alleged that the defendants, while returning from a prayer-meeting, threw him down, and having daubed him with tar, applied feathers. The young ladies stated that he had made use of offensive language concerning them. The matter was arranged by the payment of a small fine and costs.

The ex-King and Queen of Naples will take up their residence in the Castle of Bauz, near Lichtenfels, in Bavaria. This estate, situated at a short distance from Munich, and once belonging to the old abbey of that name, is one of the finest monuments of Gothic art. It belongs to Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, the father of the fugitive queen.

The Rev. Joshua Taylor died in Portland, Maine, on the 20th ult., after an illness of several years. He was in the 94th year of his age. Father Taylor (as he was universally called) was for many years a minister of the Methodist denomination, in his early life traveling in the connection through the rough circuits of Maine, and in later years officiating as a local preacher. He was also an acceptable teacher of youth in Portland for many years. He was chosen Elector of President and Vice-President in that District in 1824, on the John Quincy Adams ticket, after a hard contest—his competitor being the late Judge Preble, whose predilections were for William H. Crawford.

A desperate character, named Bouve, was hung at Omaha, N. T., a few days ago, in accordance with the formalities of Lynch law. He stated in his confession that there was a regularly organized gang of thieves extending from various points on the Missouri to the mountains, and if present troubles continued to such an extent as to draw the troops from the frontier forts, they would organize into a grand guerrilla band and sweep the plains.

Hon. W. L. Yancey has been presented a gold-mounted gutta percha cane by his lady friends in Montgomery. Upon the head of the cane is engraved a crescent of golden stars, in number corresponding with the Confederate States; and in the centre is inscribed: "Hon. Wm. L. Yancey—from the Mothers and Daughters of Montgomery, Ala."

The statue of Eve, executed by the late Mr. Bartholomew, an artist of Hartford, has been received in that city, and is now on exhibition at the Athenæum, with nearly twenty of his other works.

Patrick Welsh, an Irishman, who lives in St. Louis, killed his wife a few nights since by ramming a poker down her throat. Afterward he gave his mother-in-law, who is a decrepit old woman, a severe beating because she censured him for his outrageous cruelty.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE MORRILL TARIFF.

The London *Times* discusses the Morrill Tariff bill at some length, and pronounces it an extravagant and impolitic bill, which, if passed by Congress, would amount to virtual prohibition, and effectually prevent the importation into the States of English, French, and Belgian manufactures.

All the English papers denounce the Morrill tariff, and declare that if the law goes into operation the blunders of the statesman will be rectified by the hardihood of the smuggler. An important article upon this subject appears in the London *Times* of the 12th ult.

INDIGNATION OF MERCHANTS.

A feeling akin to consternation pervaded a portion of the iron trade on 'Change in Wolverhampton, at the intelligence that the Morrill Tariff would, in all probability, become law. If the bill should receive the signature of the President, its effects would be most disastrous to the iron trade in Great Britain, inasmuch as scarcely any iron of British make can, with such a duty as that proposed, find any sale in the American markets.

THE ROAD HOUSE MURDER.

A Plymouth (English) paper states that it has received reliable information to the effect that the murder at Road House, committed in May of last year, has been confessed by Miss Constance Kent, the sister of the murdered child. The report requires confirmation.

FRANCE.

DOINGS OF THE LEGISLATURE.

The Senate have finally adopted an address in response to the Emperor's speech by 1200 to 3 votes.

Independent members of the Corps Legislatif had proposed various liberal amendments to the Address; calling, among other things, for the repeal of the law of public safety, freedom of the Press, etc. The debate would commence on the 11th.

The Budget for 1862 had been submitted to the Legislature. The expenditures are estimated at nearly eighty million pounds sterling; the receipts show a surplus of about half a million. The War Department shows an increased expenditure of over a million sterling.

INDIGNATION AT THE MORRILL TARIFF.

The commercial article of the Paris *Constitutionnel*, of March 3, says: "If the Morrill Tariff should pass Congress, as appears likely, exportations from France, England, and Germany to the Northern States would receive a severe check, and, *nolens volens*, European commerce would incline to fraternize with the South in spite of its slavery institution and principles."

EUGENIE IN TROUBLE.

The Empress Eugénie is in a state of perpetual terror about the condition of her soul. Her mind is tottering. At one moment she is for setting out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, at another she is absorbed in all the mysteries of spirit rappings, then the Emperor finds her in a state of nervous affection, as if life were an absolute burden to her. The priests have told her that Providence has assigned to her a grand *rôle*. It was for this that she was rescued in that terrible hour of agony when it became a question whether the Cæsarian operation must not be performed, and it is for this she lives at the present hour. But the poor soul is fairly bewildered with all that is told her; and while she loves the Emperor and her little child with her whole strength, she is in doubt whether she she ought not to desert both—throne and all—for the sake of the sacred Vicar of Christ.

THE MIRES CASE.

It is asserted that, although all the chief offenders in the Mires case have been extricated from their difficulties by the Court, a few scape-goats will be sacrificed. *On dit*, that M. Collet-Meygret, Receiver-General of the Department of the Jura, has been dismissed, and that the son of a man of high standing at Court has been politely requested to resign his lucrative post at the Ministry of Public Works. It is also currently reported that M. Mocquard, the Emperor's Secretary, is about to retire from public life.

ITALY.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.

A telegraphic dispatch from Turin, dated 13th, states that on that day the citadel of Messina surrendered to the Sardinians. In the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Zanolini, President by seniority, made a speech in which he expressed the hope that Rome was about to be made the capital of Italy, and that the deliverance of Venice was approaching. He also eulogized Garibaldi. Ratazza, the chosen President of the Chamber, in his speech on taking the chair, applauded the speeches of Prince Napoleon and M. Von Vincke, praised Garibaldi, and expressed confidence in the solution of the questions of Rome and Venice.

SAD STATE OF THE POPE.

The Pope, according to the *Monde*, an undoubted authority on the subject, is beginning to discover that the hour of his downfall is at hand. An enthusiastic young Frenchman recently had an audience to offer his sword to his Holiness. The Pope told him it was useless to attempt to defend a cause already lost. To the Archbishop of Rennes, who has just returned from the Holy City, he stated that the temporal power would, ere many weeks had elapsed, be absorbed by the King of Piedmont. He trusted, however, that a cottage might be found at Rome or Civita Vecchia, where, under the protection of the French bayonets, he would be allowed to give the faithful an example of humility and resignation to the Divine will. The time would soon come when revolution would pull down the idol it had raised, and when the Pope would return to the Vatican, and all the provinces he had been robbed of would be restored to the Holy See.

SWITZERLAND.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY.

The following extraordinary story comes from Berne, under date of March 5:

An English gentleman, Captain L——, of the British army, met his death here last night in the most dreadful manner. Captain L——, after supping with some friends, took a walk through the city in company with three other Englishmen. As the bear-pit lay in their way, the party went, for pastime, to look at the bears. This pit was separated into two compartments, in one of which was the he-bear, and in the other the female and several cubs. While bending over the railings watching the animals, Captain L—— overbalanced himself, and fell over into that part of the pit in which the old bear was confined, breaking his arm in the fall. One hour elapsed before any assistance was obtained and brought to the spot. Efforts were then made to extricate the unfortunate man from his perilous position by means of hoisting him up with ropes. It is remarkable that up to this time the old bear, although the most savage of the family, and therefore placed in a separate compartment, had not attempted to injure the young man. But this state of things was not to last long. At the moment when he was being hoisted out of the pit, and had reached half-way up, the bear became savage and tore him down into the pit again. A horrible struggle then ensued, which, after nearly half an hour's duration, resulted in Captain L——'s being killed by the ferocious beast. One of the party of Englishmen would have jumped into the pit to his friend's aid had he not been forcibly restrained by the by-standers. Great indignation is expressed by the inhabitants of Berne that no aid came from the quarter whence it ought to have been rendered, even at the risk of life. A sentinel was posted at about thirty paces from the pit, and I understand that a searching investigation has been instituted into this man's conduct.

RUSSIA.

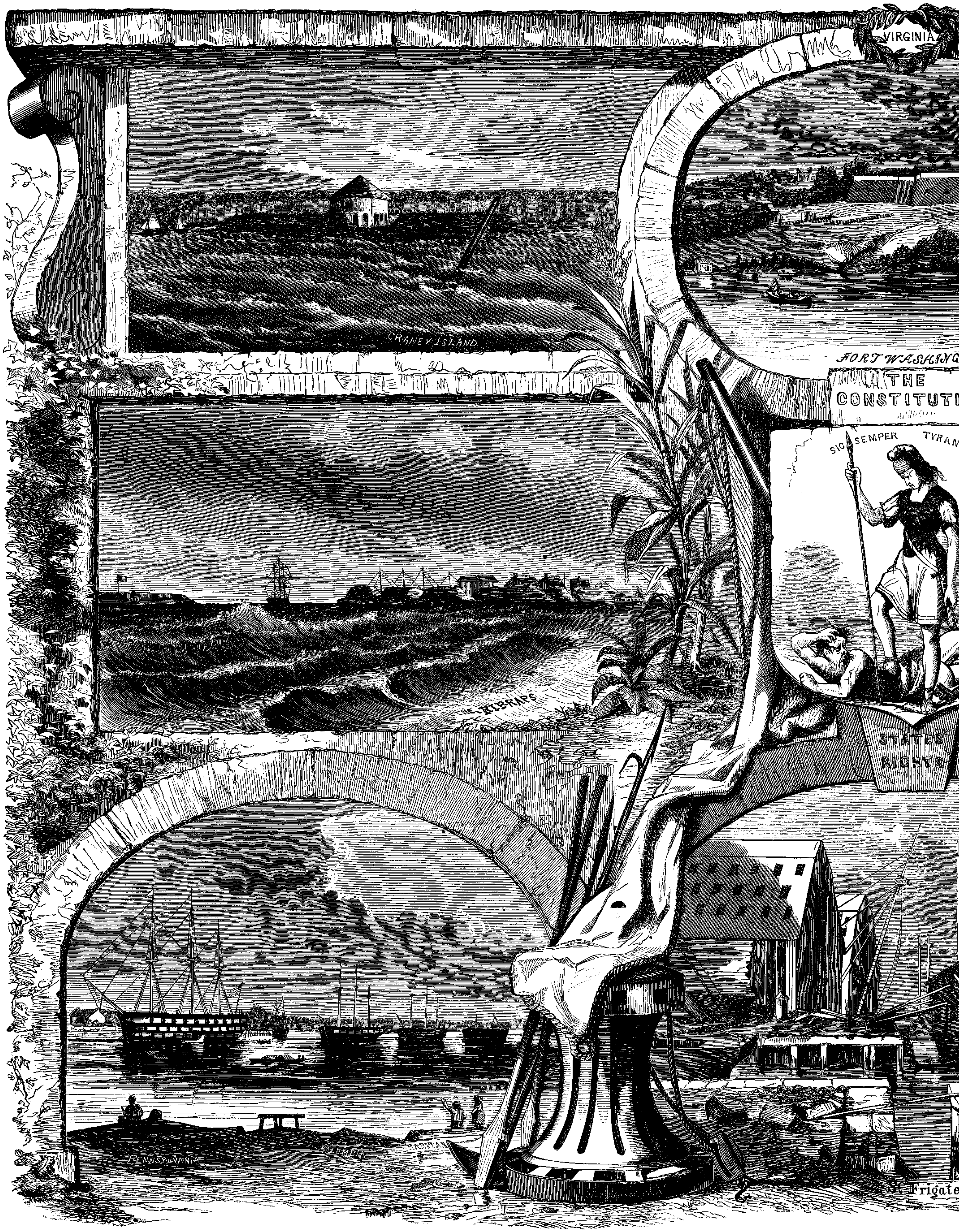
THE DISTURBANCES AT WARSAW.

The funeral rites of those who fell during the recent disturbances in Warsaw were conducted with great regularity. The whole population became mourners on the occasion. Meanwhile order appears to have been completely restored, in the main owing to the exertions of the citizens themselves. The Polish officials are said to have resigned their places in a body. The streets, after the conclusion of the funeral ceremonies, were completely crowded with spectators, but neither police nor military were to be seen. The citizens themselves took care of the preservation of public peace.

SYRIA.

MORE OUTRAGES ON THE CHRISTIANS.

