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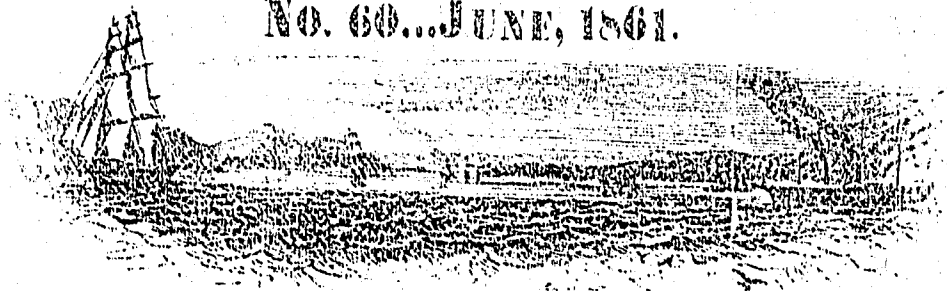
HUTCHINGS'

CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE



NO. 60...JUNE, 1861.



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If five or more persons will form a Club, we will send our Magazine, Postage-paid, to any address in the United States each one may name, at Two Dollars each per year.

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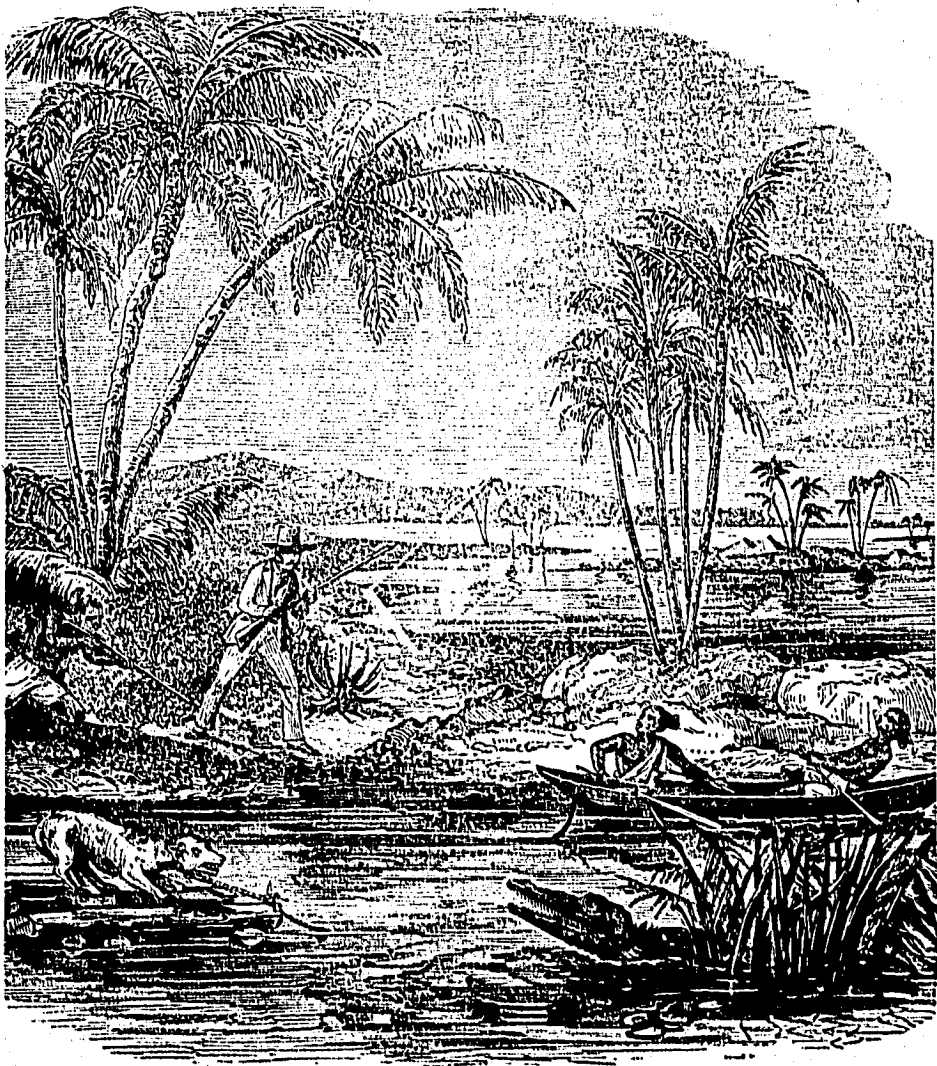
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SCENE ON THE CHAGRES RIVER IN THE OLDEN TIME.

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T.
TON.
S,

HOW I BECAME A BENEDICT.

'Twas on a chill and dreary night,
 Twelve years come next December,
 That Jenny came—the laughing sprite—
 And said "Don't you remember
 You promised me a tale to tell—
 One which you hoped would please me well."

She laid her hand upon my arm,
 Her face so brightly beaming,
 It acted as a spell, a charm,
 Upon my gloomy dreaming.
 And banished from my mind the care,
 Of life which had been preying there.

For 'trade was dull,' and 'times were hard,'
 Which is a tribulation
 To one who, like myself, your bard,
 Had brilliant expectation,
 From venture where he hoped to gain,
 But reaped for profits only pain.

But now a light broke on my mind
 Both pleasing and surprising;
 As sudden as, when from behind
 The eastern hills uprising,
 Old Sol sends forth a flood of light,
 And banishes the gloom of night.

And so, fair Jenny, that I will,
 A tale I hope beguiling;
 And one I never knew, until,
 Your face so sweetly smiling
 Has taught it me—the tale is old—
 Of love—but now each time 'tis told.

Her hands I gently clasped in mine;
 The blood came madly rushing,
 Unto her temples—fate's design—
 More lovely looked she blushing.
 'Tis said, in such an hour as this,
 Was Adam's fall from grace to bliss.

I said, before her smiling face
 I found life's cares to vanish.
 And would she deign my home to grace,
 Life's cares she thence would banish.
 Then wilt thou be my own?—I said,
 Upon my shoulder drooped her head.

Men search for happiness o'er earth,
 Or strive for gain with madness;

They fain would banish care with mirth,
 And yet are tinged with sadness.
 But one such hour of bliss to all,
 Consoles our race for Adam's fall.

Upon ourselves doth bliss depend,
 When joined in wedlock holy:
 Alike on all will it descend,
 The high-born and the lowly.
 Contentment with forgiveness blend,
 And happiness will be your friend.

A JOUST OF THE
MIDDLE AGE.

The Burgundians and the English
 united, went to besiege Molun; but that
 city, full of brave and pure French
 blood, offered them a rude resistance.

Parbazan, one of the most renowned
 knights of the time, was the commander.
 Under his orders were Pierre de Bour-
 bon, the lord of Preaux, and a commoner
 named Bourgeois, who performed mar-
 vels during the siege. The King of
 England and the Duke of Burgundy see-
 ing that it would be impossible to take
 the city by a *coup de main*, decided to
 surround it.

The former, with his two brothers and
 the Duke of Bavaria, took up his quar-
 ters beside the Gatinais; the latter, ac-
 companied by the Count of Huntingdon
 and several other English officers, en-
 camped beside the Bric. A bridge of
 boats was thrown across the river as a
 means of communication between the
 armies occupying its opposite shores;
 and the Duke of Burgundy and the
 king, in order to guard against being
 surprised, surrounded their respective
 camps by moats and walls, which could
 only be entered through strong barriers.
 Meanwhile the King of France and the
 two queens left Troy, and held their
 court in the city of Corbeil.

The siege continued four months and
 a half, without any marked advantage to
 the besieging army. Nevertheless the

Duke of Bu
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Duke of Burgundy had captured a strong bulwark which the Dauphinois had constructed before the outside of their moat, and from the top of which their cannon did much harm to his army.

Then the King of England upon his side caused a mine to be pierced, which afforded an entrance into the interior of the city; this work gave opportunity for one of those scenes that we love to recount, in their least details, because they of themselves alone paint, and in a single feature, all the spirit of an epoch, with the coloring of an entire century.

At the moment when the mine approached the wall, Juvenal, of the Ursins, son of the advocate in parliament, entrusted to guard that portion of the rampart under which it passed, thought he heard some unusual sound. He ordered a drum and a glass of water to be brought to him. The drum gave a sullen echo, and the glass of water trembled; there was no longer any doubt. He called his workmen and instructed a counter-mine to be commenced in the direction of the English, he himself presiding at the work, a long-handed battle-ax in his hand, when by chance Barbazan his commander passed that way.

Juvenal recounted the thing and said to him that he waited there to fight in the subterranean passage.

The old chevalier, who loved Juvenal as if he had been his son, examined his battle-ax, and said to him:

"Brother, thou dost not yet know what it is to have a rencontre in a mine—it needs shorter weapons than this to come hand to hand."

Then drawing his sword, he cut the handle of the ax to a suitable length.

When he had finished, "kneel," said he to Juvenal.

The latter obeyed. He then conferred upon him the Order of Knighthood.

"And now," said he, assisting him to rise, "be a good and loyal chevalier."

After two hours labor, the workmen of the English and the French were separated but by the thickness of an ordinary wall. In an instant this barrier was levelled; on each side the workmen withdrew, and the men-at-arms who followed them commenced a rude charge in this dark and narrow passage, where they could scarcely march four abreast. It was then that Juvenal recognized the truth of the saying of Barbazan; the short-handed battle-ax performed such wonders that the English took flight. The new knight had won his spurs.

An hour afterward the English returned, reinforced, and bearing before them a strong oaken barrier, which they placed across the middle of the mine, to close the passage against the Dauphinois. In the midst of this work a reinforcement arrived for those of the city, and a grand contest with lances took place in the darkness.

This new method of combat presented this singularity, that one might be wounded, or even killed, but could not be taken prisoner; each assailant fought upon his own side of the barrier.

The next day an English herald-at-arms, preceded by a clarion, presented himself before the ramparts of the city. He was the bearer of a challenge in behalf of an English knight, who wished to remain unknown; he offered to any Dauphinois chevalier an encounter on horseback, in which each adversary should break two lances; afterward, if neither should be wounded, a combat on foot with either battle-ax or sword. The English knight chose for lists the subterranean passage, leaving to the Dauphinois chevalier who should accept the challenge the choice of the day and the hour. When the herald had made his proclamation, he proceeded to nail to the gate nearest to which he found himself to be, the glove of his master as a gage of combat and signal of defiance.

Barbazan, who, with a great multitude of people had mounted the wall, then threw his glove from the top of the rampart, in token that he accepted for himself the challenge of the English Knight, afterward, he commanded a squire to go and detach the one which the herald had nailed to the gate of the city.

Many people held that it was not the duty of the commander of a place to expose himself thus in a useless combat. But Barbazan recalled the famous joust of 1402, in which he, the sixth, had vanquished the like number of English knights; it was the same blood which boiled in his heart; and his arm, although old, had lost none of its strength; he therefore made no reply, but prepared himself for the combat of the next day.

During the night, the passage was smoothed and enlarged, in order that it might present no obstacle to the horses; niches were cut at each side of the barrier, in which to station the trumpeters who should give the signal; and torches were fastened along the sides to light the combat.

