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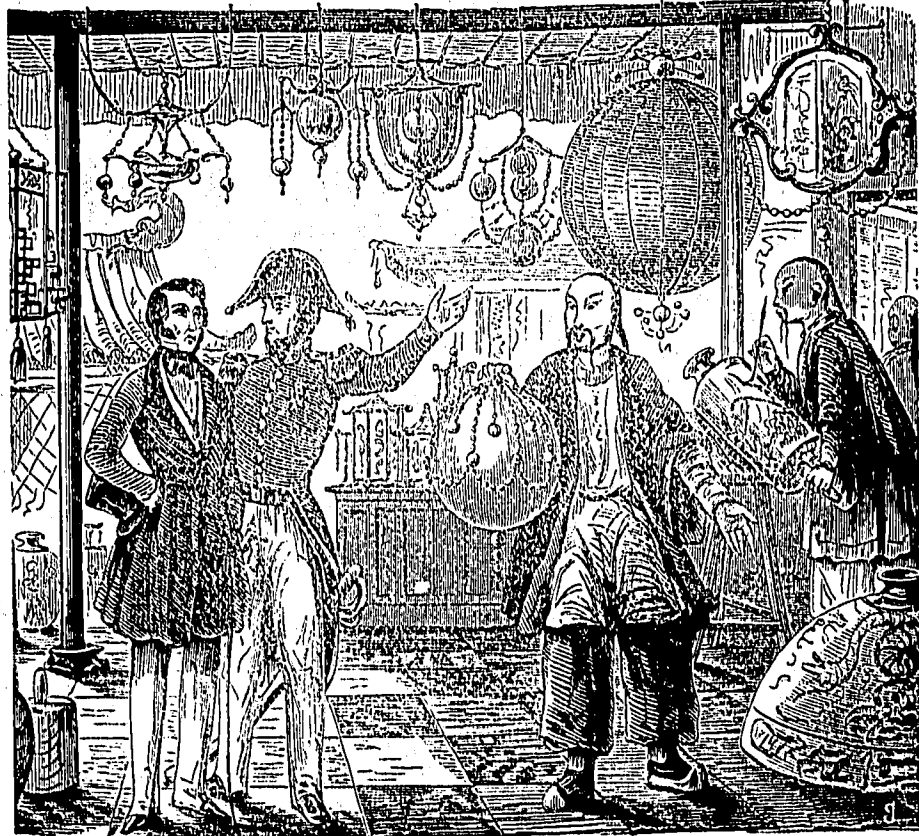
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Vol. 5

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of Peking to the mandarins of service, and the correspondence sent from provinces by the governors and the generals. The Emperor reads all these papers. His decision upon those of lesser importance is marked at once either by a fold in the corner of the document, or a crease made by the imperial finger-nails beneath the clause receiving approval. These signs manual of monarchical complaisance, serve to guide the members of the cabinet, who afterwards write with red ink, and in the name of the Emperor, the resolutions suggested. When the reading of dispatches, memorials, etc., is finished, he has those persons called with whom he desires to confer concerning any governmental matters.

At sunrise he enters the hall of the throne to give audience to the mandarins who have been newly appointed, and those who have been dismissed. The persons to be presented are found kneeling, with their faces turned toward the throne, and remain in this attitude until the Emperor is seated, when, at a signal given by the master of ceremonies, they

three times repeat the three customary prostrations. Each one afterwards reads a brief autobiography, of himself, the Chinese in their language, the Manchous and Mongolians in Mandchou. This audience terminates at seven o'clock in the morning; at that time the Emperor, leaving the hall of the throne, enters the apartments in its rear, which are for his exclusive use, where he ordinarily remains. It is there that his dinner is served. His table is covered with dishes prescribed by law, and according to the season; of these the Emperor selects what he chooses for himself, and sends the remainder to the mandarins of service. After this repast, he takes his siesta, or occupies himself with his domestic affairs until sunset, when he generally retires to sleep, like other mortals, if anxiety on account of the weather will admit of his doing so.

A contributor sends us a sketch of a scene in Peking, after the capture of the city by allies. It well represents the richness of the warehouses of that famous city.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

Alexandre Dumas, fils, was born at Paris, July 29th, 1824. He was placed in the institution of Goubaux, and succeeded creditably in his studies at the Bourbon college. Introduced early in life into the society of authors and artists he became celebrated for the precocity and vivacity of his mind. He left college at the age of sixteen, and at seventeen published a collection of poems under the title of *Peches de Jeunesse*, Sins of Youth, a work of but slight literary importance. After having accompanied his father on his journey through Spain and in Africa he wrote the "Adventures of

four women and a parroquet," which commenced in so fantastic a style, that despite the evident inexperience of the author, it obtained, under favor of its name, a partial success.

M. Alexandre Dumas, fils, has the good sense to understand that he is not a poet, and beside, that he is not gifted with the brilliant imagination of which his name awakens the idea. Avoiding, therefore, the imitation of the paternal style, he seeks success in the truthfulness of observation and exactness of delineation. He studies the world more closely, above all the equivocal world, where brilliant vice frequently hides so much misery.

Among the romances to which he owes

the beginning of his reputation, and which afterward carried it so very high, were the *Dame aux Camelias*; the *Roman d'une femme*; *Diane de Lys*; the *Dame aux perles*; and the *Vie à Vinglans*. Frequently reprinted and translated into foreign languages, they recommend themselves by a style simple and natural, their dramatic scenes, and the delineations of characters beyond the pale of morality, but marked by moral intentions.

The author, following the common custom, conceived the idea of transporting the subjects of his romances to the theatre, where the excellencies and the defects of his style became more evident. The *Dame aux Camelias*, after having been interdicted by M. Léon Faucher, was his trial stroke and his triumph.

It succeeded through its pathos rather than by the paradoxical thesis of the reformation of a courtesan. Fallen women were also the heroines of *Diane de Lys*, called at first the *Dame aux perles*, and of the *demi-monde*, but with a greater sobriety of effects and morality of tone. The "Question d'Argent" was also dramatised. These four pieces, which contain excellent scenes of comedy, manners, and well delineated characters, marvelously interpreted by the troupe of the *Gymnase*, and mounted with a finish of detail carried to the most servile imitation, had the good fortune to be welcomed by an enthusiastic public as so many literary events. The last, and least meritorious, has had more than a hundred consecutive representations. A fifth dramatic study of the same kind, the *Fils' Naturel*, seems destined also to a long success.

M. Dumas, fils, who, still young, has gained glory and fortune from his dramatic writings, nevertheless does not confine himself exclusively to works of that description, but has given to the world of letters an extensive list of romances and volumes of light literature.

AN INCIDENT.

BY A.

MADAME BOSIO, the eminent cantatrice, whose sudden and premature death raised such an excitement in the high society of St. Petersburg, sang one evening in a little company at the house of the Prince —, who was passionately fond of music, and a most distinguished musician himself. The celebrated artist saw lying in a corner, under a canopy richly draped with silk, a little Havana lap-dog, fat and white as a *meringue à la crème*.

"Oh, what a pretty little animal!" exclaimed Madame Bosio, approaching the canopy; "this is not a dog here, it is a Cupid—see, he has the intelligent air of one."

The cantatrice took the little animal in her arms, caressed it, gave it bon-bons and replaced it in its corner, where it nestled again among the silken cushions.

Afterward, at the request of the Prince, the great artist sang an air of Glinka, the Mozart of Russia, the author of the beautiful opera, *Death for the Czar!* The effect of her song was overwhelming.

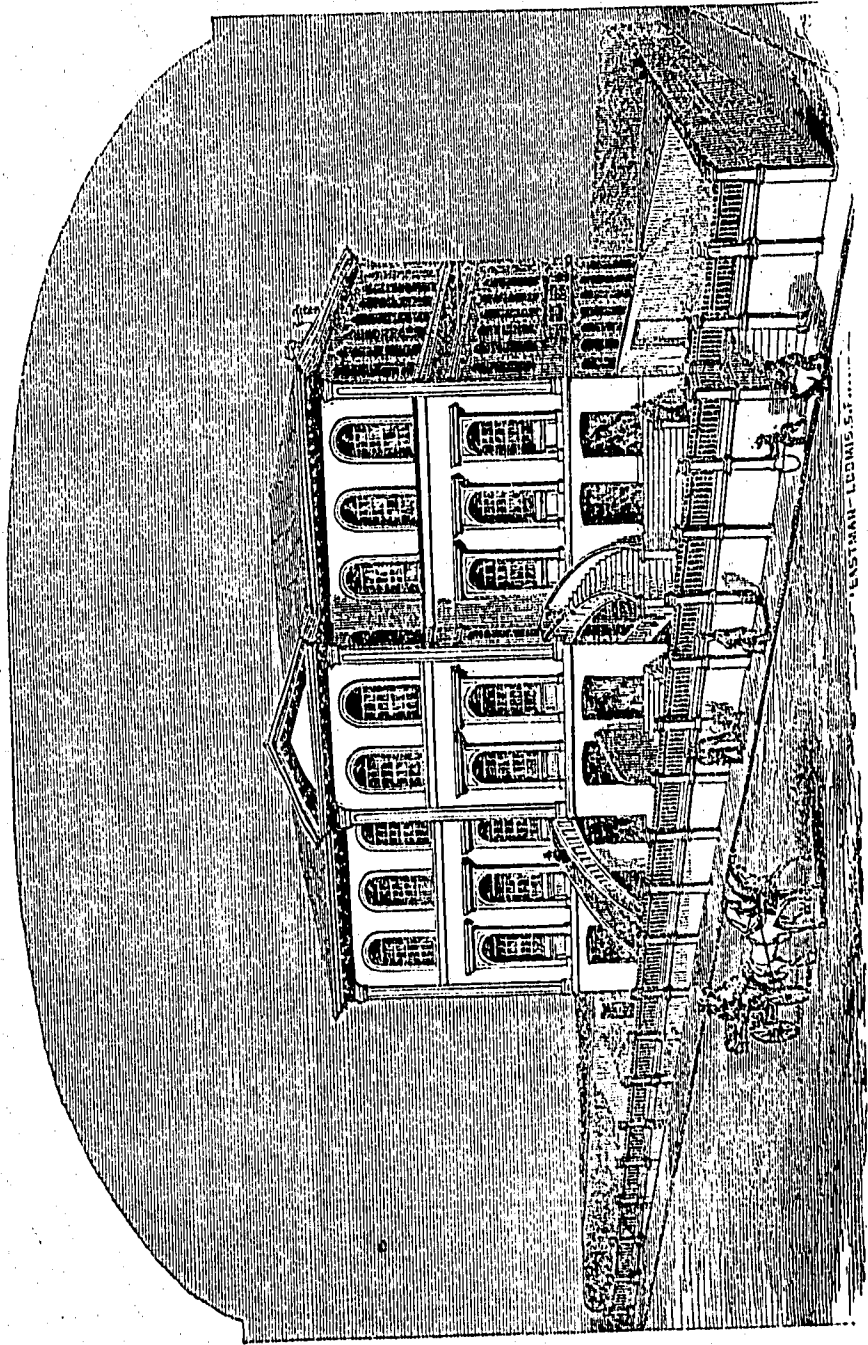
"What can I do, madame," said the Prince, addressing the cantatrice, "as a token of gratitude for the pleasure you have given us in singing this beautiful production of our national composer?"

"Give me your little dog, Prince," responded Madame Bosio immediately.

"To-morrow, madame, he shall be at your house."

The next day, in fact, a lackey carried to the artiste the animal she had so much coveted. As it was very cold, the Prince had enveloped his gift in an Indian cashmere worth fifteen thousand francs, and begged that Madame Bosio would accept the dog with his covering.

No device could have been more ingenious or magnificent.



GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDING, POWELL STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

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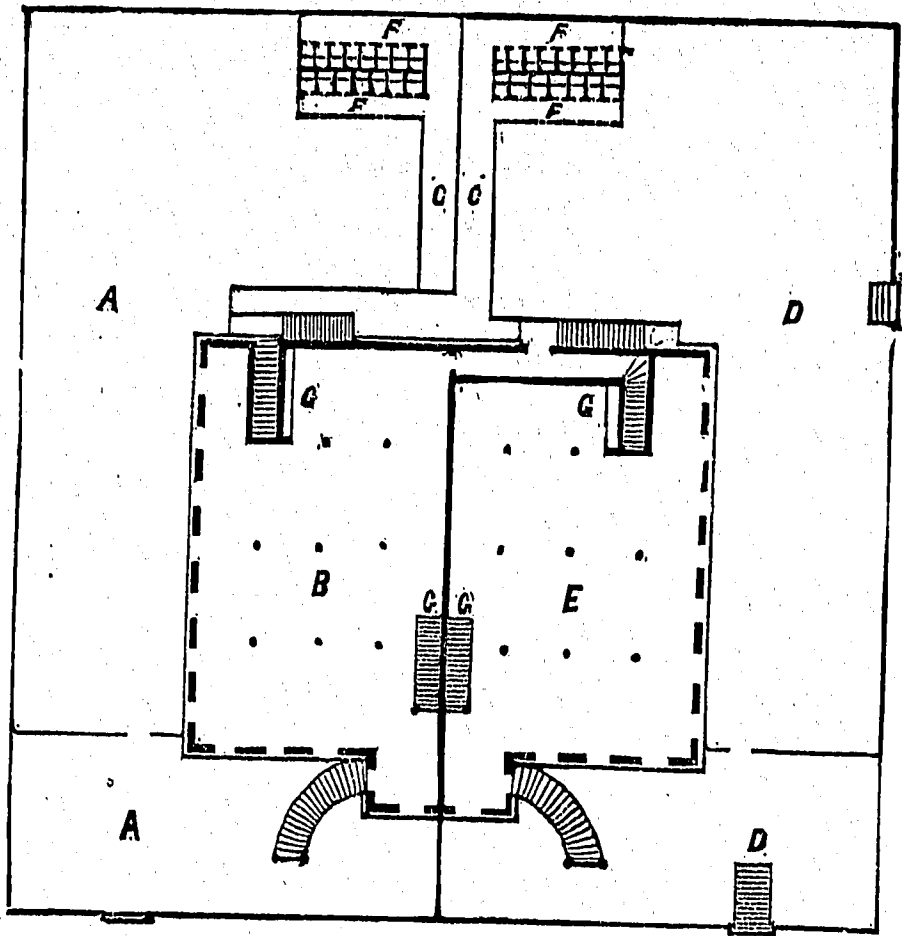
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PUBLIC GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FROM the report of the Superintendent of Common Schools we glean the following. The edifice, an engraving of which may be seen on page 485 of this magazine, is located on Powell near Clay street. The contract for its erection was awarded to Mr. H. L. King, in September, 1859, but for want of funds, its completion was

delayed until the seventeenth of last December—when it was dedicated with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. The halls were crowded with many of the old pioneers in the cause of education, to celebrate the completion of this edifice, as the crowning success of our system of public instruction.

The exercises were instructive and interesting, and will long be remembered by those present, with many pleasing associations. The address of the Rev. T.



Scale of 5 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 Feet.

PLAN OF BASEMENT AND GROUNDS.

- A A, Girls Yards.
- D D, Boys Yards.
- E, Boys Basement.
- B, Girls Basement.

- CC, Covered passages to Water Closets.
- FFF, Water Closets.
- GGG, Lavatories.

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Starr King was a brilliant effort, which was received with the highest approbation.

The building is a neat, two story edifice, designed by Victor Hoffman, Architect. The main portion is 32 by 88 feet, with two wings, $17\frac{1}{2}$ by $32\frac{1}{2}$ feet, making the whole front on Powell street 69 $\frac{1}{2}$. The wings and front are constructed of brick, covered with mastic, in imitation of red freestone.

On the first floor there are two recitation rooms in the wings, 17 by 32 feet, one of which is occupied by the Teacher of Modern Languages, and the other, when required, will be used by the Second Assistant. The main building is divided into two separate halls for calisthenic and gymnastic exercises for the boys and girls. The wings of the second story form two recitation rooms of the same size as those on the first floor, for the Teacher of Natural Sciences, and the First Assistant. The principal building is divided into two large halls of entrance, and a general session room, 30 by 64 feet, which is surrounded with an open corridor, overlooking the city, presenting an extended and beautiful view of the surrounding country. There is, also, a teacher's room in the attic, which, by means of folding doors, communicates with, and overlooks the session room. The rooms are neatly furnished with the most approved modern style of furniture, arranged according to Woodcock's diagonal system. The building, as at present arranged, will accommodate 120 scholars; but if required, there could be another session room fitted up on the first floor, which would, also, seat the same number of pupils.