The Paris papers publish telegraphic announcements from Beyrout, which state that the Christians of Damascus are again undergoing insults and provocations from the Mussulmans. Consular reports, it is said, confirm the fears that the Christians are in serious danger.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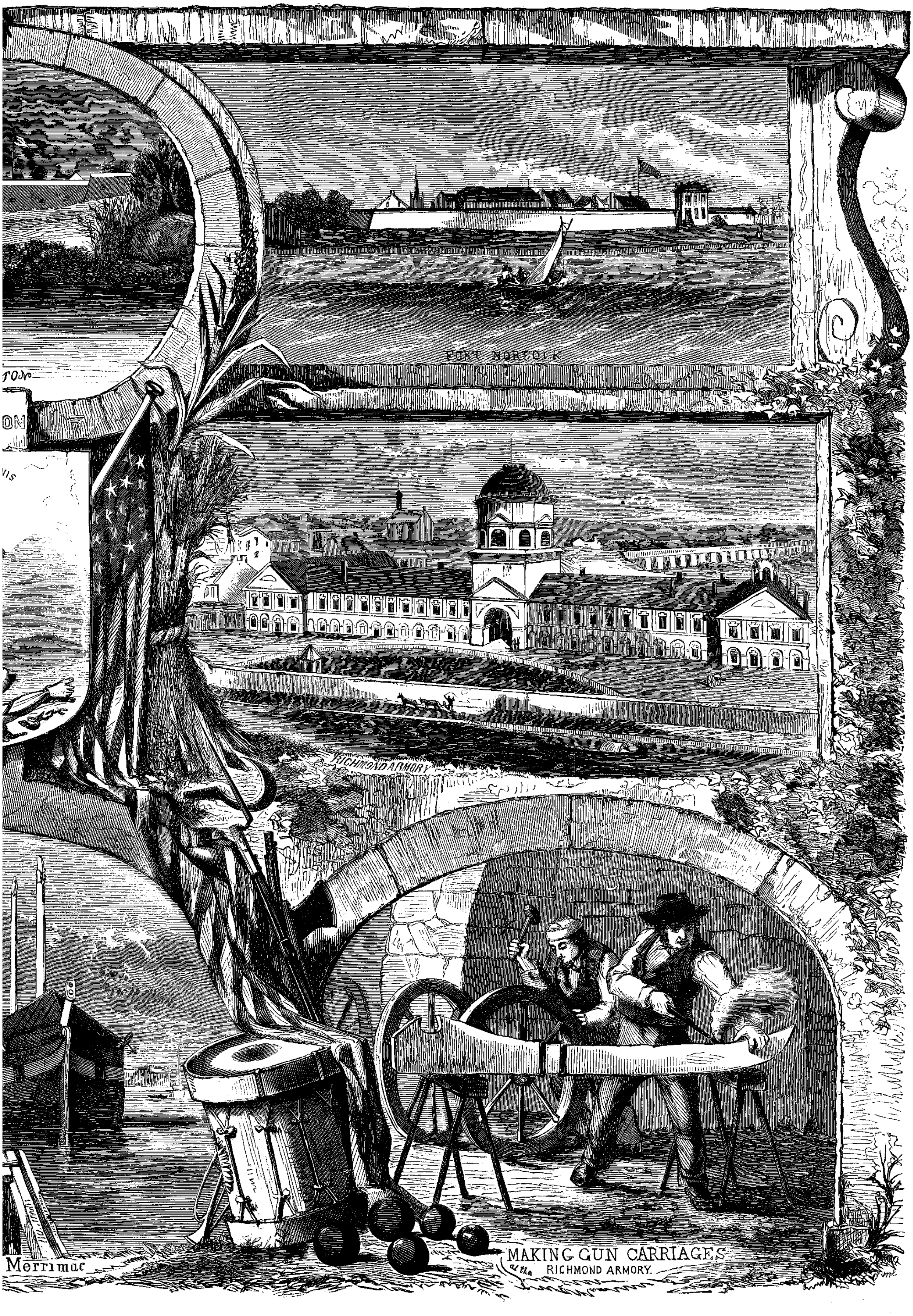

TON
ON
VIS
FORT NORFOLK
RICHMOND ARMORY
Merrimac
MAKING GUN CARRIAGES
at the RICHMOND ARMORY.

l Artist.—[See next Page.]

OUR VIRGINIA SCENES.

ONE of our artists has just returned from a sketching tour through Virginia, and has furnished us with the pretty collection of pictures published on the two preceding pages. Most of the scenes are familiar, at least by name, to all our readers.

Beginning from the westward, FORT WASHINGTON is situated on the northern, or Maryland side of the Potomac River, about fourteen miles below Washington City. It is garrisoned at present by a company of United States Rifles. The sketch is taken looking up the river. It is not by any means impregnable, being almost defenseless on the land side, but, from its elevation, it would be difficult to take by assault from the water front.

RICHMOND ARMORY, at Richmond, Virginia, was originally built for the purpose of making arms for the State of Virginia, and as a barracks for the "Public Guard"—a regularly enlisted body of men paid by the State, whose duty it is to guard the public property, quell insurrection, or perform any needed military service in the State. The manufacture of arms here had ceased some time ago, until it was recently determined, in view of the sectional disturbances, to recommence operations, which are being prosecuted at present on so extended a scale that the Guard is to be removed to other quarters, and the whole building used for military mechanical purposes. In the quadrangle are several fine brass guns and mortars presented to the State by the French Government. The sketch is taken from Gamble's Hill, and overlooks the Valley of James River, showing the Southern Railroad, on Petersburg Bridge.

CRANEY ISLAND is at the mouth of the Elizabeth River. The Americans erected fortifications there in 1812, which commanded the entrance to Norfolk harbor. On the 22d June, 1813, a powerful British fleet made an attack upon these works. A part of the hostile force landed on Nansemond Point, and a part attempted to reach the island in barges. The former were driven off by the Virginia militia, and the latter were so galled by the guns of a battery that those who were not destroyed retreated to the ships. The repulse was decisive. More than two hundred of the enemy were killed and wounded. Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Gosport were saved.

FORT NORFOLK stands a mile or so below that city. It is not of much use as a fortification, not being pierced. Barbette guns, however, can be used; but at present no guns are mounted at all. Used as a magazine.

FORT CALHOUN, or THE RIP RAPS, so called from being built on a made island of sunken stones —*i. e.* Rip Raps—is situated in Hampton Roads, opposite Fortress Monroe, the ship channel lying between them. The stones of this fort were piled upon one another (without mortar in some places) until the foundation settled, when the regular building was commenced. It is only carried up one tier, and the work has been stopped since political troubles began. The material is James River granite.

THE UNITED STATES SHIPS OF WAR "PENNSYLVANIA," "COLUMBIA," "RARITAN," and "UNITED STATES"—the latter the only one of any historical interest—lie at the Norfolk, or, more properly, the Portsmouth Navy-yard. The first-named is used as a receiving-ship. The others are dismantled and weather-stained, the *United States* being a mere hulk.

THE STEAM FRIGATE "MERRIMAC" is moored to the wharf at the Norfolk Navy-yard, spars all down, deck housed over, presenting a very rusty appearance altogether.

The centre vignette, the arms of the State of Virginia, deserves some notice, as it is the most effective, artistically considered, in the whole blazonry of the States. The Constitution of the State prescribed that there should be an armed female figure of *Virtus*, or Courage, trampling the prostrate figure of a man, with a broken crown and fetters lying near, and the motto "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*"—"Thus always with Tyrants."

BESSIE ELMORE.

BESSIE ELMORE was my cousin. She is my cousin now, but she is not Bessie Elmore, though she is the same Bessie.

Bessie was not a "flirt"—at least not a wicked nor a heartless one; but certain it is, that, until she was subjugated, she had always a captive in her train.

Let no one suppose that she was a gentle, sentimental, long-ringleted fair one. Gentle she was not, nor is now, unless the winds and waves of foreign lands have strangely changed her, though none could fulfill the tender ministrations of woman with a softer grace.

She spent a summer with me a year or two after her mother died, and long talks we had—of things in heaven and things on earth; for there was nothing into which we did not dabble.

Love and marriage came in for a share of attention; and Bessie's indignation grew hot and high as we discussed the married life of many of our acquaintance, which exemplified what she called the popular ideas of marriage. "A man expects his wife to fulfill all the duties of a housekeeper, and often of a cook and seamstress; to yield to all his lightest wishes 'with sweet attractive grace;' to smile upon him whenever he comes into her presence, however weary or ill she may be; never to put forth her own wishes; and above all, never to be intrusted with a family purse, but meekly to ask for 'sixpence to buy me an apron!'" At this point of illustration Bessie's holy wrath rose past fever heat, and was only expressed by fierce "snorts" and tossings of her round shoulders, which took the place of words to those who knew her.

One day in August my brother Joe came in, having been "down street," in village parlance, and of course being "posted" on all matters.

"Bessie," said he, "one of your beaux has followed you here—Mr. Browning, Harry Browning. I just left him; he came in town last night—'has business in this section of country,' he says; but lawyers have business in all sections, I think."

Bessie turned to me: "Now is your time, Anne; I've always told you he was your man; it is all coming right."

"Well done, Queen Bess!" said Joe; "you speak as if he were yours to give—one of your subjects. You are a genuine specimen—the 'real' coquette."

"Ah, Joe, you should not give me more than my share of sins. I'm innocent here. He is one of your solemn chaps. I've always told Anne she could have him. He doesn't take kindly to such butterflies as I; the strong-minded female is his ideal;" and she made a low bow at my feet.

"Settle it between yourselves, girls, and don't come to blows. He told me he should call this afternoon;" and Joe went out. He opened the door, put in his head—"Don't be too much set up, young ladies, it was only because I urged him!" and he made his final exit, a stream of exclamations, questions, and laughter following him through the hall.

The afternoon brought with it Mr. Henry Browning, and also a discovery. After the introductions were accomplished, and we, comfortably arranged, were launched upon the social sea, I missed Bessie. Where was she? She had a peculiar charm of conversation, by which she could make herself, if she chose, equally agreeable to old and young, and was always to be relied on in chance calls. Had she gone out of the room? No. She sat close by, listening with perfectly well-bred attention to our discourse. Whenever Mr. Browning addressed himself to her, she responded just as any nice, pleasant young lady would do, but not at all like my Cousin Bessie. The truth flashed upon me with such quickness that I, meek innocent, blushed like any rose while Mr. Browning was making some very unimpressive remark about elm-trees, and seemed a little surprised at my susceptibility.

I regained myself with as little delay as possible, and answered him. Meantime, I thought of what might and might not be.

It was discovered by my father that Mr. Browning had a great eye for farming, and by my mother that he was a zealous politician; and thus, between them, he had a general invitation to our house at all times and seasons, of which he availed himself. Agreeable at first, he continued to improve upon acquaintance. He did sometimes have a very solemn air. Bessie used to say he was then sitting in judgment upon our follies.

Meanwhile the long August days, filled each with sunshine and dying in purple mist, melted into each other and passed away. Many of their hours were spent with Mr. Browning. He was a college friend of Arthur Elmore, Bessie's brother, and almost every vacation had brought him home with Arthur for a day or two; so they were old acquaintance. I knew many of Bessie's admirers: they were still her fast friends. We always spoke of them by brief titles ("Will," "Lewis," "Buel," etc.); but never, through all my knowledge of her, had she spoken of this acquaintance otherwise than "Mr. Browning." Her manner to him was pleasantly cordial—precisely what it would have been to any friend and contemporary of her father's, except that it lacked the reverence which superior age would have received from her. For if his opinions differed from hers, or ever approached, as she thought, toward the verge of meanness of any sort, or displayed a false taste, the crust of reserve was broken through, and her indignation revealed itself in varied wit, ridicule, and irony.

But when he revealed a lofty manliness, keen intellect, or any deep feeling, Bessie sat calmly listening, her eyes industriously bent upon her needle-work, with which she always fortified herself; and sometimes she slightly averted her face, as if she distrusted her self-control. In a word, while in his presence she completely transformed herself, and was, to all intents and purposes, another person, and not my ardent, great-hearted Bessie. I was thoroughly vexed with her. But remonstrance would have been useless, if I had possessed the daring to attempt it. For, open as the day about every thing else, and peculiarly attractive to those she loved and trusted in her unreserved and thrilling revelations of herself, on this subject I could easier have scaled the Andes than have uttered a word. Indeed she so perfectly assumed that there *was* no "subject;" she talked of him, when absent, so precisely as if he were a middle-aged friend of her father's, that I was often completely baffled; but then the next interview confirmed me in my first opinion.

I passed many unhappy hours that summer in thinking of her. For, notwithstanding her gayly-careless air whenever he was talked of or present, there were times, and they increased in number and in anguish, when she was very wretched. She used often to sit at the end of the piano, while I, in the long summer twilight, would play, at her decree, some of those bits of Beethoven which have in their deep chords and mazy wanderings such strong, passionate life and longing, and for the heart disquieted and aching such arrows of sympathy and despair; and when I had ended, her face showed not a gleam of light, and she often left me and was seen no more till morning.

I had closely watched Browning from the beginning, and was at length convinced, much against my will, that he did not love her, though I was sure she interested him, but merely because he was a student of human nature. When I was reluctantly obliged to confess to myself that she was indifferent to him I felt equally crushed and hopeless, as if I had glanced at the veritable book of fate. Indeed, I began to wish that Mr. Browning's business, whatever it was, might be speedily accomplished. My woman's heart was sorely grieved for Bessie, and my fancy began to be filled with visions of a trip to Niagara, Newport, Nahant —any where to cheat the dear one from herself. And yet I knew that she was one of the very few who would never be thus cheated.