The next day at eight o'clock in the morning, the adversaries presented themselves at each extremity, having each a clarion in their suits, and on each side a great multitude came out of city and camp, and accompanied them.

The clarion of the English Knight sounded first, in token that it was his master who sent the challenge. The other responded to him, afterward; when he had finished, the four trumpets in the subterranean passage were heard to resound in their turn.

Scarcely had the last sound expired when the two knights placed their lances in rest.

To those who were watching them in the distance, they seemed like two shadows in the passage of the infernal regions.

However, the heavy gallop of their horses, and the clattering of their armor,

proved, by making the arch reverberate with their echoes, that there was nothing unsubstantial about either the men or their coursers.

As the two combatants were unable to calculate the distances necessary to them in taking the field, it happened that Barbazan, whether that his horse was swifter, or that the distance was shorter on his side, arrived first at the barrier. He comprehended at once the disadvantage of his position, which forced him to receive, when motionless, the blow of his adversary, augmented by all the force of his horse.

The English Knight rushed upon him like a thunder-bolt; but Barbazan, bracing himself firmly in his saddle and upon his stirrups, placed his lance against his breast, sustaining it as against a wall of iron. This manœuvre changed the advantage to his side; his adversary received the shock instead of giving it. He saw, but too late, this skilful change, and impelled by his horse, he came with his breast full against the lance of Barbazan, which bent like a bow, then broke as if it had been a wand. The English Knight, whose lance leaned upon its rest, found his weapon too short, he did not even touch his adversary, while almost overthrown by the shock, he struck with its hilt the croup of his horse, which was thrown three paces backward upon its haunches. When the Unknown arose, he bore, planted in the middle of his iron breast-plate, the lance of his enemy. The iron had traversed the cuirasse, and was arrested by encountering a coat of mail, fortunately worn by the English Knight beneath his armor. As to Barbazan, he had not budged, and seemed like a bronze statue upon a pedestal of marble.

The two knights turned their horses' heads, and regained the entrances of the mine. Barbazan took a new lance, stronger than the first; the trumpets

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sounded a second time. Those of the barriers responded, and the chevaliers again entered the arch, followed this time by numbers of the French and English; for, as we have said, this passage was to be the last, and as the combat was to be continued with battle-axes, nothing now hindered the spectators from penetrating the mine.

The distances had, at this second charge, been so well calculated, that the combatants met in mid-career.

This time the lance of the unknown knight struck the left side of the cuirasse of Barbazan, and glancing along its polished surface, cut its trace and raised like a scale the articulation of iron from the shoulder-piece, and penetrated the depth of an inch into the upper part of his arm.

That of Barbazan struck so stoutly against the centre of the shield of his adversary, that the violence of the shock broke his saddle-girth, and the cavalier, too solid to leap from his horse, rolled ten paces with the high saddle in which he was imprisoned, leaving his horse standing, disembarassed of his rider.

Barbazan had dismounted; the Unknown Knight at once arose. Each snatched a battle-ax from the hands of his squire, and the combat began with more violence than before.

However, each displayed in his mode of attack and defence, a prudence which proved the advantageous opinion he had conceived of his adversary. It was marvelous to see their heavy battle-axes wielded with lightning-like quickness, falling upon their shields like the blows upon anvils, and like them too sending forth showers of sparks. These men, striking turn in turn, seemed like woodmen at their work; each blow would have felled an oak, yet each had received twenty, and still remained upright.

Finally, Barbazan, wearied with the gigantic struggle, decided to end it at a blow. Throwing aside his shield, which

hindered him from using his left arm, already enfeebled by its wound, and bracing his foot against one of the timbers of the barrier, he whirled his ax between his hands, and it descended hissing through the air, upon the shield behind which his adversary thought to shelter himself, with such terrible force that it fell before him, and the blow was received upon the crest of the helmet of the Unknown, and glancing along its rounded side, encountered as a salient point the right side of his visor, breaking it as if it had been glass, and finally expended itself upon his shoulder.

Now that half of the visor had fallen, Barbazan, bewildered, recognized in the Unknown Knight whom he had come forth to combat, Henry of Lancaster, King of England.

The old chevalier respectfully retired two paces backward, lowered his battle-ax, removed his helmet, and avowed himself vanquished.

King Henry comprehended all the courtesy of this avowal, and withdrawing his gauntlet, extended his hand to his adversary, saying:

"From this day we are brothers-in-arms; remember it when you have occasion, Sir Guilhelm de Barbazan, for, as for myself, I shall never forget the vigor of the blows you have given me."

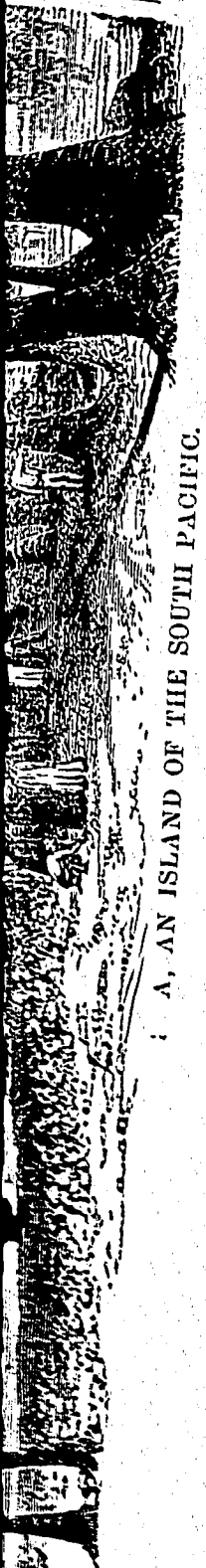
This fraternity was too honorable for Barbazan to refuse; three months afterward he saved his life.

Thus ended between these two adversaries without marked advantage to either this singular subterranean combat, of which history does not, perhaps, afford a second example, and which, during eight days, was courteously continued by the knighted esquires of both armies.

Translated from ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

NATURE has sown in man seeds of knowledge, but then they must be cultivated to produce fruit.





A, AN ISLAND OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A SUNSET IDYL.—KNIGHT'S FERRY.

A SUNSET IDYL.

—
to * * * *

We knocked at the portal of the sunset,
We two wandering alone;
For that charming hour, with its pensive
power,
Had enwrapt us as its own.
All the darling dreams that our hearts had
known,
Rose pure in those shining skies;
Joys half-tasted, hopes lost and wasted,
Lived again in gorgeous dyes.

We gazed at the castles of the sunset,
Till the green earth grew grey and wan,
Adown the long hill, with clarion shrill,
The wind led the shadows on.
The enamored sea yearned to deck his breast
With the heavenly shades above;
And our longing eyes claimed the paradise
As home of the Past and Love!

We roamed through the gold halls of the
sunset,
With fond ones earth names no more;
Each lost smile and caress—each gemmed
tear and kiss,
Jeweled the magic walls o'er.
And we drank the elixir of sunlight,
As our dear dream died in the night;
We pledged the secret hour, an exquisite
dower,
A memory tender and bright.

MINNA.

RORA-TONGA.

THE sketch we give above is of Rora-Tonga, one of those peaceful islands of the South Pacific, where nature lavishes all the delicious fruits and luxurious vegetation of a tropical climate upon her indolent and effeminate children, sparing them the necessity of labor, and, by her protecting barriers of coral, defending the natives from the blessings of civilization, as ordinarily dispensed by our sea-faring population.

In approaching Rora-Tonga, the principal of the Harvey group,—which can only be done by boats, as there is no anchorage for ships, and all vessels are obliged to lie off and on during their brief and dangerous stay,—the brilliantly tinted and delicately formed branches of coral groves growing beneath the waves, crush before the advancing keels of the adventurous boatmen, as they plow through the transparent water in passing through a depression within the reef.

KNIGHT'S FERRY.

IT is difficult to foresee the changes which must needs occur in a town like Knight's Ferry, important both as the centre of a mining district and as the chief thoroughfare of trade to the southern mines. Not many years hence, this cut, we venture to predict, will be a souvenir of old times to the present inhabitants of that place, and a curiosity to new comers; just as the cut of a scene on the Chagres River, to be found on the next page, recalls to the minds of forty-miners the high old times in which the voyage to California was a thing to write a book about; when the crossing of the Isthmus was an affair replete with mules, monkeys, alligators and desperate adventures with desperate people.

ALEXANDRIA.

OUR engraving gives a fair idea of the appearance of a street in an Egyptian town at noonday, with its dreamy inhabitants enjoying their siesta within its half ruined houses. A subscriber of ours, a late resident of Alexandria, enters an emphatic disclaimer against the popular belief in the beauties of that region, as taught in romance and poetry.

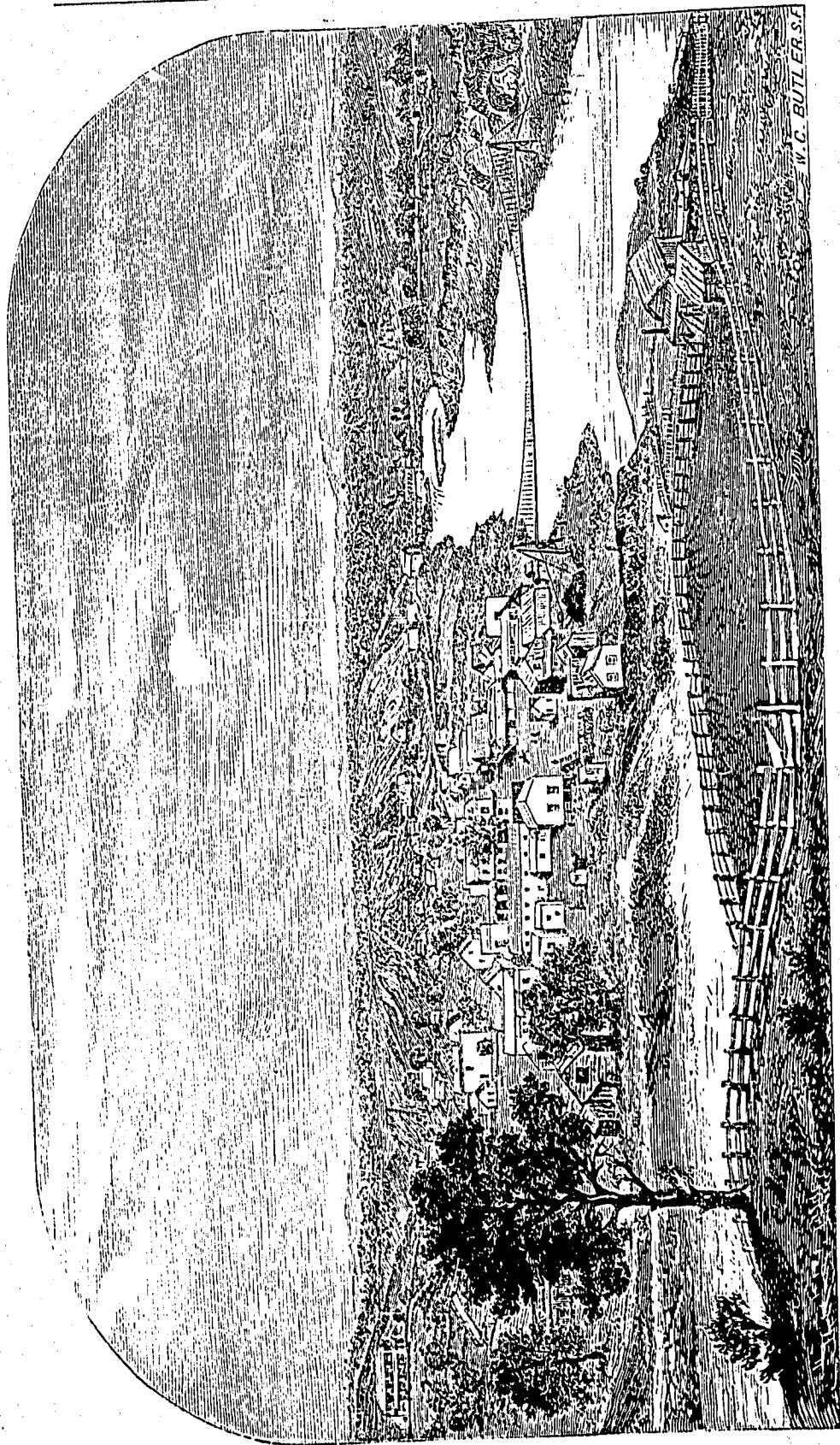


A DWELLING IN ALEXANDRIA.