As the plan of this building was remodeled from Dr. Boring's church, it is not, therefore, claimed as a perfect pattern of modern school architecture. It is constructed of brick and wood, and in its general design and arrangement, it is

convenient, tasty and well adapted to the present wants of the school. The contract price for the building and furniture was \$14,772. The lot, grading and bulkhead walls cost \$12,575, which will swell the whole amount to \$27,347.

BANCROFT'S HAND-BOOK OF MINING

FOR THE PACIFIC STATES.

TIME above is the title of a new and highly interesting work by John S. Hittell, a book that must prove itself invaluable to those unacquainted with mining, and who are about to undertake that business.

Much valuable time is lost by people for want of the information needful to enable them intelligently to direct their labors, a lack that this book is better calculated, perhaps, than any other known work, to obviate, to the miners of this coast—as it is written with especial reference to these latitudes. We predict that the practical utility and general interest of the work will secure for it a general success.

TIME is like a ship which never anchors; while I am on board, I had better do those things that may profit me at my landing than practice such as shall cause my commitment when I come ashore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it; if bad, I will either leave off where I am, or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrif, sells away the inheritance, while it is but in reversion; but virtue, husbanding all things well, is a purchaser.

To be humble to superiors, is duty, to equals, is courtesy; to inferiors, is nobleness; and to all, safety; it being a virtue that, for all her lowliness, commandeth those souls it stoops to.

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SHIPWRECK OF THE DIRTY "DOLDRUMS."

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY FRANK SOULE.

Good Lord! so rank and foul a ship as she—
 The "Doldrums"—rank as if a squid begot her,
 Ne'er left the land before, nor roamed the sea,
 Within a bucket-rope's length of water;
 Aloft, on deck, on weather side and lee,
 From rail to keel, from figure-head to quarter,
 Unscraped, unswept, unwashed, and rank with slime,
 As if a graveyard in some sickly clime.

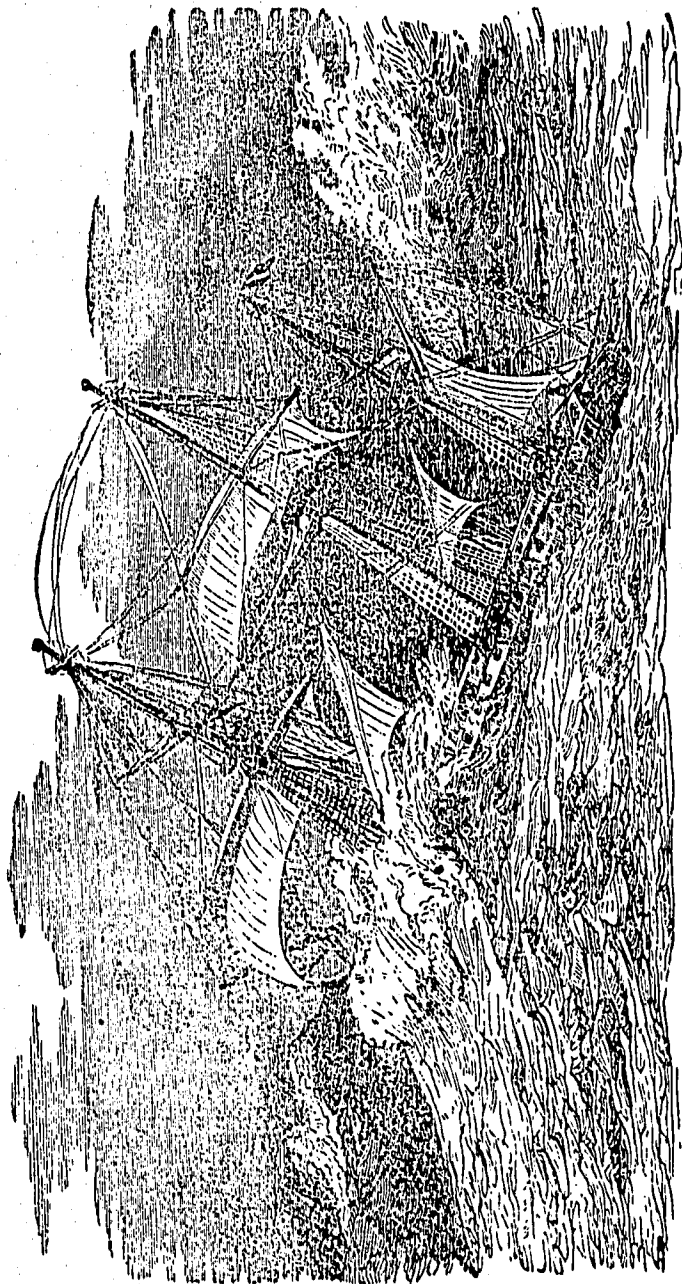
Manned with but half a crew, and they half fed,
 They had enough to do to reef and steer;
 A starving and unhappy life they led,
 At helm and pump, and splicing running gear
 Old as themselves, and rotten every shred;
 Like uncombed hair about a sloven's ear
 Her cordage hung in strings, hemp and manilla,
 By block and cleets, belaying pins and tiller.

Because her captain was the meanest wretch
 That ever trod a deck and followed blubber,
 A miser with a conscience would outstretch
 Faith, gutta-percha, lies, and India rubber,
 And valued human life as would Jack Ketch,
 As free to risk poor Jack Tar or "land lubber,"
 For so much gain amid a howling gale,
 To serve a rope-yarn, or to lance a whale.

And yet he prayed each night—God knows to whom—
 Knelt 'mid the ship's deep dirt and deeper lurches,
 And whined his cant amid that ocean tomb,
 As if his cabin's altar were the church's,
 And he a saint redeemed from carnal gloom,
 And spotless in the sight of him who searches
 All human hearts; St. Paul was never wrapt in
 More wordy worship than our model captain.

But prayers, though very potent, and avail
 At proper seasons, and in proper places,
 Can scarcely reef a topsail in a gale,
 Haul taut a sheet, or gather in the braces,
 And when the anchors drag, or cables fail,
 The knowing sailor, though of Christian graces,
 Puts more reliance in his fearless men,
 Than all the prayers that he could utter then.

So did our captain, when the mighty strain
 Of heaving billows swept us towards the land,
 And tautened up and twanged our iron chain,
 As if a harp-string struck by ocean's hand,
 Until its massive links were snapped in twain;
 Then as broadside we drifted towards the strand,



THE "DOLDRUMS" IN A GALE.

He seemed half frantic as for death preparing,
But all his prayers seemed very much like swearing.

But, prayers or oaths, they all availed him not,
For though his men did all which he commanded,
Got out kedge anchors, and I know not what
Beside, and everything that seamen can, did;
Up like a rocket on the waves she shot,
And dashing on the snarling shore, lay stranded,
Like some poor traveler, gored, and tramped, and slain,
By maddened bisons on their native plain.

All sought the surf to flee the falling spars,
 Some struggled bravely for the foaming shore,
 Some crushed by fragments, sunk beneath their scars,
 And some were saved by clinging to an oar,
 Or floating plank, a shipwreck's first class cars;
 Our pious captain sank to rise no more!
 There was no life's salvation there for him—
 So clogged with prayers and dirt he could not swim.

Half drowned, at length I tumbled on the beach,
 And gaspingly resumed my breath in pain,
 But pleased that destiny had helped me reach
 Safe quarters from the gullet of the main,
 Sucked in like Jonah when he would not preach,
 And like him spewed upon the earth again;
 As glad to leave the "Doldrums" in a gale,
 As he the bowels of his retching whale.

Yet as I dripping stood upon the shore,
 I moralized upon the frightful scene,
 And gathered comfort all unknown before;
 At length the filthy ship was washed and clean,
 And though our captain's fate bound to deplore,
 E'en from his destiny I learned to glean
 A hope that through the trials of that day,
 His sins were with his dirt all washed away.

THE DEAD RECALLED TO LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY D.

At a period within the last century, there was formed between M. de Garran and the family of La Faille, of Toulouse, in France, an intimacy sufficiently close to warrant the supposition that it would lead to an alliance between them. M. de Garran, Captain of Artillery, Regiment —, was a young man of fine presence, bore his epaulette equally well during an action, on parade, or at a ball; conversed well, and never of himself, was a man of mind, and above all, reported an excellent nobleman in a city where one is still a parvenue after two hundred years of nobility. M. de la Faille was a grave and upright magistrate. Born with a timid mind and conscientious soul, he would have been unwilling to

permit a syllable of the crooked code he had been taught to be changed, or to have heard it called in question by any one. Aside from this, he was a man of perfect manners, never spoke in society of the affairs of the palace, and never spoke in the palace of the affairs of society. He was a widower, and had a daughter named Clemence.

Mlle de la Faille was one of those persons of so perfect a figure that she would have been called a beautiful woman even if she had been ugly, but this was far from the case. Clemence had a face of such pure and graceful beauty, that it would make one forget her form, and think that all had been said on her account when one had spoken of her angelic countenance.

All exterior circumstances pointed toward a marriage between M. de Garran and Mlle de la Faille; they were equal in point of birth and fortune, and their

ages perfectly suitable. At the epoch of which we speak, Clemence was fifteen, and Georges, the baptismal name of M. de Garran, twenty-five.

M. de Garran had already addressed himself to M. de la Faille, and had obtained his assent. Georges had also all the privileges of a future husband. Each Sunday after having listened to the mass at the church of Daurade, he left his company in charge of his lieutenant, and went to salute in their pew M. de la Faille and Clemence, who took his arm and they went together as a family to promenade in the Cours. Sure of the approval of M. de la Faille, certain of the love of Clemence, Georges was about to apply for the consent of his mother, who lived at Paris, when an incident—the most miserable of those which frequently prove fatal to the happiness of a man—occurred. An order from the Minister, sending the regiment in which he was captain to the Indies, overthrew all his hopes and destroyed this union so blissful.

One morning, long before the hour at which he was accustomed to present himself, M. de Garran arrived at the house of M. de la Faille, who was with Clemence, and announced to them the overwhelming news. The grief of Georges was desperate, that of Clemence cruel and profound. M. de la Faille himself seemed thunderstruck.

Georges spoke of hastening the marriage, and demanded leave to take Clemence with him if she would consent to follow him. M. de la Faille would not listen to the idea of being separated so suddenly from his daughter, and of sending her, so young, a thousand leagues from her native land, into a climate so fatal, where she would be exposed to death, or to be left by the death of her husband with neither asylum nor protection. Georges wished then to resign, and renounce his commission, a proposal which M. de la Faille treated as madness

in the young man, and declared that he should believe himself responsible toward the family of M. de Garran for such a resolution. Finally, Georges endeavored, as the last hope, to persuade the rigorous magistrate to give him the hand of his daughter, and to keep her at home until his return, which was expected to take place in two years. But M. de la Faille would not hear of this arrangement, for at the first words of the intelligence M. de Garran had brought, he had taken an unchangeable determination.

When he had succeeded in restoring Clemence and Georges to a degree of reason, after the despair into which they were plunged, he represented to them that they were very young, that two years counted but little in a life-time, that this absence would serve to test their affection, and finally, that it was his inexorable will. He must be obeyed. To Georges this was an alarming resolution. Clemence submitted with an exalted sadness, as if she had found some consolation in struggling against unhappiness to vanquish it, as if she had hoped that her love would be more precious and heroic in the eyes of Georges, after the two years of waiting and separation.

M. de la Faille acted the man of sense in taking the resolution that he imposed upon his two children; but he missed it with both mind and heart when, after being assured of their obedience, he did not leave them for a moment by themselves. He did not comprehend that they needed to have opportunity together for tears and promises, that he ought neither to have seen nor heard. To pronounce an oath perhaps, with eyes fixed on eyes, and hands clasped in hands, perhaps but to say, "Will you love me, Clemence?" "I will love you, Georges!" But at this moment of indescribable grief, no moment was given for the exchange of parting vows. So, when it was necessary to separate, Georges, suffocating with all ho

had to say, forgot his respect for the sacred duties of honor, and whispered at once as a command and a prayer, these words to Clemence: "This evening, a minute in the garden."

She looked at him with a pale and startled glance, and replied in the same tone, "I will come."

The evening came, and Clemence—need we say?—descended to the garden, too happy to feel any remorse. At first they sat trembling, and for a moment had nothing to say. Finally they spoke of their cruel separation, and of the solitude in which each would live. Then they occupied themselves a long time in talking of the manner in which they should employ themselves during these two years, so to speak, day by day. They agreed upon the hours of night they should devote to thinking of each other, forgetting that at the distance they should be apart, the days of the one would be the nights of the other. Afterward, they exchanged the tender vows which had been the true object of their rendezvous.

It was a calm, sweet night, the air laden with perfume, and the moon rose while they sat talking beneath a tree covered with honeysuckles in bloom.

Insensibly they became silent, the hour had come when they must separate. Clemence sat immovable, with her head bowed, and weeping. Georges felt her shudder as he clasped her to his palpitating breast; the moonlight shone upon the pallid countenance of his beautiful betrothed; he gazed in her face for a moment, then falling upon his knees before her, exclaimed:

"Do you love me?"

"God is my witness," she responded sweetly, "that I love you more than my life."

"Ah, well! adieu! adieu!"

"Already?" cried Clemence.

"I must go," replied Georges, clasping her in his arms, and imprinting his first

and only kiss upon her lips. "Do not detain me; adieu! adieu!"

It was perhaps this last named circumstance that inspired her to speak these singular words:

"Oh, Georges! if I was dead, your kisses would recal me to life!"

With these words they separated.

Four years had passed since this epoch, when Georges disembarked at Brest, and after a few days taking the route to Paris, arrived at the house of his mother on the 5th of June, 17—. He had taken the precaution of informing her, through some friends, of his return; lest seeing him suddenly, she should be overcome with astonishment and joy, for he had been wounded, taken prisoner, and was supposed to be dead. The happiness of Georges was truly very great, nevertheless, after the first moments given to the tumultuous sentiments of such a reunion, Mme. de Garran remarked a singular sadness in her son, a profound pre-occupation in his responses; she interrogated him, and he excused himself from replying; she insisted, and Georges, to calm her, thus avowed to her the cause of his strange melancholy.

"It is childishness, mother; a folly unworthy of a man; but since you think my sadness is from grave causes, I must reassure you, although it should make me seem ridiculous. Fancy to yourself that in passing before the church St. Germain-des-prés, that I saw it draped in black, and ornamented for some rich interment. This surely is a very common thing, and should not have called the attention of a child. Ah, well! this sight has made me sick; I do not know why, but it seemed to warn me of some fatal misfortune. You smile, and you have reason! but three years of captivity and of horrible sufferings have rendered it easy to disturb me, and I am afraid of everything now, since I am happy."

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"It is a sentiment which proves that you prize this happiness, since you fear to lose it. As to this interment, it must be that of the beautiful Mme. de Servins, the wife of the President of the Chambers of Excise, who died yesterday after an illness of only three days."

"The beautiful Mme. Servins," said Georges, "Were there many, then, who designated her thus?"

"Without doubt," replied Mme. de Garran, "and she was so singularly beautiful, that she was everywhere renowned, even at Toulouse people said, in speaking of her, 'the beautiful M^{lle} de la Faille.'"

This revelation, so simple and so sudden, of a terrible misfortune, did not at once enter lucidly and violently into the mind of Georges. He looked at his mother with an air more of surprise than of terror, and made her repeat the phrase to which he had just listened. Mme. de Garran remembered then that he had lived at Toulouse, and supposing that he had known Clemence, was more cautious in her response; but when she repeated the name of M^{lle} de la Faille, Georges fell at her feet like a man struck to the heart by an unexpected and mortal blow; his eyes rolled like those of a person in convulsions, a livid pallor overspread his features, his breathing was suspended, and without doubt he would have died at that moment if his despair had not found relief in terrible cries and furious sobs.