About half a mile behind our house was an old saw-mill. It stood in a wild glen, and the little mill-pond behind it, edged with tall trees and shrubs of various kinds, which made a green mosaic on its placid face, was our favorite resort. It was in the early September that, by mutual though hardly spoken consent, we found ourselves in our accustomed seat. Bessie was in one of her bitter despairing moods. An uncle of mine, who had been for long years a missionary in a distant country, had left us that morning. He was on a brief visit to the land of his youth, to get fresh vigor for himself and new teachers for his work. We had been speaking of him. "He can not but be happy," said Bessie, "whatever he may lack, for he knows he is constantly creating happiness. But what kind of a life do I lead? Who is the better for it? Oh, I'm sick of myself!" She was silent for a moment, and then turned to me with a sad smile: "It wouldn't be a proper reason for going on a mission though, would it, because one was sick of one's self?" The sorrow deepened in her face, and she went on: "Sometimes I say I've made no growth these years—fool—from a little child that 'felt its life in every limb,' I'm come to have a sorrow grow out of every joy—*that's progress*, I'm thinking!" She hid her face in her hands, and her sobs shook her. It was the rarest thing in the world for her to weep, and when she did the passion seemed to rend and tear its way like a destroying flood. I sat silent and sad, knowing that I could not console, and that "sair grief maun have its will." I looked up and saw Jane, the servant-girl, approaching.

"Miss Anne, your mother wants you in the house for a little."

"I'll be back soon, Bessie," said I, and ran home. Various causes combined to detain me, and it was full three quarters of an hour before I again came in sight of the mill. And what a spectacle saluted my infallible, philosophizing eyes! My cousin Bessie, with a face like a dewy rose-bush in bloom at sunrise, both her hands in the manly clasp of Henry Browning!

I stand bewildered. Mr. Browning, whose fine eyes are a little dimmed, turns to me and says:

"My dear friend, let me introduce to you—my dearest friend on earth."

Bessie, suddenly restored to her faculties, with lowly bowing head, says:

"I also introduce mine to you."

I still stand stupefied. My own clear, critical judgment, and the results thereof, are fast drifting down the tide, and my tongue refuses to "utter the thoughts that arise in me."

"But how—why—what," at last, in homely Saxon, "why in the world did you seem so cool and indifferent all the time? I don't like that in you," said I, waxing warm (Bessie, meanwhile, the transformed, mildly imploring me with her eye); "you came to spy out the land, and it is unworthy of you."

Mr. Browning linked one arm into mine, put the other lightly over the shoulder of his Bessie, and we turned homeward.

"My friend Anne," said he, in his deep voice, "Bessie and I have at least one point in common —a wicked pride. Never, through all the days of our acquaintance, have I dreamed that she cared for me. I have lived in steadily-growing sorrow in that belief. Until just now, seeing her in tears, my sympathy stifled my pride, and love spake. That first 'dear Bessie' conquered."

We walked on in silence. As we drew near the house I said, "And shall you go on the mission, Bessie?"

She smiled into his eyes. "Oh yes, I have already started."

I have never recovered that keenness of observation and unfailing judgment for which I was previously so remarkable. I am afraid I never shall.

And years of wedded life have not shaken Bessie's love and faith in Mr. Henry Browning, but rather have added thereto.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XLVI.

THOUGH I was a few minutes late for dinner, Miss Herbert did not chide me for delay. She was charming in her reception of me; nor was the fascination diminished to me by feeling with what generous warmth she had defended and upheld me.

Miss Herbert heard with joy that I had already secured a passage for Constantinople, and declared that she could not dismiss from her mind the impression that I was destined to aid their return to happiness and prosperity. I liked the notion, too, of there being a fate in our first meeting—a fate in that acquaintanceship with the Croftons, which gave the occasion to seek her out again; and, last of all, if it might be so, a fate in the influence I was to exercise over their fortunes. I can not better depict the absorption of my mind in these pleasant themes than by the simple fact, that I, with as little of the lion in my heart as any man breathing, I, whose greatest difficulty through life had been a spirit with more of the dove than the dragon in it—I, I repeat, never once thought of the quarrel, and all the dire consequences that impended me. If any thing can show an intense preoccupation, this may.

How the scene, even yet, rises before me, as we bent together over the great map spread out upon the table, so close together that her long ringlets once touched my cheek. What pretexts did I invent to give importance to some spot upon the map, just that I might touch her hand as I pointed it out; and how my heart beat as her soft breath fanned me while she spoke! She was just telling when and from whence I was to write to her, when the servant came to say that a gentleman outside begged to see Mr. Potts. I guessed rightly who this must be, and hurried to the hall, where he was standing.

"Not come to disturb you, Potts," said the skipper, in a brisk tone; "only thought it best to make your mind easy, you know. It's all right."

"A thousand thanks, captain," said I, warmly. "I knew when the negotiation was in your hands it would be so."

"Yes; his friend, a Major Colesby, boggled a bit at first. Couldn't see a thing in the light I put it. Asked very often 'who were you?' asked, too, 'who *I* was?' Good that! it made me laugh. Rather late in the day, I take it, to ask who Bob Rogers is! But in the end, as I said, it all comes right, quite right."

"And his apology was full, ample, and explicit? Was it in writing, Rogers? I'd like it in writing."

"Like what in writing?"

"His apology, or explanation, or whatever you like to call it."

"Who ever spoke of such a thing? Who so much as dreamed of it? Haven't I told you the affair is all right? and what does all right mean, eh?—what does it mean?"

"I know what it ought to mean," said I, angrily.

"So do I, and so do most men in this island, Sir. It means twelve paces under the Battery wall, fire together, and as many shots as the aggrieved asks for. That's all right, isn't it?"

"In one sense it is so," said I, with a mock composure.

"Well, that's the only sense I ever meant to consider it by. Go back now to your tea, or your sugar-and-water, or whatever it is, and when you come home to-night just step into my room, and we'll have a cozy chat and a cigar. There's one or two trifling things that I don't understand in this affair, and I put my own explanation on them, and maybe it ain't the right one. Not that it signifies *now*, you perceive, because you are here to the fore, and can set them right. But as by this time to-morrow you might be where—I won't mention—we may as well put them straight this evening."

"I'll beat you up, depend upon it," said I, affecting a slap-dash style. "I can't tell you how glad I am to have fallen into your hands, Rogers. You suit me exactly."

"Well, it's more than I expected when I saw you first, and I kept saying to myself, 'Whatever could have persuaded Joe to send me a creature like that?' To tell you the truth, I thought you were in the cheap funeral line."

"Droll dog!" said I, while my fingers were writhing and twisting with passion.

"Not that it's fair to take a fellow by his looks—I'm aware of that, Potts. But go back to the parlor—that's the second time the maid has come out to see what keeps you. Go back, and enjoy yourself; maybe you won't have so pleasant an opportunity soon again."

This was the parting speech of the wretch as he buttoned the collar of his coat, and with a short nod bade me good-by, and left me.

"Why did you not ask your friend to take a cup of tea with us?" said Kate, as I re-entered the drawing-room.

"Oh! it was the skipper, a rough sort of creature, not exactly made for drawing-room life; besides, he only came to ask me a question."

"I hope it was not a very unpleasant one, for you look pale and anxious."

"Nothing of the kind—a mere formal matter about my baggage."

It was no use; from that moment out I was the most miserable of mankind. What availed it to speculate any longer on the future? How could I interest myself in what years might bring forth? Hours, and a very few of them, were all that were left to me. Poor girl! how tenderly she tried to divert my sorrow; she, most probably, ascribed it to the prospect of my speedy separation from her; and with a delicacy and tact all her own, she tried to trace out some faint outlines of what painters call a "back distance"—a sort of future, where all the skies would be rose-colored and all the mountains blue. I am sure, if a choice had been given me at that instant, I would rather have been a brave, courageous man than the greatest genius in the universe. So far, too, from rallying my spirits by the prospect of our next meeting, it only plunged me in greater gloom. *I* knew better what was before me. At last it came to ten o'clock, and I arose to say good-by. I found it very hard not to fall upon her neck, and say, "Don't be angry with poor Potts; this is his last as it is his first embrace."

"Wear that ring for me and my sake," said she, giving me one from her finger; "don't refuse me—it has no value save what you may attach to it from having been mine."

Oh dear! what a gulp it cost me not to say, "I'll never take it off while I live," and then add, "which will be about eight hours and a half more."

When I got into the open air I ran as if a pack of wolves were in pursuit of me. I can not say why; but the rapid motion served to warm my blood, so that when I reached the hotel I felt more assured and more resolute.

Rogers was asleep, and so soundly, that I had to pull the pillow from beneath his head before I could awaken him; and when I had accomplished the feat, either the remote effect of his last brandy-and-water or his drowsiness had so obscured his faculties that all he could mumble out was, "Hit him where he can't be spliced—hit him where they can't splice him!" I tried for a long time to recall him to sense and intelligence, but I got nothing from him save the one inestimable precept; and so I went to my room, and throwing myself on my bed in my cloak, prepared for a night of gloomy retrospect and gloomier anticipation; but, odd enough, I was asleep the moment I lay down.

"Get up, old fellow," cried Rogers, shaking me violently, just as the dawn was breaking; "we're lucky if we can get aboard before they catch us!"

"What do you mean?" said I. "What's happened?"

"The governor has got wind of our shindy, and put all the red coats in arrest, and ordered the police to nab us too."

"Bless him! bless him!" muttered I.

"Ay, so say I. He be blessed!" cried he, catching up my words; "but let us make off through the garden; my gig is down in the offing, and they'll pull in when they hear my whistle. Ain't it provoking—ain't it enough to make a man swear?"

"I have no words for what I feel, Rogers," said I, bustling about to collect my stray articles through the room. "If I ever chance upon that governor—he has only five years of it—I believe—"

"Come along! I see the boat coming round the point yonder." And with this we slipped noiselessly down the stairs, down the street, and gained the jetty.

"Steam up?" asked the skipper, as he jumped into the gig.

"Ay, ay, Sir; and we're short on the anchor, too."

In less than half an hour we were under way, and I don't think I ever admired a land prospect receding from view with more intense delight than I did that, my last glimpse of Malta.

CHAPTER XLVII.

I HAVE very little more to tell, and I will be as brief as may be in the telling. Our voyage had nothing remarkable to record: we reached Constantinople in due course, and during the few days the *Cyclops* remained I had abundant time to discover that there was no trace of any one resembling him I sought for. By the advice of Rogers, with whom now I had struck up a sort of friendship, I accompanied him to Odessa. There, too, I was not more fortunate; and though I instituted the most persevering inquiries, all I could learn was that some Americans were employed by the Russian Government in raising the frigates sunk at Sebastopol, and that it was not impossible an Englishman, such as I described, might have met an engagement among them. At all events, one of the coasting craft was already at Odessa, and I went on board of her to make my inquiry. I learned from the mate, who was a German, that they had come over on rather a strange errand, which was to convey a corps of circus people to Balaclava. The American contractor at that place being in want of some amusement, had arranged with these people to give some weeks' performances there, but that, from an incident that had just occurred, the project had failed. This was no less than the elopement of the chief dancer, a young girl of great beauty, with a young Prince of Bavaria. It was rumored that he had married her, but my informant gave little credence to this version, and averred that he believed he had bought, not only herself, but a favorite old Arab horse she rode, for thirty thousand piastres. I asked eagerly where the others of the corps were to be found, and heard they had crossed over to Simoom, all broken up and disjointed, the chief clown having died of grief after the girl's flight.

If I heard this tale rudely narrated, and not always with the sort of comment that went with my sympathies, I sorrowed sincerely over it, for I guessed upon whom these events had fallen, and recognized poor old Väterchen and the dark-eyed Tintenfleck.

This mate grated sorely on all my susceptibilities, and yet day after day I used to go down to the quay, and sit talking with him over this event.

"You've fallen into the black melancholies these some days back," said Rogers to me. "Rouse up, and take a cruise with me. I'm going over to Balaclava with these steam-boilers, and then to Sinope, and so back to the Bosphorus. Come aboard to-night—it will do you good."

I took his counsel, and at noon next day we dropped anchor at Balaclava. We had scarcely passed our "health papers" when a boat came out with a message to inquire if we had a doctor on board who could speak English, for the American contractor had fallen from one of the scaffolds that morning, and was lying dreadfully injured up at Sebastopol, but unable to explain himself to the Russian surgeons. I was not without some small skill in medicine; and, besides, out of common humanity, I felt it my duty to set out, and at about sunset I reached Sebastopol.

Being supposed to be a physician of great skill and eminence, I was treated by all the persons about with much deference, and, after very few minutes' delay, introduced into the room where the sick man lay. It had been his orders that when an English doctor could be found they were to leave them perfectly alone together; so that as I entered the door was closed immediately, and I found myself alone by the bedside of the sufferer. The curtain was closely drawn across the windows, and it was already the dusk of the evening, so that all I could discover was the figure of a man, who lay breathing very heavily, and with the irregular action that implies great pain.

