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HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

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CALIFORNIA

Vol. 5

HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE.

Vol. 5.

APRIL, 1861.

No. 10.



THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

1861.

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THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG, the gifted engraver of a large proportion of the beautiful illustrations that have for several years embellished this magazine, has gone to the angels. At eleven o'clock, on the morning of the 21st of December last, he was at work; at half-past five, on the evening of the same day, the gravers he had so skillfully used lay untouched by his work; the hand that once grasped them was pulseless and cold with the ice of death. He died of congestion of the lungs.

Mr. Armstrong was born in the county of Northumberland, England, February, 1818, and was consequently in the 43d year of his age when he died. In early life he left his native place to seek his fortune in the great city of London, where he served his apprenticeship as an engraver. On the completion of his engagement, his services were secured in some illustrated works, then in progress; and when the Illustrated London News was first published, he executed many of its engravings. Seeing his aptitude and devotedness to business, the publishers of several standard works, such as Thos. Rymer Jones' "Natural History," "The Illustrated British Ballads," and numerous other literary productions of the first class, obtained his services.

At the age of twenty-two he was married to his first wife, by whom he had two daughters, both of whom were married and settled in California.

In 1848 he removed from London to Paris, and was an eye-witness of the stirring scenes of the French revolution of that year. In the autumn of 1848, not liking the manners and customs of the French, he left Paris with his family for Australia, where he had the misfortune to lose his amiable and excellent wife.

Hearing of the discovery of gold in California, he sailed for San Francisco, where he arrived early in 1849.

Immediately after his arrival, instead of following the eager tide of gold seekers, he devoted himself to his favorite employment, and on the 13th of October, 1849, he issued the first view ever published of the city and harbor of San Francisco. This was a large copper-plate engraving.

On the 4th of September, 1850, in company with another gentleman, Mr. Armstrong commenced the publication of the first pictorial paper of the Pacific coast, entitled "The Illustrated California News." To this he devoted himself both day and night, seldom giving himself more than from two to three hours' sleep. Owing to the all-absorbing pursuits of money-making, with the population of the new El Dorado, their enterprise was not sufficiently remunerative to warrant its continuance after the first seven numbers.

In 1855 he married his second wife, an excellent and devoted woman, by whom he had one daughter.

The earlier California resident will readily call to mind the graphic illustrations of the "Placer Times and Transcript," the "Sacramento Union," the "Golden Era," and "Wide West," with their richly embellished pictorial editions; with those of the "Minor's Progress," "Chips of the Old Block," "The Idle and Industrious Minor," and numerous other spirited engravings, nearly the whole of which were executed by the subject of this sketch. This brief outline brings us to Mr. Armstrong's connection with this magazine; and, considering its sudden and melancholy termination, the most painful part of our sad task.

The first engraving executed by him for this work was a "View from the Big Rookery" at the Farrallone Islands, page

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56 of the first volume; and the last was the "Library of the What Cheer House," page 295 of the fifth volume. The latter he had just finished, when, on rising from his chair, he said, "I don't feel very well this morning; I think I will go and take a bath." Alas! we little thought he had then occupied that seat for the last time. It was the brightest day of our magazine's existence when he came to work for it, and the darkest when he was called from it by the hollow and irresistible voice of death.

The many hundreds of engravings executed for us, during a period of between four and five years, as well as for others preceding us, unanswerably attest his remarkable industry and skill—and there is not an engraver on this coast that would not cheerfully accord to him the well deserved credit of being at the head of the art in California.

Besides his peculiar talent, he was always gentlemanly, prompt, reliable, and not only honest, but honorable, in all his dealings. In his accounts we never discovered an error. An unpleasant word, or thought that we know of, never passed between us. He understood and carried out the divine rule of "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." This made all business transactions with him of the pleasantest character. We would that there were more such men.

His devotedness to the fine arts caused him to do his utmost to foster, preserve and perpetuate them. This made him the life of pictorial engravings on the Pacific; and, but for him, and the gifted brothers Nahl (happily still living among us), most of those spirited scenes of California that have been given to the world, would have been slumbering in obscurity and comparatively unknown.

Possessing an inexhaustible fund of information, coupled with brilliancy in wit and good-humored repartee, he was

remarkably good company. When in London, his evenings were frequently spent with such men as Douglas Jerrold and others of his class. His cheerful disposition, his excellent conversational and musical talents, and his warm-hearted friendship, secured to him a large and devoted circle of friends, and none more than the writer.

His bereaved family, to whom he was attached by ties of more than ordinary affection, while they mourn his sudden departure, will, we trust, feel that he is ever present among them to cheer and to bless them; and that, as their ministering spirit, he is ever watching over them with that tenderness he always cultivated on earth, to be perfected in heaven.

OUR FIRST FAMILIES.



A MEMBER OF THE FORMER F. F.'S.

LEST aspiring young Californians should, hereafter, when visiting in sister States, through the vanity natural to tender years, be tempted to boast of being allied to the first families of the Golden State, and so arouse ridicule where they wish to awaken envy, we

present for their contemplation the head of a real and most respectable F. F. C., who would no doubt affectionately reciprocate claims of relationship, or dignify with the title of "Knight of the Scarlet Blanket" any one who would, in consideration, bestow on her one of those much prized and brilliant envelopes.



A MEMBER OF THE PRESENT F. F.'S.

As a contrast to the above, we place before you a likeness, the type of the nobility of our State. A representation of a hardy miner's phiz. Mark the expression of the eye and nostril. A volume of hardy experiences, of sagacity, of early reliant and lion-like prowess reveals itself in his stern glance, and in the deeply graven lines of his face. One feels like at once conceding that he is capable of that directness of aim and insight which inspires faith in a leader under difficulties, and gives assurance that he will reach the desired end by the shortest means, whether that end must

be attained by tunnelling to the centre of one of the Sierras, or cutting through a mountain of interested legislation straight to the pure gold of justice it conceals. For, submit his flowing locks and beard to a skillful barber and his garb to the tailor, and lo! our miner would emerge in an hour equipped to grace any seat in the halls of State, which the choice of his confreres may confer; and to defend their rights, or right their wrongs, unbiased by the influences that frequently bear sway in legislative halls.

The severe discipline inculcated by the exigencies of life in the mines, has developed a race of sturdy lords of the soil unrivalled by any other body of men in existence. Well may California be proud of her adopted sons, the heroes of her future bards and romancers, and who shall live to see themselves renowned as the founders of a band of States whose wealth and importance can now be but half imagined.

CALIFORNIA BIRDS.

WATER THRUSH OR AMERICAN DIPPER.

Cinclus Americanus.

THIS California bird is remarkable for its partiality to brooks, rivers, shores, ponds and streams of water; wading in the shallows in search of aquatic insects, wagging the tail almost continually, chattering as it flies; and in short, possess many strong traits of the Water Wagtail. It is also exceedingly shy, darting away on the least attempt to approach it, and uttering a sharp chip repeatedly, as if greatly alarmed. It breeds in the higher mountainous districts, as do many of our spring visitants that regularly pass a week or two with us in the lower parts, and then retire to the mountains and inland forests to breed. The voice of this little bird appears so exquisitely sweet and expressive, that

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THE CALIFORNIA WATER THRUSH.

one is never tired of listening to it.

The Water Thrush is six inches long and nine and a half in extent, the whole upper parts are of a uniform and very dark olive, the lower parts are white, tinged with yellow ochre; the whole breast and sides are marked with pointed spots, or streaks of black or deep brown; bill, dusky brown; legs, flesh colored; tail, nearly even; formed almost like the golden-crowned thrush, except in frequenting the water, much resembling it in manners.

Male and female nearly alike.

BLACK-BILLED CUCKOO.

Circulus Erythrophalma.

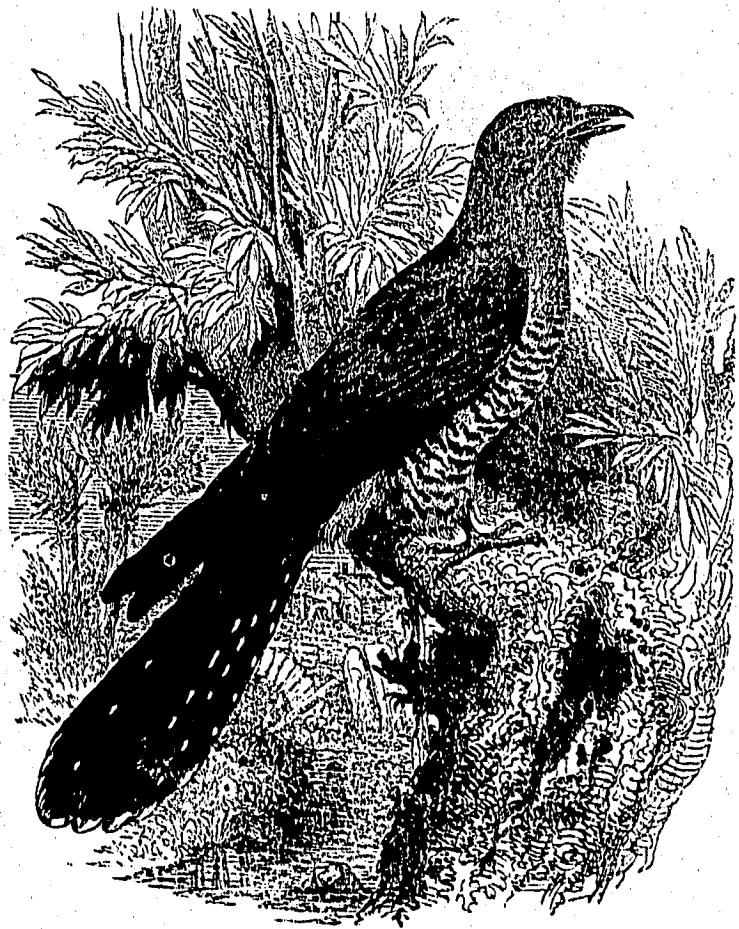
This species of cuckoo is nearly as nu-

merous as others, but has hitherto escaped the notice of European naturalists, or from its general resemblance has been confounded with the yellow cuckoo. Its particular markings, however, and some of its habits, sufficiently characterize it as a distinct species. The general color is nearly that of the yellow cuckoo; it is almost an inch less in length; the tail is of a uniform, dark, silky drab, except at the tip, where a great many feathers are marked with a spot of white, bordered above with a slight touch of dull black; the bill is wholly black, and much smaller than that of the yellow, and it wants the bright cinnamon on the wings. But what constitutes its most distinguishing trait is, a bare, unwrinkled skin, of a

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THE CALIFORNIA CUCKOO.

deep red color, that surrounds the eye. The female differs little in external appearance from the male. The black-billed cuckoo is particularly fond of the sides of creeks, feeding on small shellfish, snails, etc., etc. There are also found broken pieces of oyster-shells in its gizzard. The eggs of this cuckoo are smaller than that of others, usually four or five in number, and of a rather deeper greenish blue.

Wilson deserves the credit of distinguishing their species. It is closely allied to, but differs widely, both in its habits and feeling, from its congeners and the true cuckoos. In addition to shells and water insects, Audubon mentions having

found in their stomachs a small black frog, which appears after a rain.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

To the Editor's Table of Hutchings':

The first of April is this year a triple fete day, as, in addition to being specially and fixedly set apart as a day to be celebrated by all who have occasion to rejoice that they are not burdened with more wisdom than has fallen to the lot of their neighbors; it is Easter Monday, and also the day on which you spread your monthly literary treat. It is therefore with the greatest propriety that I address myself to your table, since a

feast is invariably supposed to be based upon that article of furniture, and all that belongs to one of right, entitled to a place upon it. The various influences that in a heterogenous population tend to obliterate the landmarks of ancient faith, have scarcely left us a trace of Easter Monday, as observed in the days of our great-grand-parents. Mary Howitt, in one of her beautiful ballads, thus touchingly lamented the disuse into which the observance of this gracious anniversary has fallen:

"Oh, happy Easter Sunday now!
Of old they blessed the day;
And gifts, in memory of that time,
In love they gave away.

The rich gave gifts abundantly,
The poor gave gifts also;
For every heart at Easter then,
With love did overflow.

But those old times are past and gone,
None hasten now to bring
The happy resurrection news,
And hymns of Easter sing.

Yet here and there, among the hills,
In places far and lone,
Some memory of the time yet lives,
Some Easter love is shown.

And kindly country-women yet
Their Pasch-eggs ready make,
Of divers colors beautiful,
To give for Jesus' sake.

And little country children go
Far o'er the hills away,
From door to door with cheerful hymns,
To celebrate the day.

Oh, happy Easter Monday!
It shineth clear and bright;
And they shall go a dozen miles
Among the hills ere night.

O'er the deep fells and down the dells,
That lie so warm and low,
To the cottage and the gray farm-house,
Shall the neighbors' children go.

Each hand in hand, a loving band,
They go with joy along;
And tune their voices sweet and low,
To a lovely Easter song.

And far along the sunny hills,
Were heard their voices clear:

"Be glad, for our Lord Jesus rose,
At this time of the year!"

Among the German residents of our city, Easter Monday is a fete especially insisted upon and observed by the children. For ten days past the little flax-haired Hans, and Hanchens, and Marguerites have been counting their store of eggs, and exacting promises of their mammas to color them in brilliant hues, and to hide them in "rabbit's nests" for their little friends to find on Easter Monday.

Pasch eggs, in Teutonic tradition, are laid by rabbits, a popular superstition instituted into the minds of German children, after the manner of the almost universally received fiction of Santa Claus filling the stockings on Christmas Eve. The fraus have given truce to the spankings they are rather too apt to bestow upon their offspring, and are smilingly busying themselves in arranging nests of many colored eggs in all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks in their gardens, where they have them—in their houses where they have not. When the time has arrived and all is arranged, the little lads and lasses, clad in their brightest smiles and garments, sally forth to begin a series of calls, very much as gentlemen begin to pay calls on New Years, setting out singly, or the children of a family together, but quite apt to gather into groups as they proceed. All day long they go bobbing their little heads in at every door, with the salutation, "*Hat ter paas gelegt?*"—"Has the rabbit laid?"—and are welcomed with invitations "to search and see." Whereupon there is a general scramble for the expected prize; the *haas* nests are discovered, the eggs transferred to little hats and aprons, and the merry visitors scamper away, dancing and singing, and tossing their "rabbit's eggs" up in the air, as they gleefully proclaim their number. At every house each child, whether friend or stranger,



THE IN-COMING PRESIDENT.

receives at least one egg, and a little favorite, or a god-son or god-daughter, is apt to find a *paas* nest, filled with eggs, as a proof of affectionate regard, and to gladden the heart of the little recipient.

G.

LOVE.

BY G. T. SPROAT.

Love! love!—it is the word by which
The worlds were made; for when the
Mighty One
Planted the earth, and laid its glittering
beams
In the rejoicing waters, angels sang
The song of Love.

The winds, those mighty trumpeters, proclaimed it
To the bright morning stars, which sang together.
The ocean caught the sound, and spread it wide
O'er all the listening earth. The forests bowed;
The mountains echoed it; the little hills
Leaped up, like lambs, and in the golden vales,
The fir trees sang, and clapped their hands for joy.
It is the golden chain
That links us to the Infinite—the ring
Circling the Eternal Throne, embracing all
The universe of God.

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THE OUT-GOING PRESIDENT.

THE NECROMANCER'S NOVITIATE.

JACOBUS Aldrovandus was an alchemist of the fifteenth century, who spent his days, and part of his nights, over the furnace, with a degree of ardor that no disappointments were able to

quench. Being subject to many annoyances from the bad temper of his wife, he sought in his laboratory that enjoyment which was denied him everywhere else. It was, indeed, an unfortunate circumstance for his peace, that his wife had brought him a considerable dowry,

which had ere long been devoured by the crucible. She, finding that remonstrances were entirely thrown away upon her infatuated husband, betook herself to devotional habits, and was closeted for a long time every day with a pious confessor.

One day while examining a collection of old books in his library, Jacobus discovered a book of magic. The mysteries of its pages had an irresistible charm for his imagination. Presently he arose and shut the door, for his wife's confessor was descending from a morning visit, and the rustling of the good father's robe reminded our alchemist that there was such a thing as a bundle of faggots reserved for those who dealt in forbidden lore. After this precaution he returned to the volume, and soon became so deeply interested in its contents, that he resolved to become an adept. Magic and alchemy seemed to throw a reciprocal light on each other. Jacobus thought that if he could but become as thoroughly familiar with the different classes of devils, as he was with the different bottles of his laboratory, he would have no spare time left on his hands, and would have acquired such an accession of new powers, as might enable him to set his wife and her confessor at defiance.