It needed a mother's ingenious love to understand how to calm this transport of grief. She talked much to him of Clemence before she succeeded in making him listen, and, strangely, it was for her treason, rather than her death, that it was necessary to console the poor Georges. Mme. de Garran explained to him the report of his captivity and his death had been circulated in France, and the unfortunate M^{lle} de la Faille had been apprised of it. She made him compre-

hend how, perhaps after many tears and much resistance, Clemence had, without doubt, obeyed the orders of her father. All this was so natural that he readily believed the history, imagined by Mme. Garran, to be the truth. Finally, as a salutary balm to his soul, she added that it was perhaps of grief for her trespass against Georges in this forced union that the young and beautiful Mme. de Servins had died. Thus, by admirable feminine tact, Georges was flattered into the supposition that her death was perhaps through grief for him, and his sufferings were deprived of their greatest bitterness.

However, after listening for a long time to his mother, and weeping in her arms, Georges became silent; not as a man who had resigned himself to his grief, but with the agitation of mind of one who had conceived a project and was discussing the method of its execution. Mme. de Garran treated with anxiety the emotions of her son's mind as they depicted themselves upon his features. Perhaps if he had raised his eyes to hers once with a look of despair, she would have been terrified with the idea that he was about to commit suicide; but she divined that he had not in his troubles once thought of such a thing. Georges was too calm for such a design. She was therefore not afraid to allow him to satisfy his grief by whatever means he had imagined.

Toward evening she saw him take considerable gold, more than was necessary to purchase arms, enough perhaps for a journey. She remained silent, however, knowing well that interference would increase his despair.

At nightfall Georges went out of the Hotel de Garran, and proceeding to the Church of St. Germain-des-Prés, learned from the boudle the place where Mme. de Servins had been buried. He went to the cemetery designated and awakened

the keeper. It was not without surprise that the latter saw before him a man, whose appearance announced that he belonged to an elevated class, making to him a proposition to commit a crime—a sacrilege. Georges demanded that he should remove the earth that covered Clemence and deliver to him her coffin, permit him to open it, and allow him to see the corpse of her whom he had so much loved. There was a long and cruel discussion, for the handful of gold offered to him by Georges was not sufficient to overcome the fears or the scruples of the poor grave-digger. That was for the unfortunate young man a moment of horrible despair, when the venality on which he had counted failed to accomplish his design; it was through his despair, however, that he found the means of success. He fell upon his knees before the keeper of the cemetery and implored him with agonizing sobs, bathing his hands with bitter tears; became insensible, furious, menacing and suppliant by turns, until this man, inured to scenes of grief, wept with him, and he received from his pity a consolation which he could not have purchased at any price.

When everything was agreed upon between them they entered the cemetery, the keeper armed with a spade and pincers, and Georges carrying a lantern. A calm and resplendent moon lighted this horrid ceremony, and not a word was pronounced between Georges and his accomplice until the coffin was lifted from the grave and placed by its side.

One single and frightful circumstance terrified Georges: this was the first blow of the hammer struck upon the coffin, by the keeper, to break it open. It seemed to him as if he was permitting a brutality and at this sound several dogs were awakened and began to howl in the distance, he demanded of the grave-digger, in a trembling voice, to separate the

boards of the coffin without noise. He was obeyed, and presently the corpse of Clemence rested upon the turf, clad solely in its winding sheet. The keeper silently seated himself upon the ground, his legs hanging in the grave, gazing at Georges, who remained petrified by the side of this icy corpse; and seeing him thus motionless could not hinder himself from saying: "It is her! See!"

But Georges seemed to have forgotten why he had come. He did not hear, his eyes wandered, and his mind comprehended nothing. The grave-digger, frightened in his turn, after having spoken several times to him without obtaining any response, feared even to touch him, as if he would have tottered and fallen at the least movement, hazarded to snatch Georges from his bewilderment by lifting the winding sheet from the face of Mme. de Servins, and displaying to him the features he had so longed to behold. The effect of a talisman could not have been more magical. The sight of this adored head, which death had spared in its perfection, broke the thralldom of his despair, and melted the unhappy lover to tears. He knelt beside the corpse, and amid tears and moans, talked to her of his love, accusing himself of her death, demanding her forgiveness, recounting their past days, and their lost hopes; and while speaking thus, he raised the body to a sitting posture and sustaining it in his arms contemplated it sadly. This delirium of Georges seemed not to have ended, when suddenly a thought entered his mind, a remembrance flashed across his storm of grief, and the last words those frozen lips had spoken rang suddenly in his ears. He cried out, and in the wild transport of a still wilder hope he clasped Clemence to his heart and placed upon her dead lips the kiss which she had said would recall her to life. To this kiss succeeded a terrible cry from Georges, then a convulsive trembling and

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a frightful laugh. Afterwards he arose quickly, still holding the corpse in a close embrace, threw a frightened glance around him, and fled through the tombs, leaping over all obstacles, and making cries of joy or frantic grief. By supernatural rapidity and strength, he finally escaped the pursuit of the keeper, who saw him disappear like a tiger bearing away his prey. Then the poor grave-digger hastened to efface the traces of his sacrilege; he replaced the empty coffin in the grave, threw the earth again upon its cover, returned to his house, terrified at his crime, and awaited the day with anxiety.

Five entire years had passed since that fatal night, without anything happening to make the keeper of the cemetery suspect that the disappearance of the body of Mme. de Servins would be followed by any troublesome result, when the following event occurred.

It was the day of the anniversary of the death of Clemence, and M. de Servins, her husband, was upon his knees by the tomb of his wife. A little distance from him stood the keeper of the cemetery, reflecting with a sentiment of deep remorse, as if he reproached himself with a falsehood for permitting this mourner to weep over an empty coffin. Both were profoundly absorbed in their thoughts, when a slight noise made both of them raise their heads, and a woman appeared before them. She was Clemence, Mme. de Servins, the wife so much lamented, the exhumed corpse! M. de Servins rose up, giving a loud cry; the unfortunate keeper fell inanimate upon the earth.

The unknown looked also at the man who had appeared so suddenly before her, and in her turn cried out with fright and fled as if she had been insane.

M. de Servins pursued, without being able to overtake her, and at the entrance to the cemetery saw her rush into a rich

carriage, which disappeared with the utmost speed of two magnificent horses.

An hour after this rencontre, M. de Servins was still in the chamber of the miserable grave-digger, who expired in horrible convulsions, without being able to reply to any of the questions which were addressed to him. And, during the course of the day, the Lieutenant-General of Police made known to the magistrate that, in accordance with the indications which he had given to his agents, he had been assured that the carriage which had been seen, and the livery which had been designated, were those of M. de Garran.

The next day, upon the requisition of M. de Servins, an officer proceeded to visit the grave where Clemence had been buried, and found the coffin empty and broken. Meanwhile, Mme. Julie de Garran, a young and beautiful lady whom Georges had brought back with him from the Indies, where he had married her, reëntered her house in inexpressible disorder; she ascended pale and trembling to the apartments of her husband, and remained a long time closeted with him. However, she came out calm and completely reassured, and nothing was changed in the habits of M. and Mme. de Garran.

More than fifteen days had passed without any question being raised concerning this event, and during which M. de Servins had surrounded them with spies. He learned from the Minister of War the day of the arrival of Georges at Paris, and the date of his departure. He discovered the postilions who had taken him to Brest, accompanied by a veiled lady. He ascertained that he had embarked with her upon a vessel of which he found the journal, and armed with these terrible proofs, he instituted a process against M. de Garran, to annul the illegal marriage he had contracted with his pretended wife. The novelty of this

suit attracted universal attention. Pamphlets were exchanged in the faculty to prove that a lethargy could have been mistaken for death. Those who sustained this belief were treated as ignorant and imbecile by their confreres. One calculated the number of hours during which Mme. de Servins must have lived in this state, and found that no author reported an example of so long a lethargy.

M. de Garran parried the complaint of M. de Servins, and when he said that the resemblance of his wife to Mlle de la Faille had frightened even him, but not to the extent of rendering him insane, he spoke with such an accent of truthfulness that no one doubted but that M. de Servins had lost his reason, or that all this accusation was but a crazy trick.

The cause, however, came before the tribunals, and Mme. de Garran was obliged to appear and respond to the questions of the magistrates. She was confronted with M. de Servins, and seemed much astonished at all that he said. M. de la Faille came from Toulouse and wept at seeing this strange resemblance; he did not know how he ought to speak to this woman who seemed so like his daughter, and who denied it so coldly. The judges, astonished, looked at each other troubled, and in indecision. Mme. de Garran recounted the history of her life.

"She was an orphan and had always lived in the Indies. Certificates produced attested that a demoiselle Julie de Nerval, born at Pondichery, had there been married to Colonel de Garran. The day of the solemn audience of the judgment arrived. All the pleaders had terminated and the members of the parliament who composed the tribunal seemed inclined to disembarass M. de Garran of the singular pursuit directed against him and his wife, when M. de Servins entered, leading a child by the hand. Mme. de Garran was at this moment seated by the side of

her advocate, M. Molzac; and as the audience was prodigious, she had leaned her head upon her hands to conceal her countenance from the eager glances of the multitude; so that she did not see M. de Servins when he came in; but suddenly she felt a little hand which drew aside her own, and heard a childish voice saying to her sadly: "Mamma, kiss me."

Immediately Mme. de Garran raised her head, saw this child before her, recognized it, and without saying a word, took it in her arms and covered it at the same time with kisses and with tears. The wife and the daughter had resisted; the mother betrayed herself.

From this moment the process took another form. The advocate of M. de Garran, in his turn demanded the legal dissolution of a marriage which death had broken. "I demand not," he cried in his eloquent plea, "I demand not of the tomb that which you have given to it; leave this living woman to him who has caused her to live; this existence belongs to him, and you have no right to anything except a corpse."

All was in vain. Clomence demanded to be allowed to retire to a convent; this was denied her, and a solemn decree condemned her to return to the home of her first husband.

Some days after this decree she went there, in fact; she was clad in white and pale with despair and resolution. On entering the *salon* where M. de Servins, surrounded by all his family, awaited her, she fell stiff and cold upon the floor. He hastened to her assistance, but was only in time to hear her speak these words:

"I bring you back that which you have lost!"

She and her husband had poisoned themselves before she left her own house. M. de Garran, succored by his mother, did not die until the next day.

GOOD MORNING!

Good morning! bright good morning!
 Brothers, sisters, all;
 Meeting from your chambers,
 In the friendly hall.
 Good morning! where the early sun
 Presses in among the flowers,
 Through the old open cottage door,
 In the fresh morning hours.

Good morning! calm good morning!
 To our parents old;
 Many a pleasant morning
 Hath above them rolled.
 Good morning to the blessed ones!
 And oh! may many more
 Shine sweetly and serene on them,
 Within our cottage door!

Good morning! first good morning!
 To the babe upon the knee;
 A welcome on this pleasant morn,
 Sweet visitant, to thee!
 Good morning to thee, blessed child!
 Oh! many a glorious one
 Shine on thy loved and beauteous head,
 Before thy race is run!

Good morning! gay good morning!
 To the young waiting bride!
 'Tis the last that thou shalt pass with us,
 Another's by thy side.
 Thou leavest thy young childhood's nest
 To seek another home;
 Good morning! oh, good morning!
 Where'er thy steps may roam.

Good morning! bright good morning!
 To the wanderer just returned,
 From journeying in the land of gold—
 By all the household mourned,
 Good morning! at the festive board!
 Oh how our hearts run o'er,
 To hear thy sweet "good morning" now,
 Within our home once more!

Good morning! all, good morning!
 Friends, comrades, whom we meet,
 While sitting in our pleasant homes,
 Or walking in the street.

Good morning! as the glorious sun
 Doth from his chambers call,
 Good morning to a gladsome world!
 Good morning—unto all! G. T. S.

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 III.

RODRIGUE was not surprised at the resolution declared by his wife; he knew the elevated sentiments of Milvia too well to attribute her decision to want of reflection, and he knew that fatigue and privation were powerless reasons against the step she was about to take.

Measuring with his experienced eye the abyss of perils that yawned beneath his feet, he supplicated her in the name of their love, and of their children, to renounce her design, and to go and join her family at Alicante. He represented all the horrors of positive conflict with the bands of the Faith, who had already filled the country with horror at their cruelties; he spoke of her children deprived by some event of the care of their aunt; he even went so far as to delineate the deplorable situation that awaited their unfortunate offspring if fate should deprive them of their father and mother at the same time; in fact, he forgot nothing that rendered more touching the picture he drew of the future of their babes.

Milvia, affected to tears, clasped her husband in her arms, unable to make any reply; maternal love for a moment asserted all its right—the final adieu was upon her lips, when, as if arousing herself with an effort from a painful dream, she exclaimed, in a changed tone, "No! no! Milvia will not separate herself from her husband!"

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This touching scene vanquished the opposition of Rodrigue, and triumphant conjugal love bound still closer the ties that united them.

Milvia, overflowing with joy, hastened to exchange her light vestments for a military habit. A mountaineer's sandals replaced her elegant slippers; a wide-brimmed felt hat concealed her long tresses, and taking a gun and cartridge-box, she returned to embrace Rodrigue, who was preparing to visit his advance posts. Never had the wife of the brave Catalan appeared more beautiful and captivating. Her great black eyes shone with a new fire, and the natural grace that animated the least of her gestures, rendered her more charming to every one who saw her.

It was in vain that Rodrigue attempted to dissuade her from accompanying him to the advance posts. Milvia reminded him that in soliciting the favor of remaining near him, it was her expectation of remaining with him constantly, and that, besides, the greater the peril she shared with her husband, the more she counted herself worthy of being the wife of Rodrigue.

The division of Milans was ordered to march by the grand route to France near Olot, in the basin of the Fluvia. The enemy arrived at the same time by the post of Perthus, and by the defile of Costaja. Figueres was invested, and the hussars of the advance guard of the French were already beneath the walls of Besalu.

In the last days of the month of April, the Marshal Monecy, who commanded the first corps of the French army, deployed his forces to attack the position of the constitutional Spaniards between the Fluvia Tortella and Castel Sollit.

The enemy—the most eager to destroy the constitution of the country—marched at the head of the men of the Faith, who had been thrown in the Roussillon, spur-

red forward to vengeance, their features changed by blood and carnage, indignant at the moderation imposed by their French general, terror preceding them on the route, causing the entire population to fly at their approach, to return to their homes in perfect security at the arrival of the French.

Never was contrast of character between men destined to serve mutually as auxiliaries more striking. The French soldier, calm and moderate, followed his flag to perform his duty; faithful to the bravery hereditary in his nation, he was intrepid during action and generous after the combat.

The men of the Faith, exalted by religious fanaticism and irritated by the ill success of their evil projects, followed their banner to satiate their vengeance; transported by the same fervor which had in former times animated the ferocious leaguers united under the same sacred standard against the first of the Bourbons; he combatted the rage of the heart, and if he had sheltered himself beneath the French shield, he would have carried the victory which he sullied each time when far from the protecting eye of France. ©

Among the chiefs of the people of the Faith were also found those who wished to have repressed the frenzied license of their bands, but these measures would have depressed and destroyed their forces, with whom the hope of pillage was the principal motive in their war of insurrection.

Those bands were composed of a mixture of priests and of monks, who, under the shield of the holy faith, battled against the constitution to re-establish their temporal affairs. With the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, they defended this same house of Bourbon, against which they had animated the people by the same means in the war of succession, when their arch-duke had

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promised them advantages which they could not expect from Philip V. The mass was formed of nomadic individuals, smugglers, robbers, Bohemians, traders in mules, valets, beggars and vagrants, who received soup at the doors of convents and alms near the churches; a body numbering in all nearly five hundred thousand, who had been forced to the work, because those whose tools they were had lost the means of sustaining them. They were the same men who had made a business of deserting the guerillas and joining the troops of King Joseph, in order afterwards to sell their uniforms. They were the same men who, when the suppression of religious communities had expelled the monks from their convents, appropriated their revenues; and who, six months after having borne Riégo in triumph, came to insult his misfortune.

Beside this disgusting band of people, the cities had furnished other recruits to the bands of the Faith, whom the civil and military agents of the new government had displaced for their lukewarmness, or opposition to their opinions.

Several days of continual rain had arrested the rapid march of the French battalions, and given time to the constitutional troops to reunite their scattered corps. Numerous torrents had inundated the bivouacs, the damp arms refused to fire, the bridges, the roads, and the fords were impracticable.