"Are you English?" said he, in a strong, full voice. "Well, feel that pulse, and tell me if it means sinking—I suspect it does."

I took his hand and laid my finger on the artery. It was beating furiously—far too fast to count, but not weakly or faintly.

"No," said I; "this is fever, but not debility."

"I don't want subtleties," rejoined he, roughly. "I want to know am I dying? Draw the curtain there, open the window full, and have a look at me."

I did as he bade me, and returned to the bedside. It was all I could do not to cry out with astonishment; for, though terribly disfigured by his wounds, his eyes actually covered by the torn scalp that hung over them, I saw that it was Harpar lay before me, his large reddish beard now matted and clotted with blood.

"Well, what's the verdict?" cried he, sternly; "don't keep me in suspense."

"I do not perceive any grave symptoms so far—"

"No cant, my good friend, no cant! It's out of place just now. Be honest, and say what is it to be—live or die?"

"So far as I can judge, I say live."

"Well, then, set about the repairs at once. Ask for what you want—they'll bring it."

Deeming it better not to occasion any shock whatever to a man in his state, I forbore declaring who I was, and set about my office with what skill I could.

With the aid of a Russian surgeon, who spoke German well, I managed to dress the wounds and bandage the fractured arm, during which the patient never spoke once, nor, indeed, seemed to be at all concerned in what was going on.

"You can stay here, I hope," said he to me, when all was finished. "At least, you'll see me through the worst of it. I can afford to pay, and pay well."

"I'll stay," said I, imitating his own laconic way; and no more was said.

Now, though it was not my intention to pass myself off for a physician, or derive any, even the smallest advantage from the assumption of such a character, I saw that, remote as the poor sufferer was from his friends and country, and totally destitute of even companionship, it would have been cruelty to desert him, at least until he was sufficiently recovered to be left with servants.

It would appear that, from the calm composure of his manner, and the self-control he was able to exercise, I had formed a far too favorable opinion of his case, or that when I saw him first the inflammatory symptoms had not yet set in; for at my next visit I found him in a high fever and raving wildly. In his wanderings he imagined himself ever directing some gigantic enterprise, with hundreds of men at his command, whose efforts he was cheering or chiding alternately. The indomitable will of a most resolute nature was displayed in all he said; and though his bodily sufferings must have been intense, he only alluded to them to show how little power they had to arrest his activity. His ever-recurring cry was, "It can be done, men! It can be done! See that we do it!"

I own that, even though stretched there on a sick-bed, and raving madly, this man's unquenchable energy impressed me greatly; and I often fancied to myself what must have been the resources of such a bold spirit in sad contrast to a nature pliant and yielding like mine. To the violence of the first access there soon succeeded the far more dangerous state of low fever, through which I never left him. Care and incessant watching could alone save him, and I devoted myself to the last with the resolve to make this effort the first of a new and changed existence.

Day and night in the sick-room, I lost appetite and strength, while an unceasing care preyed upon me and deprived me even of rest. The very vacillations of the sick man's malady had affected my nerves, rendering me over-anxious, so that just as he had passed the great crisis of the malady I was stricken down with it myself.

My first day of convalescence after seven weeks of fever found me sitting at a little window that looked upon the sea, or rather the harbor of Sebastopol, where two frigates and some smaller vessels were at anchor. A group of lighters and such unpicturesque craft occupied another part of the scene, engaged as it seemed in operations for raising other vessels. It was in gazing for a long while at these, and guessing their occupation, that I learned to trace out the past, and why and how I had come to be sitting there. Every morning the German servant who tended me through my illness, used to bring me the "Herr Baron's" compliments to know how I was; and now he came to say, that as the "Herr Baron" was able to walk so far, he begged that he might be permitted to come and pay me a visit. I was aware of the Russian custom of giving titles to all who served the government in positions of high trust, and was therefore not astonished when the announcement of the Herr Baron was followed by the entrance of Harpar, who, sadly reduced, and leaning on a crutch, made his way slowly to where I sat. I attempted to rise to receive him, but he cried out, half sternly,

"Sit still! we are neither of us in good trim for ceremony."

He motioned to the servants to leave us alone together, as he took his place beside me, and then, laying his wasted hand in mine, for we were each too weak to grasp the other, he said,

"I know all about it. It was you saved my life, and risked your own to do it."

I muttered out some unmeaning words—I know not well what—about duty and the like.

"I don't care a brass button for the motive. You stood to me like a man." As he said this, he looked hard at me, and shading the light with his hand peered into my face. "Haven't we met before this? Is not your name Potts?"

"Yes, and you're Harpar."

He reddened, but so slightly, that but for the previous paleness of his sickly cheek it would not have been noticeable.

"I have often thought about *you*," said he, musingly. "This is not the only service you have done me; the first was at Lindau; mayhap you have forgotten it. You lent me two hundred florins, and, if I'm not much mistaken, when you were far from being rich yourself."

He leaned his head on his hand, and seemed to have fallen into a musing fit.

"And after all," said I, "of the best turn I ever did you, you have never heard in your life, and what is more, might never hear, if not from myself. Do you remember an altercation on the road to Feldkirch, with a man called Rigges?"

"To be sure I do; he smashed the small-bone of this arm for me; but I gave worse than I got. They never could find that bullet I sent into his side, and he died of it at Palermo. But what share in this did you bear?"

"Not the worst nor the best; but I was imprisoned for a twelvemonth in your place."

"Imprisoned for *me*?"

"Yes; they assumed that I was Harpar, and as I took no steps to undeceive them, there I remained till they seemed to have forgotten all about me."

Harpar questioned me closely and keenly as to the reasons that prompted this act of mine—an act all the more remarkable, as, to use his own words, "We were men who had no friendship for each other, actually strangers;" and, added he, significantly, "the sort of fellows who, somehow, do not usually 'hit it off' together. You, a man of leisure, with your own dreamy mode of life; I, a hard worker, who could not enjoy idleness; and in this sense, far more likely to hold each other cheaply than otherwise."

I attempted to account for this piece of devotion as best I might, but not very successfully, since I was only endeavoring to explain what I really did not well understand myself. Nor could a vague desire to do something generous, merely because it *was* generous, satisfy the practical intelligence of him who heard me.

"Well," said he, at last, "all that machinery you have described is so new and strange to me, I can tell nothing as to how it ought to work; but I'm as grateful to you as a man can be for a service which he could not have rendered *himself*, nor has the slightest notion of what could have prompted *you* to do. Now, let me hear by what chance you came here?"

"You must listen to a long story to learn that," said I; and as he declared that he had nothing more pressing to do with his time, I began, almost as I have begun with my reader. On my first mention of Crofton he asked me to repeat the name, and when I spoke of meeting Miss Herbert at the Milford station he slightly moved his chair, as if to avoid the strong light from the window; but from that moment till I finished he never interrupted me by a word nor interposed a question.

"And it was she gave you that old seal-ring I see on your finger?" said he, at last.

"Yes," said I. "How came you to guess that?"

"Because *I* gave it to her the day she was sixteen! I am totally—"

I drew a long breath, and could only clutch his arm with astonishment, without being able to speak.

"It's all well known in England now. Every body has been paid in full, my creditors have met in a body, and signed a request to me to come back and recommence business. They have done more; they have bought up the lease of the Foundery, and sent it out to me. Ay, and old Elkany's mortgage, too, is redeemed, and I don't owe a shilling."

"You must have worked hard to accomplish all this?"

"Pretty hard, no doubt. You remember those little boats with the holes in 'em at Lindau. *They* did the business for me. I was fool enough at that time to imagine that you had got a clew to my discovery, and were after me to pick up all the details. I ought to have known better! It was easy enough to see that *you* could have no head for any thing with a 'tough bone' in it! Light, thoughtless creatures of *your* kind are never dangerous any where!"

I was not quite sure whether I was expected to return thanks for this speech in my favor, and therefore only made some very unintelligible mutterings.

"There's only one liner now to be raised, and all the guns are already out of her, but I can return to-morrow. I am free; my contract is completed; and the Synatief sloop of war is at my orders at Balaclava to convey me to any port I please in Europe."

He said this so boastfully and so vaingloriously, that I really felt Potts in his humility was not the smaller man of the two. Nor, perhaps, was my irritation the less at seeing how little surprise our singular meeting had caused him, and how much he regarded all I had done in his behalf as being ordinary and commonplace services. But, perhaps, the *coup-de-grace* of my misery came as he said:

"Though I forwarded that ten-pound note you lent me to Rome, perhaps you'll like to have it now. If you need any more, say so."

My heart was in my mouth, and I felt that I'd have died of starvation rather than accept the humblest benefit at his hands.

"Very well," said he to my refusal; "all the better that you've no need of cash, for, to tell the truth, Potts, you're not much of a doctor, nor are you very remarkable as a man of genius, and it is a kind thing of Providence when such fellows as you are born with a pewter spoon in their mouths."

I nearly choked, but I said nothing.

"If you'd like me to land you any where in the Levant, or down toward the Spanish coast, only tell me."

"No, nothing of the kind. I'm going north; I'm going to Moscow, to Tobolsk: I'm going to Persia and Astracan," said I, in wildest confusion.

"Well, I can give you a capital traveling cloak—it's one of those bunters they make in the Banat—and you'll need it, for they have fearfully severe cold in those countries."

And with this, and not waiting my resolute refusal, he arose, and hobbled out of the room, and I—ay, there's no concealing it—burst out a crying!

Weak and sick as I was, I procured an "araba" that night, and, without one word of adieu, set out for Krim.

* * * * *

It was about two years after this—my father had died in the interval, leaving me a small but sufficient fortune to live on, and I had just arrived in Paris, after a long desultory ramble through the east of Europe—I was standing one morning early in one of the small alleys of the Champs Elysées, watching with half listless curiosity the various grooms as they passed to exercise their horses in the Bois de Boulogne. Group after group passed me of those magnificent animals in which Paris is now more than the rival of London, and at length I was struck by the appearance of a very smartly-dressed groom, who led along beside him a small-sized horse, completely sheeted and shrouded from view. Believing that this must prove some creature of rare beauty, an Arab of purest descent, I followed them as they went, and at last overtook them.

The groom was English, and by my offer of a cigar somewhat better than the one he was smoking, he was very willing to satisfy my curiosity.

"I suppose he has Arab breeding in him," said he, half contemptuously; "but he's forty years old now if he's a day. What they keep him for I don't know, but they make as much work about him as if he was a Christian; and, as for myself, I have nothing else to do than walk him twice a day to his exercise, and take care that his oats are well bruised and mixed with linseed, for he hasn't a tooth left to eat with."

"I suppose his master is some very rich man, who can afford himself a caprice like this."

"For the matter of money, he has enough of it. He is the Prince Ernest Maximilian of Würtemberg, and, except the Emperor, has the best stable in all Paris. But I don't think that *he* cares much for the old horse; it's the *Princess* likes him, and she constantly drives out to the wood here, and when we come to a quiet spot, where there are no strangers, she makes me take off all the body-clothes and the hoods, and she'll get out of the carriage and pat him. And he knows her, that he does, and lifts up that old leg of his when she comes toward him, and tries to whinny, too. But here she comes now, and it won't do if I'm seen talking to you, so just drop behind, Sir, and never notice me."

I crossed over the road, and had but reached the opposite pathway when the carriage stopped, and the old horse drew up beside it. After a word or two the groom took off the hood, and there was Blondel. But my amazement was lost in the greater shock, that the Princess, whose jeweled hand held out the sugar to him, was no other than Catinka!

I can not say with what motive I was impelled—perhaps the action was too quick for either—but I drew nigh the carriage, and raising my hat respectfully, asked if her highness would deign to remember an acquaintance of former days.

"I am unfortunate enough, Sir, not to be able to recall you," said she, in most perfect Parisian French.

"My name you may have forgotten, Madame, but scarcely so either our first meeting at Schaffhausen, or our last at Bregenz."

"These are all riddles to me, Sir; and I am sure you are too well-bred to persist in an error after you have recognized it to be such." And, with a cold smile and a haughty bow, she motioned the coachman to drive on, and I saw her no more.

Stung to the very quick, but yet not without a misgiving that I might be possibly mistaken, I hurried to the police department, where the list of strangers was preserved. By sending in my card I was admitted to see one of the chiefs of the department, who, with great politeness, informed me that the princess was totally unknown as to family, and not included in the Gotha Almanack.