When twilight came on, therefore, he would frequently retire to a solitary walk among some old trees, at the back of his house, and endeavor to prepare for a trial of his art, by inuring himself to recite the most profane and horrible incantations. In the meantime, the leaves would whisper above him in a mysterious manner, and the bats come flapping about his ears like so many imps of darkness.

Jacobus was aware how much courage it requires to retain one's faculties in the presence of a bad angel. Firmness is indispensable in such interviews, and the want of it has sometimes been attended

by very disastrous consequences, as will appear from the sequel of this narrative.

Near the town where Jacobus lived, there was a deserted building, which had once been the residence of a noted sorcerer who had been burned in the public market place. As the fiends who had served him were still supposed to lurk about his former dwelling, no person would approach it, even in daylight; and the magistrates of the burgh had repeatedly spoken of having it razed to the ground. Jacobus thought that in this building he would at least be sure of privacy, and on that account resolved to make it the scene of his first experiment.

So, one tempestuous evening, having wrapped himself in his cloak, he appeared before his wife and said to her; "My dear, I have just received a message, stating that a certain friend of mine has received extreme unction, and wishes to let me into a valuable secret before he dies. Do not be alarmed, therefore, although some time should elapse before I return. It will probably be morning before you see me again."

"Truly, husband, that will be no loss," replied his wife. "Begone, and hunt after your worthless secrets; but beware of coming back in the middle of the night to arouse my servants. I will not allow them to be disturbed with impunity."

Jacobus Aldrovandus departed without attempting to make any reply. The merchants were closing the doors of their shops, and only an occasional gleam of light fell here and there across the wet pavement.

In accordance with the customs of the time, an official drummer was performing his evening rounds, while many a fat burgher hastened home to a comfortable fireside, enjoying the mental pleasure of computing the profits of the day—a joy to which Jacobus or any other alchemist could never pretend. He therefore has-

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tened forward until he had passed the gates of the city, and had arrived near the necromancer's house.

This building, as one might imagine, was tall, frightful, and unornamented. A single tree grew before the door, and from one of its branches was suspended the withered carcass of a dog which had been hanged there at the same time that its master was burned in the market place. A certain magistrate conceived that the dog must have seen so many improper sights as to unfit him for holding any longer a place in the social system; and so gave orders that the magician's own accursed elm tree should be employed in putting an end to the animal's existence. It was now currently believed that young imps were in the habit of procuring themselves a swing, by taking hold of his legs on a windy night.

Aldrovandus hurried past without letting the carcass touch him. Finding the door open, he struck a light and ascended the staircase. No spectre delayed his progress, no arm started from the wall; but he could not help feeling appalled at the silence of the place, while he recollected that the last sounds which had been uttered there were the groans of the old wizard, as he was dragged away to his trial.

Jacobus arrived at a large unfurnished apartment. One or two pictures hung on the walls, but their coloring was not so very sombre that their subjects could not be conjectured. In the middle of the floor he saw the fragments of a wand, and at one end of the room was placed a death's head, wearing the cap of the departed magician.

With the tremulous caution of a novice, Jacobus unfolded and arranged the different implements he had brought with him, and endeavored to collect his scattered thoughts, in order that no fiend, however quick-sighted, might be able to discover the least flaw in so delicate a

process. When these things were accomplished, he read, recited, and paused for a reply. Finding, however, that some words of importance had been omitted, he was obliged to wipe his forehead and begin a second time.

Presently a low creaking spread through the room—the glass vials rang and quivered in their places, and a smoke began to ascend from the magical circle. The hair of Jacobus Aldrovandus stood on end, but he continued to read out his Latin with sufficient distinctness, although his senses had almost left him. In the meantime the supernatural symptoms increased, and the experiment advanced nearer and nearer to a crisis.

At length there was a crash. A monstrous devil started from the floor and demanded why he was summoned. Jacobus had lost the power of articulation, and could not utter a syllable. The demon, having again and again repeated his inquiry, without receiving any answer, became terribly importunate and stretched forward with such perseverance that his nose came nearly in contact with that of our unhappy magician. Jacobus drew back precipitately, and in so doing stepped out of his own circle.

The demon followed up his advantage. Jacobus turned and ran, but he was pursued with a frightful degree of agility. Three times he made the circuit of his chamber, with this horrible fiend careering at his back. On the fourth round Jacobus bolted through the door, ran down stairs, and left the house. The chase continued over a fine level country. Jacobus, after several doublings and windings, took the road to the city; and his pursuer, who was never far behind, emitted such a glare of light, that both parties were able to choose their way with as much precision as if it had been a summer's forenoon. They entered the city. Jacobus turned a corner and stumbled upon a watchman, who attempted

to stop him. Presently the fiend came up, and made a clear somerset over their heads. The watchman rolled into his kennel and broke his lanthorn, whilst Jacobus rushed on to his house, and burst open its door with a noise that brought his wife and the whole family to the head of the staircase.

They came only to gaze and tremble. No one would venture down to assist him. Jacobus, pale, breathless, and covered with perspiration, mounted the steps and joined his family, still pursued by the demon, who took possession of the landing-place, which was part of an extensive gallery, surrounded by doors of different apartments.

A solemn pause ensued. The demon stopped, and with his red-hot finger drew a circle round himself that occupied the whole breadth of the floor, rendering it impossible for any one to pass without stepping into it. "Now," said the fiend, "whoever comes here is mine. I am determined not to vanish until I have received something for my trouble."

The servants sobbed bitterly beside their master and mistress, and began to consider who should be the victim. The cook endeavored to shove in the butler, and the butler, on the other hand, gave a sly push to the chamber-maid.

"My dear wife," said Jacobus, "is there no dog or cat about the house that might be given him for a bribe? What has become of the black pointer that used to sleep every night in your boudoir?"

So saying, he ran to open the door of his wife's apartments, but the good woman endeavored to retard his entrance. Jacobus would not be hindered, and pushed in. A scuffle ensued, and, instead of the black pointer, out rushed Father Joseph, the confessor, with his cowl drawn over his face to conceal his features. In his confusion he durst not look around to see who was present, but

hastened toward the staircase, and in so doing approached the circle drawn by the demon. The domestics uttered loud cries. Jacobus's wife ran after him and seized his robe; but the friar—imagining himself to be detained by her husband—gave a violent spring which carried them, both into the circle, and the fiend immediately vanished with his prey.

Such was the lucky hit by which our worthy necromancer got rid of a disagreeable wife. After cautioning his servants to beware of circulating idle tales, which might attract the notice of the Inquisition, Jacobus Aldrovandus gave out that Friar Joseph had cloped with his wife to some foreign country.

CONFESSIONS OF A GHOST-SEER.

[That inexorable cry for "copy" often induces us to dive into the inmost recesses of our editorial drawer, and to search in almost forgotten places for the literary pabulum necessary for the well-being of "Hutchings." We give the following from the pen of a much esteemed State official, as the result of our last search for the April number.—Ed.]

It is of no use a man's saying he is not superstitious. He says it, because all the world laughs at one who is afraid of ghosts. But one may be superstitious without fearing the encounter of ghostly visitants. Among the thousand attempts to define "Man"—that he is a laughing animal, a reasoning animal, a star-gazing animal—none has been discovered so distinctive, so applicable to him and to no other creature, as that which describes him as a superstitious animal.

The child never lived that had not a secret dread of spirits, however much his pride enabled him to conceal it, and that inborn dread is often cruelly intensified into absolute terror by the frightful stories of ignorant and superstitious nurses. From their influence, even reason cannot always free him when he has reached the years of manhood.

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I was once intimate with a gentleman, the spirit of chivalry, who knew not fear of mortal man or visible danger—whose courage had been tested in more than one deadly encounter—who shrank with horror at the idea of passing a grave-yard at night, and for years had not slept, would not sleep, alone. It mattered not how helpless his companion might be—even a child would content him. He suffered to the day of his death—some can tell, perhaps, how acutely—from the horrible impressions infixed into his infant mind by a ghost-seeing nurse. Although conscious of his weakness, he was singularly sensitive upon the subject, and would call his associates to an instant accountability, who ventured to banter him upon it. Fortunately for mankind, there are few like him. In after life, experience, reason, the judgment and the exercise of a determined will, suffice to strangle the superstitious terrors of childhood, and curb their spring—a distempored imagination.

In early days I was the victim of a nurse whose ingenuity in discovering ghosts in every dark corner, and horrors everywhere, was astonishing. She had a perfect armory of frightful stories to alarm me into silence, whenever I exhibited a disposition to be unruly, or to disturb her rest. She would tell me of horrible goblins with two heads, many heads, no heads at all, that were always prowling about; of sheeted ghosts with fleshless faces and burning eye-balls, that were ever stretching their bony fingers in the dark, for little boys who wouldn't go to sleep.

I found, in after years, the horrors of "The Three Spaniards," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Castle of Utranto," were tame and unexciting, compared with the creations of her imagination. The most curious part of the whole affair is, that, although I am now satisfied she made up one-half of her goblin stories,

she was almost as much frightened at them as myself. It never entered my mind to doubt the existence of spirits, and such spirits as she could conjure up, mortal man never read of.

Some of the beasts described by St. John in his vision—and they are by no means the kind one would like to encounter of a dark night—would be models of attractiveness beside some of her creations. Of course I drank in with frightful avidity all she told me—not a word, not a look, escaped me—not a word or a movement was forgotten. Sometimes, after she had scared both herself and myself into paralysis, the rustle of a curtain, or the gleam of a white light in a dark corner, would make her seize me in her arms, and rush like a greyhound for the light. The sensation her start and movement would occasion me is indescribable. Every fibre tingled with a separate terror, and my skin would have cut up into an invoice of nutmeg graters.

It was many years before I could eradicate the impressions she produced, and this was only accomplished by the most determined efforts of the will, and my passion for the experimental sciences, and more than ordinary devotion to the study of philosophy. Had I grown up an unlettered man, I should have been a ghost-seer to the end of my days.

At the age of twelve years I entered a college, situated about four miles from my father's house. I returned home on foot every night, sometimes at a very late hour. My shortest path lay through a suburban grave-yard, peopled with the dead, and embellished with numerous monuments. My earliest efforts at self-control were on those lonely midnight walks on my way home. I could have easily made a circuit around the cemetery, but, although tingling to the ears, and with every faculty on a painful stretch, I would not, by avoiding it, acknowledge even to myself that I was afraid.

Pride sustained me, and in time I gathered resolution. But before familiarity and impunity established confidence, I had many a shivering fright. At first I would hurry, pretending to myself all the while that I was only sauntering along the path that wound among the grave-stones and monuments, looking, like Alexander Smith's Sphinx, "straight, right on, with calm, eternal eyes." It was not a part of my self-imposed martyrdom that I should look to the right or left, and I did not do it—I am afraid, I must confess, that I occasionally walked much of the way with my eyes shut, reconciling my cowardice to myself under the plea that it was the best way to meditate.

As time gave me confidence, I would cast furtive glances from side to side, and gradually came to peer keenly into the receding shades, with a lively solicitude as to the whereabouts of the ghosts. I was like the old lady that looked under the bed for forty years in expectation of seeing a robber's boots, and at last saw them. I saw a ghost at last, it was near midnight, "when church-yards yawn and graves give up their dead." It would have been moonlight, had it not been cloudy—the dim, deceptive light of such a night we have all perhaps frequently noticed. About midway through the cemetery, I happened to cast my eyes down one of the glades, when, with a sensation as if a dozen extra souls, each with a separate acuteness of perception had suddenly rushed into mine, I saw a ghastly white object—its outlines shaded into the darkness, so that I could gather no idea of its shape or size. It seemed to me, however, of huge proportions, and a nondescript in form. I watched it with the unwinking gaze of a glass eye, and the intensified powers of a telescope, and I realized that it was slowly moving, and horror on horror, towards me! I stood powerless for a moment. The

first impulse of consciousness was to fly, but by an effort that fairly strained my being, I mastered, not my fears, but, if you can mark the distinction, my cowardice.

I had a thousand times conceived such a situation as this, and as often determined how I would conduct myself. With an effort, that only a thoroughly superstitious mind can appreciate, I deliberately walked toward the creeping horror. It was a greater act of heroism than if I had advanced to the mouth of a death-laden cannon. I approached nearer and nearer, my agonies increasing in a geometrical ratio, with each inch of progress. The ghost seemed to loom up, as it neared me, to an awful size. It appeared to overtop a ten-foot obelisk near at hand, and my racked imagination supplied it with eyes like comets.

At last human nature could stand it no longer. I had a heavy stick in my hand. In a perfect paroxysm of terror, I leaped it appeared to me full forty feet, and with the nervous force that only such a state of mind can supply, I struck the ghost over the head. The stick shattered in my hand—the ghost gave a wild snort, made a movement that seemed to shake the earth, and bounded off; it was an old white horse! I sank down on a tombstone, overpowered by the revulsion of feeling.

For a minute the nervous accumulation generated by the highly wrought state of my mind, tingled off from each pore of my body, producing a distinct sensation of cooling, as an air-tight stove cools off with a ticking sound, when the drawing-valve is closed. When I gathered my faculties, the absorbing feeling was one of overwhelming shame—I absolutely oried with vexation. I continued my way, deeply pondering—a changed boy. The incident, although humiliating, was of infinite benefit to me, it revolutionized my character, and thoroughly cured me

of superstitious fears. After that, I would not have believed in ghosts though one descended from Heaven to convince me. The incident begot a habit of investigation into mysterious, and what under other circumstances would have been terrifying appearances, that served me well on more than one occasion afterwards.

I remember reading a story not long after, that fixed me in my scepticism and disposition to investigate. It was of a gentleman residing in a village not a great way from London. He was married to a lady of cultivated mind, but of a very nervous temperament. She was a firm believer in spirits, he a pitiless scoffer. He rallied her so constantly and so unmercifully upon the subject, that it pained her deeply, without shaking her belief. He was like the incredulous little boy, who hooted an old man in the streets of Boston, and, when reminded of the fate of the bad boys who made sport of Elijah, cried out, "Go up, bald head! go up, bald head! now where's your bars?" He was forever calling on his wife to fetch out her ghosts. She told him at last that his mockeries pained and grieved her, and begged him to cease, solemnly promising at the same time, if she should die before him, and if it were permitted the spirits of the dead to revisit the earth, she would appear to him within a month after her death. She took it so much to heart that he ceased his bantering. Not a great while after, she sickened and died. He was inconsolable, and shut himself up in the solitude of his chamber, where he grieved and brooded for weeks over his loss. He would see no one. His servants could scarce prevail upon him to eat sufficient to sustain life.

About three weeks after his wife's death, he left his room near dusk, to visit the churchyard, a few miles down the vale, where lay the remains of all he

loved. He repeated his visit every evening, extending his solitary walk, at times, far into the night, still brooding upon his sorrows, his mind feeding upon itself, his body wasted by abstinence. One night returning by the churchyard, he looked towards the ruins of the old church, embowered in funereal trees near the centre, and started back with a cry of horror.

Through a gap in the walls of the church he plainly saw the apparition of his wife, robed in shining white, with face as pale as marble, and arms extended imploringly towards him. He looked for a moment, remembered it was exactly one month since his wife's death, and the promise she had solemnly made to reappear to him, and fainted away. When he recovered, he looked again, but the vision had disappeared.

He returned home in a shattered state of mind. He secluded himself more than ever—allowed no intrusion to divert his thoughts—ate so little, that it was evident to his servants he was fast wasting away.

About a month after he had seen his wife's apparition, he again visited the old church at night, and again was horrified at sight of her spirit. Shortly afterwards he wrote to an old friend in London—a gentleman of strong mind and scientific attainments—detailing his sorrows, and the dreadful visitation that haunted him, and begging him to come down and receive his last wishes, as he had not long to live. His friend, much affected by the tone of his letter, started at once for the village, and was shocked at the change that had taken place in his old companion. He did his utmost to rouse him from his despondency, and induce him to shake off his superstitious fears. He reminded him of his former opinions on such matters, and endeavored to convince him the vision he had seen was the creation of his own heated im-

agination. His mind, he impressed upon him, was enfeebled by sorrow and seclusion; his body, wasted by want of food and exercise, reacted upon it, and still farther predisposed it to unhealthy fancies. His friend only replied, with a melancholy shake of the head, and told him reason was lost on him. He had seen the apparition of his wife, when in the possession of his full faculties, as distinctly as he saw his friend before him. He had not been looking for it, for the remembrance of his wife's promise did not occur to him until after he had seen her.