Milvia, exposed during the entire day to an extraordinarily heavy rain, saw with an indifferent eye the ravages of the storm; always at the side of her husband, she seemed a protecting genius descended from the skies to strengthen the courage of the soldiers. The first to cross the ravines, to scale the rocks, she was often seen to halt and tender her hand to some soldier exhausted by fatigue, or to bestow her sympathizing attention upon the wounded. Her smile

alone soothed the woes, and her voice re-animating the spirits, of those whom suffering and privation had afflicted. No engagements of importance had occurred between the armies of the enemies. Mina, avoiding the French troops, ascended the Ter by Bessora; and Milans, having retired with Llobera near Hostalrich, gave to Rodrigue the command of the guerillas left in the environs of Olot.

Resuming the independent mode of warfare which best suited his activity, Rodrigue divided his troops into four detachments, so stationing them that they would be reunited at the least signal; and, finding himself, so to speak, isolated in the midst of the enemy's forces, he passed by the basin of the Fluvia to Campredon, on the upper portion of the river Ter, carrying his hardihood even to the extent of interrupting the communication between Pratz and Mollo, the latter an outpost of France, the route from which led to the centre of Catalonia.

The sudden appearance of a band of partizans upon the outposts of the French army, brought in all haste to Perpignan a number of priests and monks, who came to install themselves in Catalonia as allies of the French. A panic of terror had struck all the emigrants who had had the courage to hazard an entrance in the train of the baggage of the French troops, and their precipitate flight soon spread the alarm in the frontier communes of Spain. Bozot, leader of a party of the Faith, was ordered to search for and combat the guerillas of Rodrigue, far superior in numbers to the little troop of the valiant partizan, he had sworn his extermination, on receiving the order to attack him.

Rodrigue suddenly quitted, during the night, the defiles he had occupied, and went to await his foe by the side of the Baga, toward the upper valley of the Lobregat. Bozot, who regarded as a retreat this, which was a manœuvre to gain

a more advantageous position, attacked Rodrigue with the blind fierceness that neglects all the precautions commanded by prudence. He charged upon the enemy with his men united en masse, leaving his flanks exposed to the little wings which Rodrigue had deployed on either side, while their skillful leader conducted his centre against their enemy's front.

Milvia, with a hundred men, remained in a dry trench, formed in other days by the torrents, and leveled a gun upon the point of attack.

Rodrigue, in separating from his wife at the first shock, had not the intention of giving her a command which would have exposed her still more, but the confidence that this wonderful woman had inspired in the soldiers had become so great, that, with a unanimous voice, all the company placed in reserve, demanded of her to act as their leader.

Rodrigue heard this cry with all the pride of the husband of Milvia, but he wavered for a moment, when Milvia exclaimed; "I accept the honor of conducting you, and Rodrigue consents."

The blind impetuosity with which the people of the Faith threw themselves upon the feeble corps before them, shook the foremost ranks of Rodrigue, forcing all the centre to retreat some paces, but the two wings hidden by the hills on each side, descended suddenly upon the unprotected flanks of Bozot, overwhelming them almost without resistance.

This unexpected attack having thrown all the body upon the front of the Constitutionals, they were forced for a moment to retreat, when Milvia, yielding to the impatience of the soldiers, rushed from her ambuscade amidst shouts of *vive la Constitution!*—re-establishing by her appearance alone, order in the centre commanded by Rodrigue.

The men of the Faith, in alarm, immediately yielded the ground. Believing in their confusion that double their number

was opposed to them, they abandoned the field of battle strewn with their dead and wounded, throwing their arms from them in order more quickly to escape the pursuit of the vanquishers.

Milvia visited indiscriminately all the unfortunates who had fallen during the action, bestowing upon all the attentions a tender mother would have paid to her children.

Rodrigue had to deplore the loss of many brave soldiers; he hastened to perform the last duties toward them, and, after some hours of repose, he reassembled his troops to conduct them to the other side of Ripoll, where he expected to find the division of Mina.

It was night when he took his position at the head of his soldiers. A messenger from the general having arrived with an order for him to proceed to the frontier, he began his march immediately, passing during the darkness several posts of enemies; at dawn he rejoined Mina in the environs of Urgel.

After Rodrigue had presented the banner he had taken from the army of the Faith, and given his report of the combat, Mina demanded an interview with Milvia, whose name and courage at once monopolized the enthusiasm of the entire division.

The interview between the two valiant warriors was of but short duration; important duties called Mina to the port of Urgel, and Rodrigue entered with his troops the gorges of the mountains, where he soon perceived a detachment of the Faith belonging to the men of Ronsosa. The position of this detachment would have assured its destruction, if the arrival of a French squadron had not occurred in time to save some of the debris.

The continued marches and countermarches of Mina, obliged Rodrigue constantly to flank with his guerillas that general's division, serving to throw light upon, and to assure his perilous courses.

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MILVIA.

The repeated changes of the different conquerors of the localities traversed by the troops of Mina, had completely desolated the country. Constitutional French, Constitutional Spaniards, and people of the Faith, represented three distinct authorities and administrations entirely opposed to each other. The first declared themselves as peacemakers, proving everywhere by their moderation and the wisdom of their conduct, that if fate had had not armed them against the constitution of Spain, they would not have been enemies of the Spaniards. Promptly paid and provisioned, their passage was not marked by the cruel exactions that in the preceding wars had so frequently brought reproach upon French generals. A severe discipline placed a check upon the exaggerated pretensions of both officers and soldiers; their march resembled less an expedition in an enemy's country, than a change of garrison in France, and it is to this rigid discipline that the French army owe the finest laurels they carried home from the peninsula.

Rodrigue reached the summit of the mountains, on his way to Belver and Alp, where he speedily established himself. Mina marched two columns in the same direction; but, at the foot of the mountains halted at the bridge of Sauler, where he reviewed his troops.

The French garrisons on the frontiers made some movements to observe an enemy that seemed to them their superior in forces; but they could not prevent him from passing beyond the boundaries of the kingdom, and entering the village of Palau, and several others within the French territory.

Rodrigue ascended by the course of the torrent of Caral, crossed the Segre, and came by its heights to rejoin his general at Palau. The next day closed the march of the column through the defile of Antose; he was attacked by the

French voltigeurs, a scouting party from the garrison of Puycerda; the audacity with which this handful of soldiers deployed before the little column of Miquellets commanded by Rodrigue, obliged that chief to detach a part of his troops, to give the remainder time to go and occupy a defile at the foot of which Mina intended to halt.

The voltigeurs, reinforced by a party of skirmishers, rushed out of a chestnut grove, where they had been beating about, and soon compelled the Spaniards to reunite their forces; and, although very inferior in numbers to the troops of Rodrigue, their valor impelled them to attack the little column, which marched in file of three men deep, on account of the difficulty of the way.

Rodrigue, unable to deploy his forces, shut in as he was, between two walls of rock, presented still another advantage to the enemy, on account of the rapid slopes they were at that moment descending; he therefore sent a greater number of men against the French who intercepted his progress; but a band of the Faith arriving at this moment changed the skirmish to a decided battle. Rodrigue, esteeming the Franco-Spanish enemy equal in force to the troops, very soon saw that they were superior by position, but he did not hesitate to undertake with ardor the combat demanded at his hands.

The intrepid voltigeurs, commanded by a French officer, presented themselves in battle array. Milvia had placed herself in the midst of the Spanish patriots, whom she animated by voice and gesture. The people of the Faith vociferated a thousand imprecations against the Constitutionals, that were repeated by the triple echoes of the defile.

The fire of the enemy occurring upon advantageous ground, did, at first, much harm to the troops of Rodrigue; but the intrepid chief soon yielded to his impet-

who commanded a column of the enemy. This leader was the commander of the French battalion stationed upon the frontier.

Two crosses shone upon his breast, and his open and loyal bearing at first approach was relieved by the martial dignity that distinguished the *ancien militaire*. He immediately ordered away the men of the Faith, who insulted the prisoners in their misfortune, and appointed them a guard of the brave *voltigeurs* who had struggled so gloriously against them.

Rodrigue, escaping as by a miracle the sad fate with which he had been menaced, was no sooner beyond the reach of the enemy, than he commenced to scan the trouble into which he had been thrown by this rout. He looked anxiously about in search of Milvia, his beloved companion, whom, in the terrible fray, he had for a moment forgotten.

He at once retraced his steps, observing with care to take the same way, but it was night, and it was by superhuman efforts that he finally arrived at the place which had witnessed his victory, and his downfall. The earth still reeked with the blood of the dying, whom he encountered at each pace, and the sound of his footsteps alone echoed in the frightful silence that surrounded him.

After having wandered a long time among the numerous corpses that the approach of night had forced the conquerors to abandon unburied, he sat down overcome with fatigue and grief and fell asleep, as for several days he had never closed his eyes.

Far from calming his agitated senses, this involuntary stupor burned him like an ardent fever, paining his enfeebled mind with the blackest images. He dreamed that he discovered Milvia among the dead, and that she beckoned to him with her icy hand to come and share her tomb; this frightful dream drew from

him a cry of grief, the name of Milvia. A sepulchral echo slowly repeated the name to the ear of Rodrigue. Believing himself to be deceived, the warrior repeated in a loud voice the name of Milvia, and a few words stifled by the death-rattle responded to him. No longer doubting that the words came from the failing voice of a body lying near him, he approached trembling, and addressed at hazard questions concerning Milvia. The same voice stammered some broken and unintelligible words, articulating with a final effort the word "*prisoner*;" a sigh followed, and death seized his prey before the unhappy Rodrigue could learn more concerning Milvia, or concerning the soldier who had rendered him this last service.

CHAPTER IV.

Before Aurora had put aside the curtain of night, Rodrigue was far from these sad scenes. Towards the majestic summit of one of the highest mountains to the north of Puycorda, he found a dark and extensive grotto formed by nature in a granite mass at the extremity of one of the most beautiful parameras, or plateaux, of the eastern Pyrenees. This grotto, closed by a thicket of young oaks, had been designated as a rendezvous to the soldiers of Rodrigue, according to the custom of the Spanish partisans who were frequently surprised or dispersed in the mountains. To this place came the impatient Rodrigue. He found at the entrance of the grotto one of his soldiers, who remitted to him an order in the handwriting of Mina, who ordered him to proceed immediately to Spanish Cerdagne, to reorganize his guerillas. The same soldier informed him that the few of his men who had escaped the carnage of the night before, awaited him upon a neighboring terrace of the grotto, where sleep was refreshing their weary frames. His arrival made his soldiers forget their

woes, and from them he learned all the particulars they had been able to gather concerning the fate of Milvia. Then reassured, he began his march for Cerdagne, where he hoped that his general would aid him in obtaining the ransom of his wife.

The Franco-Spanish column which held Milvia prisoner, reëntered towards night its different encampments. The commanding officers had thus far treated Milvia with all the regard due to her rank as an officer, as denoted by her uniform and the respect shown her by the Spaniards, her companions in captivity, and to place her in complete security from the outrages of the people of the Faith, who murmured against his humanity, he offered to share his lodgings with her until the next day, after the example of Guise, who, after the battle of Dreux, shared his bed with Conde, his prisoner.

Milvia, who had until this moment, under favor of the darkness, and by avoiding conversation, concealed her sex, was then forced to avow herself to an enemy who had treated her with so much generosity. This avowal, made in accents of modesty mingled with a noble pride, gave to the French officer a surprise easy to imagine, but recovering himself immediately from the astonishment into which he had been thrown, he redoubled his attentions toward his prisoner, abandoned his room to her, and stationed a double guard outside for greater security.

Milvia, left alone in the midst of her enemies, found her sleep as undisturbed as if she had been surrounded by the soldiers of her husband. Reassured concerning the destiny of Rodrigue, she blessed heaven for having fallen in the power of an enemy so worthy of her esteem, and the purest peace reigned in her soul until the first rays of daylight warned her that it was time to quit her bed of repose.

The news of the taking of a female officer soon circulated in the neighboring places occupied by the French troops. The curiosity natural in the circumstances, reunited all the French officers around the generous chief who had taken so much care of his prisoner, and to satisfy their impatience, he invited Milvia to be present at a breakfast that he intended to give to his corps of officers. An invitation so unexpected caused the beautiful Castilian an embarrassment that she was unable to conceal; but the French officer hastened to reassure her, saying that his intention was not to oblige her to accord to him a favor to which she felt a repugnance, and that she was perfectly free to accept or refuse. Milvia, touched by the delicacy of this new proceeding, consented to accompany him who had so merited her confidence, and entered with him a hall where a great number of officers were assembled.

A sudden blush covered her *distingue* features, on seeing herself exposed to the curiosity, frequently malignant, of a large party of men; but the worthy chief who accompanied her calmed her agitation by the respect that his presence commanded, and far from feeling a regret at her *demarche*, she felicitated herself inwardly that she had been the continual object of respectful attentions from the entire company.

Expressing herself with facility in the language of the guests, she gave them, with noble modesty, a succinct recital of the events of her life, and when she demanded leave to retire, she left the entire assembly transported with admiration for her rare qualities.

(Concluded in the next number.)

THERE is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

MY SOUL AND I.

Come hither, soul,
Come list to me;
Delay not now,
I'd question thee.

Canst tell me, soul,
Canst tell me why,
Thou tremblest so
When Death is by?

Dost fear the hand
That threatens me,
That breaks thy chains,
And sets thee free?

Dost love the bonds
That give to earth
Thy dearly bought
Immortal birth?

Wouldst rather dwell
In this poor clay,
Than plume thy wings
And soar away?

Beyond the bounds
Of time and space,
To seek and find
Thy resting place?

Have worldly joys
And worldly strife
Claimed all thy thoughts,
Immortal life?

Hast never known,
A moment yet,
When this poor earth
Thou couldst forget?

And turn to Him
Who gave to thee
That priceless boon,
Eternity?

Alas! poor soul!
To earth below,
With all its cares,
And all its woe.

Its false pretense,
Its hollow show,

Thou'st given thy love;
Now tell me where

Are all thy hopes,
Thy pleasures, where,
Since Death has claimed
His proper share?

Thou weapest now,
So let it be;
E'en Jesus wept,
My soul, for thee.

Perhaps those tears
Will soothe thy woe,
And calm thy grief—
Then let them flow.

Perhaps they'll wash
Sin stains away,
And give thee faith
In God to-day!

Perhaps they'll give
Thee joys below
Thou hast not known,
Then let them flow.

'Tis well, my soul,
No more thou'lt fear
The tyrant Death,
Or far, or near.

No more thou'lt give
Thy pride of birth
That fairest gem
Of priceless worth—
Immortal thought—
To things of earth!

M.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

BY GORDON GREENLAW.

GUILTY!! oh how the word rang in my ear as the name of each juror was called, and each separately asked if that was his verdict.

What had I to say why sentence should not be passed? On the same testimony I would have convicted any man. I bowed to the Judge and answered "nothing."

They have been very kind to me. *She* whom they say I have made a widow, even she comes to see me daily and believes me innocent. Who else believes me so on my simple assertion?—my mother! Yes, but none other. Good, kind, as all are, they look upon me as a murderer. I have discouraged efforts made upon my behalf to obtain a commutation of sentence. I would die in the knowledge of mine own innocence, rather than live with the brand of Cain always upon me. Yet would I leave behind me some remembrance of my fate, and I write this to be opened only when I am *at rest*.

I made no defence—perhaps I was foolish—I did not make a confidante of my counsel. Why should I? *Who would credit my statement—none.* Yet perhaps when all is over some may be found who will believe me guiltless.

My father died when I was yet young. My mother has since then lived at Windemere Lake, eking out her small income by letting lodgings in the summer season. Sir John Beach has been my constant friend and patron—for my father and he were brother officers for many years, and were warm fast friends—as, despite our poverty, we have been a happy family. Lucy, mother and I formed a little world of our own, a world of happiness, confidence and love, and *now, now* what is it? insupportable are the ways of Thou, Most High!—who hast thus forsaken us. Yet shall I doubt thy goodness and mercy. Husband of the widow and father of the fatherless, let me drain the cup of bitterness to its dregs, and say *Thy will be done!*

Hubert Beach was Sir John's only son. Wayward from boyhood, he became vicious in manhood. Between us there existed no love, for his pride made him repulsive to me, and the different views we took of life prevented any sympathy of feeling. Apparently frank, with

handsome person, polished manners and great conversational powers, he was, however, a favorite with both my mother and sister, though we saw but little of him while I was at home. I had gone to college when I heard of his frequent visits to our cottage. Lucy hardly named him in her letters—my mother constantly. I took no note of this, or I might have surmised the feelings that occupied my sister's heart.