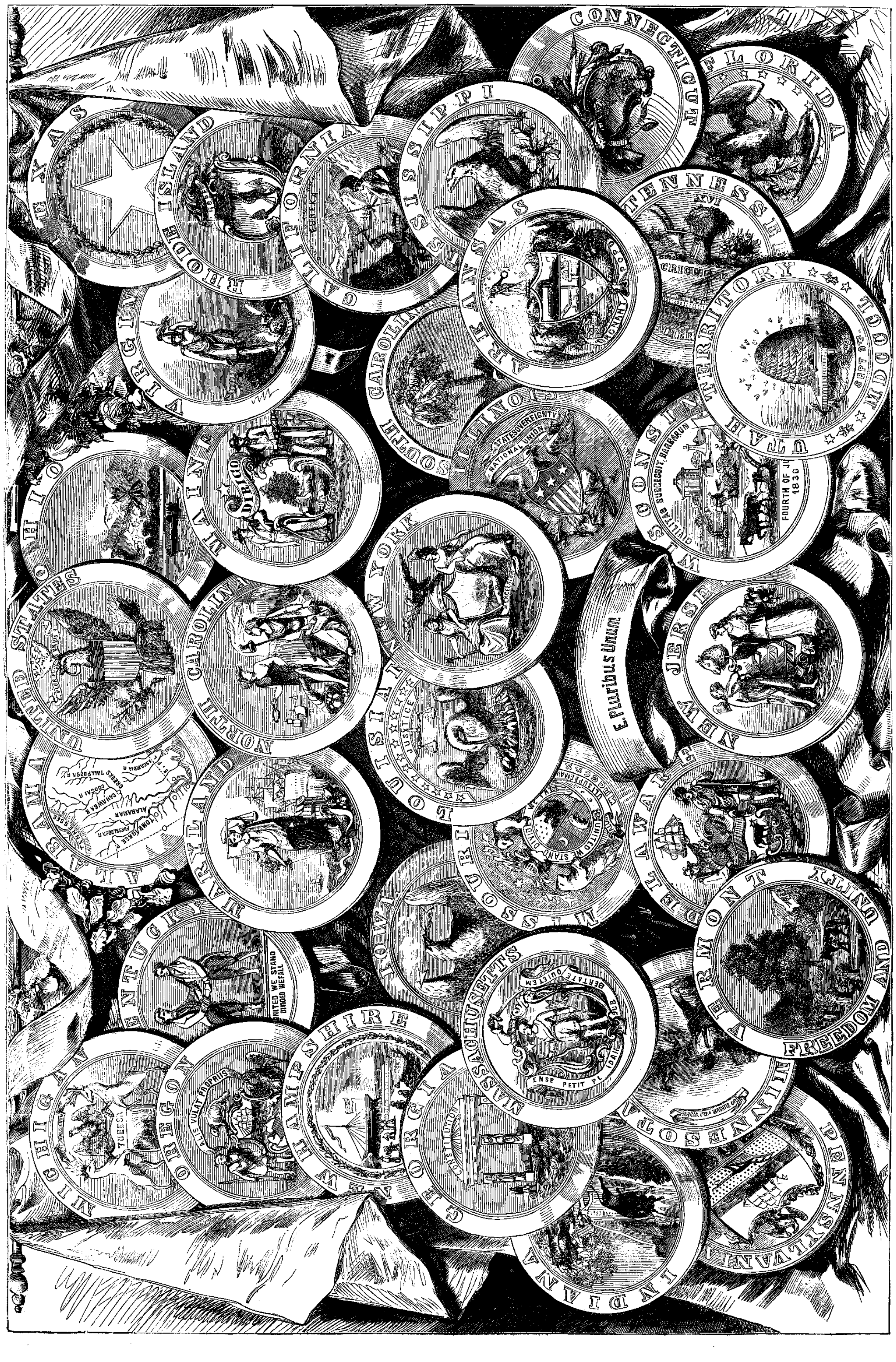
"May I ask," said he, as I prepared to retire, "if this letter here—it has been with us for more than a year—is for your address? It came with an inclosure covering any possible expense in reaching your address, and has lain here ever since."

"Yes," said I, "my name is Algernon Sydney Potts."

Strange are the changes and vicissitudes of life! Just as I stood there, shocked and overwhelmed with one trait of cold ingratitude, I found a letter from Kate (she who was once Kate Herbert), telling me how they had sent messengers after me through Europe, and begging, if these lines should ever reach me, to come to them in Wales. "My father loves you, my mother longs to know you, and none can be more eager to thank you than your friend Kate Letting."

I set off for England that night; I left for Wales the next morning, and I have never quitted it since that day.

THE END.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MASSACHUSETTS
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MICHIGAN
TUEBOR
OREGON
ALIS VOLAT PROPRIIS
NEW HAMPSHIRE
GEORGIA
CONSTITUTION
MINNESOTA
PENNSYLVANIA
INDIANA

COATS OF ARMS OF THE SEVERAL STATES OF THE UNION.—[See Page [illegible].]

THE GREAT YELVERTON CASE.

We publish herewith, from a drawing made in Court, a portrait of Mrs. Yelverton, the lady who has been made famous by the great suit of Thelwall *vs.* Yelverton, just decided by the Court of Common Pleas at Dublin, Ireland. Her story is one of the most romantic that has ever seen the light.

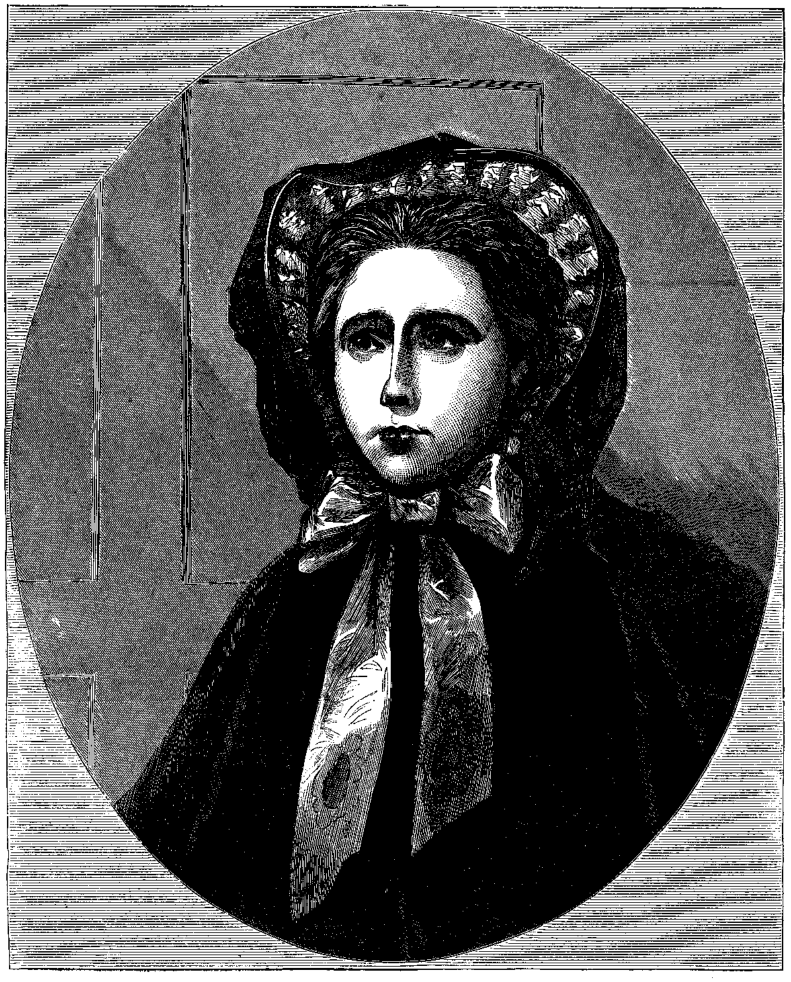
In the fall of 1852—nearly nine years ago—Teresa Longworth, the orphan daughter of a silk merchant of Manchester, England, was returning by steamer from Boulogne—where she had been paying a visit to a married sister—to Dover. On embarking she was introduced to a Captain Yelverton, of the Royal Artillery, with whom she conversed during the passage. It chanced that the small steamer was overcrowded. Every cabin and berth below was taken. Miss Longworth and Captain Yelverton, like many other passengers, spent the night on the deck, in conversation: Captain Yelverton covered their knees, as they sat, with his plaid. On arriving at London, Miss Longworth gave him her address. He called next day, and was courteously received. Some two or three years elapsed before the acquaintance was renewed. Before the outbreak of the Russian war Captain Yelverton, then stationed at Malta, received a letter from Miss Longworth, who was residing at Naples, requesting him to forward an inclosure to her brother, a British consul at some Greek port. This led to a correspondence, which was kept up faithfully, and became pretty affectionate on both sides. At the outbreak of the war Major Yelverton went to the Crimea, in command of a battery of siege artillery. Miss Longworth also went to the Crimea, as a Sister of Charity attached to the French hospitals. It should have been remarked that she is a Roman Catholic, and was educated in a convent in France. In 1855, or 1856, Major Yelverton visited the hospital at Galata, where Miss Longworth was acting as Sister of Charity, and there met her, for the first time since they had parted in London, in 1852. According to the statement of Mrs. Yelverton, he then offered her marriage; but she declined to leave her post until the war was over. According to the statement of Major Yelverton, he "embraced and kissed her several times, but did not refer to any intentions." They met again, in the tent of General Straubenzee, in the Crimea. There Major Yelverton was received as the accepted lover of Miss Longworth. On her departure in a steamer from the Crimea, Major Yelverton accompanied her—without the knowledge of General Straubenzee and his family. On board that steamer Major Yelverton states that he took disgraceful liberties with the young girl under his charge. Mrs. Yelverton states that be wished her to marry him in the Greek Church; but that she refused to be his on any other terms than a marriage in her own Church. She returned to England in 1857, and went to stay with a friend in Edinburgh. Major Yelverton was stationed at Leith—the port of Edinburgh—and visited her frequently. He says that while she was stationed at Edinburgh he triumphed over her virtue. She says that he offered to marry her in the Scotch manner, by reading the marriage ceremony over to her, and acknowledging her as his wife in the presence of a witness. She declined to consider this a marriage, and refused to live with him. On this he acceded to her suggestion that they should be married by a Roman Catholic clergyman. She crossed over to Waterford, Ireland, and met him there; thence they traveled to Newry, where a Father Mooney, having obtained, for five pounds, a dispensation from the bishop, duly married them, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and received from Major Yelverton five pounds for his pains. After the marriage they traveled through England, Scotland, and France. While at Bordeaux, Mrs. Yelverton being ill, and in the family way, the Major left her, and has had no communication with her since. When she recovered—happily without offspring—she wrote to him, imploring him to make their marriage public. He replied, stating that such a thing would ruin him, and advising her to marry some rich man and go out to New Zealand. She retired to the house of a friend at Leith, Scotland. While living there she heard the news of her husband's marriage with a Widow Forbes, the relict of an Edinburgh professor, and a woman of large fortune.

She instantly sued him as his wife, for alimony. He allowed judgment to go by default, and paid the money.

The recent action was then brought by a Mr. Thelwall, an ironmaster at Hull, nominally for £259 17*s.* 3*d.*, for Mrs. Yelverton's board while staying in his house. The object of the action was to have her admitted to be the wife of Major Yelverton. He put in the defense that the lady was not his wife, and so issue was fairly joined.

Mrs. Yelverton herself was, of course, the leading witness for the case. She stated her history as we have given it, exhibiting marked self-command, wit, and coolness. When the Counsel by assumed negligence addressed her as Miss Longworth, she instantly observed—"My name is Teresa Yelverton." A Dublin paper gives the following graphic sketch of her demeanor under cross-examination:

> The cross-examination of the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton was resumed at the sitting of the Court on Saturday, and had not concluded until the Court rose at 6 o'clock. Thus she has been three days under examination, two of which have been occupied by one of the severest, closest, and most searching cross-examinations, conducted by one of the ablest lawyers, that has ever taken place in a public court. During that prolonged ordeal Mrs. Yelverton was never for a moment deserted by that dignified and ladylike demeanor which has characterized her throughout these three days. She has maintained an imperturbable coolness, without in the least appearing too confident or too clever, while her self-possession has elicited the highest admiration from all who have been able to procure admission to the Court, and observed her in the trying position in which she was placed. The manner, too, in which she replies—the seemingly unreserved, candid, and outspoken frankness of her replies call forth the warmest approbation, and prove that the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton is not only a lady most highly educated, but that she possesses an intelligence, a quickness of comprehension, and a power of language rarely met with in a lady, even in the present intellectual age, when the education of females receives so much attention. These high qualifications are revealed without the slightest effort, affectation, or departure from that graceful ease, placidity of manner, and composed dignity which should always distinguish a lady. No matter how severe the interrogatory of counsel—no matter how painful even to hear or embarrassing to answer, she always replies directly to the point of the query without confusion of language; and not unfrequently has she reminded the learned gentlemen by whom she was cross-examined of the impossibility of replying with accuracy to some questions which he proposed. Thus she informed counsel that she could not swear to another's "belief," and further disturbed his usual composure by stating, in reply to a question by him, that she had asked Major Yelverton when he was baptized, and when pressed for the honorable gentleman's reply to her, she quietly observed that he did not recollect the event.



MRS. YELVERTON.—[From a Sketch made in Court.]