As a last resort, his friend proposed to wait until the night when the vision was to reappear, and then pay a visit in company to the churchyard, for it would seem it never made its appearance, except at exact intervals of a month.

At the appointed time they started out, passed the graveyard, it was not yet time for the apparition to be seen, continued their walk down the vale, and about ten o'clock returned. As they crossed the enclosure of the cemetery, the husband suddenly seized the arm of his friend with a vice-like clutch, and pointing to the gap in the ruined walls of the old church, exclaimed in a voice quivering with excitement, "Look there! there! Do you not see her!" The Professor was startled beyond expression, for, as he looked in the direction indicated, he distinctly saw a white figure in flowing drapery, with marble-like face, and arms extended towards him. The moon was shining brilliantly at the time through the vistas in the cypresses and willows, and there was no mistake about it. With some difficulty he sustained the sinking form of his friend, and resolutely advanced to a closer inspection.

As they came near the church, his friend besought him to return, but the spirit of investigation overpowered all other feelings, and he continued his course.

As he got up to the gap, and gazed for a moment within the dark recesses of the church, the explanation of the phenomenon burst upon him.

The apparition was a statue of one of the female saints, so placed in a niche that the full flood of the moon's light poured upon it, and made it look, in the distance, as if clothed in vestments of shining white. It was only visible once a month, because the moon was only then in such a position as to cast its full rays upon it through the gap in the wall.

The terrified husband was convinced, returned home a new man, and rapidly recovered his spirits and health.

Other such stories I read, all strengthening my scepticism, and my determination not to trust to appearances, however mysterious and inexplicable.

I have already extended my confessions beyond bounds. At another time I will tell you of some ghostly adventures I myself met with, and how fortunately my investigating spirit served me.

If I have made one superstitious sufferer distrust appearances, or have shaken, even partially, his belief in ghosts, the narrative of my early experience has not been without profit.

THERE are certain interests which the world supposes every man to have, and which therefore are properly enough termed worldly: but the world is apt to make an erroneous estimate; ignorant of the dispositions which constitute our happiness or misery, they bring to an undistinguished scale the means of the one, as connected with power, wealth, or grandeur, and of the other, with their contraries. Philosophers and poets have often protested against this decision; but their arguments have been despised as declamatory, or ridiculed as romantic.

Mackenzie's Man of Feeling.

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SOUTHERN RIGHTS.

THE Rights of States, and Southern Rights!—

What! yield all that our fathers won?
Not while a ray of Freedom lights
The fields they shed their blood upon!
Not while one life-spring drop remains
Of those who rent the tyrant's chains!

What! give the Constitution up!
That glorious compact of the free,
And drain Oppression's bitterest cup,
And weep above lost Liberty?
No!—palsied be the recreant slave
Who cowardly, basely would submit!
A traitor's death, a traitor's grave,
Be his!—his epitaph be writ
By Shame upon Hate's withering page,
To blacken on from age to age!

Abandon basely that which breathed
The very nation into life,
And with eternal laurels wreathed
The brows of those who bray'd the strife?
Which made the Union's pillars stand,
Upheld alone by Sovereign States
Bound in one league, sublime and grand,
Which no decree can break but Fate's;
While equal rights and equal laws
Proclaimed it Freedom's holiest cause!

No! by the ashes of the dead!
No! by the memory of the brave!
No! by the blood of patriots, shed
O'er Freedom's birth, Oppression's grave!
By mighty deeds on Southern plains,
That rise like pyramids, which Time
Will spare while Glory's light remains,
As monuments pure and sublime;
Where Southern men have bray'd the shock
Of War's red storm on Eutaw's plain,
And where Savannah's walls did rock
Beneath a storm of iron rain;
Where wild King's Mountain, hallowed
height,
Looked down with Glory smiling o'er it,
As Freedom's falchion, flashing bright,
Made Britain's lion cover before it!
On that Palmetto Isle where burst
The thunders of a navy's pride,

In vain hot broadsides flamed their worst—
The South rolled back War's ruthless
tide!—

On Guilford's plain, on Camden's field,
On Cowpens' glorious scene of blood,
And where red battle's thunders pealed
At Ninety-Six, and Pedee Wood,
Where Marion's men, the true and brave,
Marked the proud South's own fields of
glory,

Shed a bright halo o'er their grave,
And made their bold deeds live in story!
And last, on Yorktown's plains, where fell
The pride of Britain, and arose
Our country's glory, as the knell
Of tyranny pealed o'er our foes,
And Freedom's flag swept forth, unfurled
To wave o'er a regenerate world!

And stirring memories beam forth,
Whene'er the spirit tracks the past,
Of high and holy deeds of worth,
Of energy and knowledge vast!—
And later battle-fields, which tell,
Of Southern valor's fiery tide,
And make the patriot bosom swell,
With laudable and holy pride:
On Chalmette's sanguine plain they rolled
The tide of fell invasion back;
And where their chief, as Bayard bold,
Fell glorious in Glory's track,
On Churubusco's hard-fought day!
And when through Buena Vista's fight,
Or flaming streets of Monterey,
Their path was marked with Glory's light!

Land of the South! The patriot land!
Thy battle-fields are holy ground—
Thy monuments—and these will stand
Till echoes the last trumpet's sound!
And thou hast world-wide names, which
speak

From out the tomb with living power,
And bid thy sons to never break
The faith they pledged in that great hour,
When they from chaos formed and gave
A Constitution free and just,
And bade us shed our blood to save,
Or glorious with it sink to dust!
Preserve the boon our fathers won—
The Union and our rights are one!

What! we abandon, glorious South,
The sacred rights to us bequeathed?
Dumb be fore'er the dastard mouth
That such unworthy sentence breathed!
No—no! Our patriot sires are here,
Their spirit-voices speaking near!
Sons of the South! they speak to ye,
In patriotism's holy feeling—
The oracles of liberty!
Oh! hear their high and just appealing!

Awake, Sons of the South, and gird
The armor of your fathers on!
The deep tones of alarm are heard—
The Union and your rights are one!
Your weapons reason, truth, and right—
What can prevail against their might?

“Onward! Your cause is great and just!
A nation's hope—a nation's life!
Preserve undimmed your glorious trust,
Tho' tempest-like should rage the strife!
Freedom's light shall guide ye on—
The Union and your rights are one!

“Spurn all oppression, and roll back
The blackening tide of Northern wrong,

Till on its desolating track
The patriot's boon may flow along—
The Union and a nation saved,
The South protected, not enslaved!

“Stand to the breach! The foe is there!
The battle-axe already rings!
Hurl, hurl him back, or ye shall hear
The knell of rights, the tramp of kings;
The Constitution crushed—and far
The deafening shouts of civil war!

“Then who shall rule or guide the storm?
Who stay red Murder's ruthless hand?
As Havoc's vulture king, yet warm
With life-drops from a ravaged land,
Crushes each relic of the past,
As bleeding Freedom breathes her last!

“Awake, Sons of the South! Why pause?
Hark to Oppression's thundering tread,
O'er trampled rights and broken laws,
O'er all for which our fathers bled!
Gird on your armor! Charge right on!
The Union and your rights are one!

ARIZONA.

MILVIA;
OR, THE HEROINE OF CATALONIA.

A HISTORICAL NOVELETTE,
Founded upon Events of the War in Spain in 1823.

BY D. FRICK, LL.D.

CHAPTER I.

IN a grove of weeping willows, seven leagues from Madrid, near the little town of Aranjues, stood the modest dwelling of a Catalan, Rodrigue Martinez. When still very young he had enlisted under the victorious banner of the indefatigable Mina, whose name was justly immortalized in the bloody struggle for Spanish independence. His valor had merited for him the command of a corps of those daring guerillas, who obeyed the orders of the great partisan;

and, faithful to the sacred cause which had armed Spain, he never laid down his sword until the last enemy of his country had passed beyond the Pyrenees.

In one of the secret and dangerous missions confided to him by his general, he went to Madrid during the occupation of that city by the French troops, and there became acquainted with Donna Milvia Garceros, whom he married in 1813. His natural tastes led him to resign the profession he had honored by his courage; he was proud of the laurels that encircled his brow, but seeing no enemies to combat, he did not seek the favor of wearing his sword in the parades of a standing army. Like another Cincinnatus, he suspended his glorious arms in the isolated retreat inherited by his wife,

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and far from the cabals and intrigues created by ambition in the restored court, he tasted in the bosom of his family the repose of the soldier citizen. It was in vain that his companions in arms attempted to withdraw him from his rustic occupations, to solicit the honors and distinctions contended for by the men of all parties who had succeeded since 1808. The proud Catalan invariably refused to take any step which would tend to diminish in his eyes the merit of what he termed simple duty, and responded to those who reproached his inertia: "The country, purged of its enemies, has no need of richly paid chiefs to exhaust her resources, and if her safety again demands my arms, the soldiers of the Sierra Morona will remember that I have been their captain."

So, adorned by the antique virtue which made Sparta and Athens bloom, and gave to Rome the sceptre of the world, Rodriguez escaped the outrages experienced by the majority of his companions in arms, from a government that opposed the spirit of independence to which it nevertheless owed its reestablishment. He saw with grief the most honorable services overlooked, and the highest employments abandoned to be pillaged by the same men who had plunged the country in mourning for a disastrous war. These deplorable circumstances confirmed him more than ever in his resolution to remain unknown, beyond the limits of his humble estate.

Donna Milvia, daughter of a distinguished magistrate, was fourteen years of age when the French army entered Madrid, in the month of October, 1808; she lived alone with her father and two domestics in an isolated quarter of the capital. A tedious illness had just removed her beloved mother, who, in her tender care, had never been willing to confide her early education to the surveillance of a stranger; educated at

Paris, where her father was attached to the Spanish legation, she had acquired a knowledge more extensive than was at that period considered necessary for the instruction of a woman, but her modesty rarely permitted her to display the treasures with which her mind was stored.

She loved France, her second cradle, and spoke of it always with an extreme tenderness that was attributed to an unfortunate passion that had poisoned her youth. This event had given to her character a tinge of melancholy that was never obliterated, and which left its traces in the disposition of her daughter Milvia. Don Fernando Garceos, her husband, was a native of Saragossa, the extraordinary defence of which in the war of independence has rendered its name immortal in history; his talents and his uprightness, by which he had arisen to the magistracy, were equally motives for a disgrace, to avoid the consequences of which, he abandoned his position, and retired to the bosom of a family that constituted all his happiness.

Arragonian in his hatred and in his affection, he was a warm partizan of public liberties, and, as a Catalan, an enemy of Franco, to which his country owed the despotism of Philip V.

The recent loss of an adored companion, joined to secret regret for the ingratitude of a government which had forgotten all his numerous services, had much increased the natural gloominess and severity of his character; his mind, however, grew calmer as he became more occupied with the education of his daughter, whose natural talents unfolded with surprising rapidity.

Milvia, although possessing all the moral delicacy of her sex, was pleased to accustom herself to gymnastic exercises, mounted her horse with facility, and of all diversions preferred the chase. Disdaining to occupy herself with the employments to which nature seemed to

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 consisted!
 The foe is there!
 sing!
 we shall hear
 the army of kings,
 —and far
 civil war!
 guide the storm!
 ruthless hand?
 yet warm
 ravaged land,
 past,
 rather her last!
 Why pause?
 thundering tread,
 broken laws,
 fathers bled!
 charge right on!
 its are one!
 ARIZONA.

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have condemned her sex, she applied herself with ardor to the study of history, of geography, and of foreign languages, under the supervision of her learned father, who, having for years deplored that he was deprived of a son, was enchanted to find in his daughter tastes and inclinations ordinarily to be met with only in men.

Don Garceres had not intended to participate in the violent events which gave to Ferdinand VII the crown of Charles IV, his father; but when he saw Napoleon making use of this pretext to place his brother upon the throne of those kings, he forgot the resentment that the injustice of the government had implanted in his heart, and recalled his patriotism and the national hatred that this enterprise of France awakened with new strength.

His advanced age depriving him of the glory of sharing in the perils of combat, he made his house the rendezvous of a secret council, of which he was constituted the president. This council, occupied solely in devising the most efficacious means for the destruction of the French army, was in indirect communication with all the principal chiefs of the national corps, regular or irregular. The place of these meetings escaped as by a miracle the universal police of Napoleon, and it was in one of these nocturnal reunions that the brave Rodrigue saw for the first time the daughter of Garceres.

Milvia had now attained her sixteenth year; the comparative solitude in which she resided with her father, apart from the usual companions of her age and sex, had fortified all her early tastes, and her heart, nourishing those masculine and generous sentiments from which arise love of country, received each day a new lesson in the school of stoicism, from a father who rarely hid from her his most secret projects.

Thrilling with joy at the news of some

success achieved by the patriots of her country, enemies might have discovered upon his lips a forewarning of their fate in the bitter smile of indignation and vengefulness.

A thousand times in moments of bitterness she cursed the law which suppressed her courage, and a thousand times she would have despised its shameful obligation if the old age of her father had not claimed her support and consolation. Thus our heroine already presaged, fifteen years before the invasion of the French, under Louis XVIII, the high destiny reserved for her in the war of 1823. Thus the daughter of Garceres was admitted nightly within the circle where were discussed and determined the most important interests of the country, whilst the greater part of the ladies of Madrid spent the same nights at fetes and balls given upon the ruins of this same country, in the midst of the bloody *Te Deum*, which proclaimed the enslavement of Spain and the massacre of her defenders.

Great strength of mind had not excluded from her heart that gentleness which gives to woman an empire so powerful over all who surround her; her disposition, cut off from the natural enjoyments of her sex, was, however, facile and clinging, and she frequently displayed a sensibility that one would have believed foreign to a character so extraordinary.

The renown of the exploits of Rodrigue had preceded the young hero to the retreat of the worthy Garceres. Milvia, full of admiration for all the warriors who had rendered themselves illustrious in that memorable campaign, learned with secret joy the concealed and unexpected arrival of one of the most valiant officers of Mina. Garceres received his guest with the distinction due to his valor, and presented him immediately to his curious and impatient daughter. He recited his deeds of arms with the

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modesty inseparable from true merit; the enthusiasm of his speech, his martial bearing, his heroic appearance, his eyes flashing with bellicose ardor, made upon the mind of the young Milvia an impression that her innocent heart had not yet taught her to explain, although its power was greater than that of the most vivid imagination.

The questions suggested by curiosity died upon her burning lips, and an unusual blush flitted over her graceful features, and fearing at the same time to remain and to retire, she discovered to her father, by her embarrassed attitude, a sentiment of which she was herself ignorant. Rodrigue, struck with the beauty of the young Castilian, felt prouder than ever of his glorious exploits, on learning from the lips of the old man the lively interest taken by his daughter in the success of the arms of his country, and of the rare abilities of which she gave promise.

His mission terminated, he demanded permission to salute a second time the lady who had fired anew his ardor; and believing himself rendered invincible, by the single glance with which Milvia accompanied the wishes that she made for his safety, he departed in the middle of the night, filled with an emotion that it would be difficult to depict. Garceres remarked with intense satisfaction the awakening of a sentiment that his penetration found truly participated in by both, and in his conversation with his daughter it was his pleasure to foster this inclination by merited eulogies that he constantly bestowed upon Rodrigue.

Victory, frequently faithless to the standards of liberty, never abandoned the lover of Milvia, whose exploits were heard of more than once beyond the frontiers of France, who, seeing the children of Spain enslaved, occupied herself in riveting their chains. The dangers attending his visits to the venerable Gar-

ceres were slight in comparison to the happiness of seeing Milvia. Occasionally, during the three years of warfare which ensued, he received a precious token of her faith from her father himself; to this he responded with his heart, and obtained her hand in 1813, after the soil of his country was freed from the presence of its enemies.

Garceres, fatigued by the vigils and dangers to which he was exposed by the duties prescribed by his patriotism, tormented by the opposing authorities which had succeeded in the capital during several years, seemed only to await, before descending into the tomb, the liberation of his country, and the union of the object of all his affections with a Spaniard worthy of becoming his son-in-law. Happy if he could have closed his eyes to that sad day which soon lighted to martyrdom or banishment the first liberators of his country.

Seven years had not flown since these young people first saw the flame of Hy-men's torch. This home was blessed with two children—a son and a daughter; and they, in spending this peaceful life far from the tumult of cities, had taken the true way to felicity.