L A B O R .

BY FRANK SOULE.

Despise not labor! God did not despise
 The handiwork which wrought this gorgeous globe;
 That crowned its glories with yon jeweled skies,
 And clad the earth in nature's queenly robe.
 He dug the first canal—the river's bed—
 Built the first fountain in the gushing spring,
 Wove the first carpet for man's haughty tread,
 The warp and wool of his first covering.
 He made the picture painters imitate,
 The statuary's first grand model made,
 Taught human intellect to recreate,
 And human ingenuity its trade.
 Ere great Daguerre had harnessed up the Sun,
 Apprenticeship at his new art to serve,
 A greater Artist greater things had done,
 The wondrous pictures of the optic nerve.
 There is no deed of honest labor born,
 That is not godlike in the toiling limb,
 Howe'er the lazy scoff, the brainless scorn;
 God labored first, toil likens us to him.
 Ashamed of work! mechanic with thy tools?
 The tree thy ax cut from its native sod,
 And turns to useful things—go tell to fools—
 Was fashioned in the factory of God.
 Go build your ships, go raise your lofty dome,
 Your granite temple that through time endures,



KNIGHT'S FERRY.

W. C. BUTLER S.F.



Your humble cot, or that proud pile of Rome—
 His arm has toiled there in advance of yours.
 He made the flowers your learned florists scan,
 And crystalized the atoms of each gem,
 Ennobled labor in great Nature's plan,
 And made it virtue's brightest diadem.
 Whatever thing is worthy to be had,
 Is worthy of the toil by which 'tis won,
 Just as the grain with which the fields are clad,
 Pays back the warming labor of the sun.
 'Tis not profession that ennobles men,
 'Tis not the calling that can o'er degrade,
 The trowel is as worthy as the pen,
 The pen is mightier than the hero's blade.
 The merchant with his ledger and his wares,
 The lawyer with his cases and his books,
 The toiling farmer 'mid his wheat, or tares,
 The poet by his shady streams and nooks,
 The MAN, whate'er his work, wherever done,
 If intellect and honor guide his hand,
 Is peer to him who greatest state hath won,
 And rich as any Rothschild of the land.
 All mere distinctions based upon pretence,
 Are merely laughing themes for manly hearts,
 The miner's cradle claims from men of sense,
 More honor than the youngling Bonaparte's.
 Let fops and fools the sons of toil deride,
 On false pretensions brainless dunces live,
 Let carpet heroes strut with parlor pride,
 Supreme in all which indolence can give—
 But be thou not like them, and envy not
 Those fancy tomtit burlesques of mankind,
 The witless snobs in idleness who rot,
 Hermaphrodites 'twixt vanity and mind.
 Oh, Son of Toil, be proud, look up, arise,
 And disregard Opinion's hollow test.
 A false society's decrees despise—
 He is most worthy who hath labored best.
 The sceptre is less royal than the hoe,
 The sword, beneath whose rule whole nations writhe,
 And curse the wearer while they fear the blow—
 Is far less noble than the plow and scythe.
 There's more true honor on one tan-browned hand
 Rough with the honest work of busy men,
 Than all the soft-skinned punies of the land,
 The nice white kiddery of "upper ten."
 Blow bright the forge, the sturdy anvil ring,
 It sings the anthem of King Labor's courts,
 And sweeter sounds the clattering hammers bring,
 Than half a thousand thumped pianofortes.
 Fair are the ribbons from the rabbit plane,
 As those which grace my lady's hat and cape,
 Nor does the joiner's honor blush or wane,
 Beside the lawyer with his brief and tape.
 Pride thee, mechanic, on thy honest trade,
 'Tis nobler than the snob's much vaunted pelf,
 Man's soulless pride his test of worth has made,
 But thine is based on that of God himself.

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WOMEN.

Madame Emile Girardin, a popular French authoress, discourses in the following racy style concerning the women of the present day, and of the latitude in which she resides:—

“Women, veritable women, no longer exist. There are still mothers, better ones, even, than lived in former days. There are sisters, there are mistresses, there are devoted friends, there are associates, there are treasures, there are managers, there always will be shrews; but there are no more women—not in the civilized world!

In fact, what is a true woman? It is a being, feeble, ignorant, timid and idle, that could not live by herself, that would pale at a word, blush at a look, be afraid of everything, and know nothing; but who should be enlightened by a sublime instinct, should act by inspiration—which ought to be a more unerring guide than experience—a mysterious being that should be adorned by the most charming contrasts; possessed of violent passions and few ideas; of insatiable vanity and inexhaustible generosity—for a true woman is at the same time good as a saint, and a very goddess of deceit—full of caprice and unreasonableness; who weeps from joy, and laughs from anger; who lies badly, and who deceives well; that is rendered wise by misfortune; that contrarities exalt to the verge of madness; whose simplicity is equal to her perfidy; whose timidity equals her audacity; a being inexhaustible, in fact, having great talents by chance, and in great events when it is necessary to have them; but knowing how constantly to exhibit amiable defects, treasures of fear and of hope, which attract, attach, disquiet, and which no one can resist.

“Ah! now, where will you find many women who resemble this portraiture? Alas! it is no longer permitted to these

poor women to have all these charming defects; they have been compelled to renounce them, despite their inclinations, since the day when the men themselves usurped them.

“Artless ignorance, amicable want of foresight, adorable languor, childlike coquetishness, ye are no longer the graces of women; ye form the strength of manhood to-day. Courage, reason, patience, intelligent activity, ye are no longer the virtues of men, ye are the defects of women to-day.

“Twenty years of peace have borne their fruits. Courage has gone out of fashion. Young men of the present day know neither how to suffer, nor to work; they know how to endure nothing, neither grief, nor poverty, nor weariness, nor honorable humiliation, nor heat, nor cold, nor fatigue, nor privation, nor—except it be by accident—do they know how to endure anything.

“This is why the women have been compelled to metamorphose themselves; they have acquired supernatural virtues, and which, certainly, are not of their own choosing. They have become courageous—they, to whom puerile timidity lent so much grace; they have become reasonable—they, to whom inconsistency lent so many attractions; they have renounced beauty through economy, and vanity through devotion; they have comprehended by the pure instinct, which is their strength, that in the human economy it is necessary that one of the two companions must work that the offspring may be fed. Man has folded his arms, and woman has undertaken the work; and this is why the woman no longer exists.

“Study the manners of the people. See the wife of this laborer; she occupies herself with her shop and with her household—she has not, during the entire day, a moment of repose. What

does her husband do? where is he?—at the tavern!

"Look at this young girl; she is a scamstress. She is pale, her eyes are red—she is eighteen, and no longer pretty. She never goes out, she works night and day—and her father? He is in the neighboring house of entertainment reading the newspapers!

"Follow this beautiful woman. How rapidly she walks. She looks anxiously at her watch; she is late. She has already given since morning four lessons in singing, she has three yet to give. It is a fatiguing business. And her husband? what does he do then? She comes in contact with him, he is promenading upon the boulevard, in company with one of the actresses from one of the lesser theatres.

"Look again at this poor woman. What an air of weariness she has. She is a literary victim, who tasks herself to gain a subsistence by writing. Her mediocre works sell well enough, and suffice to clothe herself and her little daughter.—And her husband? where is he? In the coffee-house yonder, playing billiards and jesting about authoresses.

"See still this little woman talking, filled with hurry and agitation. She is rich; she does not need to work; but her husband is a nobody, who depends for everything upon her. She wishes to secure for him a nomination for a certain place, and she is petitioning for him whilst he is playing whist at some club.

"Ah! think you that it is for their own pleasure that women have rendered themselves thus active and courageous? Believe you that they would not a thousand times prefer their state of nonchalance and insignificance, and that it would not be infinitely more agreeable to them to pass their time extended upon luxurious divans, in the attitudes of odalisques, surrounded with flowers, clad in rich stuffs, and have nothing to do but

amuse themselves and be beautiful? In changing their natures they have made a very great sacrifice, believe it! Well, far from blaming them, they ought to be admired for their abnegation. A young woman reasonable! a beautiful woman economical! a woman who deprives herself of articles of embellishment! But it is a prodigy of virtue! a model of heroism!

"Ah! you do not know how much courage a woman requires to enable her to devote herself to being always humbly clad; you do not know what innumerable and irresistible temptations she is compelled every moment to resist!

To be wise in a matter of dress is to be sublime! To pass before an attractive shop and see suspended behind the glass a delicious sky-blue or lilac ribbon, a provoking ribbon that excites her to admire—to devour it with her eyes—to build all manner of air-castles about it—to trim herself in imagination with its coquetish knots, and to say to herself, "I will put two rosettes in my hair; the wide ribbon will be for my ceinture, the narrower one for the pelisse and sleeves." And afterward to snatch herself from these culpable reveries, reproach herself as for a crime, and fly, courageous and desolate, far from the tempting ribbon, without even wishing to inquire its price. This alone requires more strength of mind than the most terrible of battles.

"Yes, women have lost in attractiveness all that they have gained in talents; strangely, the more useful they are, the less power they possess—because their power lies not in the activity they employ, but in the influence they exercise. Women were not made to act, they were made to command, that is to say, to inspire, to counsel, to prevent, to demand, to obtain! that is their rôle! action, to them, is abdication.