Father Mooney, the priest, followed on the side of the plaintiff. He testified to the performance of the marriage ceremony and to his signing a certificate; but he attempted to show that he had done so with reservations, and that he did not intend that the marriage should be absolutely valid. There is reason to fear that Father Mooney had been bought by the noble house of Avonmore, to which Major Yelverton belongs. He was demolished, however, by the following query from Mr. Whiteside:

> *Q.* "Before you go back to Rostrevor, answer me a question: Is it usual for Catholic priests to certify falsehoods under their hands?"
> *A.* "No."
> *Q.* "You may go now."

Then the defense opened with Major Yelverton's evidence. His theory was very clear. He had met this pretty girl, taken a fancy to her, and noticed her passion for him. He had resolved to seduce her. He had done so. He had never married her. When he grew tired of her, he had left her at Bordeaux in France. He had never wished to hear of her since.

His cross-examination opened ominously for him.

> *Q.* "Major Yelverton, did you ever love Teresa Longworth?"—*A.* "I did."
> *Q.* "Did you ever love her purely and honorably?"
> *A.* "No."
> *Q.* "Then your love for her was always founded in dishonor?"
> *A.* "Yes."
> *Q.* "With the determination from the first to seduce her?"
> *A.* "No."
> *Q.* "But your love was all founded on dishonor?"
> *A.* "Yes."
> *Q.* "Explain me that?"
> *A.* "When I began the correspondence with her it was with no object either dishonorable or otherwise; I continued that correspondence with her; when I met her at Galata I was carried away by passion, and then first conceived the design of making her my mistress."
> *Q.* "In the convent of Galata?"
> *A.* "In the convent of Galata, Sir."
> *Q.* "She wearing the robes of a Sister of Mercy?"
> *A.* "True, Sir."
> *Q.* "In attendance on the sick and dying soldiers of the Crimea?"
> *A.* "True, Sir."
> *Q.* "And you conceived the notion, then, of taking her from that holy work and taking her as your mistress?"
> *A.* "I conceived the notion of making her my mistress, but not from that holy place."
> *Q.* "I suppose you thought as your mistress she could as well perform the works of charity?"
> *A.* "The kindest-hearted women in the world sometimes are mistresses."
> *Q.* "To be sure; that's your notion on the subject. Did you intend to make her your mistress on that occasion, and to dishonor her in that convent?"
> *A.* "No."
> *Q.* "No; but you formed the design of making her your mistress?"
> *A.* "I formed the desire, Sir."
> *Q.* "The 'desire' and not the 'design?'"
> *A.* "'Design' is a strong word, Sir."
> *Q.* "And desire is a weak one, is it?"
> *A.* "The 'idea,' Sir, I think, was the word I used."
> *Q.* "The idea? I ask you did you form the design?"
> *A.* "I can't call it design."
> *Q.* "But you conceived the idea of making her your mistress?"
> *A.* "I did."

Sergeant Sullivan put some further questions as to the facts, and then launched upon the general subject again:

> "Do you think it is a laudable thing to seduce a woman?"—"Upon my honor I do not."
>
> "Upon your oath—I do not want your notions of honor—is it laudable?"—"I do not think it is."
>
> "Are you perfectly satisfied of that?"—"I am now."
>
> "When did that satisfaction come over your mind?"—"When I married, Sir, on the 26th of June, 1858."
>
> "It was then you got a proper notion on the subject?"—"It was."
>
> "But up to that, perhaps, it was a laudable thing in your opinion?"—"No, it was not laudable."
>
> "What was it?"—"Well, that depends upon whether it was found out or not." [Sensation in court.]
>
> "So, up to June, 1858, your notions as to the culpability of seducing women were confined to the consideration whether it was discovered or not?"—"You asked me the same question twice, and I repeat the two answers."
>
> "Now you put them both together?"
>
> Chief Justice. "What are the two answers?"
>
> Witness. "I said first that it depends upon the nature of the seduction, by which I mean the means a man takes, the trouble he gives himself, the position into which he puts a woman—whether it was all upon his part, or all upon hers—I think that makes a great difference in the laudability or otherwise of a seduction."
>
> Sergeant Sullivan. "I see. Do you think the laudability of it is favored if the woman seduced is an orphan?"—"I don't say it is laudable under any circumstances."
>
> "Do you say that now?"—"I do."
>
> "Did you not say that its laudability depended upon whether discovered or not?"—"I say its laudability or otherwise depends upon that."
>
> "Is whether it is found out or not a material element in its laudability?"—"No, Sir."
>
> "In what, then?"—"In the blame it meets with."
>
> "Had you known, in the convent at Galata, that Teresa Longworth was an orphan?"—[After a pause.] "She had told me that her mother died in early life—that her father was dead, the atheist."
>
> Chief Justice. "Who said that?"
>
> Sergeant Sullivan. "The witness adds that, my lord. You wrote her letters—you knew she was an orphan and a lady—a gentlewoman?"—"I don't know, Sir, what your definition of a gentlewoman is exactly."
>
> "Tell me what your own is."—"A woman of gentle blood."
>
> "Has education nothing to say to it, think you?"—"Making a lady; yes, Sir."
>
> "Have manners nothing to say to it, think you?"—"They have, Sir."
>
> "Have accomplishments nothing to say to it?"—"They have, Sir."
>
> "Belief in religion?"—"It has, Sir."
>
> "Did you know that Teresa Longworth was an accomplished woman?"—"I thought so from her letters, Sir."
>
> "Was her manner that of a lady?"—[After a long pause, and with a degree of hesitation.] "Tolerably so, Sir."
>
> "Had she told you who she was?"—"She had told me that her father had been a silk merchant in Manchester; that her mother had been many years dead; that she and her family had quarreled with her father, and never lived with him for many years; and that she and her sister were living concealed from every body in the place in which I saw them in London."
>
> "You knew all about her?"—"What she told me."
>
> "Was she a gentlewoman in your opinion?"—"I think, Sir, that accomplishments, religion, and every thing else must be added to gentle blood, to give a proper definition of a gentlewoman."
>
> "You must have gentle blood at all events, according to your definition?"—"Exactly."
>
> "And perhaps it is no harm to seduce a woman who has not that qualification?"—"I did not say that."
>
> "Well, what is your opinion? Before 1858 did you think the element of gentle blood material in reference to seduction?"—"I think I had better give you my idea of seduction, Sir."
>
> Sergeant Sullivan. "I should very much like to hear it."
>
> Witness. "Seduction is where a man follows a woman persistently and perseveringly, and with intent throughout to make her his mistress and dishonor her."
>
> "Very good, Sir; that was your idea of seduction then?"—"It was."
>
> "Do you think that the fact of the lady not having gentle blood makes seduction better or worse?"—"I don't think it makes any very great difference."
>
> "Does it make any, in your opinion?"—[After a pause.]—"Well, it does; and my reason for saying so is, that one has more to lose than the other."
>
> "And that, as regards the woman herself, makes the seduction better or worse as the case may be; is that so?"—"As regards the woman's own feelings, is it?"
>
> "As regards herself and her position?"—"There is a greater loss of position in one case than in another."
>
> "I see. Did you believe Teresa Longworth to be a gentlewoman as she said that day in the convent of Galata?"—[After a pause.]—"Not according to my definition."
>
> "What part of the character did she lack?"—"Gentle blood, Sir."
>
> "Gentle blood! She had all but that, had she not?"—"There was something about her manner not quite—"
>
> "Yes; you said the manner was tolerable?"—"I think so."
>
> "But with the exception of the 'tolerable manner' and the want of gentle blood she was a gentlewoman, was she not?"—"With those exceptions, Sir."
>
> "Yes; we must be particular, you see?"—"Yes."
>
> "And you believed her to be so?"—"Yes, Sir."
>
> "And you there formed the idea of seducing her, or of making her your mistress, as you say?"—"Yes, Sir."
>
> "Do you know General Straubenzee?"—"I have that honor."
>
> "Is he a man of honor and a gentleman?"—"I believe so."
>
> "He was a General in the British army in the Crimea?"—"He was Brigadier-General."
>
> "Do you know his lady?"—"I do, Sir."
>
> "A lady of accomplishments?"—"Yes."
>
> "Of virtue?"—"I don't know, Sir; I fully believe so, Sir. I beg to explain—"
>
> "What is your opinion?"—"I fully believe that she is one of the best wives in the world."
>
> "An excellent protectress of an orphan?"—"An excellent protectress of an orphan."
>
> "And General Straubenzee an excellent protector?"—"Yes, Sir."

There are many other parts of Major Yelverton's evidence which are painfully interesting, as showing the brutal purpose of the systematic seducer, and the abominable selfishness of the man. But they are not fit for reproduction. The point of his testimony is given above. When he had ended, some Irish people were summoned who swore to minor facts in the interest of Major Yelverton, and then the counsel summed up. We can not forbear extracting the peroration from the speech of Mr. Whiteside, the leading counsel for Mrs. Yelverton, and the first lawyer at the Irish bar. He said:

> The argument made by the defendant's counsel is that from the day he was at Galata he was her deliberate, skillful, and scientific seducer. Thus says the defendant in his argument—"I have added hypocrisy and profanity to deception and profligacy. I am not bound to pay for the sustenance of this woman. I am not her wedded husband. I stand before you her profligate and heartless seducer. I found her young, I found her virtuous." What is she now, gentlemen? Innocence defiled, virtue lost, beauty spoiled, and the hopes of life fled forever. Better the hand of death had swept her to an early grave that would have been watered by the tears of maternal affection—gentle tears, calling up the happy memories of the past, assuaged by the blessed hopes of a bright immortal future. He has blasted her happiness in this life, and endangered it in the life to come, according to his own argument. Save him from the consequences of that argument, and do not brand him, as his counsel do, as a scientific, deliberate, unprin-

cipled seducer. How stands the question, now that the whole of this great trial is before you—now that you have all these facts, and I can not dwell at this hour minutely upon them, as I might, if I had gained your attention at an earlier hour of the day, have endeavored to reason step by step? I ask you to judge that woman as she came before you, and then say do you believe her. Trace her conduct up from the time she sat within the walls of the convent until she comes to this box to tell the story of her multitudinous sorrows, and ask yourselves what fact is proved against her with any living man save this defendant. Her crime is, she loved him too dearly and too well. If she had millions she would have flung them at his feet. Had she a throne to give she would have placed him on that throne. All she had to bestow was her heart; she made him sovereign of her affections, and there he reigned with undisputed sway. But what are those affections? They have been implanted in our nature by an Almighty hand. They have survived the fall, and repaired the ravages of sin and death. They dignify, and exalt, and inspire our existence, which else were cold, monotonous, and dull. Nor may we believe their uses terminate with the dissolution of the mysterious union between soul and body. Rather may we hope that the same high affections purified, spiritualized, and immortalized, became a portion of "the bliss unspeakable," reserved for the spirits of the just made perfect. [Loud applause.] She gave him that affection; she gave him that love—a woman's love. Who can fathom its depths? Who can measure its intensity? Who can describe its devotion? She tells you herself what that love was—"If you were to be executed as a convict, I would stand beneath the gallows." If he had taken that woman for his wife, misery would have endeared him to her—poverty she would have shared with him, from sickness and misfortune she would never have fled; she would have been his constant companion, his guide, his friend—his polluted mistress never. Therefore I now call upon you to do justice to that injured woman. You can not restore her to the husband she adored or the happiness she enjoyed; you can not give color to that faded cheek, nor lustre to the eye which has been dimmed by many a tear; you can not relieve the sorrows of her bursting heart; but you may restore her to her place in society; you may, by your verdict, enable her to say—"Rash I have been, indiscreet I may have been through excess of my affection, but guilty—never!" You may replace her in the rank which she would never disgrace; you may restore her to that society in which she is qualified to shine and has ever adorned. To you I commit this great cause. I am unable to further address you. Would to God I had talents or physical strength to exert either or both longer on behalf of this injured, insulted woman! She has found an advocate in you; she has found it in the respected judge on the bench; she has found it in every heart that beats within this court, and in the breast of every honest man throughout this country.

The Judge charged the jury that they had three questions to decide: 1st, Was there a Scotch marriage? 2d, Was there an Irish marriage? 3d, Was Major Yelverton a Roman Catholic at the time of the latter?—as the law declares that a Roman Catholic priest can not lawfully celebrate a marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic.

The jury having returned into court, in answer to the Chief Justice, stated—first, that they had found the Scotch marriage a valid one; and, secondly, that there was a good Irish marriage. The Chief Justice asked them if they found Major Yelverton was a Roman Catholic? to which they replied that they had.

On the announcement of the verdict the excitement of the audience burst into applause, which was continued for a short time, and which was taken up by the immense crowd outside the courts and along the quay. Mrs. Yelverton was in one of the chambers of the court. The horses of the carriage waiting for her were taken from it by the crowd, in order to draw her to the hotel where she is staying; when she arrived there she addressed the people.