The evils which weighed upon the unfortunate country, however, frequently afflicted the heart of Rodrigue, even in the midst of his quiet domestic joys; he saw each day a new stroke added to the sacred debt Spain paid to liberty, and his country less independent under the sceptre of her own kings than under the empire of her foreign master, seeming to have been bathed in her purest blood only to reproduce the tortures of the Inquisition. Finally, the seventh of March, 1820, gave to Spain the Constitution of the Cortes, that Ferdinand VII sanctioned in order to dignify the majesty of his throne; and from the Pyrenees to the columns of Hercules, the kingdoms of the heroic peninsula resounded with

shouts of liberty. Rodrigue partook deeply of the intoxication of a people who had just recovered those precious fruits for which they paid five years of calamities. Milvia, worthy in all things to be the wife of the proud Catalan, mingled her joy with that of her husband; and their hearts, united by the same generous sentiments, enjoyed already in anticipation the happy future that opened for their country.

The frightful discord of a victory that the homicidal torches had not stained vibrated to the general joy that intoxicated all Spain; the sagacity of a revolution unexampled in the annals of the universe, seemed the banner for all liberated countries, and her bloody sceptre to be broken against the shield of Moderation, which watched at the foot of the throne. The tolerance of the sovereigns of Europe seemed to approve this revolution, and the new ministers chosen by Ferdinand VII were received at all the courts.

Spain, tottering beneath the shock of her new politics, busied herself with ardor in concocting laws in harmony with her constitution, the powerful influence of the clergy and of the majorat were soon aggrieved by the advantages that the revolution accorded to the people, but the attitude of the Cortes suppressed their pretensions, and the disposition of mind prevailing at the time, promised them no success in an attempt to regain the rights abolished by the national representation. Ignoring the true interests of the king, whom they professed to serve, fanatics placed themselves at the head of such vagabonds as belong without distinction to the party that will pay them, and influenced by fear the honest and peaceable inhabitants of the places through which they passed.

Bribed by the monastic power, orders were published as emanating from the throne and sanctified by the altar; these

wretches presented themselves in multitudes to favor the raising of armed companies, which left their countries open to murder and pillage. So it was that the government repressed a movement that was formed in Biscay, where they surrounded 1,500 insurgents, shut up in Salvatierra; afterward another in Old Castile, where the cure Mesino exasperated the minds of the people to the point of struggling a long time against the troops of the line; and finally a third, that commanded by Zaldives, in Andalusia.

Rodrigue was faithful to his resolution remaining unidentified with the events of tending to create a new phase of government, believing that his honor still less obliged him to take an active part in the pacification of the troubles that had arisen and which he regarded as the last efforts of a faction too feeble to destroy the new institutions that his king had freely accepted.

Besides, he would not so impugn the dignity of his sovereign as to suppose that he would have sealed his royal promise to a sacred pact that he did not intend religiously to observe; and, certain that the king did not approve of the stray Spaniards who had armed themselves in his name, he deplored the necessity of employing Spaniards to fight against Spaniards, and he would have feared to profane his sword in serving against his own countrymen.

These partially stifled movements caused the government to feel the need of taking measures, that the irritation of the parties rendered more or less arbitrary, and this it was that produced a part of the griefs approaching the degeneration of the French revolution.

Never had such shameful excess soiled the steps of the throne, and if the authors of the troubles that signalized these unhappy times had forced the government to use harsh means against them

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and their adherents, the king would always have found a powerful safeguard in those whom these falsely zealous servitors proclaimed as the tyrants of their sovereign.

It is, therefore, to these men, armed against the liberty and happiness of their country, that must be attributed all the evils which befel Spain, and the outrages to which her king was exposed. An impartial posterity cannot refuse to the government of the Cortes the credit of the wise moderation that shone in all its proceedings towards a king, whom the culpable attempts of his pretended adherents tended constantly to represent as the greatest enemy of his country.

CHAPTER II.

However, new troubles soon succeeded to the first; the army revolted against the legitimate authorities, found powerful auxiliaries to resist the constitutional forces, and the new measures that the ministry believed it their duty to oppose to the urgency of the events, provoked wrongs by which the enemies of the constitution skilfully profited.

The mass of the Spanish people, bewildered by the cries of a liberty that their degree of civilization had as yet scarcely enabled them to conceive, had abandoned themselves with transport to the general enthusiasm that reigned about them; but enjoying by anticipation a treasure for which they were indebted to the enlightenment of a few generous men, they were unable sufficiently to appreciate the happiness that smiled upon them. Not knowing how to separate the benefits of liberty from the names of its creators, they yielded too easily to the instigations that tended to blacken the intentions of these last, and frequently sacrificed liberty to the vengeance inspired against their chief defenders. This disposition of mind did not escape the champions of the old regime, all the

strength of which was exhausted in the riches of the religious communities; they were prompt in turning to advantage all that seemed to their purpose, and strong was the support of this mass of miserable *Manolas* and *Lavapies*. They created new auxiliaries among the inhabitants of the country, whose prodigalities furnished now arms against the existing order of things. Knowing, for instance, that the Spanish people had a secret horror of the free-masons, whom they called atheists, possessed of the devil, they turned all their eyes upon the power of this bugbear, which they employed with so much the more success, that it was known then that the germs of the revolution had, in part, been nourished in the masonic lodges, and that the most important plans had there been prepared. Liberty, seeing these men plunged in the most ignorant superstition, armed by the demons, saw the most imminent danger that she would find herself obliged to combat in religious fanaticism, her most redoubtable enemy.

The sedition of the *garde royale* at Madrid had just been suppressed; the *carabiniers royaux* had also succumbed in their rebellion in Andalusia; but Catalonia became the theatre of a new civil war, which assumed, little by little, a more menacing and serious character.

Unknown hordes, under the denomination of Soldiers of the Faith, appeared as if by enchantment from among their mountains, and besieged successively Cervera, Mequinonza, and other important points.

Urgel became the seat of a reunion of revolted individuals, who sported the title of the Regency, and remained for a long time the centre of the military operations and arsenal of the insurgents.

The news of these political massacres overcame with grief the soul of the excellent Rodrigue. Seeing his nation so great by her immortal resistance against the French invasion, tarnishing the glory

of her patriotism by the inglorious consequences of internal warfare, was to his heart a distracting spectacle. The gravity of the circumstances, however, overcame his repugnance to combat against his fellow-citizens, and persuaded that the safety of his country required his arm to assist in closing the abyss of evils that afflicted her, he communicated to his wife his design of taking his place in the ranks of the army of Independence. Milvia applauded the resolution of her husband, and although painful as was the idea of a separation so cruel, she concealed her grief that she might not increase the sadness of Rodrigue's departure.

The simple countryman, as the modest warrior seemed in his retreat, he was soon transformed into the intrepid warrior, who appeared never to have left his sword. Nine years of repose and of domestic happiness had completely re-established his health, which had been impaired by his campaigns; his wounds had left nothing but honorable scars, and his age, more mature, relieved the imposing carriage that victory gives to the favorites of Mars.

Little Richard, his son, had just then attained his eighth year, and his sister, Annadia, was two years younger. These children, the happy hope of an age less embellished with illusions, surrounded in silent surprise their father clad with his arms and military costume. Rodrigue could not suppress the natural emotion of a father about to separate himself for a long time perhaps from a beloved family, and avoiding the questions they in their infantine curiosity addressed to him, he clasped them with their tender mother to his breast, committed to her affectionate care their education, and precipitately snatched himself from their arms to obey the voice of his country.

The arrival of Rodrigue at the camp of liberty was a fête day for all the braves

who had in former times been the companions of his valor. His name flew quickly from mouth to mouth, and was borne with enthusiasm from the ear of the chief to that of the last soldier.

The old warriors who had fought at his side recounted to the young soldiers the glorious traits which had signalized his bravery, and upon all sides quitted the fires of their bivouac to salute their old captain. The more the heart of Rodrigue was flattered by these demonstrations of joy, the more he felt the task increase that he had come to perform, and, turning to the crowd of soldiers who pressed upon his steps, he said: "Defenders of Spanish independence! Your welcome is the sweetest recompense for a chief who loves you; it is to your courage I owe my glory, and I come to confide it to you anew."

At these words several veterans rushed forward from among his warriors to name themselves to their former captain, and to swear for themselves and for their companions in arms the obedience and fidelity by which victory is ensured. Among them might have been seen Basques, from the province of Saint Sebastian and from Bilbao, recognizable from their address and their agility; the rest were all Soumatons and Miquellets of Catalonia, whose flashing eyes told of the independent genius that rendered them the most indefatigable partisans of Spain.

Mina, the intrepid general whose name alone had in other times arrested phalanxes of enemies, came to meet the worthy rival of his glory, impatient to clasp in his arms one of the proudest supporters of the honor of his nation. Rodrigue, invited to choose the rank he wished to occupy in the army, decided, like a disinterested patriot as he was, upon the most perilous and least brilliant post, and asked the command of a recently formed troop of guerillas. He

set off on the two hundred gents between drove their frontiers of benediction altar of the the enemy.

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The approach prepared the French corner, the constitutional; vagabonds from the gorge, and the the authority upon its crest thus announced war.

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set off on the same day at the head of two hundred men to attack the insurgents between Ripoll and Camperdon, drove their bands in disorder beyond the frontiers of France, and returned for the benediction of his flag, burning upon the altar of the country a banner taken from the enemy.

The Congress of Verona had declared war against Spain. France was designated to fill this mission, and her sanitary cordon took the denomination of the *armee d'observation*, until prepared by reinforcements and definite organization to take the attitude of an offensive army.

The approach of the dangers that prepared the way for the invasion of the French constitutionals redoubled, however, the courage of the Spanish constitutionals; they soon forced the remaining vagabonds of the Faith to fly to France from the gorges where they had taken refuge, and the *Seu d'Urgel*, delivered from the authors of its absurd celebrity, placed upon its chateau the standard of liberty, thus announcing the extinction of civil war.

Spanish Cordagne became nevertheless the theatre of new excesses. The fury of those bands of the Faith who had taken refuge under the cannons of the French army, had not been dispelled by their expulsion from the peninsula. The defiles of Finestrelle and of Nonsondes on the other side of the northern mountains; those of Espinaville, of Pregond; and Anteza, frequently offered difficult footpaths, formed by the torrents of the Tor, and the sources of the Segre, presenting a seducing bait to the further incursions of the men of the Faith, who carried their devastating ravages as far as the plain of Urgel. To arrest this devastating stream, Rodrigue established detachments of his little troop in the upper valley of the Segre, near Livia, Puycerda, and Belver, and overlooking the valley of Andorra.

By these wise precautions he was master of most of the passes of the Pyrenees in Cordagne, and flattered himself that he would soon be able to put an end to the cruel reprisals that were ruining that beautiful country.

Each day his posts, attacked by the insurgents, were called to new combats.

The ravines, the crevasses, the most dangerous routes across torrents and precipices, were so many paths by which the men of the Faith descended into the plains of Spain.

Rodrigue, brought up, so to speak, among the gorges of these mountains, was so familiar with their least sinuosities, whether created by art or nature, that it was difficult to elude his vigilance.

Watching day and night with constant activity, he appeared always at the most menacing points, in order to inspire his soldiers with that intrepid confidence which insures success.

The assailants, discouraged by the pertinacious resistance opposed to them by the soldiers of the constitution, came less frequently to attack the advance posts, and an apparent calm had succeeded to the struggles of the combatants, when an attack directed against Livia obliged Rodrigue to concentrate his scanty and scattered forces to repel it.

The French garrison of Mont-Louis had taken arms, but remained a tranquil spectator of the fierce combat taking place beneath the walls of Livia. Complete defeat of the enemy's party crowned the efforts of the constitutionals, who were greatly their inferiors in numbers; but the songs of victory were changed to cries of grief by the soldiers of Rodrigue, who had just seen their chief fall evidently mortally wounded by a ball in the head.

The Lieutenant, Corradal immediately took command of the troops, whom he conducted in mournful silence to Puycerda, the soldiers bearing their chief with

them upon a litter made of branches of oak. Recalled to consciousness upon the field by the attentions showered upon him by the companions of his glory, Rodrigue called to his side his subaltern officers, Faramo and Wallez, and said to them that he felt much better, then charged them to go immediately to reassure the soldiers, and bid them to hope that he would soon be able to resume his place at their head.

His first care in coming to himself was for his country; knowing how his troops were attached to him, he apprehended that his absence would abate their ardor, and hastened to prevent the disastrous impression his situation must make upon his soldiers.

After the first dressing of his wound, he thought that he read an unfavorable decree in the eyes of his surgeon; the acute pains that he experienced confirmed his fears, and he submitted with the patience and courage of a hero to the operation of the trepan, which he endured with features almost unchanged. The next day he found himself still more feeble and suffering, and fearing that he had but a few more days to live, he dictated a letter to his wife, and sent it to her by a courier extraordinary. Milvia received the sad message at the same time that the details of his first military achievement, which her husband had sent by the ordinary method of correspondence, arrived. Instead of abandoning herself to the despair that would have seized upon a mind less strong than hers, she immediately left her house to the care of a faithful servant, confided her two children to the care of an aunt who resided in Madrid, and traveling day and night on horseback, without taking the slightest repose, although in the most rigorous season, she arrived at Puycerda almost as soon as one would have thought she had received the dispatch. Her eagerness to see her husband

made her neglect the precaution of announcing her arrival to him; her sudden appearance caused a relapse from which they despaired of his recovering. After four hours of mortal anguish, in which she saw him struggling in the most terrible agony, he recognized Milvia, whose caresses had recalled his frozen senses, and his recovery from the shock which had so nearly cost him his life, melted those who surrounded him into tears of hope that he might be saved.

The presence of his beloved wife, who never quitted his bedside for a moment, contributed much to make his illness take a less serious character; but a painful convalescence consequent upon his great loss of blood suppressed, however, for a long time his impatient ardor. Yielding to the solicitations of a friend of his youth and companion in his studies, he went with his wife to recover his exhausted strength at Lerida, where he awaited the opening of the campaign preparing in France.

An admirer of the high deeds of all great captains, his warrior spirit enjoyed with enthusiasm the famous souvenirs that recalled to him the fields of Lerida; the triumphs of Scipio and of Caesar transported his imagination to the times of those immortal heroes, and the recent victory of the Marshal Suchet appeared to him so much the more brilliant, that the General was honored with the esteem and affection of the people whom he came to conquer.

His sojourn upon the shore of this same Segre, that six weeks before he had seen springing from its sources in the midst of his outposts, seemed to put him in more direct communication with his brethren in arms, and each day he was tempted to cross the magnificent plains of the central region of the province, to go and defend the soil of his country at the foot of the Pyrenees Aquiténiques.

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sage of Bidasson by the French army. The cry of the country arrested the convalescence of Rodrigue, who set off immediately for Vich, where Mina had just established his head-quarters. Milvia, foreseeing that her husband still needed attentions, obtained, not without difficulty, permission to accompany him to the frontiers and remain with him until signs of an approaching combat should warn her to depart.

Rodrigue found his general surrounded by the chief politicians of Girona, Barcelona, Tarragone and Lerida, who had come to receive their final orders before the commencement of hostilities.

When Mina saw him enter, he ran to embrace him, and presenting him to his chiefs said: "Here is one of my most valiant officers; he will often come to visit your residences, by ways unknown either to yourselves or to me." Afterwards, turning toward the brave Milans, the veteran of military glory in Spain, he added: "General, you will proceed to intercept communications to Junquera. Rodrigue will command your advance-guard; he is a soldier worthy to be your leader."

Rodrigue, impatient to respond to the honorable confidence of his general, proceeded to establish his posts under the walls of Junquera, and addressing the inhabitants of the place, succeeded in communicating the fire of his enthusiasm to their souls, and led all the men capable of bearing arms to entrenchments of the bridge of Molins.

Milans had just established his artillery upon the Black Mountain, and had occupied the defile by a corps of Miquelots, formed, for the most part, of the inhabitants of Puyceda; where a French regiment had just entered, and all the communes of the frontiers were threatened to be overrun by the enemy.

Rodrigue, naturally active and ingenious, was a suocor so much the more

invaluable to General Milans, as being the only officer thoroughly conversant with the country about to become the theatre of their operations. Seeing the moment of conflict approaching, he conjured Milvia to retire while time still remained to do so. Everything was prepared for her journey, when she received a letter from Madrid, informing her that her aunt had retired, taking the two children with her, to Alicante; as she was unwilling to remain in the capital which the enemy might at any day penetrate. The only motive for her journey, that of protecting her children, removed by their departure for a fortified city, she declared to Rodrigue her determination not to leave him.

(Continued in the next number)

GONE TO SLEEP!