"There are two categories of women to love: angelic women, and demoniacal

women; veiled lilies, and B vine leaves; accompanying t and those who movements by those whom o and those wh ication; the o the other for ideals, alike alike enshrined powerful, th they impose, inspire. For of the charm tures of wor ful fears. C the first, a v cessive deli make them displeasing fright. On the other, of one's self women, of pride, and heart they great dang

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women; veiled virgins crowned with
 lilies, and Bacchantes, crowned with
 vine leaves; those who sing gently ac-
 companying themselves upon the lyre,
 and those who dance wildly guiding their
 movements by the thyrses and tambour;
 those whom one loves with enthusiasm,
 and those whom one idolizes with intox-
 ication; the one class fascinates for good,
 the other for evil; but both are alike
 ideals, alike enveloped in mysteries,
 alike enshrined, alike superior, alike all-
 powerful, the one class by the respect
 they impose, the other by the terror they
 inspire. For, you know, that fear is one
 of the charms of love, and these two na-
 tures of women are the cause of delight-
 ful fears. One trembles in presence of
 the first, a word might alarm their ex-
 cessive delicacy, an imprudence might
 make them fly forever, the thought of
 displeasing them causes a charming
 fright. One trembles in the presence of
 the other, afraid of everything; afraid
 of one's self and afraid of them. These
 women, of unrestrained passions, jealous
 pride, and savage in anger, have for the
 heart they enslave all the fascination of
 great dangers.

"We do not know whether there still
 exists female ideals of evil, but we be-
 lieve that female ideals of good are no
 longer in existence. We have, however,
 and this is better for the world, honest
 women, reasonable women, laborious
 women, good women, excellent little
 women, with whom one may talk with-
 out ceremony, whom one meets with
 great pleasure, whose preference one ac-
 cepts with pride, but who neither address
 themselves to the imagination nor inspire
 love. You men have so frequently said:
 'Woman is the companion of man,' that
 the poor women have taken you at your
 word, they have become your compan-
 ions; they are willing to share your ex-
 istence, your occupations, your vexations.
 Oh! insane idea, culpable error. The

woman was not made to share the trou-
 bles of the man! (His sufferings are all
 those of self-love, and reverse of fortune.)
 Unhappy the woman who permits the
 man whom she loves to confide his dis-
 tresses to her! From that moment she
 loses the faculty of entertaining him, and
 he leaves her to go and forget his troubles
 in the presence of some one who is ig-
 norant of them.

"A companion? Is one who loves
 you a companion? Reply in good faith
 and agree, that woman is not the com-
 panion of the man. She ought to be his
 idol, always, in all the phases of his life,
 and under the most fascinating images.
 A treasure of candor in childhood, a
 queen of beauty as a maiden, and a di-
 vinity in her riper years."

MOUNT BALLEY.

BY PROF. G. K. GODFREY.

WHOEVER has passed under the
 shadow of Old Balley, which
 stands near the forks of the road leading
 from Shasta to Yreka and Weaverville,
 will remember the magic influence which
 electrified his mind as he gazed on the
 aerial height of this towering mountain.

Mount Balley is one of the prominent
 landmarks of California, and can be seen
 from the Sacramento Valley towering up
 far in the distance, crowned with its
 snowy helmet and glancing in the sun-
 light like a giant spectre, gloomy and
 grand, on which nature shows off the
 splendor of her aerial wardrobe.

Many a traveler of days past, before
 the stage-coach supplanted the passenger
 mule-train, will remember how the rough
 trails in the long journey over the hills
 and mountains of Trinity River, were
 made plain by the beauty of the ever-
 changing landscape, oblivious of the toil
 of the way, the thumps and jolts in the
 ill-graded ravines, and the weary ascent

to the far off mountain tops—and the charming snatches of dell and rock and waterfall, in the wide reaching panorama which continually accompanied it, repaid the involuntary ups and downs along the stream of Clear Creek.

But along this ever memorable mining stream, there is one object whose barrenness and desolation forms an unpleasant and striking contrast to the scene. An object whose once hidden treasures has proved its ruin, and whose rugged inequalities of bed rock, partly covered with boulders and unsightly heaps of earth and cobble stone, tell us what man has done in search of the precious treasures.

Before sunrise, I started from Tower House a few mornings since, to make the ascent of Old Balley. My excursion was so replete with visions of surpassing loveliness, that I cannot refrain from mentioning it, that others who love the beautiful, may feast their eyes upon the same entrancing panorama. My path led through Tower's Garden, a portion of it lying along the banks of Clear Creek, that comes sweeping down around Trinity Mountains. This is a beautiful place for epicurians to luxuriate in spring time, or in autumn, as she arrays herself in golden costume, and spreads her table with prodigal liberality.

At the lower end of the garden, Sawmill Creek comes rushing down from the side of Mount Balley.

Passing through the lumber yard, I observed piles of lumber staked up for mining purposes, which the miners use for long spanning flumes of the mining canals to convey water to dry ravines and hill diggings.

Bounding joyously up this creek, I passed over rocks piled on rocks in wild confusion, while far above me dizzy precipices frowned in craggy columns wild with grandeur. Detached quartz rocks and long angular fragments of gray granite are strown along in the bed of the

stream, over which the mountain torrents roar and tumble down, plunging into romantic chasms, with ceaseless turmoil seething, from which the silver mists arise and calmly float towards Heaven, as with the proud consciousness of having freed themselves from the demon that was forever dragging them down, and whose crags beetling and bare with weird and fantastic forms, have a wild grandeur all their own. My walk up the stream was necessarily slow, but not too slow to see sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything.

Who would not go out amid such wilds as these mountains afford, and leaving the busy world behind them, study nothing save what nature teaches, and love nothing but the things that nature gives them to worship.

Leaving this stream to the right, my course led up a dividing ridge to a broad flank which was formed from a spur sweeping down around from the summit. The hillsides were decked with hues resplendent and charming, tender blades of green grass newly springing forth, formed a beautiful contrast with the variegated colors of spring flowers; the shrubs and trees of different description were clad in bright green foliage, and from each bush and tree the merry songsters were warbling their sweetest lays to their Creator.

Having gained this eminence, which was rather hard to climb, I paused for a moment's rest, being weary by toil, from the abruptness of the ascent.

Seating myself upon a moss-covered rock, I involuntarily glanced my eyes down upon the scenery which lay at my feet.

Below me Mill stream glittered like molten silver in the sunbeams. From where I stood, it appeared about a yard in width, and gleamed white as snow as it fell through the dark green pines that grow below, and the distant murmur of

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that falling cascade was sweet to me as the low breathings of a sweet-toned harp.

Here can be seen for a long way up and down this little valley of Clear Creek, long spanning flumes for mining purposes, gardens and miners' humble cabins. The most of all which attracted my attention was Clear Creek, winding its way through this valley like a serpentine mirror, and on its banks the busy delving miners in pursuit of the glittering treasure. On the opposite side of Clear Creek, tall bare mountains rise in bold relief against the clear heavens.

On either side of me stood dense forests of cedar, from which sprung thick pinnacles of pine, like green spires from greener temples of nature, the living houses of nature's choristers.

The towering forests rested their green heads at my feet, and I entertained the fanciful thought that they were the solemn old poets of nature, crowned with evergreens by the fair hand of spring in her revivification.

Perhaps I am partial, but to me the lines, "The groves were God's first temples," have a beautiful and truthful expression.

The huge mountains lay silently around, buried in their slumbers, and frowning down on silvery waters, whose bosom was painted with another world of lovely scenes, the pictured dreams of her slumbering hours. Transcendent glory seemed to array earth like Edens of Paradise, and the landscape lay before me more glorious than our dreams, where waves of perfect melody are ever floating onward and upward, made up of sweet choraling of joyous birds, the hum of the insect world, the murmurings of leafy boughs, and the liquid music of hidden brooks. Mountains, far stretching forests, huge rocks, living brooks, and the humbler but chaster beauty of flowers, illuminated by the clear meridian sun, formed a confused medley of landscape

from the mild and lovely to the rough and sublime. Nothing that I ever saw in point of beauty, so delighted me as the ascent of this mountain.

What food for endless thought and reflection. The contemplative mind seems to expand with the expansion of the view which nature inspires, and the soul, swelling in harmony with the magnitude of the surrounding objects, would proudly and gladly claim kindred with the enthroned grandeur of nature in the mountains.

Charming as the scenery around me was, a lonely feeling came over me, and from my present attitude I felt morally, mentally, and physically elevated in the scale of creation, and profoundly impressed with the wisdom of the Creator.

Ascending higher and higher still among the old monarchs of the forest, and with nothing to cheer me but the soft moaning winds, which seemed like the requiem of departed summer, after five hours' toil I reached the summit, and exclaimed *Excelsior!*

My position commanded a wide sweep of the surrounding country. Blended in one magnificent view, there lay stretched out before me, in all its serene loveliness, so wondrous a panorama of mountains and valleys, and woodlands, and sunny slopes, that we were at a loss to know in what measure to utter forth our admiration.

Behold these mountain peaks that point toward Heaven, and crowned with mists of which the sunlight makes a glorious halo. Their sun-touched summits gleaming with purple splendor, their aerial heights crowned with eternal snows, stand out in bold relief from the deep azure of the heavens, brilliant in dazzling whiteness.

On the north, stretching in the direction of Mount Shasta, are mountains interlocking mountains, with deep gorges, wild precipices that scoffed the heavens

with their faded and broken summits, piled up in eternal confusion. Beyond these awful crags and savage gorges, Mount Shasta springs up into Heaven, cold and silent, white and grand, while clouds hang down around its base. It seemed at this time as if the Deity had thrown the robe of his glory over this gigantic form on purpose to see how it became its gorgeous appareling. Towards the south, as far as the vision can extend, the Coast Range Mountains leaned along the solemn sky, in waving outlines, and glittered like a silver chain in the light of the sun, and as the range approaches nearer you, this magic chain is drawn in bolder outlines against the clear heavens, still looking down on the winding streams and rivers, and the great valley of the Sacramento.

Behind me, sloping toward the Pacific Ocean, Trinity, Salmon and Klamath River Mountains showed faintly their undulating outlines, while the nearer mountains around Weaverville arose like giant sentinels, as if keeping ward and watch over the peaceful scenes below.

Here for ages the flow of the Trinity River has washed their bases, while far above

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,"

towards the east, the snowy capped Sierras rise dim and blue from the misty hazes, flanking the heavens as one tier rises above another, each ridge crowned with fortresses, and receding away to the southward, till a sea of summits flowed along the distant heaven until lost in the cloud-like distance.

The Coast Range Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas unite at the base of Mount Shasta, and in an unbroken chain comes sweeping around to the northwest to my feet, forming a grand panorama three hundred miles in circumference; while the fertile valley of the Sacramento

and its tributary streams glanced and gleamed in the amber light of a clouded day.

Stretching to the southward, between me and those distant mountains, you beheld the long broad valley of the Sacramento, spread out like a misty lake, while here and there groves of timber spring up, giving it the appearance of islands.

While all around me, scattered on the mountain tops, are symmetrical and spire-like pine trees, standing like sentinels of the Creator to direct our thoughts above.

The heavens bright and blue smiling on these luxurious forests with its sheen of light, and stretching its azure roof far on every side, and resting on the granite columns of the mountains, the air pure and invigorating, all inspired feelings within me of the most profound adoration.

It is a spectacle which paralyzes the beholder;—from fear to terror, and from astonishment to admiration, carries the thoughts of mortal man up to the Creator. Who could ask more? We turned from the enchanting vision, but never to forget it.

It will live forever in memory, and if fate or inclination should lead us to other climes, it will be always a bright remembrance.

SHASTA, May, 1861.