The Dublin *Morning News* gives the following pen-and-ink portrait of Mrs. (Longworth) Yelverton:

> Mrs. Yelverton is probably in her twenty-fifth year. She is under the middle height, and of fair complexion. She was pale, very pale, evidently impressed, if not agitated, by the circumstances of the occasion, time, and place. Subsequently, when slightly flushed with the excitement, or possibly the heat of the court, her face assumed the semblance of what it doubtless was in days passed by, when it wore the charms that attracted the despoiler's gaze. Beautiful she was then indeed. Not that her features, when examined one by one, would be pronounced regular or beautiful. There was a matronly, a grave, thoughtful, sorrowful expression over all that I am utterly unable to describe; and this it was that first struck and impressed the beholder. Grief—grief that may not be measured—had left its traces there. There was a sadness in the first tones of her voice, and she threw a quick glance all around, in a half-troubled, apprehensive, inquiring anxiety, as if she wanted to be sure that she was indeed amidst the friendly hearts fame had always told her were ever to be found in Ireland by the children of sorrow and misfortune. Hope spoke to the troubled soul that had so long lain in anguish, and thenceforth she seemed to acquire a strength none would have looked for in such a fragile frame. The countenance is oval, with a delicately pointed chin; the general expression of the face is most decidedly that of great firmness, calm, resolute, persevering, dignified power—confidence in repose. It is the eye that lights and makes beautiful the whole countenance, which, in fact, is one of those which has its beauty and attraction more in expression, the seat of which can never be accurately fixed, than in mere symmetry and regularity of the individual features themselves. Her glance penetrates, while it charms as with a spell. She has a profusion of rich, glossy, auburn hair, which was worn *à la Eugénie*. Her hand, the smallness of which has been necessarily alluded to in the evidence, is indeed one which your fair readers would admire. Madame Yelverton was attired, on the first day, in a light-colored fashionable bonnet, and wore a black moire antique dress. On the following day the news had reached her of the death of Mr. Bellamy, her brother-in-law, and, accordingly, she appeared subsequently in mourning. So far for her personal appearance; but how shall I describe what constitutes the greatest charm about her? The perfection of graceful motion in the simplest movement; and the voice—such a voice!—clear, soft, liquid, and musical. Brewster was a child in her hands. In the very first sentence exchanged between them their relative positions were fixed, and the ascendency was hers. At the very start she completely took up her position without effort or attempt, but somehow simply because it was her rightful position, one which exacted the most respectful and deferential demeanor from even her antagonist.

COATS OF ARMS OF THE STATES.

We publish on page 220 the coats of arms of the various States of the Union; at the present crisis these mottoes of State pride are not without their peculiar interest. Georgia, it will be noticed, plights her faith to the "Constitution;" while Massachusetts may be said to have foreshadowed the policy of coercion by her cry for "Peace won by the sword." Arkansas justifies the submission of her ordinance to the people by the motto "Regnat populus;" and of all the States, the only one which makes a parade of State sovereignty in her escutcheon is Illinois. The coat of arms of Louisiana may provoke some merriment among wags, who may suggest that the Pelican in the picture is not the true bird of that name, but the genuine American Eagle, while the brood around it represents the Subtreasurer, etc., of New Orleans. Kansas, which has only been admitted a few weeks, is not represented in the picture.

THE GANOID.

With a biscuit in my pocket and a hammer in my hand,
Chipping bits from off the strata that were "cropping" o'er the land;
Wearied out, at length I rested by a fracture fresh and new,
And gazed in languid humor at the thing it brought to view:
I had found an ancient casket that Agassiz e'en would hail
When he saw beneath its cover that a ganoid curled his tail.

It was lying half imbedded in its matrix in the stone,
And scintillating round it, bright micaceous fragments shone;
And I thought of all the weary, sad, and slow-revolving years
Since the earth commenced her circling search for light among the spheres,
And the huge ichthyosaurus must have felt his courage fail
In the turbulence around him when this ganoid curled his tail.

When from out the turbid ocean seethed an atmosphere of steam,
And the waves refused in darkness to reflect a single beam,
And barren rocks, that dimly rose, like spectres, from the waste,
Glared grimly for a little while, and disappeared in haste;
Melted down with heat and horror—even gneiss could not prevail
In those liquidating eras when this ganoid curled his tail.

Check the onward march of Nature, and reverse the wheel of Time,
From the morn when Eden blossomed in its freshness and its prime;
Roll it backward, roll it backward—backward still, and backward more
Through cycles till the effort strains the mind till it is sore.
Still a nebulæ beyond you, down within the Past's dim vale,
Are those years unchronologic when this ganoid curled his tail.

And I thought of all the struggles that we make with such ado
To preserve our names from sinking for a century or two;
How the deeds of warrior, poet, stern philosopher or sage,
Are writ in brilliant letters on the Past's historic page;
And yet the years the best have won is but a fabric frail
By the grand unnumbered eras when this ganoid curled his tail.

You're satisfied with glory, and you think the thing is done
If you perish in the conflict, when a marble bust is won.
Here's a rival—look upon him—he is not a carved ideal,
For a lime infusion keeps him still original and real—
The antiseptic properties of Fame would prove but frail
Had you done your deeds of wonder when this ganoid curled his tail.

Perhaps in scaly armor, up and down those ancient seas
Roamed he, with a restless appetite that nothing could appease,
Crushing shoals and hosts of beings, every one of which that ran
Would, in course of time and season, have "developed" up to man;
But "Fata sic profulgent," and we only may bewail
Our dear relations slaughtered when this ganoid curled his tail.

But it is a sad reflection—sad and stern enough for tears,
To know that blood and carnage trail along the track of years;
That Love and Peace and Mercy had not even then began
To sow the seeds of quiet for the future coming man,
And the cries of God's first creatures were a universal wail
Of fierce and brutal conflict when this ganoid curled his tail.

C. A. P.

Louisville, Kentucky.

THE "MAKEWAKE'S" DOG.

Loftus his name was—Lofty we mostly called him for short; but with strangers he answered to "Mister Loftus"—nothing less than that. Passengers and visitors to the ship used to try and make friends with him in the usual coaxing way, but he never took the least notice of them. If they had any thing to say, they must call him by his proper title—talk straight out, with no nonsense about "good fellow," or "fine old dog," or any such phrases; then he would listen respectfully, and understand what was said too.

I sailed in the *Makewake* with him going on eight years, and will say I never had a better shipmate. Orderly and good-natured, he never made the least trouble, and wouldn't allow any body else to either, if he could help it. I don't think he would interfere between the officers and crew, but when we were bringing emigrants, Loftus would always put a stop to disturbances among them. He would single out the leader in a free fight, throw him, and hold him down until the others came to the rescue. Sometimes he had to throw two or three, but the steerage soon learned to stow shillalahs whenever Misthur Lofthus appeared. I remember one time, we were lying in the Wellington Dock at Liverpool, taking on a lot of Fardowners—and the steward had some difficulty with one. His only argument was a rope's end, and when Lofty thought the poor Greek had enough he intimated as much quite plainly. But by some means the steward contrived to get a line through his collar and make it fast in the main rigging; then the Fardowner had to suffer. Pretty soon the dog parted the line with his teeth, quietly went ashore, rolled himself over and over in the thick, black tide-mud—stole on board again and crawled, whole length, into Mr. Steward's berth. After that he wouldn't go to market for a long time, and on the whole, I think the steward got rather the worst of it.

He did all our marketing—Loftus did, and never once made a mistake to my knowledge. They would try tricks with him sometimes, but were very likely to pay for it by loss of his custom. He was acquainted with most of the market-men, and if one did not treat him well he would go to another.

I sailed in Stirling and Field's Line five years before I got to be first mate, and then the very next voyage I came near losing the number of my mess. While we were in Liverpool the cholera broke out among the shipping, and we lay in that steaming mud-hole from the first of July until the last of August before we could get men enough to take the craft to sea. Meantime we lost poor old Captain Hepworth—the best officer in the line—and I came pretty near going too. Loftus watched me and tended me like a true friend, and I do believe if it hadn't been for him I never could have pulled through, for there was hardly any one to even pass a cup of water.

When the new captain came down from London he called on me, and I didn't like his looks at all. He was smooth-spoken enough, too, but his eyes were vicious, and I felt sure we should have trouble. He said the ship was quite ready for sea, and soon as I was able we would sail. Not to make further detention, I was carried aboard in a cot, and we hauled out of dock on the next tide. In the cabin I found another cot, beside which a young lady was sitting with a fan, while Captain Darcy was busy preparing the state-rooms. I then learned that our cabin passengers were an old man named Archer and his grand-daughter Jennie.

Poor old Mr. Archer! He was far too ill to undertake such a voyage, but he insisted on going with the ship, feeling sure he should recover when the cool Atlantic breezes began to blow. Well, the first Sunday at sea we buried him.

Little Jennie Archer was left entirely alone without a friend in the world, save an aunt in Brooklyn to whom she was going. The good, strong-hearted girl bore up bravely in that sorrowful time, and even in her deepest grief found opportunity to render me a thousand kind services. When I first began to crawl out into the cabin, I noticed Captain Darcy's evil eye often wandering toward her with a peculiar expression that alarmed me. I was troubled and didn't know what to do. I could not say any thing to Jennie, and, unable to stand alone, I could not in any way protect her. In this difficulty Loftus came to my aid. He would guard the lone girl far better than I, and his dislike to Captain Darcy was stronger even than mine.

And so I contrived that Jennie and Loftus should become great friends. She was the kindest and gentlest little soul that ever lived, and the dog learned to love her more than he ever did another human being. Lofty never had a master; the *Makewake* was his mistress, and he clung to the ship through all her changes of crew, officers, and owners. But to Jennie he seemed to attach himself as dogs usually do to their owners, or even more closely. After fairly understanding that she must be watched and protected, he hardly left her an hour in the day, and slept before her door at night.

By the time I was able to go about a little—and out on deck when the sun was not too warm—Jennie Archer had quite won my heart, and I was much hurt to find that she grew more reserved as health returned to me; the little womanly ministrations, which had been so grateful, were gradually discontinued. Yet we were very friendly, and being the only idlers in the after-part of the ship, were with each other a great deal. Our long pleasant evenings on deck and morning readings in the cabin were the happiest hours I had ever known. But I did not believe that I was making any progress in her affection—that is, I did not think she would ever care for me as I did for her. I was pleased to see, however, that the captain's attempts to be agreeable were quietly but decidedly repulsed. He saw it, too, after a while, and his hateful disposition thereafter began to show itself. He persecuted poor Jennie without mercy whenever he could find an opportunity, and though Loftus and I were seldom off duty, he yet contrived to make her suffer from his spite in a thousand wretched ways. Her simple dignity and unswerving faith in herself during these trials made me love her very dearly. She never complained to me at all; not even when I found her, one time, weeping, heart-broken, and frightened, with little bits of a note from him scattered over the floor.

Captain Darcy made no secret of his rage and vengeful temper; he seemed to consider that he owed defeat to me, and hated me accordingly. "You think yourself d— smart," he would say; "but I'll show you I'm not the man to be balked by any such whelps as you and that dog. You may do your d—est, but I'll master her yet, and then I'll settle with *you*, young man."

I didn't mind his threats much, knowing him to be cowardly, like other mean souls; but I kept closer watch than ever of Jennie, and fed Loftus with my own hand, to which care I think he owes his life.

On the thirty-fifth day out we were off the Banks, and about noon I went up with Captain Darcy to take the sun. Lofty assisted in the observation, as he always did with the utmost gravity, and Miss Archer added her smile to the brightness of the hour, happy—thought I—to know our voyage was so nearly done. While working up my calculation, I noticed the captain hastily descending the cabin gangway. I thought it odd he did not wait for the result, and directly I was further surprised to find that Loftus had also disappeared. I didn't think much about it all, though. I was alone with *her* for, perhaps, the last time, and I lingered a good while before going below to make my entry in the log. It seemed to me that she had never looked so kindly upon me as then, and I came very near telling how dearly I had learned to prize her favor, and asking that it might be mine forever. But I felt as though that would be taking a certain advantage of her needing a protector, and, in some sort, presuming upon the claim I might be supposed to have—so the words which trembled on my tongue were not spoken. I afterward wished they had been.

Entering the cabin at last, we were startled by sounds of strife, evident struggling, fierce growls, and a storm of curses. For the first time Jennie's courage gave way; yet, even then, she seemed more hurt than afraid as she leaned against me, sobbing, "Oh, Heaven! he's in my room!"

And so it was. Crushed down in one corner—a pitiable sight indeed—lay Captain Darcy with Loftus's teeth in his throat. He still clutched the leather belt which contained Jennie's little fortune, and in a sailor's bag at his feet I found every thing else of the least value which she possessed in the world—even the letters to her friends.

Loftus must have seen indignation and horror in my face, for he immediately renewed his attack with the utmost ferocity, and 'twas only by Jennie's best efforts he was prevented from killing the wretch on the instant—he wouldn't listen to me at all. As it was, Captain Darcy had to be carried ashore when we arrived, and I remember they used the very same cot that I was brought aboard in. During the fever which followed he was delirious part of the time, and I gathered from his wild talk that he had hoped, by reducing Jennie to utter poverty, he could make her dependent upon him and submissive to his will.