Gone to sleep! mortals worn and weary
With the toilsome labors of the day.
Gone to sleep! in the hovel dreary,
And the chambers of the great and gay.
Gone to sleep! the strong and joyous
hearted,
The babe reposing on its mother's breast;
All have now to the dream-land departed,
Gone to slumber in the arms of Rest.

Gone to sleep! birds, by the silent fountain,
Insects, fluttering in the breeze at morn;
Beasts, that graze upon the grassy mountain,
Sleeping now beneath some aged thorn.
Gone to sleep! the sailor on the billows,
Dreaming of his childhood's home again;
The sufferer, tossing on his restless pillow,
Oh! how sweet to him, that rest from pain!

Gone to sleep! the sleep that knows no waking,
They who've passed to the eternal shore;
But for them a glorious morn is breaking,
Gone the night,—the shadows come no more!
Gone to sleep! each in his narrow dwelling,
But for them a better rest shall come,
Where the anthems of the blest are swelling,
Where the weary find a welcome home.

G. T. S.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE OF STOCKTON.

BY JAMES P. CARLTON.

IN a luxuriously furnished apartment of one of the coziest looking dwellings in the City of Windmills, two gentlemen were lazily lounging on settees. The elder of the two might have numbered thirty-two summers. Doctor Spokem was a native of Georgia, over six feet in height, and stout in proportion, and although his head was cast in the Websterian mould—in fact he was the possessor of a cranium that would have thrown a disciple of Spurzheim into ecstasies—still the most ordinary observer of human nature could easily have detected, after a few moments' conversation, that our Esculapius was but a mere surface thinker of other men's thoughts, for in reality his stock of knowledge could have been condensed into a very small compass. In addition to this he was a professed male flirt, toying and dallying with every giddy girl that crossed his path.

His companion, Melville Vernon, was also a southerner, a native of New Orleans, and although in reality some four or five years younger than Dr. Spokem, the stern lines of thought which furrowed his manly brow, indicated thirty-eight, rather than twenty-eight summers. Vernon was the youngest son of a sugar planter, who, dying when our hero was only six years old, left him under the charge of an over-indulgent mother, and he probably would have led the comfortable, though comparatively indolent life of a southern planter, had not his maternal uncle, old Doctor Randolph, of Washington city, interested that eccentric chief magistrate, John Tyler, in young Vernon's behalf, and probably one of the official acts of veto John was the appointing Melville Vernon to a vacancy

in the naval school. Here he graduated with high honors, and served as a reefar on board the old "Jack Adams" during the Mexican war. But the restless and impatient spirit of young Vernon could not content itself with the tardy promotion of the naval service. He accordingly in the winter of '48-'9 resigned his commission in the navy, and accepted a position as second mate of the clipper ship "Flying Dutchman," bound from New York to San Francisco. While in the latitude of Valparaiso, and when within only two days' sail from that port, the chief mate, Mr. Ross, died suddenly of disease of the heart, and Vernon was of course appointed to fill his place. Vernon made one more voyage in the "Dutchman," and so pleased even the owners with the seamanship and scientific knowledge of navigation that he displayed, while in command of the ship during the illness of Captain Barker, that on his arrival in San Francisco, early in '51, Messrs. Drosby and Cribblee gave him the command of their largest ship, the "Ocean Despot," which he had safely and gallantly commanded till the fall of '59, when an accident occurred which crippled him for life, and compelled him, although unwillingly, to become a landsman.

He had cleared from San Francisco with a large cargo of dead and live Chinamen for Canton, and on the seventh day out, while standing on the top-gallant cross-trees, his foot unfortunately slipped, and although the rigging broke his fall, which would otherwise have killed him, the injuries that he received produced a certain lameness, which totally incapacitated him for the active duties of a seaman. With the few thousand dollars that he had saved, he accordingly returned to California, and purchased a small ranch about ten miles from Stockton. At the latter place he usually resided, having chosen *faute*

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mieux as his room-mate, the aforesaid Dr. Spokem.

Having lit their cigars, Spokem opened the discourse by saying, "Vernon, don't you intend going to the Bernucca ball on Tuesday next? Mr. Bungallon is going to take the last new arrival, Miss Dora Blackford, there. She's a lovely creature. I am sure you will fall in love with her. "It seems that you have done that dreadful deed already, Doc, by the way your tongue rattles; pray what will Miss Lampbell, the pretty Virginia brunette, think of that? besides, have you already forgotten your beautiful blonde, Miss Mockem? The Doctor winced under this latter retort, for it was currently reported in the good little gossiping city that Spokem had fallen in love with his Mockem's \$50,000, and that he would be willing to marry her *malgre se cinquante huit ans*. Be that as it may, the poor Doctor immediately to use a California expression, "dried up," and pretending to have a few professional calls to make, strutted up Center street. Vernon, having carefully performed his toilet, wended his way to Lincoln square, in order to engage a partner for the approaching ball. Miss Margaret Silly was at home, and but too happy to get such a partner as Melville Vernon.

In every small community a ball is an eventful affair; but the Bernucca ball would certainly eclipse anything that had ever taken place in Blockton. There were to be present delegations from the S. F. Muttonheads, the Marysville Beefsteak Club, and last, though not least, the whole of the "Last Chance" F. D.

The ball was given in a huge shed, which by courtesy was styled a pavilion, and in due course of time Melville Vernon with Miss Maggio Silly, and Doctor Spokem with Miss Lampbell, became *vis à vis* in a quadrille. After the dance, Vernon led his partner to a seat, and started off on a cruise, as he styled it.

After nodding and bowing to about a score of pretty maidens, with whom he was more or less acquainted, he suddenly paused to contemplate a lady who was evidently a stranger. He immediately, from seeing her engaged in close conversation with Mr. Bungallon, conceived her to be no other than the *beaute du bois dormante* mentioned by Spokem, and notwithstanding the most assiduous efforts on his part, was unable to procure an introduction.

About a week after the ball, Vernon took it into his head to call on a married lady acquaintance of his, who resided about three-quarters of a mile out of town. The sun shone beautifully overhead, it seemed to be nature's own holiday, and taking a short cut across the fields, our hero soon reached the picturesque cottage of Mrs. Radd. "My dear Mr. Vernon, I am delighted to see you; you are such a confirmed old bachelor, that I actually believe you never will get married. Oh! by-the-bye there is a young lady stopping with me now. I really must introduce you to one another. I know you will like her. Dora, my love, come into the parlor," and in a few moments the aforesaid Dora made her appearance, and took a seat on the sofa, opposite Mr. Vernon.

Vernon gazed long and ardently on the countenance of the beautiful maiden who sat opposite him. In stature she was rather below the medium standard of women, but her form was beautifully and exquisitely moulded. She wore a low-necked dress, which exposed a throat and shoulders of dazzling whiteness, and to crown all, she had a bewitching little head, profusely adorned with long black curls.

Vernon had never seen such an enchanting creature, and he could have continued gazing on her divine features for hours, but that politeness compelled him to break the ice of the conversation

by that stereotyped phrase, "Fine morning, Miss." "Lovely morning," was her rejoinder. "I'll soon discover if she is not as spirituelle as she undoubtedly is beautiful and virtuous. The casket cannot be prettier than the jewel within." Seeing a copy of Tom Moore lying on the table near which Miss Dora was sitting, he drew his chair near to hers, and instinctively they pored over the volume together—at times her sweet breath fanned him, and her rebellious curls would occasionally touch his cheek, and thus hours floated away, and the shades of darkness had set in before Vernon left the house. For some time he remained in a deep reverie. At last his thoughts assumed the shape of words, and by the time he had reached the Court House, he solemnly determined to woo and win her.

Blockton is celebrated for its windmills, sloughs, and gossiping; and two weeks had scarce elapsed from the date of our hero's first interview with Dora, before everybody in Blockton was retailing the news with some important addenda. Billy Reilly had told it confidentially to Miss Crush, who in her turn had made a confidant of Mrs. Hittendon, who of course made no secret of the matter, and she in her turn must tell Mr. Blardonall, who told everybody that he knew from Norman Slough to Gunter street.

"Time and tide wait for no man," said the Rotherlitho boatman, and therefore No. 7's ball came off punctually on the 25th of October at the Weaver House, kept by that prince of caterers, Mr. Borcham.

It would require the talented and prolific pen of Mrs. Blotts to describe the belles of that eventful night, and faithful chronicler that I am, I certainly must shrink from the task. Vernon had engaged Miss Dora as his partner, very much to the mortification of Mr. Bungallon, who was compelled to put up with

Miss Knucker, a pert young Bostonian, who imagined John Brown, Sen., to be the apotheosis of liberty, and who had no other idea of southern life and manners than what was portrayed in that very *truthful* romance yecept "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

During the opening promenade, Vernon and Dora were jealously watched by a very beautiful lady of elephantine proportions, who rejoiced in the cognomen of Silkins. Report said that Mrs. Silkins wanted Vernon to marry her sister, Miss Annette, who wrote poetry, and was continually embroidering diminutive Cupids and Psychos on her tambour frame. But Vernon detested "blues" of every description, and always voted Miss Annette a bore, when he was compelled to be in her company. Mrs. Silkins determined to be revenged on Vernon, and watching her opportunity, she suddenly left the ball room, accompanied by her shadow and tool, Mr. Wiley. They walked in the direction of Weaver Avenue, where they met the object of their search, one Joseph Bawdsley, one of those tolerated ruffians, whom the indulgence of society permits to vegetate upon this planet of ours, for the sole purpose of doing what is technically and truly called "dirty work."

There was no crime too heinous, nor deed too desperate, that Bawdsley would not have undertaken, provided, to use his own phraseology, "the spondulics were forthcoming and sartin suro."

For full fifteen minutes Mrs. Silkins and Bawdsley were engaged in deep and earnest conversation, at the expiration of which period, she beckoned to Wiley, who had dropped behind to a respectful distance, to approach, and, convulsively seizing him by the arm, they quickly and silently wended their way back to the ball room.

On entering, she perceived Bungallon and his toady Blockhead conversing

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apart in one of the corners of the room near the orchestra. She immediately approached them, and after whispering a few words into Bungallon's ear, retired to a seat to meditate upon her *good deeds*.

About a half an hour after these occurrences, a man entered the ball room in breathless haste, and inquired if Mr. Vernon was there. Upon confronting him and asking him a few questions, Vernon was informed that his presence was required in a distant part of the town, to wait upon a dying man who had something important to reveal to him.

Nothing doubting, Vernon immediately seizing his hat and gloves, followed his unknown guide to what he supposed was a dying man's residence.

When within a few rods of the Catholic Church, his guide suddenly left him, and in his place three villainous looking Mexican cut-throats confronted him.

Divining their purpose, he immediately drew a six-shooter which he fortunately carried in a side pocket, and shot down two of the assassins; not, however, before receiving several severe stabs from the third desperado, whom he also wounded. The ever faithful guardians of our sovereign lord, the people, hearing the pistol shots, rushed frantically to the spot, and conveyed the four wounded men to the station house. Vernon's wounds were dangerous, and for a long period he lay in Mrs. Radd's house, his life trembling in the balance. At times he seemed to be conscious of a fairy form with long black curls that flitted in and out of his room. In a month's time he had so far recovered to be able to sit up in the drawing room, and here for the first time he met Mrs. Radd. "My dear madam, how can I ever repay you for your kindness in preserving my life, but, really, madam, I must not stay any longer in your house. Please order a carriage and have me conveyed to my apartment."

"Not until Dr. Breed gives me orders

to that effect. Remember," said she in a playful manner, "that you are at present my guest, but do not force me to be your jailor. The doctor says that you must not stir from the house for a month at least, lest your wounds should break out afresh; and don't thank me too much for my kindness, for your life would not have been worth an hour's purchase were it not for the untiring watchfulness of one who—but hush! here she comes."

Beautiful as a rose in the balmy May, the lovely young girl glided into the room.

"How glad I am to see you beginning to look yourself once more. At one time we all thought, when that dreadful fever attacked you, that you would never get over it; but, God be praised, the danger is past; but, Sir Knight, remember you are only a prisoner on parole, and must not leave this castle until ordered to do so." Mrs. Radd then left the room, and Vernon, seizing one of her diminutive hands within his own, entreated her to tell him what had transpired since the night of the ball, "for really," said he, fixing upon her the ardent gaze of his eagle eye, "if it were not for the occasional pains that I suffer from my wounds, it appears to me that for the last few weeks I have been leading an enchanted life."

"Well, then, if you think you are able to endure the recital, I will tell you all that I know about the subject. It seems, from some reason or other, that our neighbor, Mrs. Silkins, did not approve of the attentions you were paying me, and that she, in conjunction with Mr. Bungallon, concocted a conspiracy against you, which seems to have had a different denouement to what they contemplated. It appears that on the night of the ball, Mrs. Silkins slipped out unobserved, and hired the ruffian Bawdsley to entice you to an unoccupied house in the Mexican quarter of the town, and keep you safely under lock and key until morning. That hav-

ing thus secured you, Mr. Bungallon was, by false representations, to injure you in my estimation, and renew his own suit. But, providentially, Bawdsley's heart failed him, and I must do the conspirators the justice to state, that the attack upon you by the three Mexican desperadoes, was certainly 'not upon the bill.' Their mortification and vexation at the failure of their enterprise has so preyed upon their peace of mind, and anticipating the vengeance of the law, they have fled to parts unknown. As for the would-be murderers, they will be tried as soon as you are able to testify against them, for they have entirely recovered from their wounds. And now, my dear sir, I must leave you, for you certainly need repose," and suiting the action to the word, the sylph-like and angelic girl left the room.

Two months after this conversation, Mr. Vernon had so far recovered from his wounds that he was pronounced well by the Doctor, and there being no further excuse for delay, especially as the Court of Sessions was holding at the time, the trial of the Mexicans came off. We do not intend to recapitulate the masterly opening speech of the District Attorney, Blenkins, nor the withering and scathing rejoinders of the defendants' counsel, Col. Dooker, and last though not least, the erudite charge of the learned Judge Rafer. Suffice it to say, that the prisoners were convicted, and in due course of time sent to vegetate for ten years at San Quentin.

Two weeks after the trial, Vernon and Dora were seated side by side in the parlor of Mrs. Radd's house. His arm was round her waist and her head was leaning on his manly shoulder. "And you will be mine, my darling," said Vernon. A scarcely audible "yes," was the only reply, and their eyes for a moment met. I said only for a moment, for during the next he fondly pressed her to his bosom,

and imprinted a burning kiss on her ruby lips. * * * *

"And so Melville Vernon and Dora Blackford are really to be married tonight, in Mr. Sanderson's church; why, who'd have thought it?" said Miss Crush to Miss Maggie Darnes. "A little pug-nose wretch, who fancies herself pretty, because she has black curls," said Maggie.

And despite all the concentrated opposition that could be brought to bear, Melville Vernon and Dora were married, and what is far better, they lived happily together, and whilst I am writing this true record of an episode in their lifetime, their oldest cherub is looking over my shoulder, wondering what I am about.

It would probably be well to state that Miss Crush has at length married the celebrated artist, Mr. Block; Miss Lamp-hire has married a merchant in Last Chance; and Bungallon, like his illustrious predecessor, George Gordon, has become a noted Hebrew Rabbi.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY J. C. DUNCAN.

The sunlight rests upon the mound,
And flowers weave a chaplet there;
Tread lightly, it is holy ground,
She died so young and fair.

The happy past is with me now,
And trooping thoughts come at my call;
The orange wreath is on her brow—
The lily on her pall!

I dimly gaze upon the turf,
And sadly bid my heart be brave,
But echoing to the moaning surf,
It beats above her grave.

Ah! gentle was that ebbing life,
Which, flowing through a fragile frame
Went out, without a trace of strife,
To Him from whom it came.

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THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY D.

Madame R— was Spanish; an orphan brought up in a family at Toulouse among fine young girls, upon whom the opulence of an old counsellor of State lavished masters of every sort.

One had a passion for dancing, another for singing, another for painting, and the fourth performing upon the piano. In short, each of these young persons, while rendering herself very strong in the speciality she had chosen among the agreeable arts, completely neglected the others that did not correspond to her decided taste. M^{lle} Ines, our heroine, endowed, as one might say, with encyclopedical aptitudes, pursued each of these arts to the extreme limit of information the professors of Toulouse were able to afford her, and when they, in vulgar parlance, found themselves at the end of their role, she perfected herself alone by the aid of a vivid intelligence, added to the gifts of a fairy. So when she came to Paris, she danced like a Muse, sang like a linnnet, drew as by a charm, and played the piano like a Hercules! A more precise opinion of her talents might surely be given by comparisons less vague than these, but it will nevertheless be understood that M^{lle} Ines cultivated her talents as far as it was possible for a woman of talents to do, and this is sufficient for the remainder of my recital, after adding that, from a sort of pride, she concealed all her attainments, judging herself pretty enough and sufficiently rich to be *recherche*, all agreeable arts put aside. So these were kept in reserve, as a reinforcement to the *corps d'armee*, in case some grand victory demanded a skillful return to the attack.