BEWARE of misapplying Scripture. It is a thing easily done, but not so easily answered. I know not any one gap that hath let in more and more dangerous errors into the Church, than this,—that men take the word of the sacred text, fitted to particular occasions, and to the condition of the times wherein they were written, and then apply them to themselves and others, as they find them, without due respect had to the differences that may be between those times and cases and the present.

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[LINES WRITTEN IN DEJECTION AT MIDNIGHT.]
 I cannot sleep, though darkly now
 The gloom of night is on my brow,
 And silence o'er the sleeping world
 Has long her starry robes unfurled;
 The night winds, passing with a moan,
 Remind me I am all alone.

Through the dark vista of the past
 My vision now is backward cast,
 And, oh! what ghosts of sunny hours,
 When life was spring-like, robed in flowers,
 Come flitting, faded, one by one,
 To tell me I am all alone.

To feel that we are growing old,
 With scarce one-half our summers told—
 To see no star whose ray can bless
 The wreck of our lost happiness—
 To weep o'er life's young vision flown—
 This, this it is to be alone.

I seem a mourner by the tomb
 Of my heart's squared and withered bloom—
 A sad sojourner in a wild,
 Where sorrow marks me as her child;
 My joys, like autumn leaves, are strewn—
 A branchless tree, I stand alone.

For me no flow'ring fancy blows,
 Of bird-like hope its music pours;
 I meet no more the blissful reply
 That love sends warm to beauty's eye—
 I hear no sweet affection's tone
 To soothe me when I'm all alone.

I loved, but mine is now the pain
 Of those who feel they loved in vain—
 I fondly sought this head to rest,
 Upon one pure, confiding breast,
 And such a one was all my own,
 When cold hearts bade us be alone.

And now, upon life's stormy sea,
 The dark, cold waves are bearing me—
 I seek in vain some sunny isle,
 To rest my weary frame awhile,
 Upon the rocks my bark is thrown,
 Where I lie bleeding and alone.

I would in vain my feelings fly,
 But thoughts there are that cannot die;
 I call for Lethe's fabled stream
 To wash away this troubled dream,
 But memory, with her solemn tone,
 Reminds me I am still alone.

Some wild bird cheers the darkest wood,
 And sunlight gilds the blackest flood;
 The ivy o'er the ruin grows,
 Like hope amid a world of woes,
 But light or hope for me is none—
 I wander cheerless and alone.

But cease, my song, this tale of woe—
 A stranger to the rude world go—
 And if to meet, should be thy fate,
 A heart—like mine—all desolate,
 Then whisper to that stricken one,
 In grief, at least, 'tis not alone.

But should the cold world scoff at thee,
 And thou canst find no sympathy—
 Should thy sad music flow in vain,
 Return, my song, to me again;
 And like some bird when summer's gone,
 I'll sing thee to myself, alone.

L' INCONNU.

THE INGRATE.

A Story of Massenius.

BY N.

VITALIS, a noble Venetian, while
 on hunting, fell into a pit prepared
 for taking wild animals; he remained
 there an entire day and night, a prey to
 anguish that I leave you to imagine. The
 pit was dark; Vitalis at first attempted
 to find some root, by the aid of which he
 could climb out of his prison, but he
 heard a confusion of noises so extraordi-
 nary; roarings, hissings and howlings,
 that, overcome with terror, he shrank
 into a corner of the pit, and remained
 there motionless and stifled with fear.

The morning of the second day he
 heard some one passing near the pit, and
 raising his voice, he cried out dolefully:

"Help! help! lift me from this pit!"

It was a peasant who was crossing the forest. At first, when he heard the cry, he was afraid, but afterward, reassuring himself, he approached and demanded who was there.

"A poor hunter," was the reply, "who has fallen unawares, and who has already spent here a long day and night; lift me from here in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ! lift me out of this pit and I will recompense you well."

"I will do so if I can," said the peasant.

Then Masaccio (this was the name of the peasant) took a knife from his belt, cut a long branch from a tree, strong enough to sustain a man, and approaching the pit, said:

"My lord hunter, listen well to that which I shall say to you. I will extend this branch into your pit, and bracing myself against the side will hold it, by this means you can climb out."

"Well," responded Vitalis, "demand of me whatever you wish, and I will grant it."

"I demand nothing for aiding you, but I am about to be married; you may give my bride anything you please."

Masaccio then extended the branch into the pit; he soon felt it becoming heavy, and in a moment a monkey leaped joyously out of the pit; he had fallen like Vitalis, and had nimbly ascended Masaccio's branch.

"It is the devil," cried the peasant, flying, "who has spoken to me from this pit!"

"Do you then abandon me?" cried Vitalis, in accents of lamentation, "my friend, my dear friend, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the name of your bride, lift me from this pit I beseech you! I will portion your bride, I will enrich you! I am the Lord Vitalis, a rich Venetian. Do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit."

Masaccio allowed himself to be per-

suaded, and returning threw in the branch; he drew up a lion that with a roar of joy bounded from the pit.

"Oh! this proves that it is the devil!" exclaimed Masaccio, and he fled away, stricken with terror.

However, he paused after a few steps, arrested by the agonizing cries of Vitalis.

"My God! my God!" cried the latter, "must I die of hunger in a pit? will no one come to my relief? Whoever you are, I beseech you to save me; I will give you lands, cattle, everything you wish; save me! only save me!"

Masaccio returned and again threw in the branch.

A serpent ascended, hissing gaily as it escaped from the pit.

Masaccio fell upon his knees half-dead with fear, murmuring the prayers which had been taught him for the banishment of demons; he was recalled to himself by the despairing cries of Vitalis.

"Must I die? Ah, my God! my God!" he lamented with sobs and tears.

"It is surely the voice of a man," said Masaccio.

"Oh! if you are still there," said Vitalis, "in the name of all that you hold most dear, save me, that I may die at least in my own house, and not in this horrible pit. I have no more strength! my voice is exhausted! save me! Do you want my palace at Venice, my wealth, my honors? I will give them to you; and may I die here if I break my promise! life, life only! Save my life!"

Masaccio could not resist such prayers, mingled with so many promises, and again he extended the branch into the pit. This time he drew up the man. As he lifted him from the pit, Vitalis, exhausted, gave a cry of joy and fainted in the arms of Masaccio.

Masaccio sustained him, endeavored to restore him, and when he came to himself, gave him his arm, saying, "Come, let us leave this forest."

Vitalis could scarcely walk, he was exhausted from hunger.

"Eat this morsel of bread," said Masaccio, giving him a piece of bread from his sack.

"My benefactor, my savior, my good angel," said Vitalis to Masaccio, "how can I ever recompense you?"

"You have promised me a portion for my bride, and your palace at Venice for me."

Vitalis began to recover his strength.

"Yes, certainly," said he, "I will portion your bride. My dear Masaccio, I will portion her richly; I am willing to make you the richest peasant in your village. Where do you live?"

"At Casaletta, in the forest, but I will leave my village willingly to go and establish myself at Venice in the palace you have promised me."

"Here, we are out of the forest, and I know the way; thank you, Masaccio!"

"When shall I come to receive the portion and the palace?"

"Whenever you will."

They separated. Vitalis returned to Venice, and Masaccio to Casaletto, where he recounted his adventure to his *fiancee*, telling her that she should have a splendid marriage portion, and he a magnificent palace at Venice.

The next day, early in the morning, he set off for Venice, to demand the palace of Lord Vitalis. Arriving, he said that he had come to receive the marriage portion promised him by the Lord Vitalis, and that afterwards he would return with his bride in a splendid coach to establish himself in the palace that the Lord Vitalis had also promised to give him.

Masaccio seemed insane, and one went to tell Vitalis that there was a peasant there who demanded a marriage portion, and said that the palace belonged to him.

"Drive him away," said Vitalis, "I do not know him!"

The valets drove Masaccio away, who

returned in despair to his cottage, and entered without daring to go and see his *fiancee*.

By one corner of the fire was seated the monkey, at the other corner sat the lion, and before it was coiled the serpent—his three guests of the forest. Masaccio was terrified.

"The man has driven me away," thought he, "now the lion will devour me, or the serpent will strangle me, and the monkey will laugh at me."

But the monkey made an amicable grimace, the lion gently wagged his tail, and approaching him licked his hand, as a dog would have caressed his master, and the serpent, uncoiling himself, moved about the room with an air of joyous gratitude which reassured Masaccio.

"Poor animals," said he, "they are better than the Lord Vitalis; the ingrate drove me away as if I had been a beggar—oh! I could throw him again into the pit with pleasure. And my bride, whom I believed should have such a splendid wedding! No wood in my shed, no food, no money, not even enough to purchase a gold pin for my wife. The ingrate, with his marriage portion and his palace!"

Thus wept Masaccio.

The monkey began to chatter, the lion to lash with his tail, and the serpent to coil and uncoil himself; the monkey approached as if to conduct him, and leading him to his shed, showed him a store of wood, all neatly piled, to last him for a year. The monkey had gathered the wood in the forest and carried it to the cottage of Masaccio; Masaccio clasped the good monkey in his arms.

The lion then growled gently, and led the way to a corner of the court of the cottage, and showed him an enormous provision of game; two deer, three goats, a quantity of rabbits and hares, and a fine boar, all properly cov-

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ered with branches of trees, in order to keep them fresh. The lion had hunted for his benefactor, and Masaccio caressed his mane.

"And you," said he to the serpent, "have you brought me nothing? are you a Vitalis, or good and honest animal like the monkey and the lion?"

The serpent glided quickly under a mass of dry leaves, then immediately reappeared, and coiling himself, elevated his head; and Masaccio saw with surprise that he held in his mouth a beautiful diamond.

Masaccio was provided with wood and game—he could give a grand bridal feast. He set off, therefore, at once for Venice; there he sought for the shop of a jeweler, and said to him that he had come to sell a diamond.

The jeweler examined the diamond, and seeing that it was of the purest water, said to him:

"What price do you ask?"

"Two hundred crowns," replied Masaccio, thinking that he demanded a sufficient sum, although it was scarcely a tenth part of the value of the stone.

The jeweler, regarding Masaccio with severity, said to him:

"At this price you are a robber, and I arrest you!"

"If it is worth less, give me less," cried Masaccio. "I am not a robber—I am an honest man; it was the serpent that gave me this diamond."

The police came, and he was conducted before the magistrate: there he recounted his history, which seemed like a fairy tale; but as the Lord Vitalis was found mingled in the recital of the peasant, the magistrate sent the affair before the inquisitors of State, and Masaccio appeared before them.

"Tell us your history," said one of the inquisitors, "and lie not, or we will throw you in the lagoons."

Masaccio recounted his history.

"Was it thus that you saved the Lord Vitalis?" said one.

"Yes, my lords."

"And he promised you a marriage portion for your bride, and his palace at Venice for yourself?"

"Yes, my lords."

"And he caused you to be driven away like a beggar?"

"Ah! yes, my lords, like a beggar; me, whom he had so supplicated when he was in the pit with the monkey, the serpent and the lion."

"Let the Lord Vitalis be brought before us."

Vitalis came.

"Do you know this man, Lord Vitalis?" said the inquisitor.

"No, I do not," responded Vitalis.

"He pretends to have saved your life."