Thanks to Loftus, the robber was caught in the act, and I half envied the dog his reward of fond gratitude. He accompanied her to Brooklyn when her friends came for her, and after that he used to run over there every day or two. As the Captain's duties fell to my hands I was unable to leave the ship for more than a week, but soon as I could get off, I too made a visit to Jennie in her new home. A very nice place it was, way out on Clinton Avenue, and I found her delighted with it, as well she might be. Her friends, too, were just the pleasantest sort of people, and received me very kindly. But somehow I felt disappointed and uncomfortable, though I couldn't tell why for the life of me. Jennie's manner to me was the same it always had been, except a little embarrassment at first; she was friendly and confiding as ever, but yet I felt that in Clinton Avenue she was very far away from me and from the life we had lived together. Then there was a good-looking young chap at the house who played on the piano and sang with Jennie, and who had all those pleasant little accomplishments which show cultivation and good-breeding. Well, I liked him—I hadn't any spite at all—but couldn't help thinking that 'longside his fine-gentleman graces my plain sailor ways appeared to small advantage. So I did not enjoy my visit as I had anticipated, but went away early as possible, vexed and dissatisfied with myself and every body else.

Captain Darcy got an idea into his unsettled mind that Jennie and I were going to proceed against him for piracy on the high seas, and though I assured him neither of us had any such intention, he became frightened, and suddenly disappeared from his hotel before I believed him able to go about. I have never seen him or heard of him from that day to this. When I reported his flight to Stirling & Field, our owners, they seemed rather glad than otherwise, and much to my surprise immediately offered the command of the *Makewake* to me.

During the long days of convalescence, when I could do but little else, I had dreamed again and again of the time when I should be captain of the *Makewake*, and be in position to offer Jennie Archer a home as well as a heart. These had been visions of happiness to me; but now, when they might be realized, their brightness faded fast—it seemed highly improbable that I should ever make Jennie an offer of any thing at all, and being captain of a Liner didn't amount to much any way. However, I accepted the proposition gladly enough, and thereafter staid by the ship more closely than ever.

Loftus still continued his visits to Clinton Avenue, being over there, indeed, at least half the time, though he always came home at night. My first experience there had not been of a sort to encourage my going again—so, when the *Makewake* was nearly ready for sea, I sent, by Loftus, a note to Jennie, apologizing for not calling, and saying good-by. Of course I half hoped he would bring some little reply from her—and so he did. She wished particularly to see me, and begged I would come to her before I sailed. Well, I was delighted! I spread all the light canvas I could carry, and bowled over there—gay as a lark. The very first thing I saw was Jennie walking about the grounds with that good-looking young fellow—talking so earnestly and gazing up to his face in such a charming way—it just took me flat aback; I wished myself aboard ship again and outside the Hook. I don't know but I might have run away, only Loftus attracted the children's attention, and then 'twas too late.

I had not been in the house ten minutes when I noticed an understanding of some sort between Jennie and the handsome young gentleman. They had consultations, and side-glances, and looks toward me—as I thought—and, finally, it ended in his presenting to me, on behalf of Miss Jennie Archer, a very fine gold chronometer and chain. He delivered it with a little speech of which I hardly heard a word—I was so confused. Passengers aboard ship often met in the cabin on coming into port and gave the officers something or other to remember the voyage by, and I had certain phrases which were always used on such occasions. I got them off now well as I could, and sat down in a corner to think the matter over.

I don't like people who are over-sensitive, easily grieved, and perpetually feeling hurt. I think it generally shows a mean disposition; but I do suppose that was just about my state of mind. This, thought I, is what she wanted me for. This watch means payment in full of all demands against her; and she didn't want me, even while going to Liverpool and back, to have an idea that she was under any obligation to me. A valuable gift settles the old accounts, and leaves her free to open new books. What a fool I have been! But I'll not be any more—I'll never trouble her again, that's certain.

Such bitter, gloomy reveries as these kept coming and coming all the afternoon. Meantime I hardly knew what to do with the watch. I carried it about in my hand a long time, and finally shut up the velvet case containing it and stuck it into my coat pocket. I thanked Jennie in an awkward, cold way, and felt an ugly satisfaction in noticing how surprised and grieved she looked. I do not think, however, that any one else perceived my spiteful temper. I never had better success among young folk than that afternoon. I determined to show that I didn't care for any one particularly, and tried my best to be entertaining and agreeable to all the girls in the house—succeeding, as I said, better than ever before. But my heart—the whole time—was filling more and more with sad, troubled emotions. Gradually pride and vexation gave way to the old tenderness for Jennie, and as I thought of the long, weary hours I had to pass, without a hope of her, in the very place where we had so lately been happy together, I realized how dear she had become to me—how utterly desolate and lonely I was destined to be. At last, I could keep up the appearance of cheerfulness no longer, and determined to steal away—never to return.

I looked all about, quietly, for Loftus, and after some time found him in a little summer-house in the garden. 'Twas now quite dusk, but with him I recognized Jennie, her arms about his neck, her face hidden in his long fleecy coat. She started as I spoke, and would have run away, but Loftus was seated on her dress and would not move. "I'm sorry to part old friends," I said; "but Loftus and I must go now, Miss Jennie." I wanted to say "Miss Archer," but couldn't.

"And are you going away angry, when we have always understood each other so well?"

How ashamed and repentant I felt, finding the poor girl had been crying! "No, indeed, Jennie," I answered; "I am not angry now. Forgive me for hurting you by accepting your present with such bad grace—I was vexed then, but am not any more. Believe me, I do understand, and I see, you could not have told me in a more delicate way. Come Loftus, we will go now. Good-by, Miss Jennie—do not feel troubled about me: I'll try never to think of you again, as I used to."

"What have I done dreadfully wrong that you should change so? Only the watch? Is that all?"

"Pray don't think you have done wrong. You have always been fair and sincere with me, and I have only myself to blame. I shall esteem and respect you as ever."

"We may be friends, then? You will visit me when you return."

"No, no, Jennie, I could not do that. If you ever need me, I shall be only too happy to serve you; but otherwise, I hope this will be our last meeting in the world. After all you have been to me, and all I have dreamed you might be, I could not bear to see you happy with another, even though he is more worthy of you."

She turned away, covering her face with her dear little hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. "Oh, mother, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

I had been standing at the door of the summer-house, much further away from Jennie than I used to be in our talks aboard the *Makewake*, and Lofty didn't understand it at all. He walked from one to the other, growling, troubled and perplexed. When Jennie began to cry he seized my arm, dragged me across the floor, and pulled me down at her feet.

The darling girl put both her arms about my neck, nestled her beautiful head upon my shoulder, and without a word we did understand each other right well at last.

We have often tried to persuade Loftus to stay at home and keep Jennie company while I am away in the *Makewake*, but he never would desert the ship. Whenever we arrive in New York, though, the instant we touch the dock he bounds away to tell his dear mistress her husband has come home.

ODE TO A BOB-TAILED CAT.

Felis Infelix! Cat unfortunate,
With nary narrative!
Canst thou no tale relate
Of how
(Miäow!)
Thy tail-end came to terminate
So bluntly?

Didst wear it off by
Sedentary habits,
As do the rabbits?

Didst go a
Fishing with it,
Wishing with it
To "bob" for cat-fish,
And got bobbed thyself?
Curses on *that* fish!

Didst lose it in kittenhood,
Hungrily chewing it?
Or, gayly pursuing it,
Did it make tangent,
Abrupt, refrangent,
From thy swift circuit?

Did some brother Grayback—
Yowling
And Howling
In nocturnal strife,
Spitting and staring,
Cussing and swearing,
Ripping and tearing,
Calling thee "sassage-tail"—
Abbreviate thy suffix?

Or did thy jealous wife
Detect yer
In some sly flirtation,
And after Caudal lecture,
Bite off thy termination?
And sarve yer right!

Did some mischievous boy,
Some barbarous boy,
Some murderous boy,
Eliminate thy finis?
(Probably!)
The wretch!
The villain!
Cruelly spillin'
Thy innocent blood!
Let every cat scratch him,
Suck his breath,
Be his death,
Where'er they can catch him!

Well, Bob, two courses are left,
Since thus of your tail you're bereft:
Tell your friends that by letter,
From Paris,
You have learned the style there is
To wear the tail short,
And the briefer the better.
And for prompt imitation
Such is the passion,
That every Grimalkin will
Follow your fashion.
Or else,
If they laugh at the stump
That you wag at your rump,
There are fur-shops where cat skins are re-tailed—
Hurry off, Robert Cauda, and *be* tailed. R.

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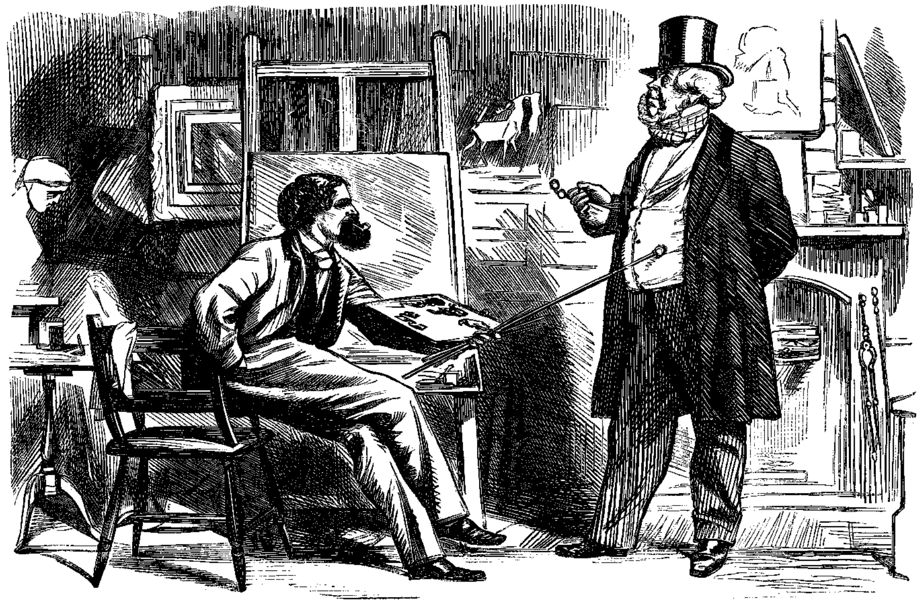

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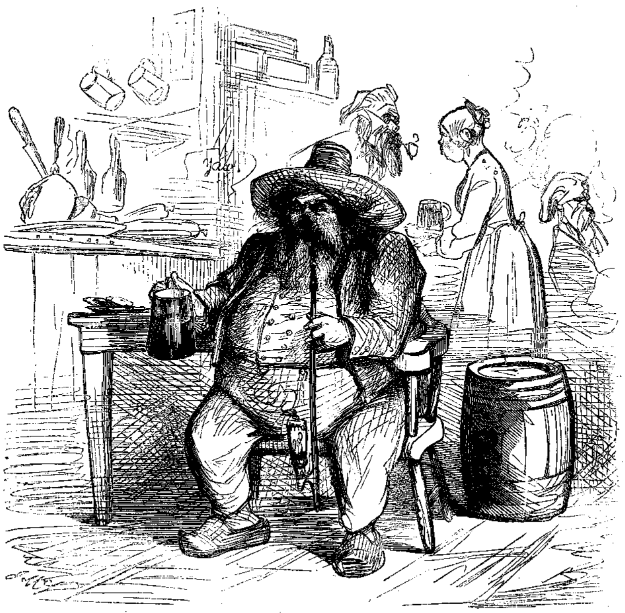

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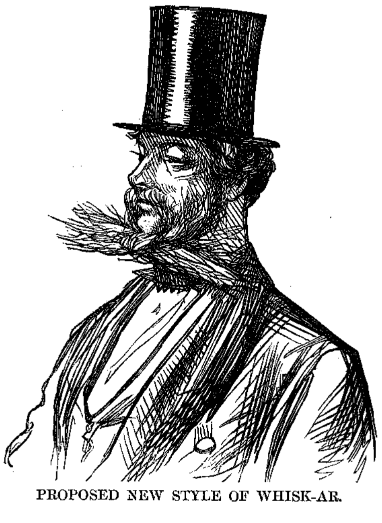

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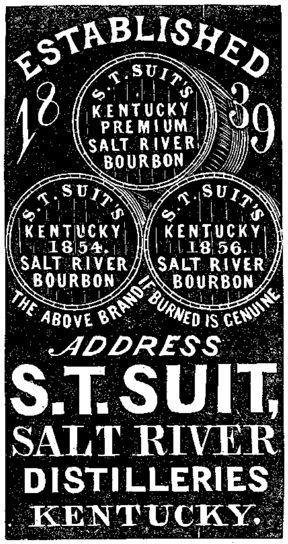

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