Once at Paris, it was not long before

occasion offered more or less need of recourse to all or part of the arsenal. A young member of the Council of State, worldly as possible, ardent at all first representations, gliding behind the scenes of all the theatres, where he sometimes knelt at feet not at all disposed to fly from him, encountered her several times at the balls of the high bourgeoisie. Our rover was deeply smitten with the marked and singularly beautiful Spanish face of our heroine. Perhaps it was because he was somewhat weary of all the Aspasiases whom he saw each evening, that he became enamored of this warm brown carnation nature, of this proud and agile form, and of all the foreign piquancy which formed the envelope of an amiable spirit; and as he was a fine-looking person, holding a good position in society, where freaks like his are many times ignored, it was not long before this enormity had offered himself, and their marriage had been agreed upon. Ines was, upon the whole, rather the more disposed to accept the hand of Mr. Adolph N—, because, as she said to herself: "I have pleased him by what he has seen, by what he knows of me—has my language then sufficed? Very well, I will keep the rest for evil days, for the reaction, if it should ever occur. It will be then as if a new possessor should present herself to lead him back and to keep him!"

They were married. Their honeymoon remained at its full for nearly eighteen months.

"What, two years without touching a piano or pencils, two years without singing!" said Ines to herself one evening, when her husband was compelled to go to an official ball, at which her presence was dispensed with. And as she wished to keep her talents in exercise, she went every day to the house of a friend, where she practiced upon an Erard, and sang at full voice. This lasted six months. Now comes a series of new events. It

was the winter of last year. In consequence of certain domestic acts, Ines was constrained to admit that Adolphe was no longer fascinated by her. He had allowed several first representations pass without moving heaven and earth to secure her favorite box for her, declaring that, for the excessive demand, he was unable to secure for himself anything but a simple stall—for *him*, the traitor! He arranged things in such a fashion that his wife did not receive until the next day after the date fixed, and he allowed her to go alone or with a friend to the sales of elegant objects and expositions of art, those worldly appeals to which husbands of a year, true to their allegiance, never fail to respond. In brief, Adolphe began to declare that he had business, his agent, his notary, and all those pretexts that Balzac so amusingly resumes in the famous *Affaire Char-montel*. The truth is, Mme. Ines was not credulous—she observed and said nothing. She was not long in discovering that Adolphe frequented the green-room of the theatre of the Varieties, at the time of the last review, when it so abounded in young and brilliant actresses, and that finally he was endeavoring to form an intimacy with M. Alphonse Boyer, in the hope of introducing himself behind the scenes of the Grand Opera. But, unfortunately, she discovered divers other facts, not within the limits of simple tendencies.

Thus in a single day she ascertained how he had spent an entire week in playing the truant. On Monday Adolphe had supped with the Spanish *danseuses*, who were about making their debut at the Gaité. Tuesday he spent two hours at the faubourg Saint-Antoine, selecting furniture—which did not go to the house of his wife. On Wednesday, the suspected Adolphe had mounted a horse, and, unattended by a domestic, was seen towards the hour for dinner, approaching

a chalet in the Bois de Boulogne. Some one swore to the presence of a blue crape hat suspended from a lilac branch, in a house in one of the most retired thickets. On Thursday monsieur had gone to the Bouffes Parisiennes, and gained admittance behind the scenes, upon pretext of wishing to speak with the Maestro Offenbach, whom he knew to be at dinner at the house of Grossetete, with his friend Hector Cremieux, doubtless combining a pendant to the famous *Orphee aux Enfers*. On Friday, the traitor, under pretext of a provincial trip, went to Versailles to a dinner at the Hotel des Reservoirs, where he found a company of six gentlemen and seven ladies awaiting without prejudice the guest who should save them from being thirteen. Finally, on Saturday the gentleman returned at two o'clock in the morning, professing that he had been detained at a meeting of stockholders. And on Sunday she found upon his chimney piece a letter which in his bewildered state he had forgotten there, which proved that he gave sittings to a young German *artiste*, recently arrived from Dusseldorf, who painted no portraits except those of men, because, as she said, their colors were more vigorous. But how did madame, aside from the disclosures of the letter, know all the acts and movements of monsieur for an entire week? He who makes this naive interrogation reveals the fact that he is absolutely ignorant that there exists at Paris in the Rue de Bac an intelligence office, where for the consideration of twenty francs a day the jealous can obtain information. But to return to Ines.

The poor woman loved her husband, and what she saw, learned and imagined, gave her frightful pain.

"Come," said she to herself, "here is the hour already in which to display all that I am, and all that I know." And she began in a most melancholy manner to prepare her little *mise en scene*.

It was about to give an entertainment of music, so much made a notary, he must actress the success! turn! them crucifix neglected Ines not to do Versailles entered just accepted husband with the she with "W this" ing h Did waltz out of was dition land T sent neig hour a m from "an race I Ad and hal

It was an evening that two societies about to be dispersed by the new season, gave a farewell soiree together, a mingled entertainment, a little dancing, passable music, and plenty of tea. Adolphe went so much the more voluntarily, as he had made a pretext of an interview with his notary at nine o'clock, for on this evening he must take leave of a brilliant Polish actress who was about quitting Paris for the summer—but who promised to return! Adolphe wished to know to what thermal waters the lady was going to recruit her health, gather freshness; and neglected his notary for that! However, Ines went alone, and her husband did not rejoin her at the house of Madame de V— until near ten o'clock. As he entered the saloon, a young Russian had just invited Madame to waltz; she accepted, to the great astonishment of her husband, who had always seen her refuse with a sort of disdain this pleasure of the salon so execrated by husbands. Here she was, waltzing like a whirlwind; but with what lightness, what grace?

"What—Ines waltz—and waltz like this!" said he to himself, scarcely believing his eyes.

Did she waltz? She danced four waltzers, solid products of all the Russias, out of breath, and when the orchestra was wearied out, she seemed in good condition to have waltzed all the way to Poland.

The tea circulated. Afterward he seated himself at a whist table in a neighboring salon. In less than half an hour he had won sixty-four francs, when a masterly and furious prelude resounded from the piano.

"Diable! diable!" said his partner, "are we going to be disturbed by this racket?"

Presently, to the great surprise of Adolphe, arose a little air of Breton, simple and very artless, that Adolphe was in the habit of singing sometimes in the morn-

ing, while wandering from room to room, and of which Meyerboer had said one day something might be made. He lost voluntarily, in order to disengage himself the more quickly, and resigning his place to a bald-headed gentleman, who was examining an album of photographs, he hastened to enter the salon to see who it might be who knew this little air arranged by Quimperle, and which he did not believe was yet public property. The air served already as the theme of the most unexpected and bewildering variations, that did not leave a key of the instrument in repose in the rapidity of her ardent and impassioned improvisation. And who did Adolphe see seated at the piano amidst this delirium of notes? Ines!

Stunned, stifled, stupefied, he fell into a *fauteuil*, and listened with his head in his hands, and perhaps with his heart in his head. It was a talent of the first order that had been revealed by the danseuse of an hour before. The morceau finished, no sooner was it ended than applause burst from every side.

When this sensation was appeased, the ices circulated; afterward, Adolphe, too much troubled to go and speak to his wife, saw that she was surrounded by a very animated group. She seemed to consent to something that some one demanded. It was to perform a Spanish dance, the *Manola*, for which a circle was eagerly prepared, in which Ines was soon dancing in a most bewitching manner—in a style to ravish all hearts.

An hour after the manola, Adolphe, who had not yet dared to approach his wife, and who, though feeling somewhat mystified by her, nevertheless awaited her very tenderly in an obscure corner, scarcely able to refrain from shedding tears as he contemplated his wife so long misunderstood, or, rather, unknown. They returned home, and Adolphe fell at the feet of Ines, whom, in his injustice

and ingratitude, he had neglected; whilst he pursued all sorts of demi-talents, and demi-beauties, that were united in his wife in such charming perfection.

BEE-RAISING IN CALIFORNIA.

BY J. S. HARDISON.

[Concluded from page 392.]

THE *working bee-nymph* spins its cocoon in 36 hours. After passing about three days in this state of preparation for a new existence, it gradually undergoes so great a change as not to wear a vestige of its previous form, but becomes armed with a firmer mail and with scales of a dark brown hue fringed with light hairs. On its belly six rings become distinguishable, which, by slipping one over another, enable the bee to shorten its body whenever it has occasion to do so; its breast becomes entirely covered with gray feather-like hairs, which, as the insect advances in age, assume a reddish hue.

"When it has reached the twenty-first day of its existence, counting from the moment the egg is laid, it quits the exuviae of the pupa state, comes forth a perfect winged insect, and is termed an *imago*. The cocoon or pellicle is left behind, and forms a closely attached and exact lining to the cell in which it was spun; by this means the breeding cells become smaller and their partitions stronger the oftener they change their tenants; and when they have become so much diminished in size by this succession of pellicles or linings as not to admit of the perfect development of full sized bees, they are converted into receptacles for honey.

"Such are the respective stages of the working bee; those of the royal bee are as follows. She passes three days in the egg and is five a worm; the workers then close her cell, and she immediately begins spinning the cocoon, which occu-

pies her twenty-four hours. On the tenth and eleventh days, as if exhausted by her labor, she remains in complete repose, and even sixteen hours of the twelfth. Then she passes four days and one third as a nymph. It is on the sixteenth day, therefore, that the perfect state of queen is attained.

"The male passes three days in the egg, six and a half as a worm, and metamorphoses into a fly on the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth day after the egg is laid. The great epoch of laying the eggs of males may be accelerated or retarded by the state of the atmosphere, promoting or impeding the collection of the bees. The development of each species likewise proceeds more slowly when the colonies are weak and the air cool, and when the weather is very cold it is entirely suspended. Mr. Hunter has observed that the eggs, maggots and nymphs all require a heat above 70° of Fahrenheit for their evolution. The influence of temperature in the development of embryo insects is very strongly illustrated in the case of the *Papilio Machaon*. According to Messrs. Kirby and Spence, 'if the caterpillar of the *Papilio Machaon* becomes a pupa in July, the butterfly will appear in thirteen days; if it do not become a pupa until September, the butterfly will not make its appearance until the following June.' And this is the case, say they, with a vast number of other insects. Reaumur proved the influence of temperature by effecting the regular change in a hothouse during the month of January. He also proved it conversely by having recourse to an ice-house in summer which enabled him to retard the development for a whole year.

"The larvae of bees, though without feet, are not always without motion. They advance from their first station at the bottom of the cell in a spiral direction; this movement for the first three days is so slow as to be scarcely percept-

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ible, but after that it is more easily discerned. The animal now makes two entire revolutions in about an hour and three-quarters, and when the period of its metamorphosis arrives, it is scarcely more than two lines from the mouth of the cell. Its attitude, which is always the same, is a strong curve. This occasions the inhabitant of a horizontal cell to be always perpendicular to the horizon, and that of a vertical one to be parallel with it."

"It may appear somewhat extraordinary, that a creature which takes its food so voraciously prior to its assuming the pupa state should live so long without food after that assumption; but a little consideration will perhaps abate our wonder; for when the insect has attained the state of pupa, it has arrived at its full growth, and probably the nutriment taken so greedily is to serve as a store for developing the perfect insect.

"The bee when in its pupa state has been denominated, but improperly, chrysalis and aurelia; for these, as the words import, are of a golden yellow color, and they are crustaceous, whilst the bee nymphs are of a pale dull color, and readily yield to the touch. The golden splendor to which the above names owe their origin is peculiar to a certain species only of the papillo or butterfly tribe. The term pupa, which is employed by the higher class of entomologists, after the example of Linnæus, signifies that the insect is enveloped in swaddling clothes like an infant; a very apt comparison. Kirby and Spence have remarked that it exhibits no unapt representation of an Egyptian mummy. When in this state, it presents no appearance of external members, and retains no very marked indications of life; but within this outward case its organs are gradually and fully developed, its integuments hardened and consolidated, and as soon as it is qualified it bursts its fetters, and

is introduced to a new career of existence; from having been a mere worm, it becomes a sportive inhabitant of the air and enters upon new scenes and new enjoyments."

The young bees break their envelopes from the inside; they immediately come forth and commence cleansing themselves. They seldom leave the hive till four or five days old, and probably commence their labors soon after this event.

Playing is a peculiarity in the habits of the bee not generally understood, and as it sometimes causes perplexity to new beginners, I deem it worthy of notice.

On the first warm day that succeeds cold or gloomy weather, the bees hold a jubilee; not usually all at once, but a separate hive or a limited number at a time, usually in regular succession. This is for the purpose of purification and exercise. As soon as the day has become warm enough to excite them to go forth, large numbers will be seen to suddenly issue from the hive and mount on the wing with songs of rejoicing, circle round, play a short time, and then return. Others are sallying out and returning in like manner. Then may be heard the *bee-hive's happy hum*. The excitement occasioned by the departure and arrival of the bees is kept up for about thirty minutes, more or less, according to the number of bees composing the swarm, and the temperature of the atmosphere. This playing occurs at intervals during the whole season.

During the active breeding season, the young bees flying for the first time constitute the great body of players; the drones also go forth in considerable numbers. At this period it bears so close a resemblance to that of a swarm commencing to depart, that it requires a practiced eye to detect the difference. Hence, young apiarians not unfrequently mistake the amusement for the process of

swarming, and so prepare to hive them.

By observing closely, however, numbers will be seen returning, as well as departing, which is not the case in swarming. This playing indicates a healthy and prosperous condition, and frequently precedes the issuance of a swarm.

Our author sets forth a really humanish catalogue of diseases to which his industrious little subjects are liable; dysentery, chills, and the like, closing the list with an incurable epidemic termed *foul brood*, relative to which he says:

"No cure has as yet been discovered for this disease, although it has existed for so long a period; neither is it likely that there will be, other than by a constant watching for and destruction of every vestige of every hive, together with all their contents, whenever found to contain the disease. This plan has been found to be the only safe one, as every delay and every effort made to cure it by driving the bees, is liable to result in communicating it to healthy stocks."

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

"The sandal tree imparts its fragrance even to the axe that hews it."—*Hindoo Proverb.*

Who, that has read Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, has not felt a fresh glow of pleasure at his heart, when he came to the story of Uncle Toby and the Fly.

"Go," says he one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him. "I'll not hurt thee," says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand, "I'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go," says he, lifting up the sash and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape; "go, poor devil;

get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world, surely, is big enough to hold both thee and me."

"I was but ten years old," says *Tristram*, "when this happened; but I never forgot it, and the beautiful lesson it inculcated has been always before me, and I think, under God, I owe half my philanthropy through life to this little incident." So great is the good that may arise from one little lesson of pure, heartfelt kindness.

"Treat men kindly," says a writer in the *Badger State*, "and they will do your bidding cheerfully; but, thunder away at them, and they will do it by halves, or not at all." The very best way to make men vicious is to treat them as if you thought them so.

"John, what makes you such a scoundrel?" said an angry father to his son, who, notwithstanding his reproofs, had continued to plunge deeper and deeper into the whirlpool of dissipation.

"Because you have always treated me like one," said the young hopeful. "You have always told me that I was a rascal, and I do not mean to disappoint you."

Kindness will conquer a brute. *Joe* traded horses one day, and the horse he traded for wouldn't go before his dray. He commenced benting and pounding her, but she only set her feet the firmer in the earth, and champed her bit in derision and rage.

Said *Joe*, "If ever there was a devil, he has entered into this mare!"

Presently her former owner stopped up and said, "let me try her." He patted her and spoke kindly to her, and off she sprang with the dray, load and all, as much as to say, "I understand that. You treat me right; but as for that savage yonder, I would sooner be skinned than budge an inch for him!"

The disciples of *Pythagoras* used to tell a beautiful story of their master, illustrative of the effects of this law of

kindness

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A wild boar had infested the neighborhood of Attica, committing great depredations, and defeating all the arts of the hunters to entrap him. At last Pythagoras went in search of him, found out his haunts, and expostulated with him so earnestly and with such a spirit of kindness on the unreasonableness of his conduct, that the boar hung down his head ashamed, and never afterwards committed any depredations.