"I do not know him."

The inquisitors conferred together.

"This man," they said, speaking of Masaccio, "is evidently a mad man or a knave; he must be put in prison until time shall throw light upon this affair."

"Lord Vitalis, you are at liberty to retire."

Afterward making a sign to a soldier, "Put this man in the dungeons."

Masaccio threw himself upon his knees in the midst of the hall, and cried out: "My lords! my lords! it is possible that the diamond is a stolen diamond. I do not know—it was the serpent that gave it to me; the serpent may have deceived me, my lords, he deceived Eve, our mother; it is possible that the monkey, the lion and the serpent were all a delusion of the demon; but I saved this lord. I attest it, he is no longer pale, he is no longer feeble and half-fainting to-day, as when he came out of the pit, and when I gave him my bread; it is the same voice with which he cried to me to save his life, with which he says to-day he does not know me. Lord Vitalis, I now demand of you neither a wedding portion

for my bride, nor your marble palace; but speak a word for me! do not let me be thrown into the dungeons! do not abandon me! I did not abandon you in the pit!"

"Lords," said Vitalis, bowing towards the tribunal, "I can only repeat to you what I have said; I do not know this man. He invents against me an extravagant history; has he a single witness, a particle of testimony?"

At this moment there was a movement of surprise and affright among the soldiers, and the lion, the monkey, and the serpent entered the hall.

The monkey was mounted upon the lion, and held the serpent entwined about his arms. On entering, the lion roared, the monkey chattered, and the serpent hissed.

"Ah!" exclaimed the terrified Vitalis, "these are the beasts of the pit."

"Lord Vitalis," resumed the chief of the inquisitors, when the confusion had partially subsided, "you demanded where were the witnesses of Masaccio; you see God has sent them at the point when they were named, to the bar of our tribunal; we would indeed be culpable before Him if we failed to punish your ingratitude. Your palace, your possessions, are confiscated. You will pass the remainder of your days in a narrow prison. Go. And you," continued he, addressing Masaccio, who was meanwhile caressing his lion, his monkey and his serpent, "since a Venetian has promised you a marble palace and a portion for your bride, the Republic of Venice will fulfil the promise; the palace and possessions of Vitalis are yours."

"You," said he to the secretary of the tribunal, "write a recital of this history, and make it known to the people of Venice, that they may know that the justice of the tribunal of the inquisitors of the State is not less equitable than it is rigorous."

Masaccio and his wife dwelt many years in the palace of Vitalis, with the monkey, the lion and the serpent, and Masaccio caused them to be represented upon the wall of his palace, entering the hall of the tribunal, the lion bearing the monkey, and the monkey bearing the serpent.

AN ADVENTURE.

JOSEPH II, who reigned over Austria and the lower countries, frequently amused himself with adventures where he was unknown. One day, clad in a simple great coat closely buttoned, and accompanied by a single domestic without livery, he went, in a caleche, with seats for two persons, which he drove himself, to ride about Brussels, and was surprised by a shower of rain soon after having left the avenue leading from the Chateau of Lasken to take the main road.

Upon this route he had not driven more than two hundred paces, when a footman going in the same direction made a sign to him. It was an old soldier. Joseph II stopped his horses.

"Mynheer," said the footman, "will it be an indiscretion on my part to ask for a seat beside you? You can be a little generous since you are alone, and so save my uniform, for I am a disabled soldier of His Majesty."

"Save your uniform," responded the Emperor, "and take a seat, my brave fellow. From whence do you come?"

"Ah!" said the soldier, "I come from the house of one of my friends, a gamekeeper, with whom I have eaten a grand breakfast."

"What had you to eat that was so good?"

"Guess?"

"How should I know? Beer soup?"

"Ah! well, yes, a soup! Better than that."

"Brussels cabbage?"

"Better than that."

"Roasted veal?"

"Better than that, I tell you."

"Oh! I cannot guess anything more."

"A pheasant! my worthy gentlemen.

A pheasant, shot upon the pleasure grounds of His Majesty."

"Shot upon His Majesty's pleasure grounds," replied the monarch, "as if that should make it any better."

When they entered the city, the rain continued to fall, and Joseph II inquired of his companion in what quarter he lodged, and where he wished to be set down.

"You are too good, mynheer," said the old soldier, "I must not abuse your kindness."

"No, no!" said the Emperor, "your street?"

The footman indicated the street in which he lived, and expressed a wish to know to whom he was so much indebted.

"In your turn," replied the emperor, "guess."

"Mynheer is, without doubt, a soldier."

"You are right."

"Ah! well, yes. Lieutenant?"

"Better than that."

"Captain?"

"Better than that."

"Colonel?—perhaps—"

"Better than that, I tell you."

"What?—the devil!" said the old soldier, shrinking into the corner of the carriage. "Are you a General—a Field Marshal?"

"Better than that?"

"Oh, my God! it is the Emperor!"

"You are right."

The old soldier, overwhelmed with confusion, supplicated the Emperor to stop and allow him to alight.

"No, no," said the sovereign, "after having eaten my pheasant, you should be too happy, in spite of the rain, to wish to leave me so quickly. You must ride with me to your door."

And it was not until they reached there that the monarch allowed the poor soldier to descend.

DISUNION.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

There's a sound on the wind, there's a shrill chilling cry
 Going past, on the blast, through the comfortless sky,
 In the night is a wailing, that keenly hath clove
 Thro' my heart, like the pain of an unhappy love;
 And the Nation, in slumbers she will not resign,
 Is vexed and disturbed by a sound and a sign,
 And sobs in her sleep as the warnings go past,
 "There is danger—and discord—and death on the blast."

And whence comes the wind? and what causes the pain?
 And wherefore this whisper from Texas to Maine?
 And why, in the fullness and depth of her rest,
 Should the heart of our Mother by dreams be distress?
 —Potomac's blue waters are clear as the skies,
 And the chiefs that sit by them are valiant and wise,
 But a low, laughing fiend to their counsels has stole,
 And darkens with tempest the calm of each soul.
 A poison unwonted corrodes in their veins,
 Wild frenzy is racking their hearts and their brains,
 And the demon still hisses in whisper of fear,
 "DISUNION! DISUNION!" in each maddon'd ear;

—And this is the reason that pain and dismay
Glide like ghosts thro' the night, and make pallid the day,
And from thence are the sounds and the signs that have made,
For her children, the heart of our Mother afraid.

Is it so? can it be? are they prophets who say
That night shall return on the dawn of our day?
Shall the despots, whose hootings ring sharp in our ears,
Exult in our downfall—rejoice in our tears?
Was it all but a dream—the bright vision that came
To the camps of our fathers, through battle and flame?
Did she whisper in vain, in each ear as she passed,
"There's a temple found here for Jehovah at last!
On this fresh land of God ye shall worship and dwell,
And the sound of your joy shall be tyranny's knell.
Pass on through the fire—by your trials made strong;
Leave not on your borders one footprint of wrong,
Be as one, and cling close, like the drops in the wave,
Strike firm, and fear not—a free home or the grave!"
O, woe to the land, where these words are forgot!
Alas! for the nation where union is not!
Mourn, mourn and lament for the ill-fated shore,
The dust of whose martyrs is holy no more!

Ye millions who toil, in the south or the north,
Ye with arms strong as iron, and hearts of true worth,
Wipe the sweat from your brows, look aloft and behold,
On the sweeping west wind there's a banner unrolled—
Not an inch of that flag but was purchased by strife,
Not a thread in its woof but was won by a life;
'Tis your hope, your last hope! While it floats there shall be
A land undivided, a race that is free.
Will you—DARE you stand idle while traitors are near
And rend the bright banner that cost you so dear?
One word from your tongues and the cowards shall pale,
And fly from your breath as the clouds from the gale!
Speak aloud—they shall listen—for, oh, they know well
Their life is your favor, your anger their knell.
One shout for the Union! one cheer for the band
Who rear'd the starr'd flag in the night of our land,
And we'll see who shall whisper "disunion" or "strife,"
When the heart of the nation rekindles with life!

God shield thee, Green Erin! for manhood no more
Has homestead, or harvest, or hope on thy shore;
And France, like a Titan awaken'd by pain,
Struck only one blow and now slumbers again.
Italia lies bleeding, and Kossuth has fled,
While the band that clang round him are exiled or dead.
Here lonely we only the flag have unfurled,
In whose shadow may rest the oppress'd of the world,
And woe to the foe, who, by discord or war,
Would quench on our standard the beams of a star!
Though his heart be as iron, his hand make so bold
As to break the strong band that was woven of old,
Let him heed well the sequel: our banner of blue
Has STRIPES for the traitors, as STARS for the true.
And the sun shall not shine on the men that shall see
Dismember'd or conquer'd the FLAG of the FREE.

PHYSICAL THEORY OF CLOTHING

BIBLIOTHEQUE

HOMER characterized the human species as the only one endowed with language. Plato defined man less nobly, as a biped without feathers. Our modern naturalists remark that among the first classes of the animal kingdom, man alone has two hands and not four. He is the only bimanous. To Franklin, he is the only animal that knows how to make use of tools.

I find in Hesiod a very remarkable verse, where, speaking of the Cyclopes as very industrious workmen, he says that they had *the strength, the activity, and the tools for laboring.*

Since Prometheus, man exclusively has enjoyed the art of making fire. Or, as the first want of every living being is to guarantee itself from the influences of hurtful meteorological agents, it would perhaps be a still more fundamental one that would designate man as being the only animal that knows how to make his clothes. Has not Providence employed great wisdom and skill in the nature, form, color, and physical properties bestowed upon animals, according to race, climate, and the special wants of their regime of life? Animals know how to cleanse and preserve their fur or their plumage; some even, as the peacock, seem to be conscious not only of being clad, but of possessing a veritable gala dress. They display plenty of skill in preparing their dwellings, and their stores of food, but they do not know how to clothe themselves.

Putting aside the art of ornamentation, which, like all the arts, is the idealization of a want, one finds two great principles dominant upon this question. One is the greater or less facility which different substances offer to the passage of heat tending to leave or enter the body; the other principle is

the radiation of heat, which, in the open air and sunshine, is not less efficacious for the warming and cooling of the bodies of the different colors comprised between white and black.

We will occupy ourselves at first with vestments under the head of their permeability to heat, called technically conductivity. Thus a cloth made of linen or of hemp is penetrated by heat more easily than a woollen stuff, even when the latter is as fine as the former. The first mentioned substances are therefore more conductile than wool. It is evident that if one wishes to keep cool, he must clothe himself in conductile tissues, which allow the heat to pass freely from the body. On the contrary, to preserve this warmth, he must wear materials less conductile. Wool, furs, feathers, and the down of birds are bad conductors of heat. The good conductors make comfortable clothing for summer, and the bad conductors furnish warm habits for winter.

The ancient philosophers and rhetoricians exercised their sagacity to ascertain if in making man completely nude, nature had shown toward him the regard of a mother or a step-mother.

One party found that the animals had been treated more favorably than ourselves, since they were preserved from the influences of the weather by feathers, hair, and furs; the partisans of the contrary thesis, that if nature had not given natural clothing to man, she had chosen by that means to reserve to him the faculty of changing his vestments according to the properties of seasons, of climate, of days, and even of hours, not to count the loans that his intelligence, his strength and his industry, enabled him to make to animals of every species.