I had just taken my degree, and was looking for a title to orders, as Sir John Beach had promised me the gift of a rectory on the death of the present incumbent, a very aged man. It was just at this time I received the first blow to my hitherto constant happiness. My mother wrote to me; accident had revealed to her the full extent of our misery. Hubert Beach's visits had been rarer and rarer, and Lucy evidently suffered from some mortal affliction. Then my mother suspected that she loved, and was about to write to me to ask my advice, when she discovered—that Lucy was disgraced, disgraced, yet not guilty. They had been to Carlisle, where the foolish girl had met Hubert, and had agreed to a clandestine union across the Scottish border. It was accomplished, but it was illegal. The villain had deceived her, and they were united at a village on the English side by a creature of his own, who personated the famed Grotna Blacksmith.

I hastened home. The railroad left me within a mile of Sir John's house, and I determined to visit him before going to my mother. He was absent and would not return till late, the servant told me.

To our house by the road was about five miles, but by crossing a rugged hill, with a narrow gulch near its summit, which rendered it somewhat dangerous, the distance was more than half reduced. The evening was fine, and I took the

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shorter route. A small brook runs down into Windemere Lake through the gulch which I have mentioned, at times almost dry, yet fierce when swollen by mountain torrents after rain. The gulch is crossed by a footbridge, built by Sir John at considerable expense, and being the work of a self-taught local mechanic, is one of the curiosities of the neighborhood. It is 124 feet long, and supported by iron rods secured to the hills, on one side there was a hand-rail, on the other none.

It was nine o'clock nearly as I approached this place. The young moon was near setting, throwing her fading light up the gulch, and partially illuminating the southern half of the bridge, from which side I was approaching. As I neared the centre of the bridge, I saw a figure coming towards me from the other side with a rapid stride. As he emerged from the shadowed portion and came close upon me, I recognized Hubert Beach. He did not seem to know me, but said, hoarsely, "make room if you please." "Not till I have spoken with you," I replied.

He seemed astonished at the rencontre, paused, and was silent.

What I said there I remember not, but it must have been fearfully violent, for he seemed as if he would spring upon me, and I prepared to act on the defensive. He suddenly checked himself and spoke:

"Lionel," said he, "I desire no altercation with you, and I am neither in the mood, nor is this the place to discuss what you have entered upon; let me pass, I say, I will not be bullied even by you."

"You pass not till you answer my question—*will you marry her*, and that at once."

"Fool!" cried he, and he struck me full in the chest as I stood in the centre of the causeway. I staggered against the one side-rail. He attempted to pass

me rapidly, but his foot slipped, and he fell towards the unguarded side of the narrow bridge; to save himself, he grasped at my coat, but it slipped from his hand. My one thought was to save him. I threw myself forward, grasped an iron which suspended the bridge with one hand, and seized the collar of his coat with the other. He hung suspended on my arm some minutes, how long I knew not, but it was soon over. I spoke to him gently; I directed him how to try and recover himself. God knows how I urged him! but he did not answer.

He made no further effort even to grasp the bridge, which he might have done by raising his hands above his head. He was evidently insensible, or paralyzed by fear. Slowly but surely my hand unclasped from its hold; I could feel the power of grip passing away from each finger; then I saw him go down, *down* that fearful depth of nearly two hundred feet.

I went round nearly two miles by the head of the gulch, and descended the stream till I reached the place where he lay. He was dead! his skull literally crushed in by a rock he had struck on. Then the fearful circumstances I stood in arrayed themselves before me, and with criminal weakness I resolved to bury the secret within my own bosom.

I hastened home. My mother attributed any coldness of manner she may have observed to the exciting family affliction which had recalled me home.

She entered into a detail of what had passed, in hopes of consoling me, but, alas! every word but added to my misery and remorse. Lucy was married to Hubert.

Previous to writing to me, she had visited Sir John Beach, and had explained everything to him. His reply was short. "Madam, I will reflect, and then act as seems to be best. I will see you shortly, and depend upon it, I will

do that which after consideration I consider right."

The next day my mother wrote to me. After dispatching the letter, she heard that Sir John Beach had suddenly left home, accompanied by Hubert, but two hours after seeing her.

The very evening I returned he came to her house with his son, and was met by the rector, whom he had notified to be there. Lucy was not present. He there addressed my mother thus:

"It appears to me that a union with my son and your daughter having been done in a loose and improper manner, it only remains to remedy the evil by a more orthodox method. In the necessity of doing this at once my son concurs.

"We need not enter upon a discussion of what has passed, as it would benefit no one, and would only tend to perhaps widen a breach it is my desire to heal. I have here a special license from the Bishop, which Hubert himself procured, and our worthy rector is ready to re-perform in a legal manner the ceremony of marriage, the previous contraction of which was irregular. Let this be at present kept a secret, and we will each return to our own homes. After a few weeks the marriage can be acknowledged. I do not wish to be present, nor do I wish any one but ourselves to know that it is done by my sanction, at least for the present. Immediately after the ceremony, Hubert," he added turning to his son, "I wish you to return home to conclude the other arrangements with our attorney."

My mother, by Sir John's desire, went and ascertained what indeed there could be but little doubt of, that Lucy was perfectly willing to accede to this plan, after which the old gentleman took his departure, and in half an hour Lucy was ready and married by the rector, in the presence of my mother's two old and faithful servants.

The conduct of Hubert throughout the whole of this scene was peculiar; he hardly lifted his eyes from the ground, but when the blessing was pronounced he kissed Lucy, and said in a whisper, "We are now legally husband and wife. I love you, always have loved you, but I have a horror of matrimony. I could not oppose my father's iron will, and so had to perpetrate it, and if I *must* be married, I do really prefer you to any one else. Let us hope," said he, turning to my mother, "that the ills that are past will be followed by better days. I made a bad return for all your kindness to me, and I trust that this marriage, when *openly* acknowledged and sanctioned by my father, may eventuate in happiness. We have yet to transact some legal business, as he said. I must return to the manor. To-morrow I will see you again." And after an impulsive embrace of Lucy, he held out his hand to my mother, who drew him one side and exchanged a few more words; he then departed, so ending the strange scene.

The next morning by six o'clock a messenger came from Grantly Manor House to summon Hubert home. His father had awaited his arrival the night before till nearly 12 o'clock, and then thought that he had remained at our house, despite his instructions. He had heard of my calling, and supposed I might have possibly detained Hubert too late. Search was made, the body was found, and a coroner's inquest held at the manor house, in the neighboring village, an open verdict was returned, but the prevailing opinion was that he had committed suicide.

Lucy was overwhelmed; she was taken to Grantly Manor to view the corpse of him she had so unfortunately loved, but no persuasion could induce me to accompany her.

That evening I strolled out into the lane in the rear of our house. When I

had proceeded a short way I met a stranger who had costed me, and who had forced his way into my house in a manner I could not understand. I could not see the end of the house or traced his steps. He told me how he had come as if to rob me.

"A man to be as good as dead with me."

"Why?"

"Because the shock of your own death."

"Apprehend Beach; better."

I did not know what he meant. I was a neighbor.

When the nearness of this man was found in a small way, I noticed in his person a downy beard, and a business-like appearance.

The pattern of his dress and the quality of his shoes were seen in the distance.

"Yes, an overcoat four years old."

"What?"

"A door; coal."

had proceeded a few hundred yards, I met a stout-built, heavy man, who accosted me with some trivial question; he forced his conversation upon me in a manner I was ill disposed to submit to. I could not, however, shake him off. The end of the lane terminated at a public house on the main road. He had retraced his steps and continued close to me. Hoping to get rid of him, I turned as if to return home.

"A moment, sir, if you please, I wish to be as polite as I can, but you must go with me to that tavern."

"Why?" said I.

"Because I wish to save your family the shock of seeing you apprehended at your own house."

"Apprehended?" said I.

"Yes; I have here a warrant to apprehend you for the murder of Hubert Beach; resistance is useless, you had better come quietly."

I did so.

I was immediately taken before two neighboring magistrates.

When Hubert's body was carried into the nearest house after it had been found, this man was passing; he assisted; he found in the right hand a button and a small piece of cloth tightly grasped. Unnoticed, he disengaged it and put it in his pocket. He was Waters, the London detective officer, who chanced to be down in the neighborhood on some other business.

The button was very peculiar in its pattern. He took it to the village tailor, and quietly asked him if he had ever seen a button like it.

"Yes, he had put such a button on to an overcoat for Mr. Lionel Bourne, about four months ago."

"What was the color of the coat?"

"A mixed brown."

The detective turned and went to the door; he had only shown the button concealing the cloth in his hand. He now

concealed the button, and returning again, showed the fragment of cloth it was attached to. "Was that like the color of the cloth?"

"Yes, exactly. What do you ask for?"

"Oh, only curiosity."

He came to our house with a pretended message from the tailor, and asked the servant to let him see the coat, to measure the depth of the collar. It hung in the passage; she showed it to him; he said nothing; he strolled down to the tavern, got a horse, went to the nearest magistrate, made his deposition, obtained the warrant on which he arrested me.

I was remanded till the next day. I was then brought up again. My footsteps had been tracked and measured with my boots, down the gulch and back to the main road, also, in several places between Sir John Beachly's house and the bridge.

I had denied seeing anything of Hubert to several persons. Who could doubt my guilt? The coat was produced, the fragment with the button on it fitted the rent, which I had not noticed. The servants at the manor swore to the coat I wore; and our own servant also that I took it off in the passage, on my arrival home. My mother has urged on me to explain what I can. I tell her the tale will seem too improbable for credence, but assure her I am innocent; and Lucy too—they both believe me. After all, had I acknowledged at first my meeting with Hubert—would the world at large have believed my tale? No, I should have lived if I had escaped—a marked man, suspected by most, condemned by some, and believed by but few, very few, and I prefer death to such an existence.

When I am dead and these pages are read, those who knew my general character, and those to have heard it, may believe me innocent. God and my own

conscience are the only witnesses of the truth of my tale. Farewell!

NOTE.—Mr. Lionel Bourne was hung within a few moments of his placing the above statement in the hands of the prison chaplain. His mother died within a week of his execution, and poor Lucy, unable to bear this rapid succession of terrible afflictions, is, or was in 1855, a hopeless lunatic. When the writer of this saw her, she thought he was Hubert. She grasped his arm, and looking piteously in his face, said:

"You are Hubert; he did not kill you. I knew Lionel did not do it—and baby knows it; he whispers it in my ear every night, and prays God to bless papa."

And she lifted up her child of some fourteen months, and covered it with kisses.

Unable to bear the scene, he hurried from the room.

"She is very quiet and gentle," said the physician, "if she shows the least symptom of violence, the sight of her child at once checks it."

"And is there no hope," was asked, "of her recovering her reason?"

"None that I or any other medical man can perceive."

'Tis a sad tale, reader. But for the morbid feeling of Bourne, which in this case was selfishness, both Lucy and her mother might have lived and recovered their lost happiness. Had he confided in his lawyer, instead of merely making bare assertions of his innocence, he might possibly have been saved; and in sparing his mother and sister the shock of his disgraceful death, done much to lessen the severity of their sufferings.

THE sacred book of the ancient Persians says:

"If you wish to be a saint, instruct your children, because all the good they do will be imputed to you."

TO OUR FARAWAY.

BY S. H. D.

"I thought of thee in the deep night,
When all around was still."

The night is calm, the moonbeams rest
Upon the waters cool and still,
While far off in the shadowy west
The Eve-Star gilds the distant hill.

The world is hush'd, all nature sleeps,
Within the arms of soft repose;
When eyes are closed in stillness deep,
My watchful eyes refuse to close!

For O, my spirit fain would fly,
Upon thoughts' wing, untired, free,
Through these fair fields of other sky
To gaze with tenderness on thee!

I wonder if thy heart, like mine,
Is filled with raptures at this hour;
If all thy tender sympathies,
Are thrilling with its magic powers.

Perhaps amid ambrosial bowers,
Where crystal waters lucid play,
Thy thoughts are rev'ling with the flowers,
Of some bright dream-land far away.

Perhaps while in that fairy land,
Another hand is locked in thine,
And thoughts of holy tenderness
Thou'rt breathing to this heart of mine.

My lyre is all too sadly strung
To echo back upon my heart,
One thought or tone of sympathy,
Of which thou dost not bear a part.

But fare thee well! *I'll* to my dreams,
In fancy there *more free*;
I'll seek our home and see thy face,
In sweet reality.

MATCHES.

[That which follows is an extract from a long and interesting discussion on matches, which took place recently at the Academy of Medicine in Paris. It has been translated for our columns by Mr.

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I. Ryan. We notice in our French exchanges, by the way, that M. Briquet (Tinder-box) was elected an active member of the Academy, at the close of the discussion, just referred to. We would respectfully inquire, is this an act of hostility against matches?—Eps.]

It is acknowledged that the matches ordinarily in use are not the finishing point of an enlightened civilization; for, besides the unfortunate workmen who are engaged in their manufacture, being often affected with a dangerous malady, described as *phosphoric necrosis*, matches are often the means of grave accidents in the hands of children and imprudent persons. The police, moreover, so careful in preventing the sale of poisons, appear not to doubt that the phosphorus which tips the end of matches, and which in this form circulates freely, is a formidable poison.

An improvement being therefore desirable, it is soon made. An honorable inventor has profited by the property which phosphorus possesses, of not being poisonous when it has undergone an *isomeric* transformation, by being subjected to a temperature of 280°, which, without the addition or contact of foreign substances, causes it to change from yellow to red. Phosphorus, in this state, preserves the property of becoming inflamed by friction. In order that the match may present, besides, desirable qualities, the red phosphorus is separated from the chlorate of potassa, leaving the latter on the end of the match, and spreading the red phosphorus in such a way that accidental inflammation is no longer possible. This is an important advance in domestic economy; but the force of habit is such that these matches are but slowly coming into use.

Other inventions, moreover, have been presented. One has the idea of applying red phosphorus to one end of the match, and the inflammable paste to the other,

so that to have fire, all that is necessary is to break the match in two and touch the extremities to each other. This is termed the *androgynous* match.

After him comes a third inventor, who, rejecting the use of phosphorus, prepared an inflammable paste, composed of chlorate of potassa, binoyd of lead, and sulphur of antimony. Incandescence is only obtained by quick and prolonged friction.

We have thus three sorts of matches, which are much superior to those at present in use. 1st. The red amorphous phosphoric matches, invented by M. Coignet; 2d. the androgynous matches, which are but a modification of the preceding; 3d. M. Canouille's matches prepared without phosphorus. If the public still continue to use matches made of white, *chemical* phosphorus; if one hundred or one hundred and fifty fires a year continue to blaze, thanks to these matches; if fifty or sixty accidental or voluntary cases of poisoning are annually heralded by the health officers; if the workmen engaged in the preparation of white phosphorous paste still allow themselves to waste away, by means of the poisoned action of this body, it will be the fault neither of science nor industry.

The Academy, moreover, expressed to the Minister their desire that the sale of common matches be prohibited: thus the public would be forced to become wise.

NATURE'S VOICE, AND SPECULATIONS THEREON.

The Discoverer of the Pacific, and the Truth of History.

BY W. WELLINGTON CARPENTER.

There is a mighty depth of purity and illumined history, perpetually emanating from all the motley throng of languages which Nature so eloquently masters.

That old oak tree has been occupied thousands of years in delivering a botanical lecture of such profound depth, and beautiful eloquence, that the most polished and refined oratory that the rules of art have ever enabled man to reach, sink into oblivion when brought into contrast with its ancient tale. Ah! her protracted story is one uninterrupted current of scientific inspiration, flowing from one of nature's languages. That little pebble on the beach, is pouring forth to that man of science a glorious history of the primitive elements which surrounded it during its formative period centuries of years in the past. But of all the languages over which nature commands such regal sway, there are none that are so impressively awe-inspiring as the "Ocean's Voice." My home is within sight of her foaming billows, and within hearing of her restive waves, as they splash against their rocky barriers. Let the great deep be never so calm one mile from shore, her terrible waters are constantly lashing the rock with their merciless fury.