Similar in character is the imaginary anecdote which the Ettrick shepherd invents concerning himself and his dog Hector. He and Hector lived together on such terms of intimacy, that every look and gesture was understood between them. At last, he says, they began to look so much alike that Hector was sometimes taken for him, and he in his turn for Hector. One day he sent Hector to church, as his representative; and the next day, when the minister called, he complimented the shepherd on account of his exceedingly grave and exemplary deportment at church, the day before. "Whereupon," says the shepherd, "Hector and I gave one another *such* a look!" He represents the dog as obliged to escape from the room, and scamper over a wall, where he could laugh without being disrespectful to the minister.

Mrs. Donnison, in one of her beautiful lessons on life, puts the following language into the lips of an old man, illustrating the effect of the law of kindness on the heart that practices it.

"Believe an old man when he says there is great pleasure in living for others. The heart of the selfish man is like a city full of crooked lanes. If a generous thought from some glorious temple strays in there, wo to it!—it is lost. But he who is constantly giving pleasure is constantly receiving it. The little river gives to the great ocean, and the more it gives the faster it runs. Stop its flowing

and the hot sun would dry it up, till it would be but filthy mud, sending forth bad odors and corrupting the fresh air of Heaven. Keep your heart constantly travelling on errands of mercy; it has feet that never tire, hands that cannot be overburdened, eyes that never sleep; freight its hands with blessings, direct its eyes—no matter how narrow your sphere—to the nearest object of suffering, and relieve it.

"I say, my dear young friend, take the word of an old man who has tried every known panacea, and found all to fail except this golden rule:—

"Forget self and keep the heart busy for others."

A Quaker, in Philadelphia, a few years since, was disturbed one night by a noise proceeding from an outhouse in his garden, beneath which was a cellar. He softly opened the door that led to it, and perceived a thief stationed outside the cellar window, and receiving pieces of pork from his comrade, who was lifting it from a barrel within. As the Quaker approached, the thief outside fled, and the Quaker took his place by the window.

"Shall we take it all?" whispered the thief within.

"Yes, all," replied the Quaker, changing his voice like that of the thief outside.

The thief within handed up all, and then came up himself; when, what was his astonishment, instead of his comrade, he stood in the presence of the plain, honest old Quaker, who instantly recognized him as one of his nearest neighbors.

"Nay, tremble not; I will not harm thee; thou hast wronged thyself more than me," said the Quaker. "I forgive thee and pity thee."

The man, silent and overawed, turned to go away, when the Quaker called after him, "Nay, come back; half of the pork is thine. Hadst thou come and asked me

for it I would have given thee all, for I know thee to be very poor; as it is, take half—it is thine."

Silent and ashamed, the thief was compelled to take half, although, as he afterwards said, "it was like taking coals of

fire on his back." He went home, became an honest man, and labored several years afterward faithfully, in the employ of the same good Quaker from whom he had stolen the pork.

G. T. S.

Our Social Chair.



ALL cities have their bull dogs. Not the faithful sentinel that bays at, and frightens people from behind the bars of butcher's stalls, whenever his master is absent; but the human prototypes of that justly degraded animal. Men who let themselves be beset on to do canine services when their master chooses to be absent. Bulldog is usually some biped with the look and characteristics attached to the name; a thick necked, malicious, leering individual, whose attempts at good nature are more disagreeable than his characteristic brutality. A person who serves his betters by performing on his own responsibility, for hire, the meanness that they are ashamed to be known to do—worries their debtors—professes to purchase claims that the original holders would be restrained by motives of honor from prosecuting—commits impertinences at second-hand, and receives pay from those who instigate them to keep silent, when it is necessary to repudiate their annoyances, and to charge the offensive conduct to the "nature of the beast." The Knickerbocker is publishing an interesting series of papers entitled, "Revelations of Wall Street," in which one John Bulldog, at the instance of Goulding, threatens to wrong grievously a "Mr. Parkinson," who is a merchant needlessly forced into insolvency by a few merciless, uncompromising creditors. A portrait of one of those who employ bulldogs is thus given: "When I stopped to reflect on Goulding's course," says the hero in the story, "I confess I

was astounded. It really was not for his interest to sacrifice me. Evidently, however, he acted on the principle of making sure of every dollar. His doctrine was, 'A bird in the hand,' etc.; 'Never risk what is certain for what is uncertain.' He was confident of being able to compel payment or security for the four or five thousand dollars we owed him. If he gave up twenty-five cents on the dollar, beside granting time for the balance, he *might* lose even that balance. This was the narrow reasoning of a sordid, narrow-minded man. Yet this course had carried him successfully through many disastrous seasons, and made him rich. In every situation and by all classes Goulding was considered a safe man. Not content with standing high in financial circles, Goulding took stock in enterprises which he believed would entitle him to admission into the kingdom of heaven. He subscribed largely to charities. He was an elder in the church, and generally present at the Thursday evening prayer-meeting. For several years he had been the active superintendent of the Sunday-school. The clergyman sought his advice; and in any matter under discussion his counsel was apt to prevail. His family assumed a good deal of fashionable display. His carriage was an expensive one, his horse thorough-bred, his coachman in livery. He used to say how much his heart was foreign to such things, but the women were to be considered, and if it gave his wife pleasure, why, after all, it was harmless enough. This was the man

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who could employ such a creature as Bull-dog to harass and distress me.'

.....The following is welcome:

Dear Social Chair:—A recent perusal of Bryant's discourse on the "Life, Character and Genius of Irving," recalled to my memory a characteristic anecdote appropos of his love of wandering in the picturesque localities amid which his early years were spent, and where he stored his mind with the data from which he afterwards wove such an endless variety of amusing caricatures of our dear Dutch ancestry. The incident is of the childhood of Irving, and was related by my grandmother, who served, I dare say, as the original of one or another of his whimsical portraits. My father brought home, one day, a lithograph likeness of Irving. Grandmother, after inspecting the features minutely, remarked: "It may look like him now, but there is one thing in which it is not correct. He had a cast in one of his eyes, and that is not represented here."

"Were you acquainted with Mr. Irving, grandmother?" I enquired.

"Yes," she replied. "Your father and he were schoolmates, and once in summer, when they were little boys, Washington Irving spent a vacation with us at our home in Johnstown. One morning your father, his little guest, and Pete, a negro boy of ours, (New Yorkers held slaves in those days,) stole away without leave, and were gone all day, rambling and fishing along a branch of the Mohawk, with a big bad boy whose company I had forbidden them to keep. They came home safe at night, but I was so angry at them for their disobedience and the anxiety they had given me, that I switched your father smartly. As for Master Irving, it was lucky for him that he had wit enough to keep out of my way, until my vexation was past, or I might have flavored his supper with essence of birch, too." R. N.

.....The following from a well-known contributor tells its own story, and a good one it is:

Dear Social Chair:—I am not a Benedict with an extravagant wife, nor a house-

holder enslaved to the necessity of keeping up appearances to the status warranted by an income from which I have fallen; but, you and I and your readers know men enough of both their classes. Well, one evening not long ago, I had been reading of a law, once, for a short time, enforced in England, restricting people, whose incomes fell short of a certain yearly sum, to dressing in cloths of a prescribed cost and quality, upon penalty of confiscation of the offending garments. On that very day I had witnessed the vexation and annoyance of certain men whose paper had fallen due, and the perplexity of others who were forced to meet exorbitant rates of interest upon loans secured with heavy collateral, privately deposited at their "Uncle's." Meanwhile, the wives of some of these who were shinning it thus desperately, were airing most extravagant toilets along those streets where Israelitish merchants were seducing weak-minded women into making insane purchases of useless articles, sold cheap because it was steamer day. "Now," thought I to myself, "if our legislators should just provide a similar law for us, we would be able to tell who is who, with people's backs to us and many poor fellows would be released from the onerous burden of providing the means for themselves and their families to appear what they are not."

With this sage reflection I fell asleep, and in a dream, read, among the official reports of the Legislature, that of a law curtailing costumes to the tax-roll, and appointing modes and materials of dress for those whose names did not appear there. Ornaments, jewelry, feathers, silks, velvets, hoops and high-heeled gaiters, were prohibited except to those whose right to wear them was based upon solid considerations. All violations of the edict were to be punished by seizure and confiscation of the unlawful articles. The provisions of the statute were extremely whimsical. One, I recollect, was thus: "No woman may wear hoops except her husband be the possessor of landed estate

having a frontage equal to five times the diameter of her size.'

With a precipitation of events quite natural in a dream, the law took immediate effect.

It was a gala day, and the women, bent upon resistance, came out clad in their best. Their husbands, who, as a measure of domestic policy, had recommended defiance, were busy in instigating arrests—holding brief conferences with policemen around corners, just off the thoroughfares, ending by slipping coins into the hands of the officers, and taking themselves out of the way. Presently, there came a train of officers and their satellites laden with contraband dry-goods, and followed by the indignant matrons from whom they had been captured. The scene was eminently farcical, and a decent show of gravity on my part became impossible. I was conscious that, despite my efforts to the contrary, a broad grin of satisfaction had overspread my countenance. The atmosphere grew hot about me under the angry looks of the despoiled dames. One of them, aware of my obnoxious sentiments, and malicious satisfaction, was approaching. I felt myself actually scorching beneath the ireful glances she flashed upon me, and awoke to find that I had bobbed my head against the candle and singed my hair, as I deserved, I admit, for having laughed even in a dream at a lady's discomfiture. But, really, dear lady readers, there was something to dream about, for there are far too many of the most amiable of your sex who cannot summon resolution to make their expenditures conform to their means, thereby causing financial distresses to their husbands, that would make your tender hearts ache could you but be aware of a small proportion of theirs. X.

In a recent number of an English periodical we find an interesting account of the enactment referred to by our correspondent, from which we quote as follows:

"The victorious though unprofitable termination of the war with France stimulated the English nation to a pitch of exultation

and joy which our impoverished condition was little able to support. The reckless extravagance into which all classes rushed, especially the humbler, resulted in general dissatisfaction. The Commons took a decided step to remedy the error. They petitioned for a statute to restrict each class to a certain limit in dress, and, those who were most likely to exceed in respect of food, to an allowance; namely, the servant-class, which does not trouble itself about the price of food or clothing, for which it does not pay. A statute was accordingly passed, the provisions of which is an astonishing example of the wisdom of our ancestors.

"The lowest classes of all, which included agricultural labourers and villeins, having goods under the value of forty shillings, were not to dress in any but the coarsest cloth, called blanket and russet, sold at one shilling the ell; their girdles and linen to correspond in quality. Servants, whether of lords, traders, or artificers, were confined to meat or fish once a day; the rest of their food was to consist of milk, cheese, butter, and other victuals suitable to their estate. Their dress was to be of cloth not exceeding two marks the whole piece, and destitute of gold, silver, embroidery, or silk. Their wives and daughters were to be clad in a similar manner, and were especially forbidden to wear veils or kerchiefs exceeding one shilling each. The dress of traders, artificers, and yeomen was restricted to cloth under forty shillings the whole piece, without any ornament. Their ladies were forbidden silken veils, and all furs save the skins of lamb, rabbit, cat, and fox. Esquires and all gentlemen below the estate of knight-hood having lands to the value of one hundred pounds a year, and merchants, artificers, and traders, having goods worth five hundred pounds, were permitted to wear cloth at four marks and a half the whole piece, without any ornament. Their ladies were forbidden any kind of embroidery or lining, together with certain other curiously named decorations, the properties whereof are a mystery known only to the female mind. Esquires having lands to the value of two hundred pounds yearly, and merchants with goods worth one thousand pounds, might wear cloth sold at five marks the piece, and reasonably garnished with silk and silver. Their ladies were allowed lining of miniver fur, but not of ermine, or the rich grey fur we call lince, and no jewels except upon the head. Knights having lands worth two hundred marks might wear cloth of six marks the piece, but no furred, embroid-

ered or jeweled were under the of the preceding lands over the marks and un year, and the nothing, save and jewels n head. Clerk same manner classes above wear furs on sumptuary r case of pe one thousan

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cred or jeweled garments. Their ladies were under the same restrictions as those of the preceding class. All knights with lands over the value of four hundred marks and under one thousand pounds a year, and their ladies, were restricted in nothing, save the use of ermine, lettice, and jewels not being ornaments for the head. Clerks were to be dressed in the same manner as knights of one of the two classes above named, unless obliged to wear furs on ecclesiastical vestments. All sumptuary restraints were removed in the case of persons whose income exceeded one thousand pounds yearly.*

"To ensure obedience to these ordinances without any special machinery for enforcing it, a provision was annexed enjoining the manufacturers to make no cloths of any other prices than those hereinbefore limited. The penalty of disobedience was the forfeiture of the garment. After the statute, however, had been in operation less than a year, it was found to be so oppressive to the people, and so injurious to trade, that the Commons prayed for and obtained its repeal."

.... An esteemed and well known contributor sends us this very excellent article with the caption:

EVERY MAN'S TRIALS THE GREATEST.— An old minister of Connecticut used to tell the following story with great zest: "Old Mrs. ———, of my parish, was a great scold; and I seldom ever saw her but she was fretting and fuming about something that did not go right. One day, on entering her house, I found her in hot water, as usual. The pigs had got in the kitchen and tipped over the soap barrel, and there it lay, soap and all, streaming on the floor. But, as if this was not trouble enough, one of the boys in attempting to drive the pigs out, had slipped in the nasty mess, and fallen and cut a large gash on the side of his head, and with his bawling made all the house ring. "Such pigs, such children, and such luck were never before heard of!"

"But you must have patience, my good woman," I said soothingly. "Don't fret! Remember the patience of Job!"

"Job!" she cried in a fury, and doubling

* Multiplication by fifteen will afford a rough estimate of the foregoing amounts in modern values.

up her fist and bringing it down with a blow, as if to clinch the argument, "Job! out upon him! he never had such a barrel of soap in his life!"

And so we most of us feel; our own trials are the heaviest and hardest to be borne. Job himself had no such trials as ours. This view of the case partly arises from our ignorance of what the trials of others are; since troubles must be personally felt before they can be fully realized. "It is an easy thing to bury other men's children," said the facetious Adams. So it is, until we come to bury our own, then we feel how great is the grief. "Every one," says the hard of Avon, "can master a grief but he who has it."

We are apt to think, that of all trials, the present ones are the hardest to be borne. "Take any shape but that," says Hamlet to the ghost, and so we say to affliction, "come in any other form, and we could bear it; but this is a little too much." Sir Walter Scott used to tell an amusing anecdote to this effect. An old Scotch house wife expressed her troubles to him in the following way:

"First, the bairn died, and then the gude man died, and then," with a fresh burst of grief—as if all her calamities were summed up in this—she sobbed out, "at last the coo died too, poor hizzey!" but, as if to comfort herself in this dire catastrophe, she said, "I sold the hide, and that brought me fifteen shillings."

Thus every man has his troubles, and to himself they are hardest to be borne.

"I was, one day," says a traveler, "riding among the Downs, when I came across a shepherd tending his flock, and as he sat by the roadside, in a quiet nook among the green hillocks eating his dinner, I approached him and said, "Well, my friend, you seem to be a happy man, with but few of this world's cares to trouble you, and enough of its gifts to satisfy you; your flocks feeding around you, you at least are what I should call a happy man."

"Why, yes," said he, lifting his hat and scratching his head, "I am pretty well sat-

ished and happy, but there is one thing, master, that troubles me. You see that black ewe yonder? the largest sheep in the flock. Well, that black ewe won't give me a minute's peace. The moment I sit down to rest or eat my dinner, off she jumps, as if possessed with a thousand imps blacker than herself, the whole flock after her; and I am often out of breath with running to head them, and all for that black ewe. She is the plague of my life, and I should be quite contented were it not for that vicious beast."

"There she is—off again—look! as if the evil one was after her, and gave her legs, too!"

With that he started in full tilt, trying to overtake her, with the whole flock following her over the Downs.

Verily, thought I, every man has a black ewe in his flock!

UNCLE JOHN.

The Fashions.

APRIL.

But few patterns that are now, or have any pretense to this spring's fashions, have come to hand from New York. Paris has sent its scum of "spring" styles (from the dregs of winter); but this won't do. Californians are not so easily imposed upon; we will not say to you "now is the time to buy your spring bonnets," because some of our wholesale houses have just received a large lot of French bonnets "direct from Paris," for the spring trade. Consider for yourselves how long they have been on the way "per clipper."