Leaving the authority of Aristotle, of Seneca, and of Pliny—which are no longer the fashion in our positive century—it is curious to glance at the differ-

ent substances of wearing apparel, and to recognize how providence has bestowed the art and skill to clothe themselves upon living beings, from one end of the world to the other.

There is no person who does not know that a garment of linen, or of hemp, allows the heat of the body to be dissipated more quickly than one of wool, of silk, or even of cotton. One might say that it possessed less skill than any other tissue, that it isolates less that which it envelopes. This tissue also admits most easily the heat disposed to enter the body.

Touch a heated body with a hand covered with a linen glove, you will be burned much more than if the hand had been covered by a woolen glove.

The natural vestments which are given to animals might guide us in showing the warmest as well as the most refreshing habits, that is to say, those which are easiest or most difficult to penetrate by the physical agent, heat.

Envelope ice in summer with a woolen stuff, it will melt but slowly, whilst a linen of the same thickness would allow it to melt as much more rapidly, as the heat could penetrate the fibres of hemp or flax, of which it is composed. It is by this proof that the wife of a caliph ascertained, it is said, that she was the warmest in her rich furs.

The textile fibres of vegetables are not in nature the vestments of plants, insects or animals. They are part of the plant itself; they are not therefore needed as isolants or preservatives from cold. Cotton is already the vestment of the seed of a plant. This substance should, therefore, be more preservative. It is less conductile than the filaments of lignous plants. Silk, which envelopes an insect in one of its transformations, is the garment of a living being. Hence with the greatest propriety, it forms a material for clothing.

Wool and hair are originally warm garments. Several animals, for instance, our little sub-tiger, the domestic cat, evidently suffer from the heat of their vestments in summer. One sees them extend themselves upon marble and cool and polished slabs of stone.

The valuable furs of the animals of the north, martins, foxes, of different colors, the fitch and the sable, range, naturally, among the substances least penetrable to the heat tending to traverse them, to leave the bodies of the animals wearing them, or those of the men who have made of them a forced loan.

Still more. In the midst of polar countries breed myriads of water-fowl, clad in a down so isolant, that they brave the most intense cold, and preserve under their downy plumes a warmth of blood superior to that of the birds of the equatorial regions. The down of the cygnet and that of the oider, of Iceland, are very nearly impermeable to heat and to cold.

Remark here that nature, independent of the particular quality of furs and of feathers, has arranged these natural vestments in little parcels, which are an obstacle to the passage of heat, because it would be obliged to leap over from one fibre to another. Pulverised charcoal, paper cut fine, dry sand, are for the same reason substances useful for preserving heat. The poor little chimney-sweeps, who sleep in winter between two sacks half-filled with soot, find their bed very warm, and they never catch cold. Snow, besides its whiteness, of which we will speak hereafter, preserves plants by its spongy flakes much better than solid ice could do. Under snow accidentally packed, plants freeze much more easily than under the snow intact.

Packing, which presses together the filaments of stuffs, deprives them in part of their isolating property. A new flannel garment is much warmer than

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one which has been worn for several days. In this respect all woolen stuffs are alike.

Air is also a substance that obstructs the circulation of heat. Mantles, spencers, bournous, overcoats of *toile cirée*, and all vestments which confine the air that surrounds the body, are excellent preservatives of organic heat. Many reasoners are astonished to see the people of tropical countries surcharged with very warm clothing. The motive for this singular anomaly is the necessity of avoiding the too sudden variations of temperature, which are more perilous than the vestments are incommodious which completely isolate the individual who wears them. In Russia, in Siberia, in the polar countries of North America, travelers and inhabitants are all enveloped in furs, and communicate with the exterior air only in breathing. They sleep upon the snow without melting it, and without feeling the cold, which is often so great that the mercury freezes beside the sleeping man.

The snow huts, with a fire in the interior, do not melt upon the sleeping occupants of these singular dwellings; the snow is only less cold within than without. The only effect of the fire is to diminish a little the coldness of the walls, as solid, there, as are the stone walls of our houses.

A modern traveler, Mr. Hill, remarked very justly that in our houses in very cold weather, the glasses, in the interior of apartments, became covered with coatings of frost and ice, which does not melt from the heat of our stoves or fire-places. Therefore all the heat received by these deposits of ice does not compensate for the cold that penetrates to them through the glasses of the windows. It is a fact perfectly analagous to this that one witnesses in Siberia, where the plates of ice which take the place of our window glasses, are not melted any more

than are the walls of snow, by the warmth of the interior air, which is, however, ten or twelve degrees above that of melting ice. The recent voyages in search of Sir John Franklin, have given us a thousand confirmations of these facts, which seem strange to the inhabitants of temperate latitudes. To see is to know. The air mattresses which many travelers carry with them, and upon which they sleep after having inflated them with a bellows, are warmer than feather beds; and singularly, mattresses filled with water are alike warm.

A renowned English physician, Dr. Neill Arnott, employed with success this kind of very warm beds for nervous invalids, who were mortally uncomfortable upon beds of hair or feathers.

At the Exposition Universal, of Paris, in 1855, there was exhibited one of these couches, which was tried with complete success. I repeat that for nervous people it is a precious invention. In general, one is disagreeably affected by the too great flexibility of air or water couches; but when it is necessary to preserve the heat of the body, there is nothing more efficacious.

Although it be a departure from my subject, I would say that in order to brave the cold, there is nothing like drinking tea, or even chewing it dry. The experience of all the marine expeditions to the poles, and that of all travelers in high latitudes, has established that tea is infinitely superior to alcoholic drinks for nourishing organic heat, and counteracting the cold, which might frequently prove mortal. In Siberia, a great number of the conductors of trains meet their death in consequence of drinking.

The scales of fish, of serpents, of lizards, and of several reptiles and insects, are analagous to the hair and feathers of quadrupeds and birds. Their vestments are certainly not warm; but as these

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living beings have cold blood, they do not need to preserve a warmth they do not possess. Let us conclude, therefore, that it is impossible to find nature at fault, and it is more than probable that an error of this kind is rather a presumptuous error of him who hazards the opinion of an unskilful act of the creative power.

I have said that the tissues made from materials which have not served as vestments, form garments that permit the heat to pass freely from the body. It is thus with the filaments of the amianth, of which the incombustible cloths are made, which are cleansed by being passed through the fire. The silk or tissues of certain shell-fish, as, for instance, the beautiful pearl-colored silk of the pinne-marine, from which in Sicily such high-priced gloves and hose are made, are materials forming tissues very cool and agreeable in warm countries. In bestowing upon man intelligence, activity and industry, nature has said to him: "All that has been done for animals has been, in reality, done for man."

WHAT TIME IS IT?

ALPHONSE KARR, who usually puts phantasy to the service of good sense, has consecrated part of a chapter to clocks.

"Clocks," he says, "are tyrants. Down with tyrants and clocks! Vive l'ignorance of time which gives independence to life!"

Unfortunately reality is the born enemy of phantasy. Nothing can be more cruel than to be unable to reply when one asks: "What time is it?"

What time is it? is the fundamental phrase of existence, above all, of Parisian existence. Time is money, a capital of which clocks are at the same time the treasuries and cashiers. How can one balance his accounts without knowing

the amounts he has gained or lost?

When one can measure duration, happiness seems shorter, chagrin longer, fatigue more painful, weariness more interminable.

To a prisoner who does not hear the hours strike, days are months, and months years. God preserve you, friends and enemies, from the suppression of clocks, dreamed of by Alphonse Karr as a foretaste of Paradise: for I declare I could not comprehend an eternity of well-being without a gigantic clock of some celestial Bruguet, guaranteed for several millions of years, and destined to enhance felicity by marking its course.

This profession of faith finished, I will scarcely have interested my reader in my sufferings, if I fail to inform him that I dwell in an apartment, upon the chimney of which figures not the least time-keeper.

To complete my ill fortune, no public clock makes itself heard in the neighborhood. I was forced to live by guess. A sorry life, truly. By its favor I have missed twenty rendezvous, committed thirty impolitenesses, and have a hundred times been devoured by anger. Sometimes I arose at six o'clock in the morning, when I had nothing to do; sometimes I did not awake until noon, when I needed to be early.

I breakfasted on Monday at dinner time; on Tuesday I set off to dine in the city at a moment when my amphitri-tons were finishing their breakfast. I had become a martyr to inexactness.

Added to this, my domicile, surrounded by a cordon, far from sanitary, of high walls, was never visited by the sun. Not even the resource of a sun-dial. The situation was no longer endurable; I sought therefore, with heart and eyes for means to remedy it. While looking here and there I noticed a window opposite. Proud of my discovery as Christopher Columbus was of his, I pursued the course of my observations, and soon acquired a certainty

that the window opened at the same hour every morning.

This was my *debut* in horological economy.

Naturally, I did not stop there; I continued my apprenticeship, and was able in a few days to construct a complete clock.

In other words, I assured myself that my *vis-à-vis*, who stood me instead of a dial, indicated seven o'clock in the morning by her time of rising; ten o'clock, by her breakfasting; noon, in descending to make her provisions for the day; two o'clock, in receiving the visit of a lad from a shop who brought her work; four o'clock, in taking a little lunch; seven o'clock, by dining, and ten by extinguishing her light.

The intervals were employed in assiduous labor. The work told of honesty, the appetite of youth. Decidedly, I had there an excellent regulator.

My clock once constructed, I wished very naturally to study its details. My time-keeper—pardon—my *vis-à-vis*, was a young neighbor, twenty years of age, a brunette, and with the prettiest eyes in the world—a clock mounted with diamonds. From morning till evening she busied herself with wreathes of flowers, boquets and head-dresses. No one except the clerk of the shop came to intercept her laborious occupations, and the business went on, went on continually.

And I, without being aware of it, I had become an admirer of the twenty years, the brown hair, and diamond eyes. So that at the end of the week I looked at the house every five minutes.

Very singular! Since I had a clock I was ten times more inexact than before. I went out no more. I did no more work, but as a compensation I lost none of the evolutions of my gentle time-piece.

In the morning she performed her house-work; ah! but so nicely that it would have rendered jealous the entire

united Flanders. Afterwards the curtains were drawn. Devils of curtains! A moment afterwards she reappeared in a working toilet, coquettish from its very simplicity; then commenced her tasks for the day. Sometimes singing arose from that quarter, and a joyous refrain reached my ears—my clock was a musical one!

When night came, and the light disappeared from the window, it seemed to me that my clock still continued to go.

Ah! if I were a breveted novelist, and permitted to continue in the next number, I would economise for you; but as you perhaps, would not follow my steps, I take warning of the doubt and abstain.

At several reprisals our glances encountered each other, and those of my *vis-à-vis* were lowered upon the field. Although regretting it, I was well contented that this was so. Meanwhile, my curiosity did not decrease.

Give a watch to a child, and his first endeavor will be to open it, at the risk of its case, to see the mystery that it contains. I was like the children.

One morning, at the hour when she habitually descended, I followed her. I had for a long time been prepared for the adventure. Nevertheless, when I heard her door close, I experienced a momentary hesitation.