Look over beyond that *water mountain*, upon that calm unruffled surface, and you will observe there is not a quiver to be seen. Now lower the vision one degree, which will bring you a trifle nearer to the shore, there you see a slight ripple, so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. A little nearer, and it slowly assumes the form of a gradually undulating wave. Still it comes a little nearer and a little faster; with each onward bound it arises a little higher, and with reacting surge it recedes a little lower, ever and anon sparkling in the effulgent rays of the sun. See how rapidly it is nearing the shore; it is not more than two hundred yards distant. Onward, onward it bounds; forward, forward it comes! larger and larger it gets! Marvelous! stupendous! It seems to have attained the proportions of a mountain

in altitude. Over and over it comes, until its mad career is closed, and it has found its conqueror. It has made its last and fatal plunge against those perpendicular cliffs, foaming and writhing in the last expiring agonies of the battle-field. Such is nature; even the most fearful foe can find his conqueror.

The smoke clears up, but the reverberation sounds like the distant thunder for miles and miles from the scene of the action. O, thou mighty Pacific, what tales of woe and conquered pride, as well as joy and exultant hope, thou could'st unfold to mortal man. How man had fashioned ships to float on thy naked bosom, and with what vain pride he treads his deck when safety reigns. How, when the storm-king rises in all his mad fury, he strikes his flaunting colors and appeals to a Higher Power to steer his bark safely to a haven of rest. How many a gallant ship and brave crew have been heaved and tossed upon the angry billows, until the last glimmering star of hope had set in the dismal horizon, and with outstretched arms and uplifted eyes in *final* petition, they sank beneath thy gigantic waves to rise no more forever.

And finally, could we but comprehend thy language, who could compute the practical advantages that would arise therefrom. The immensely absorbing historical controversy of "who made the first discoveries on the North Pacific coast?" would be satisfactorily set at rest. Oh! give us the facts and figures, and relieve a troubled word!

Was Perez really the first Spanish navigator whose astonished vision first burst upon this golden shore, while buffeting your—then—unexplored dominions? Or did Cabrillo actually touch this coast nearly four hundred years ago? And tell me is the bay which to-day bears Sir Francis Drake's name positively the one which he entered? and if so (privately now, if you please), whisper in my

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ear the important information of the precise whereabouts of that "pillar, with a large plate on it," which he claimed to have set up, that I may go and extricate it from its present oblivion, and immortalize my humble name. Had I as much confidence in the veracity of Drake as some people have, I should search for that "pillar with a large plate on it," as I reside but some two or three miles from where it is claimed that the great English navigator landed. But I have not. I do not believe that a man whose profession it was to capture Spanish ships, murder their crews, and rob them of their incomparable treasure, is to be relied upon. I care not if piracy was considered fashionable, and even honorable, in those days, the principle remains the same. Queen Elizabeth evidently had more respect for Drake, than I have for his memory.

But I am a stickler for the position that modern discoveries on this coast date much farther back than popular history recognizes. I believe the first discoveries on this coast to have been coeval with those of Columbus on the opposite side of the continent. It is said there has recently been found in an old private obscure library in Spain, a small book descriptive of a voyage which the author claimed to have made to this coast in 1483. From the description which he gave of his explorations, he sailed in at what is now known as Monterey, sailed up what is now known as the Monterey and San Jose valleys, and reached a point as far north as the present city of San Francisco. What is now known as the Golden Gate, was then one continuous chain of mountains, and the only outlet to the waters of the Sacramento Valley, San Francisco Bay, etc., was down through the San Jose and Monterey valleys, and out into the ocean at Monterey. The Golden Gate has no doubt been made since that period by volcanic

action, an earthquake having sank that part of the coast range. I am advised that that old work is now beginning to excite much interest, and is at the present time being translated into the English language. Perhaps that old book may rob some of those old navigators of a little of their immortality. We shall see what we shall.

But, dearest readers, for one moment drop the reality of established history, wrap yourselves up in the dreamy cloak of imagination; take my wing and let us sail down on the pinions of thought in the dark vista of buried ages. Farewell ye dazzling beauties of the nineteenth century! we desire, for a brief time, to become oblivious to thy excellencies. O how inexpressibly beautiful! how incomprehensibly sublime! Onward we move through the soft balmy elysian ether with a velocity ten thousand times greater than frightened lightning itself. Hold! what is that gorgeous vision lying beyond those limpid waters? It is the shore of four thousand years ago! We have landed. What are all those queer looking old tubs? and what is that chumble rouble jargon? Why they are Japanese and Chinese junks, and that jargon is the commands of Asiatic captains, as they propel their crafts to and fro between Asia and the Pacific coast. Such is our dream of the past, and such is the most compatible method of accounting for the relics of a lost race, which are constantly being exhumed from beneath terra firma all over this coast. I have so far digressed in this article from the original subject, that it would only add "sprawling blunder No. 2" in attempting to return again, so I will make an effort to save my credit by drawing it to a close. Adios!

RIGHT and duty are like two palm-trees, which bear fruit only when growing side by side.

GOOD EVENING!

Good evening, all! good evening!
The hour of rest has come;
Good evening to the joyful group,
Within our happy home.
Good evening to the blessed ones,
That sit around the hearth,
By that old fireside that we love—
Home of our heart and birth!

Good evening to our aged sire!
Good evening, mother dear!
Calm in the evening of your life,
Your sun is setting clear.
The stars go down for you at night,
In the dim western skies,
For you a brighter day shall dawn
A glorious morning rise.

Good evening to the stranger lodged
Within our gates to-night;
Far from his cheerful cottage home,
And children's faces bright.
May dreams of that old fireside group
Be with him in his sleep,
And white-winged angels o'er his bed,
Their blessed vigils keep.

Good evening to the suffering one,
Upon the couch of pain;
The night is ebbing fast away,
The morning comes again.
Good evening! 'tis my last on earth,
An endless morn shall rise!
No evening dim its glorious light—
No cloud obscure its skies.

Good evening to a slumbering world—
For all have gone to rest;
The babe lies sweetly now in sleep
Upon its mother's breast.
The aged lay them down to die,
The weary wake no more;
Good evening to the friends who wait
Upon the Eternal Shore! G. T. S.

THE FATAL LADY.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY X.

The first act of *Somnambula* was nearly finished, when those of the spectators

who were not exclusively absorbed by the melodies of Bellini saw suddenly appear in one of the boxes a woman with a countenance of the sparkling whiteness of marble. The new comer was beautiful; strangely, strikingly so—deadly beautiful, as a writer of the romantic *Pleiad* remarked. Above her eyes, which sparkled like two carbuncles, a double circle of brown marked brow and eyelashes; a disdainful fold extended backward from the corners of her haughty mouth; her nostrils palpitated as if from an internal fever, and a deep wrinkle appeared now and then upon her marble-like forehead.

"There is a marvelously beautiful woman," murmured one of my neighbors, "but it seems to me that I would not wish to be husband or lover to her."

I made no reply to the observation of my neighbor, but secretly adopted his opinion.

From the time of her entrance, my attention was concentrated upon the unknown lady, whose thoughts seemed to me evidently to be traveling far away from the *Theatre Italien*.

A little before the close of the performance, a lackey, with the form of a Hercules, threw upon the shoulders of his mistress a fur-trimmed mantle. She rose, as an automaton moved by a spring might have done, gathered up her kerchief and bouquet, and sailed out of the box with all the majesty her floating robes would permit. I went out also, and followed her carriage at a respectful distance.

There was an outcry at the corner of the street. The tongue of the carriage had struck an old man and thrown him upon the pavement. Whether the coachman was not master of his horses, or whether through calculation he increased their disorderly speed, the coach of the unknown lady disappeared at the corner of the *Rue de la Piz*.

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Some one lifted the old man, who was but slightly wounded, from the pavement, and found by his side a purse filled with gold, which a passer-by declared had been thrown there by the beautiful lady who had been the involuntary cause of the accident.

On the two succeeding days the image of the unknown constantly haunted my thoughts, and on the third evening I hastened to the Theatre Italien long before the hour at which the curtain rose, that I might be able to secure the same seat near the orchestra, which I had previously occupied. There I waited with impatience for the vision again to appear to my eyes. A secret voice whispered to me that I had met with a living enigma, and I resolved to unravel the mysteries that enveloped it. To my intense disappointment, and despite my frequent evocations, the box remained empty during the evening.

I left the theatre, and, while lighting a consolatory cigar at the hospitable lamp of the tobacco merchant of the passage Choisenal, I felt a hand placed on my shoulder, and a bantering voice pronounced in my ear:

"What has set your neck awry?"

I turned, and saw before me an acquaintance, who is not only a chronicler, but who is a chronicle incarnated—a demi-sorcerer, who is everywhere, who sees everything, who knows everything and divines what he does not know. Having waited rather long for a reply, he repeated his question.

"What do you mean by my neck being awry?"

"Parbleu! Did I not see you this evening at the Italien with your neck stretched to the left, watching for some one who did not deign to show herself?"

"You know her?" I exclaimed.

"You know very well that I know God and Devil."

"True; but do you know her well enough to present me to her?"

"Yes."

"And will you present me?"

"Heaven preserve you!"

"Why?"

"Because I do not wish a misfortune to fall upon you."

"If I make her acquaintance is there, then, anything to make me repent of it?"

"Assuredly."

"I do not understand you."

"A little patience and you will comprehend."

Having lighted his cigar by mine, he passed his arm within my own, and while we walked slowly along the Boulevard, he recounted to me the following history:

"The lady whom you forgotten beyond measure last Tuesday evening at the Theatre Italien, and for whom you watched in vain this evening, arrived eight days ago at Paris, where she has never before appeared. Those who know her superficially name her the Countess B——. Myself and a few others, who know her better, call her the 'Fatal Lady.'

"She was born, and lived, until she was twenty-eight years of age, at Stockholm. Her mother died at her birth. This blow was the death of her father, who, leaving her an orphan at the age of four months, confided her to the care of an aged relative. She had three nurses, who all succumbed to excessively violent affections of the chest. At the age of six years she was placed at the best boarding-school in Stockholm. She remained there until she was fifteen. During those nine years the institution was five times on fire, and each time the destructive element had its victims.

"She was scarcely sixteen when she was sought in marriage by a young man of great family and corresponding fortune. Already the day of betrothal was fixed; already her affianced had received from

Paris the *corbeille*, containing, it was said, among other marvels, diamonds of considerable value, when one morning his valet de chambre found him assassinated in his bed. The robbers had stabbed him and escaped with the objects of value concealed in the apartment of the unfortunate man.

"The young lady piously wore mourning for her affianced, and during two years she remained deaf to the words of love that breathed along her pathway. However, her aged relative was very old, and it was necessary that she should establish for herself a home. A country neighbor presented himself, and was received at first coldly; afterward with pleasure. She had commenced by tolerating his visits; she ended by finding in them a great charm, and praying him to prolong them as much as possible by coming sooner and staying later, until the day previous to the one when he should remain to go away no more.

"On that day, in order to gain a quarter of an hour, the young man mounted a fleet and fiery horse. It was a stormy evening; the rain fell in torrents. A formidable thunder-clap, preceded by a vivid flash of lightning, terrified the horse to madness, and abandoning the route, he rushed across the fields directly toward a torrent, in which man and beast disappeared. Two days afterward their bodies were found a couple of leagues below.

"She who is so justly named the 'Fatal Lady' had reached her twentieth year when she was married to her first husband. He was a young lord, passionately fond of the chase, and she was not tardy in imbibing the tastes of her husband. In a little while she had become celebrated in the country for the correctness of her eye, the precision of her aim and her indefatigable ardor.

"They set off one morning for a hunting party, followed by some friends and

numerous valets. Never did a day begin more joyously—never did one end more sadly. At the moment, when, preceded by the Count, she leaped a hedge, the branch of a tree broke with a detonation like that of a gun, and the husband of the Fatal Lady—pierced in the side by its two prongs—fell, never to rise again.

"After this misfortune, my heroine realized her fortune, and exiled herself from a country which had for her none but bitter and grievous memories. She went to St. Petersburg, where she condemned herself to absolute seclusion. Little by little, however, the news of her beauty spread, and her doors were besieged by the *élite* of the Russian aristocracy. It was a brilliant captain of a regiment of the guard who first penetrated the citadel, and who had the honor to surrender arms to the garrison, if you will permit me to indulge in the luxury of military metaphors."

"And this captain of the guard?"

"Dead like the others. A cannon ball cut him in two at the siege of Sebastopol."

A shiver ran through my frame as I remarked interrogatively: "I trust she did not marry a third time?"

"No; but she had a lover, a Piedmontese officer."

"Ah! well?"

He died gloriously at Solferino. Upon his breast was found a little sachet containing a lock of a woman's hair. You can imagine from whose head it had been cut."

"Is that all?"

"Not yet. She went to London, where two gentlemen laid at her feet the small amount of brains with which nature had endowed them.

"'Milord,' said she, one evening, to one of her adorers, 'you know that you have a rival.'

"'I know,' he replied.

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" 'A rival who wearies me.'
 " 'I am convinced.'
 " 'Are you a man to do me a service.'
 " 'Speak, Madam.'
 " 'Deliver me from the pursuit of this insupportable lover.'
 " 'Count upon me.'

"The gentleman went to his club, where he found his adversary at whist. He placed himself behind him and began to criticise his playing. The other, who seemed to wait for nothing but a pretext for offense, resented sharply, and in spite of the pacific intervention of friends, the gentlemen declared that they had resolved to fight.

" 'I have sworn to kill him, and I will kill him,' said the opponent of the whist-player to the witnesses.

" 'And to whom have you made so amiable a promise?' inquired one of those who accompanied them upon the ground.

" 'A lady who is weary of his attentions, and annoyed at his tenderness.'

"They fought, and so savagely that the two physicians, whom they had taken the precaution to have present, having examined them as they lay prostrated by two terrible sword-blows, pronounced them both dead, and declared that they had ceased to live as suddenly as if they fallen victims to a thunder-stroke."

While speaking, my companion had arrived before the house where he lived, and wishing me good night, disappeared, after having made me promise to warn the Parisians of the dangers that threatened them.

A DUTCH LEGEND.

ON the quay of the Emperor at Amsterdam stands a house dated 1622. It is three stories high and terminates in a gable surcharged with those lilliputian obelisks, which seem to have been at a certain epoch the favorite ornament of

Dutch architecture. In a frieze that separates the first story from the second, are six heads of men, some wreathed with laurels, the others crowned with helmets; the style is heavy and the sculpture mediocre, but the house has its legend.

It belonged in olden times to a negotiant, who had accumulated all manner of riches. Seven robbers leagued together for the purpose of seizing his treasures, which he had the name of being able to increase at his pleasure. They waited until one Saturday evening, for on that day the negotiant, with his family and servants, had gone to Broeck, leaving his dwelling in the sole charge of an aged serving woman. The robbers went silently to work in the night to excavate a subterranean passage, by which to gain an entrance through the floors of the kitchen. Once within, they could easily have pilaged the house, after having strangled the domestic.

On that night the servant sat watching near a lamp in the kitchen, and knitting. She heard, confusedly at first, more distinctly afterward, the sound made by the robbers at their work. She felt the vague fear that warns one of the approach of an unknown danger, but as she was a brave woman she did not allow herself to become frightened, but seizing a long knife which she found in the kitchen, sharpened it upon the stone sink, then, after lowering the wick of the lamp in such a manner as to leave the room very nearly dark, she stationed herself in a corner armed and prepared. Presently she saw one of the square flag-stones raise and fall over as if lifted by an invisible power, then another, and still another; then a head bristling, bearded and formidable, as the head of a brigand should always be, appeared through the opening. The servant resolutely grasped the head by the hair and severed it from the body with a single blow of the knife, before the robber had time to give over a sigh.

The woman then drew the body up through the aperture, and placed it promptly against the wall. The head of a second robber emerged presently, and was seized and cut off like the first.

Six times this enraged Judith repeated her bloody task, for the robbers came singly through the trench, and neither of them having heard either noise, or cry, or call, imagined that each had succeeded. The seventh, however, became frightened at the silence; he was an old thief, very shrewd and cautious, and in place of putting his head through the fatal entrance, he called to his comrades.

The servant was careful not to reply; he stopped there, drew a long breath, and smelling the warm and sickening odor of blood, he comprehended that something terrible and unexpected had happened above, and not having sufficient curiosity to lead him to make any further attempt to unravel the mystery, he turned and used his best speed in making his escape, and was never heard of afterwards. In commemoration of this terrible adventure, the proprietor of the house ornamented its exterior with six sculptured heads, and gave to the servant six thousand florins—a thousand for each robber.