This much is all we know or all that can be known until after the next steamer from New York. That the manufacturers of straw bonnets have gotten out their patterns, and agreed upon the large size flaring front. The fashionable milliners have gotten up their patterns for "opening day," and silks and fancy bonnets have mostly shirred fronts, and cap

crowns; the evening bonnets are very open in front, and bent down pointedly over the forehead, after the "Marie Stewart" pattern. Black silk dresses, with skirt cut goring, and trimmed down each gore and around the bottom with wide fluted ribbon. This is the prettiest way to trim a gored dress that ever has been thought of; perhaps a bias ruffle of the silk would look as well; gored skirts are only pretty when trimmed in all the seams, and this is the extent of our information for this time. But we advise you not to purchase spring goods for a fortnight at the least. Next time we will give full descriptions of what we know to be reliable.

Our Treasury.

.....If the facility of accommodating one's self to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious.

.....The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age.

.....In knowledge, every height gained but reveals a wider region to be traversed.

.....No man is so methodical as a complete idler, and none so scrupulous in measuring and portioning out his time as he whose time is worth nothing,

.....Extensive and accurate knowledge is the slow acquisition of a studious lifetime; so that a young man, however piquant in his wit, and prompt his talent, can have mastered but the rudiments of learning, and, in a manner, attained the implements of study.

.....Genius, unless it acts upon system, is very apt to be a useless quality to society; sometimes an injurious, and certainly a very uncomfortable one to its possessor.

.....Original thought; language is stamp and coinage, into circulation.

.....No subject is fit power to awaken strong

.....If there be any world worthy of Heaven's bliss of a mutual affection

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him to attempt to proper relative proportion compared with the ro-boola-gha bug-the chief of which negroes of the southern States. How the and indolent dark idea of such freedom chance, that would picanninies from which they 'grow delineated in the premature toil to in that land of often doomed. fortunately apt of beginning This English w

"Alas! how these hard times of ours could readers as she little more the ferings of their women; who terrible privation be so much to take refuge in For them, at l

.....Original thought is the ore of the mind; language is but the accidental stamp and coinage, by which it is put into circulation.

.....No subject is frivolous that has the power to awaken strong feelings.

.....If there be anything in this weary world worthy of Heaven, it is the pure bliss of a mutual affection.

.....The imagination is alternately a

cheat and a dupe; nay, more, it is the most subtle of cheats, for it cheats itself and becomes the dupe of its own delusions.

.....If a man has but ordinary capacity, and will set to work with heart and soul and stick to it, he can do almost anything.

.....It is cowards only who dare not wield the sword, that revenge themselves with the dagger.

Editor's Table.

THE cause of England's poor finds but semi-occasionally an advocate whose perception of the realities of their misery leads him to attempt to awaken for them their proper relative proportion of sympathy, as compared with the hundred and one Bhoo-ro-boola-gha bug-bears of Exeter Hall, the chief of which is the distresses of the negroes of the southern part of the United States. How those same sleek, well-fed and indolent darkies would shiver at the idea of such freedom to freeze; or, at any chance, that would transfer their selfish piccaninnies from the sunny scenes amid which they 'grow,' to the desolate homes delineated in the article quoted; and the premature toil to which mere infants are in that land of "merrie England," too often doomed. Pity, indeed, is most unfortunately apt to "travel south," instead of beginning with its charity at home. This English writer says:

"Alas! however, for the poor during these hard times! Would that any word of ours could carry such weight with our readers as should induce them to give a little more thought than usual to the sufferings of their countrymen and countrywomen; who are just now enduring very terrible privations. The pity should not be so much for those who are driven to take refuge in the unions and workhouses. For them, at least, there is food—such as it

is—and warmth, and shelter. The helping hand should be for such as are just struggling to keep clear of the House, and who are parting, day after day, with one little article of furniture and clothing after another, in the hope that the frost may break up, and the work, as they say, 'come back.' Day after day they struggle on, and nothing but the instant apprehension of death—not always that!—will induce them to retire from their bare walls, and dissolve the fellowship of suffering which stands to them in place of the happiness of a family. The one consideration which appears to keep them out of the workhouse, more than bolt or bar, is the stern rule which enjoins separation during their sojourn within the walls of the Union between husband and wife, parent and child. It is probable that, as their means of procuring daily food of the roughest kind decrease, and the vital powers are lowered, the suffering has so become a habit that they look upon the realities of their situation with duller apprehension. They are content to starve to-day, as they starved yesterday. To-day they are alive—why should they not be alive to-morrow? The problem is solved one way or another, and, on the first of May, most of them will be alive; but at what expense of human suffering—at what expenditure of vital power and energy which might have been profitably employed in taming the sea, and drawing nourishment from the earth, it would be hard to say. We are apt to think 'they are alive—all is well.' There are worse things than death. To live on with abated energy, and forces sadly unequal to the daily task; to bring into the world an offspring of stunted power and growth; in the day

to wish it were night, and at night to say, 'would to God it were morning!'—all this is worse than the long rest, and the realization of the eternal hope which is in man's nature. Is it not strange that there should be too many Englishmen and English women in this world? Is it not stranger still that we should have so much pity and sympathy for starving and distressed persons in other lands, whilst our own people—those of our own flesh and blood—are undergoing equal privations of food and of the necessaries of life, in addition to the miseries caused not merely by a rigorous climate, but by a climate whose rigor comes by fits and starts, and is therefore all the more distressing? Our pity always travels south. No one subscribes for the Esquimaux, and yet as long as the skies are bright, and the sun is warm above, human suffering is shorn of half its bitterness."

....How easily people may be deceived by appearances. An instance has been related to us that occurred not long ago, in which a most amiable family were much scandalized and misrepresented, with no other cause than, that at a little dinner given by the gentleman to three or four of his male friends, the guests, unrestrained by the presence of ladies, rather forgot the limits imposed by hospitality, and filling the social glass too frequently, became extremely merry. Two of them declared themselves very positively upon opposite sides of a subject under discussion, and on leaving the house after the entertainment was over, renewed the argument very vigorously in the street, opposite to the door of their hosts; and demands were then and there made for retraction, under penalty of "the consequences." Scandal possessed itself of this slight material and wove its own evil romance. Each gossip in the neighborhood gave a separate version, that widened immensely as it traveled from its starting point. Mrs. Price, the barber's wife, declared that she was looking that way when the gentlemen came out of the house, and that she opened the window at once to hear what they were saying. "One, and she was sure it was Mr. B. himself, told the other 'he must take the consequences,' and of course Mr. B. had sad

reasons for speaking in that style." And so the gossips extended their mouths as they enlarged the story, until the good name of an entire family was compromised amidst a grave shaking of heads of every old woman, male and female, in the vicinity. This recalls an old and ludicrous story of deceptive appearances. The clergyman of a country church was seen, one night, by a lad, the son of a near neighbor, whose attention was attracted by a bright light in one of the upper rooms of the parson's house, armed with a huge fire-shovel, and pursuing his wife, who was heard to scream as she fled before him. Although judiciously warned by his mother to "say nothing about it to any one," the boy, on the next day, confided the story of what he had seen to a schoolmate. In less than a week it was known to half the village, and had, of course, created a sensation. The scandal reached the ears of the deacons, who, as in duty bound, proceeded to investigate. Arrived at the minister's house, they, with many apologies, made known their errand; and, to their surprise, were saluted with a merry laugh by the reverend offender, who admitted the correctness of the appearances against him, and stated that on the night in question, a big rat he had found in the meal-chest, and was endeavoring to capture, took refuge in the folds of the dress of his wife, who ran screaming until he managed to dislodge it.

.... In our antiquarian researches among the archives of California literature, we met with the following graphic description of a people fast departing to the land of shadows, before the influence of human institutions, which have within the last decade encroached so largely upon their hunting grounds and their habits. Alas! poor red-skins, the haltings in this march towards extinction, are brief and far asunder.

"We met some Digger Indians this P. M.—a race of beings one-fourth human and three-fourths animal. The squaws always carry the burdens, and the lazy

Indian follows arrows. Some were rather scarce; particularly in real Edenian supposed to be the country where the material for the tree that usually comes from the tree that is named "d" wore a short swung upon were in his hands with feathers something like pins. Another color was the sun had of it was a other, part of shirt, which had all been only articles a string of bow and arrow bottle in the proudly as training; he and swung

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.... now-a Depart ible, upon.

Indian follows with a bow and bunch of arrows. Some of the party we met to-day were rather scantily provided with a wardrobe; particularly the men, who dressed in real *Edenian* style—or the style that is supposed to have prevailed there, before the country was settled, when the only material for clothing was procured from the tree that bears a delicious fruit, that usually comes to us in small packages denominated "drums." One of these fellows wore a short, dirty, red shirt; a pan was swung upon his back, a bow and arrows were in his hand; his head was decorated with feathers, and his ears pierced with something that looked very like clothespins. Another had on a coat, whose original color was blue, but which the rays of the sun had rendered invisible. One skirt of it was a part of a gray blanket, the other, part of a red one. He also wore a shirt, which was once white, but the white had all been worn off it; these were the only articles of dress upon him, and with a string of oyster shells about his neck, bow and arrows in one hand and a black bottle in the other, he bore himself as proudly as a militia captain at a general training; he had the *gait* of a proud Earl, and *swung* upon it as if it belonged to him.

"The women of this party wore skirts, not as long as the extreme of fashion induces some in your city to wear them—and scolloped at the sides probably by the friction against the ragged parts of rocks, over which they sometimes climb; perhaps fringed by the nails in the fences, that they sometimes clear at a leap. One of them carried a pappoose on her back and a bag of flour on her head. Another carried on her head a quarter of beef, whilst a little child, not more than ten years old, carried another pappoose.

"These creatures gather acorns during their season, in great quantities, dry them and pound them to about the consistency of corn-meal. They also catch grasshoppers for a winter's supply of food; the small ones they fricassee—the large ones, bake or pickle in old pork brine, and get as fat as donkeys do on old clothes. They are a miserable, degraded class, and in eating and sleeping are only on an equality with the brutes, whilst in drinking and stealing they are very little behind the white man."

.... Federal officers are evidently busy now-a-days; more especially in the Indian Department in this city is the fact discernible, by the display of two glaring notices upon the door, the first reading as follows:

CAPTAIN CHARLES SPRAGE IS
OUT OF
TOWN ON
BUSINESS FOR THE
GOVERNMENT.—*March 12th.*

This official bulletin has the signature of the porter of the Department, done up in astounding capitals, and with his station in the Bureau appended in a like enviable chirography. After this comes a second notice emanating from the same hand, and informing the public that

COL A D RIGHTMIRE
IS OUT OF TOWN
WILL BE GOIN TWO WEEK
ON DUTY OF HIS DEPARTMENT.

The fact that the gallant Colonel is "goin," evidently proves, that he is not "two week" for duty, and as the burden of his office is doubtless a load grievous to bear, we submit that our friend the "Porter" is just the man to relieve him for the nonce.

.... We were a few days since in the saleroom of a very popular and genial gentleman of this city, who owns a ring-tailed monkey, and one, too, somewhat celebrated in story. The principal and clerk were for the moment absent, and "Jocko" sat upon the top-rail of the counting room in dignified inactivity. At this auspicious time, a spindle-shanked African, whose thin face was surrounded by a long moustacho and a tufted beard, came up to the desk with a message. He at once addressed Master Jocko in the usual familiar way and extended his hand. The monkey straitened himself, opened his large round eyes, and looked Sambo "squarely in the face." There was a moment, as the novelist has it, "of intense silence," and then the African suddenly wilted, turned on his heel, and made a hasty exit. The likeness had just struck him!

..... We were much amused lately in the perusal of a French article entitled, "Souvenirs of the Aristocracy before the Deluge," and as it may prove interesting to those who are disposed to shadow forth an

American Monarchy, from the present disruption of the Union, we translate it for the entertainment of our readers. The three most worm-eaten houses of the ancient nobility are those of Montmorency in France, De Vere of the Anglo-Romans, and that of Fitzgerald in Ireland. Among the high prerogatives enjoyed by the Fitzgeralds was their right to sit in the presence of the King. The Montmorency took the title of the first baron of Christianity, and the De Veres of the first Christians of Clovis. However, members of the household of Levis and of Croy are still more illustrious from the antiquity of their races, since the first is said to have descended from a royal family of Israel, and preserves among its ancestral relics a very old painting, in which one of its superb counts presents himself bare-headed before the Madonna, who says to him, "Cover you, cousin Levis!"

The house of Croy possesses evidence of still greater antiquity, in the shape of another old picture, representing Noah with one foot in the Ark, crying to some member of his family, "Save the archives of the house of Croy!"

This recalls a legend in the life of the Crusaders, of the house of Clermont Tonnerre—*Clermont Thunder Without Vizor*, surnamed thus because in an encounter with the Saracens he fought with uncovered face. One day upon the plains of Palestine, on the eve of a battle, he confessed to the Father Latrude, who did not fear to reprove him, nor to depict to him the portion awaiting great sinners in Gehenna.

The proud Clermont Tonnerre suddenly raised his head, hitherto lowered in contrition, and said: "My good father, the Lord would look twice before sending a Clermont Tonnerre to the devil!"

The Welsh lords of Mostyn, whose name indicates Britannie origin, claim to be descended from the kings of the Britons, whom the Romans overthrew in the mountains at the west of England. They exhibit in the hall of their manor a genealogical tree seventy feet in length. Less am-

bitious than the princes of Croy, they do not date beyond Noah, although their blood traverses several royal lines, mingling at last with that of Edward the First. Among the number of high and powerful English barons who forced King John to sign the Magna Charta, was De Courey, an independent Norman, who appeared before his sovereign with his hat upon his head. The poor king was so frightened at this audacity that, not daring to punish it, he established it as a right, conferring upon the De Courey forever the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the King of England, a custom that greatly vexed William III when Almeric, twenty-third Baron De Courey, appeared before his sovereign with his hat upon his head. "What does this mean?" exclaimed the enraged monarch.

"That the Baron De Courey uses his imprescriptible right," responded the chamberlain.

"He may retain his hat in my presence," answered the King, "but he will not dare to do so in the presence of my queen."

This princely boorishness of keeping the head covered is still practiced in Spain by grandees of the first class; and as this privilege is a heritage dependant upon the possession of certain titles, it sometimes happens that an accumulation of distinctions multiplies the right of a noble to retain his hat in the hall of the throne of Spain; of such an one it is said: Such a prince possesses such a number of hats, in the presence of the King. At present, the Duc d'Ossuna monopolizes so many titles of this kind, that the inscription of the dedication of a book which he condescended to authorize, occupies alone four pages in 8vo.

.... The stirring poem on "Southern Rights" comes to us from the wilds of Arizona. A gentleman whose intellectual and social attainments grace the good town of Tucson forwards the lines for publication, and we venture to say that better verse cannot be produced even 'here or hereabouts.'

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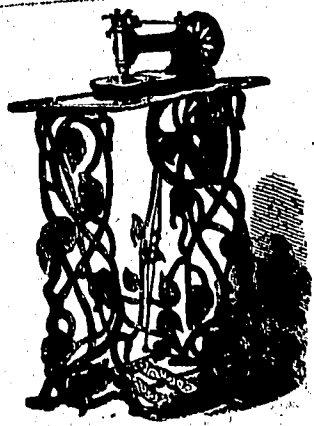
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The hills are clothed with verdure,
Each valley's gay with flowers;
Th' industrious bees, the chirping birds
Are seen in the green bowers;
The ringing voice of childhood
Is heard, laughing noisily,
Whilst in revels on the green sward,
They're as happy as can be.

With hoops and tops, kites and balls,
Behold yonder group of boys;
Each, half wild in his happiness,
All forgetting, save his toys;
How graceful all their movements,
Just note how their limbs play free;
The reason's plain, their clothing
Came from LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE.

No bird, nor bee, nor flower,
Is more graceful or more gay,
Than well-dress'd youth, or lovely boy,
Enjoying some boisterous play.
Good, well-made clothing glads them;
They can't hide their hilarity;
Especially when dressed in suits
Bought of LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE.

Boys who do not get their clothes
From this celebrated store,
Are almost always moody,
And oft times their grief runs o'er;

When they sob, "I'll earn money,
And dress like the boys I see,
Whose clothing their parents always
Buy from LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE.

If I can't get my clothes there
Whilst I'm but a little boy,
I will when I reach manhood,
So I'll therefore cease to cry;
When I've pockets full of cash,
O, won't I so happy be!
My clothes will be of the finest
Sold by LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE."

Nor is it boys alone who sigh,
For the clothing that's sold there—
Our city maux think of it
When about to woo the fair;
The business man, the poor man,
When they hold a jubilee
In new and useful garments,
Call on LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE.

They've clothes to suit all stations,
At a price to suit the times;
"Furnishing Goods" of all grades,
Fit for men in ev'ry clime;
For boys, youths, young men, old men,
From two to seventy-three;
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