A LEGEND OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Southward of our gates of gold
An hundred leagues, as the tale is told,
There lieth, a mile below the sea,
A city that was, and yet shall be:
Drowned for its sins, but yet to rise
As shriven souls ascend the skies.

I have been through that city in a dream,
Where its turrets through the blue waters gleam
I have stood, when the moon to the rippled wave
The ghastly ghost of sunlight gave;
Through the avenues long, accursed by
crime,

In the shadows of the olden time,
In a vision I wandered, and walked amid
The streets where numberless things lie
hid,
That nameless seemed, and strange to me,
In those sunless solitudes down in the sea.

The hand of Time, that spectre grim,
Has never reached down through the
water dim;
But pillar and column are standing there,
Erect as they stood above in the air;
And, save that o'er all the slimy water
A cold and glittering film hath cast—
As northern winds un pitying scatter
Ice on the trees as they hurry past—
The mirror-like marbles untarnished
shine,
As when first they went down in the
sparkling brine.

The waving sea-weeds, rank and tall,
Like ivy, are clinging to tower and wall,
And the glittering dolphin and ravenous
shark
Are gliding around in the chambers dark.
There the arms of the polypus are seen,
Like a spider's mesh in the water green,
And a thousand wonderful creatures sleep
Motionless, silently, down in the deep.

There sitteth a form on a marble throne,
The form of a maiden young and fair,
But the water hath turned the body to
stone,
And hardened the curls of her raven
hair;
Yet her full dark eyes are open, and seem
Forever to flash with a lambent beam;
But her rounded arms and bosom white
Have a deathly cast in that sadden'd
light.

When the loving waves of a thousand
years
Shall have washed from those walls of
guilt the stain—
As sin is washed out by the penitent's
tears,
That city will start from her slumbers
again;
And surely 'twill be strange to mark
Each tower as it leaves its chambers
dark—
Springing up into life, unbound and free,
From those sunless solitudes down in the
sea.



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Our Social Chair.



CROSS the way from the home of a friend of ours is a gloomy house with a north front and dark corridors. It is a quiet street, very narrow, and with the houses built close upon the side-walk, so that whatever sounds arise from the outside of the houses over the way are perfectly audible in his. For a day or two our ears were pained by a sound of struggling, as if some feeble creature was waging an unavailing strife against a cruel thralldom. The sound disturbed us like an appeal from the suffering. We had several times vainly scanned the opposite walls from our windows. Our scrutiny afforded us no solution of its cause, until we were passing one day in the street below, and glancing upward saw, close beneath the roof of the lower corridor, two white doves in separate cages. One sat in an abject and drooping posture upon its perch; the other, at intervals, beat frantically against the bars of its cage with worn and bleeding wings. We kept our front windows closed afterward, but fancy, or memory, continued to repeat the struggles of my cruel neighbors' caged doves to my ears, and to present images of other caged doves and their ineffectual strife against their pitiless thralldom. Alas, how frequently may the story of a woman's life be summed up as that of a dove which has wearied its existence out beating against the bars of its cage, then drooped its sullied wings and died.

There are men who, when they have so far secured their fortunes that they can afford themselves a holiday, occupy one in wife-hunting, in a spirit precisely similar to that with which they would spend a day in the pursuit of game, and, through a singular preference for characteristics unlike their own, select as victims gentle and

affectionate beings, whose beauty can only last while their abode is

"Where Love is an unerring light
And Joy, its own security."

The wooing that these men do is as replete with delicate skill and wariness as a hunter's wiles for taking a bird alive, and their cherishing and keeping afterward the hard conditions of captivity. We all know women whom we see, as it were, through the bars of cages—gilded ones they may be. We have known them in their earlier years as creatures of joy and beauty; we see them changing and pining; the light departing from their eyes, their beauty vanishing, and the graceful impulses of freedom wanting to their movements; some drooping in hopeless silence; others beating their breasts and sullyng their pinions in despairing anger. If at last we see them with hands folded in quietude, and the freed spirit flown, we may hear the huntsman's moaning—not in remorse for the happiness he destroyed, but in angry grieving for his captive escaped. If, on the other hand, the captor falls, or his thralls are broken, seldom indeed is the victim restored to the joyfulness of her earlier freedom, but is doomed to live an anomaly to womanhood—a crushed and spiritless being, to whom fate has left neither the place of maid nor matron, and as destitute of the hallowed grievings that dignify widowhood as of the joys that should have been hers as a wife.

.....Now and then comes a breeze, as it were, through the mental atmosphere, and unveils for a moment the hidden things of human hearts that declare them all akin. We saw announced in a late number of an eastern paper, the death of the Hon. James N—, a god sixty-eight years.

Some who knew him may fill the blank, when we add that he was a distinguished member of the bar, and a diplomatist who more than once represented our nation at foreign courts. He was a bachelor, stern in his bearing, and eagle-like in his glance as the Iron Duke himself. You would never have believed that there was a niche in his heart for sentimental recollections, but one revealed itself nevertheless.

A decade has scarcely passed since we were sitting, one evening, side by side at a party given in honor of one of his friends, in the city of his residence. At his other hand sat the daughter of our host, whose conversation he had for some time quite monopolized. Sets were forming for dancing.

"Excuse me," said the young lady, "I am engaged for this quadrille," and rising, she glided away among the dancers with the partner who had joined her at that moment.

She was a fair being, with a faultless form, and grave, sweet, intellectual face, over which played just the shadow of a smile. He looked after her abstractedly, and heaved an unmistakable sigh.

"Ah, ha!" we said, rallying him, "another sigh like that would prepare one to hear that you were on the eve of inaugurating a new reign in that bachelordom of yours by taking our young hostess to share your realm."

He turned with an earnest glance and a sad smile upon his lips, then, bending forward, clasped our hand for an instant in his. A sacred chord was vibrating to an incautious touch, and we kept a reverent silence.

"If," he replied, "a score of my years could retire at my bidding, this might even be. She is the image of the only woman I ever wished to marry."

Looking cautiously about him to assure himself that we were his only listener, he continued:

"It was forty years ago that I wooed her, and felt her heart was mine. I was young then, and there was but little differ-

ence in our ages. I had, as yet, but a slender income, with its increase totally contingent upon my health and brains. She referred me to her father, from whom she had, evidently, received strict injunctions beforehand; saying with a trembling lip, that she must be guided implicitly by his decision. Her father, though dignified, was not a man who would, under ordinary circumstances, have overruled me; but I have, on occasions, found tongue to speak to kings more glibly since, than I could to him that day. To the suit I urged, his reply was, that to myself he had no objection, and, that there was not another to whom he would more willingly entrust his daughter's happiness. "But," said he, "you see the position to which I have reared my child. I live nearly up to my income and can afford her but a trifling dower. I rely upon your word of honor, which I trust you will not hesitate to give me, that you will suspend this suit until its favorable termination will entail no privations upon my daughter. Meanwhile, it is my wish that she shall not be bound by any promises. I gave the assurance required, and went away strong in self-reliance and in the belief that the faith we were forbidden to plight, would be kept by her as by me. What treachery was used between us, I cannot tell. I only know that on the eve of the time when I should have claimed her as my bride, she became the wife of another.

"Now," he added in a stifled voice, and looking fixedly at the opposite wall, "you know the secret sorrow of my life, the god to all my ambition. Had I not cause to sigh?"

.....The following is from an esteemed contributor:—

Dear Social Chair:—I enclose a little poem that appeared in the *Alta* a few weeks ago. With your approbation, I desire to have it republished in *Hutchings' Magazine*, as it breathes a tone too sweet and loyal to be lost in the din of daily newspaperdom.

Poetry is the blossom of thought, yet

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not every tongue is gifted with thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Therefore cherish the poet, preserve his testimony in favor of all that is noble and true, reecho his patriotic strains, enshrine his tears, crystallised oftentimes into words more precious than a monarch's gems.

The heart of California responds to the "lament of Freedom," and to the voice of her hope, even though heard amid the sinister thunders of a threatening storm.

A READER.

WHY DOES FREEDOM WEEP?

BY R. C. HOPKINS.

Ah! why does sorrow sit enthroned
On freedom's lofty brow?
And why are tears upon her cheek?
Why is she weeping now?

Why are her snowy garments rent?
Why hangs her drooping head,
Like one who sorrows o'er a tomb,
And mourns the silent dead?

Why has she broke her glittering spear?
And cast aside her shield,
Which sheltered oft the hero's breast.
Upon the battle field?

Has she been humbled by a foe,
Of foreign blood and birth?
And do the tyrant's galling chains
Now crush her to the earth?

And has her flag of bannered stars
Which waves o'er many a land,
Been trampled on by foreign foot,
Or soiled by foreign hand?

No! never yet could foreign foe
Withstand her trenchant spear.
As, sheltered 'neath her glittering stars,
She bade the tyrant fear.

Why weeps she, then, such bitter tears?
Why hangs her drooping head,
Like one who sorrows o'er a tomb,
And mourns the silent dead?

She weeps, like Rachel o'er her sons,
She weeps the unholy strife,
That moves a brother's arm to strike
Against a brother's life!

She needs not now her glittering shield,
Nor needs her trenchant brand,
For ah! no shelter can they give
Against a filial hand!

She weeps because the tyrant laughs,
And mocks her bitter tears,
As, pointing at her starry flag,
He now no longer fears!

She weeps to think that reckless hands,
Have rent the shining zone,
That girded round her wide domain,
And made her children one!

Well may she weep those bitter tears!
Well may her children weep!
Columbia's sons—and those who dwell
Beyond the rolling deep!

For never yet so dark a day
Has dawned on Freedom's head,
Since heroes first in early times
Watched o'er her infant bed.

But she'll o'erride the gathering storm
That frowns so darkly now,
And wear her starry badge again
Upon her queenly brow.

Her silken banners still shall wave
O'er every land and sea,
The emblem of a Union which
Shall still immortal be.

....."There is," says a popular author,
"a charming country, a delightful spot,
which one may cross seas and mountains
in vain to find. In that country the flow-
ers exhale, not only sweet perfume, but
also intoxicating thoughts of love. Each
tree, each plant, tells, in a language nobler
than that of poeise, and sweeter than that
of music, things of which the human
tongue cannot even convey an idea. The
paths are strewed with sands of gold and
with precious stones; the air is filled with
songs, compared to which those of night-
ingales and linnets seem like the croakings
of frogs in their miry morasses. There
man is good, great, noble and generous.
Everything on earth, all objects of worth
united, would be rejected with scorn if of-
fered in exchange for a faded flower, or for
an old glove, forgotten under one of its
arbors of honeysuckles. In that country
no one believes in the existence of perfidy,
nor of inconstancy, nor old age, nor death,
nor forgetfulness, which is the death of the
heart. There man needs neither sleep nor
food; beside, an old wooden bench is there

n thousand times more soft than eider down elsewhere, and there sleep is calmer and fuller of charming dreams. There life is sweeter than dreams dare to be in other countries. Alas! in reality, it is some miserable little garden, or some poor little room in a wretched quarter, where, at the age of eighteen, when one is loving, one goes, perhaps but for a moment, at sunset, to meet the beloved.

The Fashions.

M A Y.

We shall occupy all our space this month in describing bonnets. The bonnets are moderate-sized; fronts flaring and a gradual round; the crowns large. Silk bonnets have cap crowns almost exclusively; some are gathered on, but for the most part they are plaited. Pink silk shirred front is suitable and fashionable for a miss's bonnet. Ladies still cling to the mixture of black and white for full dress bonnets, and also head-dresses. One of the prettiest bonnets we have seen this spring was the front of white chip and the crown of white English crape. The cape is composed of white "tulle" and bound

with black silk; a simple band of black ribbon across the crown, and on the right side a bunch of marabou feathers; inside "tulle" cap and narrow lilac velvet ribbon looped in at the sides; across the top a wreath of button roses; pink strings. Another was: Crown of uncut velvet, with "tulle" transparent front, with white and black blond falling forward; cape to match the front; a wide band of green silk bound with white brought up from the sides and finished on the top with a bow and ends of the silk; a white ostrich feather connects with the bow and winds round the crown and over the cape to the right hand side; inside a tuft of violets and bows of white ribbon and black lace; strings white.

A favorite way of trimming straws is a band of ribbon brought round the crown and tied in a bow at the back, with black lace falling front and back. Gray silk, with pink trimmings, is popular also. Leghorn hats are trimmed with feathers altogether. Straws intended for second-best have ribbon capes and a rosette or ribbon, oblong in shape, placed high on the side of the crown, with a plain band leading to the side; no ends.

The hooded circular is the favorite cloak.

Editor's Table.

WID it ever occur to you, dear reader, after discovering in song or story some snatch of sentiment that touched an answering chord in your nature, or sank into your heart like an act of silent sympathy, like a loving word, or caress given to console some half suspected sorrow, to consider how it came that the words of a stranger should thus find their echo in your soul? We are indebted to the unhappy for many of the most touchingly beautiful delineations

of things natural and sentimental; for vivid recollections of joys that at some remote period stood out for a brief space solitary in their lives, then perished from them forever. The happy and contented, that is, those who have never experienced any real interference with the conditions of happiness and contentment, seldom have anything to write about. How can they have? Their wishes gratified, their sympathies undeveloped, of what should they think or for whom should they care but

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they to write? I
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themselves? Then why write? what have they to write? I am most apt to think, if I meet with a felicitous description of conjugal bliss in the work of an authoress, that the fair writer is very probably the wife of a perfect Turk, and that her delineation is of the Heaven she once hoped would be hers, or an angelic device to impress upon the mind of her wretch of a husband the condition their affairs ought to assume. Or, if through their productions breathes a tone of resignation or religious trust, mingled with fervid human sympathy, I remember one, of whom I will presently tell you, and wonder if, like hers, their wings of poesie have not been nurtured in suffering and seclusion, enquiring, as I read, "against what thorn has the nightingale bruised her breast that her song should be so sadly sweet?" There was a band of fair and happy sisters, upon the most sylph-like of whom descended an overwhelming calamity that destroyed her grace and beauty, and doomed her, for many weary months, to the severest sufferings and complete imprisonment in her sick room.

When she emerged, it was to go all her days a halting cripple. Ah! how her young heart ached when she saw her graceful sisters and their healthful, lively friends engaged in diversions in which she would never again be able to join. When in sunny days they went over the green hills together, and returned with their hands filled with wild flowers they had culled for her, it was not strange if tears blinded her eyes, and she could summon no smile to accompany her thanks; nor if when sometimes when she yielded to the solicitations of those who loved her, and became a spectator at some ball or festival that she watched the lithe figures through the mazes of the dance with contracted brow, and heart distracted with envy, or that afterwards she buried her face in her pillow and wept the night through, and wept again when she saw the day come with its glad, unsympathising glare. So passed her youth, all too long and joyless.

Then came womanhood with its passionate thirst for love, the more consuming that it was never to be gratified, and its hopes, wild and futile, that were only to be crushed and to crush the heart that had been unable to forbid their growth. It was long before any order could result from this morbid chaos; but at last, as some rare wine ceases from its fierce ferment and begins to ripen into a cheering nectar, so the turbulent strivings of heart and brain grow still, and as if a voice from on high had commanded peace, and whispered to her soul of a heavenly gift that should be henceforth hers. A loving and chastened light came into her eye; her repinings ceased, and her nature began to put forth new and kindly sympathies.

Now, as through an ordeal of fire, she had entered upon a new world—that of poesie—and from the sphere whence she had arisen, sad earnest eyes seemed to look to her with mute implorings, that, by all she had suffered, she would write their plea.

The appeal has not been neglected, and as she sits apart amid the creations of her fancy, she is often made happy by reflecting that the unfortunate, the neglected, and the sorrowing treasure her words as those of a friend whose soul is linked with theirs by ties of kindred suffering.

.....More than two years have elapsed since the mortal remains of Edward Pollock, the poet, were borne to Lone Mountain. His last resting-place is still unmarked with either enclosure or monumental stone. The author of the "Chandos Picture," "Adaline," "Olivia," "Itala," and other sterling and exquisite productions, which will outlive our day and generation, deserves some fitting memorial to designate the spot where, in the prime of manhood and in his opening fame, he was consigned to earth. The committee for the purpose of raising a fund for this object is Messrs. Frank Soule, Frederick McCrollish and J. C. Duncan. The Treasurer, Mr. McCrollish, has a small amount on hand, received from the interior press, and

the committee now solicit further contributions. We trust that the appeal will not be in vain. The following poem was one of the last compositions of the gifted bard. It was addressed to the author of the lines succeeding them. What an appropriate epitaph is contained in the closing stanza.

EVENING.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

The air is chill and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,

Phantom fleets, they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars, and misty sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales:

Slow wheeling, lol in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the bay;
Each to its anchorage finding way,
Where the hills of Saucelito swell,
Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others—behold—unchallenged pass
By the silent guns of Alcatraz;
No greetings, of thunder and flame, exchange

The armed isle and the cruisers strange.
Their meteor flags, so widely blown
Were blazoned in a land unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide,
Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships?—what news, what freight

Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?
Sad echoes to words in gladness spoken,
And withered hopes to the poor heart-broken;

Oh, how many a venture, we
Have rashly sent to the shoreless sea;
How many an hour have you and I,
Sweet friend, in sadness seen go by,
While our eager, longing thoughts were roving,

Over the waste, for something loving,
Something rich, and chaste, and kind,
To brighten and bless a lonely mind;
And only waited to behold
Ambition's gem, affection's gold,
Return, as "remorse," and "a broken vow,"
In such ships of mist as I see now.

The air is chill, and the day grows late,
And the clouds come in through the Golden Gate,

Freighted with sorrow, heavy with woe;—
But these shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these mists,

Whose weight my heart in vain resists,
Will brighten and shine and soar to heaven,
In thin white robes, like souls forgiven;
For heaven is kind, and everything,
As well as a winter, has a spring.
So, praise to God! who brings the day,
That shines our regret and fears away;
For the blessed morn I can watch and wait,
While the clouds come in through the Golden Gate.

EDWARD POLLOCK.

BY J. C. DUNCAN.

The clouds come in through the Golden Gate;

The sunlight pales in the misty way;
Shadows were there on the dial of Fate,
That told of a poet's ended day.

The ended day of a poet's life—
A clouded noon, and yet no storm—
Oblivion of all worldly strife;
The laurel wreath and the shrouded form.

True friendship gave its all—a tear—
To fall upon the untimely tomb,
But Fame at the threshold met the bier,
And bathed in light the funeral plume!

The clouds come in on the wind and wave,
But the soul is free that once was bond;
They weave a pall o'er the poet's grave—
The spirit has passed to the blue beyond.

The ghostly fog: it is here alone;
"The air is chill and the day grows late;"
A golden harp by the great White Throne
Joins in the song at the Golden Gate.

.....Here is a briefly told episode, which we take from our drawer of 'lang syne' and give to the readers of "Hutchings." We may as well call it

THE BROOK.

"What a busy little babbler you are, to be sure. Going on all day long just like that brook in the meadow. Now run away and play by it and talk together. You will understand each other better than I can either of you. Do you know that I think one of you about as useful as the other? Just about!"

So, half jested, half scolded a busy, over-tasked mother, as she tied the bonnet-strings of one of her children, a little, pale

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girl, who had kept close by her side—too close for the many tasks she had to do—with talk to which the mother had no time to listen, and questions she had no time to answer.

The little girl bowed her head and tried to swallow the something that hurt her throat, and which her mother had told her was a piece of the apple that Eve ate, and that it always choked little girls when they were going to cry; then stole one timid glance at her mother, and walked silently away to sit by the brook in the meadow.

Many bitter thoughts busied her childish brain, and swelled her little heart, as she sat and recalled the words that had been said to her, believing them every one, and feeling herself intensely useless, meanwhile watching apprehensively a great gray goose that was dabbling in the brook but a little way off. "Yes," she said, half to herself, half to the stream, "one of us is of no more use than the other. I can't romp with the other children. I am always in mother's way, and big folks never know what I mean when I talk to them. I suppose if we were both away nobody would miss us, except that hateful goose; he would, I know, because he likes to roil the brook with his great red feet, and to hiss at me; but then no one is any better off for being remembered by geese."

Relieved by this soliloquy, the little girl busied herself, now with watching the changing shadows of a graceful elm that fell far across the stream, or with fancies that flitted and changed as lightly as the shadows of the boughs that swayed above her; and, again, with tossing flowers or blades of grass upon the brook, and watching them float away. And with them floated away painful thoughts and memories, except, that mother had said, "she and that brook were just alike." That lingered like a prophecy; returning oft in after years, sometimes as a reproachful shadow, sometimes with promise as bright as the sunshine that gilded the stream. There were times when she sought its companionship to soothe into forgetfulness

a heart wearied with loneliness—with regret that her wasted life flowed on like its current—laving weeds and murmuring to stones, that could give it no reply; hurrying ever aimlessly onward, seeing no destiny but to be engulfed, *it* in the ocean, *she* in the shoreless sea.

* * * * *

The west wind carried the clouds away, to water another land; the thirsty fields grew bare and brown beneath the scorching sun; the grass and sedges died in the meadow, almost to the edge of the stream, leaving but a narrow fringe of green marking its margin.

The leaves of the elm turned pale, and were ready to fall at midsummer. No rain came, but the elm grew green, for its roots crept to the little brook, and from it the tree drank and lived. As years went on, its fibres interlaced the stream as far as the shadows fell above its pebbly bed, and toward it the pensile boughs drooped low, ever answering the music of the brook with a quiet, thankful song. A sunny day came, on which our little girl, now grown a graceful woman, stood beneath its shade, supported by a manly arm; smiles, bright as the sunlight on the stream played over her happy face as she listened to its gentle murmurings, and gladly remembered that to him by her side she was just like what that brook had been to the elm!

"Just like me," she said, half aloud.

"What is like you?" queried her companion.

"This little brook," she replied, "babbling all day among the stones. It has given me many a grave puzzle, in days that are gone, to decide whose language had most meaning, and whose existence was of most use—it's or mine."

Drawing her closer, he said: "Do you wish me to tell you that to me every word of yours is music, and that with your coming has returned to me a spring-tide of hope and happiness, which I believed had receded from me forever; and that without you, my life would be all desolate and blank again!"

"No for I know it," was the demure reply.

"There, gipsey, I ought not to have told you that. I might have known it would spoil you," he said; but he knew the while, that, had he spoken to the little stream, his words would have changed its even flow as soon.

A VISIT TO THE SYNAGOGUE.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

So sang Israel's poet king, as he wept the captivity of his people: calling to remembrance the time when, by the river of Babylon, they sat down and wept, and hanged their harps on her willows.

Almost as sadly sing the remnants of their kingly race in our midst to-day, strangers alike in the land that once was theirs—and in every other—their hearts and hopes still gravitating towards the one great centre, Jerusalem; their constant prayer to be gathered again within her walls; the language of their worship and sacred writings, always the Hebrew; be their tongues never so diverse in the daily avocations of life, still they "sing the Lord's song" in the self-same cadences that arose from the Temple in the days of its glory.

There is much to move the heart of a stranger who may witness their ceremonials, though unable to understand the language in which they are uttered.

Spending a Sabbath with them not long since, a brief opportunity was afforded me of observing their surroundings and customs.

The Synagogue which I visited is in its general style, and many of its appointments not unlike most christian churches, differing, however, in some particulars. There is a profusion of gold and silver articles of use and ornament, peculiar to the service of the place; amongst these are pyramids of tiny gold and silver bells surmounting the sacred writings; pendent beneath are broad plates of the same precious metal

with tracery and inscriptions, and silver wands tipped with a closed hand and pointing finger, used to mark the place of reading; besides various articles of massive plate, relics of the princely taste which still clings to them, despite their shattered condition. A small satin-covered reading desk answers in situation and some other respects to the pulpit; behind this is the Holy of Holies—a little apartment where the sacred writings and ornaments are kept, divided from the audience-chamber by hangings of crimson velvet tastefully decorated with gold fringe and embroidery; above these, inscribed in gilt letters upon a black ground, are the two tables of the Decalogue. A rostrum occupies the centre of the audience-chamber, from which most of the services are chanted, the law read, and various ceremonies performed by the Rabbi and his assistants, with their heads covered and their faces toward the Holy of Holies, their backs toward the mass of the congregation. The Rabbi, except his cap, robed similarly to an Episcopal clergyman; the men all wear long, white silk scarfs, and retain their hats during worship, seeming to hold it an act of reverence to remain covered; the women sit entirely apart from the men, occupying the galleries. The ordinary services, which are quite lengthy and conducted entirely in the Hebrew tongue, are chanted by the Rabbi and responded to by the congregation; interspersed with these chaunts are songs, set to sad, sweet melodies, in which all join in a subdued, fervent manner, as if the question "How shall I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" was rife in every bosom.

The grand ceremony of their service is the reading of the Scriptures. Nothing could look more unlike our modern books than do the singularly formed and decorated objects revealed when the curtains are drawn aside. To my unpracticed eye they seemed more like a row of statuettes in drapery, which they certainly resembled, skirted and crowned as they were with brocade, velvet and gold; nor was I able

to decide to the coverings and beneath pondered rolled from eit

Nothing can be shown by writings. Wh aside every on and as those the congregat every man wh them with h naked hand) courtesy kiss model of dev

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to decide to the contrary, until I saw the coverings and ornaments removed, showing beneath ponderous scrolls of parchment rolled from either end toward the centre.

Nothing can exceed the touching reverence shown by the Jews for their sacred writings. When the curtains were drawn aside every one arose in token of respect, and as those scrolls were carried through the congregation to and from the rostrum, every man who could reach them touched them with his scarf (too sacred for the naked hand), and then with knightly courtesy kissed the spot. Ah! it was a model of devotion.

After the Law was read and returned to its place, the curtains were closed, and a very solemn part of the service performed, in which but few seemed to participate; these I was told had buried friends during the year and were praying in memory of the dead. When this was ended, the curtains were again withdrawn, the people arose and remained standing during a brief ceremony, after which the curtains were closed and they quietly dispersed.

And I walked away thinking of the age during which they had been condemned to be wanderers. And of all the truth and faithfulness they had shown by holding themselves distant from other people, by enduring scorn, privation, everything from the nations among whom they had been driven, of all their patient waiting for the time of their exile to expire, of the prayers of each succeeding generation that the joyful day might come in *their* time; and how they have all pillowed their heads in the silent resting places, with their faces toward the Holy City, that they may arise with their feet thitherward, lying down with their confidence unshaken in the sweet promise of restoration, when their chastening shall have ended.

Literary Notices.

In a country so far distant from the great book making emporium of New York,

Boston, Philadelphia, and other Atlantic cities, it is one of the oases of an editorial life to find the table occupied by some of the latest and best of works. This month ours has been more highly favored than for many previous ones. For instance:

THE CONDUCT OF LIFE. By R. W. EMERSON. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston: Sent us by A. Roman & Co., Montgomery street.

The contents embrace the following subjects: Fate; Power; Wealth; Culture; Behavior; Worship; Considerations by the Way; Beauty; Illusions. Each of these essays contains more well expressed thought than is commonly found in several columns.

All persons in any way familiar with Emerson's writings, know that their congeniality, terseness, vigor and adaptability, are unequalled in the present day. Emerson is the Carlisle of the New World, without his supercilious and pretentious rhodomontade. And we challenge any of our readers to find a living author as expressive as Emerson. Take the following, for example, from the essay in this work entitled "Behavior:"

"Eyes are bold as lions, roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; They are no Englishmen; [by-the-bye he delights to give an intellectual hit or slur at 'Englishmen;'] this we consider a defect, as a true genius should be above it; ask no leave of age or weak, they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning, nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another through them! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a house between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel

the stirring of owls and bats, and horned hoofs, where he evoked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder. The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practised man relies on the language of the first."

In this way we might go on quoting, and, did we indulge our liking, we fear that the end of quoting would only be with the end of the book. It is many volumes in one. It can be read and re-read many times without dullness. We thank our friend Roman for adding this little work to our choice little library, and we would advise our readers to add it to theirs as soon as any can be bought.

As though to fulfill the long antiquated proverb, "Good or Ill always has company," in the footsteps of the former follows the new and singular novel of—

ELSIE VENNER: A Romance of Destiny.
By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," etc. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; Sent us by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

This is one of the most singular novels that we ever read. In addition to the raciness and vigor of the author's style, the main thread of the work seems to be to show the power of the mind as manifest in the eye. The heroine, whose mother was bitten by a rattlesnake before Elsie was born, and died from the bite shortly afterwards, is possessed of a snake-like fascination or charm. This mental peculiarity is shown in almost every act of her life, and when its power is lessened and destroyed, she sickens and dies.

The reader must not understand us as meaning that this is the only striking feature of the book, by no means. New England life is as well drawn as in any of Mrs. Stowe's works, and there is a princely nobility of character portrayed that makes one feel the nobler for its reading.

Next follows—

THE EBOXY IDOL. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and kindly sent us by Allen & Spier, Clay street, San Francisco.

All enthusiastic abolitionists should read this, especially ministers of the gospel, who advocate political questions in the place of "Christ and him crucified." The spirit of the Christ-like life is beautifully portrayed; where, in grating contrast, is placed the "feeders of husks that the swine do eat."

It is an elegantly written novel of about 280 pages.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OFFICER OF ZOUAVES. Translated from the French. Published by D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Allen & Spier.

The interest excited by these brave and singular soldiers in the Crimean war and on other occasions, has called out this complete history and description of every particular concerning them. The Zouaves are all French. They are selected from among the old campaigners for their fine physique and tried courage, and have certainly proved that they are what their appearance would indicate, the most reckless, self-valiant, and complete infantry that Europe can produce, and their history, as here related, one of the most entertaining that we have read.

The Superintendent of the Public Schools of San Francisco will please accept our thanks for his sensible, well-digested, condensed, yet comprehensive Report of the Public Schools of this city. We would respectfully suggest the adoption of many of its excellent recommendations.

In this connection we would call the attention of teachers, and friends of education, to the STATE TEACHERS' CONVENTION, to be held in this city, commencing on the 27th of May next.

Our thanks are due to the Hon. M. S. Latham, for the "Report on the Finances," and the "Report of the Military Academy," kindly sent us from Washington by the last Steamer.

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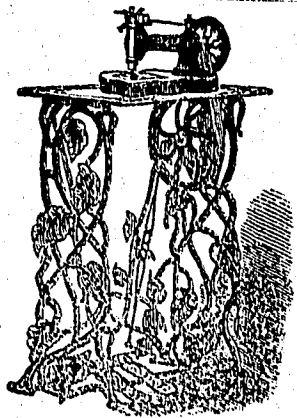
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A SONG FOR SPRING—By Lockwood & Hendrie.

'Tis Spring—balmy Spring, with its sunshine and showers,
All nature is smiling, the birds they sing gay;
Trees and plants are all green, hills and vales decked with flowers,
And though March winds are blowing, 'tis pleasant as May.

When birds, trees and flowers appear in new raiment,
Each Spring, 'tis a lesson man cannot get o'er—
It bids him do likewise, and knowing the fame on't,
Goes to LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE'S far famed Clothing Store.

There the elegant votary of fashion and leisure
Still goes, when his wardrobe he wants to renew—
Coat, pants, vest, cravat—in fact 'tis a pleasure,
E'en tho' you don't purchase, their fine goods to view.
The merchant, the banker, the doctor, the lawyer,
Mechanics, and miners who dig out the ore,
All classes from the "dandy" to humble woodsawyer,
Go to LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE'S far famed Clothing Store.

The youth of our city, the pride of each parent,
Go there without fail for their Sunday attire;
As Lockwood & Hendrie a fit ALWAYS WARRANT,
And the ladies the wearers are sure to admire.
The boys, too, are proud, when in suits they are suited

Each feels himself greater than he e'er was before;
Fine goods, at low prices, it can't be disputed,
Are at LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE'S far famed Clothing Store.

They have "Furnishing Goods," too, the largest assortment
E'er seen in one store on the Pacific coast;
Their shirts and kid gloves can improve the department

Of the very best dressed man our city can boast.
Their hosiers, drawers, pocket handkerchiefs, collars,
Would madden "Beau Brummel" could he leave Pluto's shore;
Who can wonder all classes now go with their dollars
To LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE'S far famed Clothing Store.

For venerable grandpa, in his second childhood,
They have clothing to suit—for rich men or poor,
As well as for sportsman, whose delight is the wild-wood,
Where his dog and his gun do the fat game secure.
Just look at their store, see their stock, then don't fail
To compare it with others; I need say no more,
As all who want goods, by wholesale or retail,
Go to LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE'S far famed Clothing Store.

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