"If she should be offended—bah! it is absurd! Nothing could be more natural. We might meet by chance—much more is due to it. Beside, I will not speak to her. But in passing ought I not to salute her? If I do, she will, perhaps, think it singular. If I do not, I shall risk being impolite. Heaven! she is already on the lower stairs! Run, or it will be too late!"

I ran and overtook her under the *porte-cochère*. Whilst I gave place to her, her robe rustled against my arm, and her eyes were raised to mine. It seemed to me as if she had just been blushing. It

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was this, on that day, that sounded mid-day to my heart.

This will be called being amorous—a stupid name for a thing so charming.

Four or five times after our first encounter, I had borrowed from chance the like occasions. She did not seem to be on her guard against me—to the contrary, she seemed careful to avoid the affectation of turning her head from my side. However, she was dreamy. Sometimes her hand fell inactive, and her head was bowed down.

Was I the cause? I avow that I had the presumption to suppose so.

Believe therefore in presumption and in clocks!

One day—shall I tell you?—I arose and hastened to go and ascertain the hour.

The window was closed.

I waited, waited still. Anxiety seized me. Was she ill? Finally she appeared. I respired again.

But, in place of setting herself to work, she read and re-read a letter, afterwards she went out.

All day I remained without knowing the hour, and without working. Evening came and she had not returned, neither did she re-enter in the night.

The morrow passed as the day before had done, and so succeeded the days for a week. On the Sunday of this cursed, wearisome, gloomy week, I went to a ball in the neighborhood.

On entering, I met her face to face. She was clad in a silken robe, and leaning upon the arm of a gentleman.

Alas! alas! my clock was deranged forever!

In the transport of my first grief, I have taken an important step. I have bought a watch. This cost me less dear.

PIERRE VERON.

GREAT works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.

MILVIA;
OR, THE HEROINE OF CATALONIA.

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

BY D. FRICK, LL. D.

SCARCELY had Milvia reëntered her lodgings, before the French commander came to inform her that she was free, and that an escort of light cavalry waited to conduct her to the advance post of the Constitutionals. This welcome news, crowning the high esteem already inspired by the conduct of the generous French, gave her a joy difficult to depict.

She took her place immediately in the midst of her escort, where an officer hastened to offer a horse for her journey. At the moment of parting from the French commander, she gave him in token of gratitude an ebony ringlet, severed from her beautiful tresses, and went away bearing with her the regrets of all who had known her during her short captivity.

The escort of Milvia informing her that the Constitutionals had marched towards Cordagne, took the way through that delightful valley, and obedient to the impatience of the beautiful Spaniard, soon arrived in sight of the tents of Mina.

The guards soon appeared upon the route to reconnoitre the escort; but Milvia, advancing from the French cavaliers hastened to meet the Spanish officer, to inform him who they were who were about to arrive, and while she was speaking the French wheeled and took their way back to their encampment.

Milvia saw with regret that her escort was already beyond the reach of her acknowledgments; but believing that superior orders had, without doubt, prescribed all their conduct, she went immediately to General Mina, whom she found occupied in receiving a numerous depu-

tation from Cerdagne, who had come to place at his disposal all the men fit for duty in that valley, the hearts of whose inhabitants had never been alienated.

The General, who had, during the morning, been informed of the captivity of Milvia, was struck with astonishment at seeing her appear so soon. It was no longer the wife of one of his officers that he saw in Milvia; it was one of his officers, and of whose brief loss he had become very sensible.

"If," said he to the Spanish heroine, "I had three thousand soldiers like you, Caledonia would in eight days have no more enemies."

He afterward informed her of the expected arrival of Rodrigue; and worthily to recognize the generous conduct of his enemies, he made sure of the field by conducting under good guard, to the first French posts, eight prisoners whom he had taken the night before.

Rodrigue, having forced his march, was not long in reaching the line of the Constitutionals. Milvia was overcome with joy at meeting her husband, and the fortunate pair forgot in their embraces all the anguish of their separation.

After having exhausted in Spanish Cerdagne their resources in men and provisions, Mina passed within French territory, where he procured plenty of supplies upon fair payment, and after a sojourn of some hours, he marched toward the wood of Palau, where the enemy were expected soon to make an attack. Rodrigue, having raised in all haste a small corps of guerillas, went to establish himself in the high mountain of Noury, where he did not have to wait long before engaging with a company of French light infantry, who forced him to retreat towards Doria.

Enfeebled by the combat, and the retreat that he was compelled to sustain, he could do nothing more than attempt to attach himself to the corps of Mina,

who he was informed would march on the next day to Urgel. He returned to the hills at his right, and having succeeded in hiding himself from the troops, much superior in number, who were following him, he waited until night came to favor the journey he had to make toward the Seu d' Urgel.

Milvia profited by the leisure of this halt to recount to her husband all that had happened to her during the few hours of her captivity; her grateful heart ceased not to praise the conduct of the French officers, and Rodrigue deplored with her the necessity of fighting against men so worthy of their friendship and esteem.

At rest concerning their own fate, although until now it had constantly shown itself adverse, they bemoaned in secret the ill fortune of their cause, whose defenders fell without advantage to their country; the thought of their children, separated from them by a distance of a hundred leagues, intercepted by enemies, disturbed the repose they so much needed; the tender caresses of childhood were wanting to the love of this couple and left a void in the delightful effusions that frequently saddened their sweet conversations.

The hour of departure snatched Rodrigue from the arms of Milvia, to resume his place at the head of his braves, whom he guided without interruption beneath the walls of Urgel. There the valorous Catalan received the final orders of General Mina, who, after having exchanged his exhausted troops for fresh ones taken from the fort of Urgel, marched rapidly to Cervera, in order to reach Barcelona by Tarragone.

In the instructions which Rodrigue received from Mina, he was ordered to remain with his guerillas in the chain of mountains extending from Puycorda to Figuires, in order to augment the number of his soldiers, and to foster by his

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presence in the country the national spirit, which was stronger there than elsewhere.

Mina entertained the project of returning to visit and to replenish the supplies of the forts Figuires and Urgel, having need to keep in the environs of these places a leader skillful as was Rodrigue.

On the other hand it was necessary to leave near these fortified places guerillas able, in case of a sortie, to second the besieged, and to make a favorable diversion in the enemy's army, by occupying a portion of it elsewhere.

Rodrigue felt the full importance of the mission confided to him; he was, in fact, to occupy the most perilous position in the entire army; but it was also one that would confer greatest honor upon its commander, and this conviction sufficed to his noble heart.

Milvia, whose confidence had remained unshaken during the most terrible vicissitudes of this unfortunate campaign, was struck with a presentiment of evil on learning that Rodrigue was abandoned in the gorges of the mountains, without resources, without any well-founded hope of succor, with a feeble corps of guerillas, and in the midst of the enemy's forces, in a country where the inhabitants were frequently disposed to betray the constitutional soldiers, through fear of incurring the pious indignation of the hordes of the Faith. Ideas, each blacker the last, succeeded each other in her mind, and, despite of all her firmness, she was affected to a degree perceptible to her husband, who conjured her in the most earnest manner to retire while the way still remained open; but Milvia, annoyed that Rodrigue had surprised her secret, blushed in confusion to think that she had for a moment displayed a weakness, and recovering all the strength of her courageous determination, replied to the supplications of her husband by vow-

ing that death alone should separate them.

The sun had withdrawn his last rays from the mountains when Rodrigue entered with his troops the defiles in the neighborhood of Puycorda; he followed a narrow, winding path, sometimes very steep, and came to a halt at an amphitheatre commanding Mont Louis.

After having, himself, stationed his sentinels, he went with Milvia to partake of the coarse fare that still remained to his soldiers, and with his wife, spent the night in their midst, upon the same carpet of verdure.

Several days passed without any marked event to Rodrigue; he was not known to be in those mountains, and his soldiers in full security had ample time to recover from their long continued fatigue.

Finally, upon the fourth day of his station in these environs, he was advised of a projected expedition for provisions, directed from Mont Louis, upon Puycorda, of which the escort was composed entirely of people of the Faith.

This news carried joy to the hearts of the soldiers of Rodrigue, who were already complaining of their inactivity, and all the preparations were made to conduct the attack with success.

Near six o'clock in the morning, the most advanced post of his troops, stationed near the route, sent information that a considerable convoy was approaching in the direction announced, and that its escort seemed feeble.

Rodrigue, having no doubt but that this was the expedition of which he had been informed, posted a party of his men in a thicket bordering the narrowest pass upon the route, and sent two others to reconnoitre two paths cut in the rock midway of the mountain side. At a signal agreed upon, the constitutionals rushed from their ambuscade, and fell upon the escort, which had not time to place itself in a state of defence.

The two files of enemies that hemmed them in, attacked them at the same time along their entire length, cutting them, literally, in pieces; and the convoy, barred at both extremities, made no resistance to the power of the conquerors.

Rodrigue, faithful to the right of the people whom he had taken, assured of their fate the drivers of the wagons, who were the inhabitants of the two frontiers proprietors of the shops which had furnished the goods by requisition. He contented himself by making them unload their wagons in all haste, and after having destroyed everything he was unable to transport, he allowed the convoy to return freely to the places from whence they had come.

The news of this defeat carried alarm into the surrounding country, and the military authorities at once despatched troops to exterminate the guerillas who had dared to intercept the convoy. Rodrigue, who had foreseen the rigorous measures which would be taken against his expedition, went by a forced march to occupy a position far from the scene of their late rencontre. Provided with food for several days, he permitted his soldiers to bivouac in a forest dense with underwood, where they were able to conceal themselves from the superior forces in search of them, and whom, happily, they were by this means able to elude.

Posted sufficiently near Figuires, he caused information of his presence to be given to the governor of the fort, who attempted a sortie where the chief of the guerillas would be able to second him. Rodrigue eagerly obeyed the instructions that he received for this enterprise; his soldiers, stationed at the point agreed upon, paralyzed during several hours the besieging forces, who were there placed between two fires; but surprised by a column of the enemy, which had come with the suddenness of a flash from a neighboring encampment, they found their retreat cut

off by the occupation of a steep hillside which they would be obliged to ascend. A party of the Miquelets left at the entrance of this passage had been taken, and the other had found its safety in scaling, at the peril of life, a frightfully high wall of perpendicular rocks. The entire line of the enemy having obtained reinforcements, the garrison of the fort was obliged to take refuge beneath its protecting cannon, and the little troop of partisans found themselves in turn shut in between two bodies of enemies, but in a situation much more critical than that in which they had placed their besiegers. On the side next to the fort Rodrigue was pressed by a battalion of the Faith, and toward the mountain he was arrested by the French troops; his flank, more free, still admitted of a retreat towards the plain, but he saw no position that he could attain before they would be exterminated by the enemy's cavalry. In this extremity, there remained nothing for him to do but to cut his way through the ranks of the enemy, whether to reach the fort or the mountains. Each of these routes was bristling with enemies, far outnumbering his forces, but Rodrigue would unhesitatingly have chosen the way to the fort, which was defended by the people of the Faith, whom in just indignation he always attacked in preference to the French soldiers, if he had not feared to violate the sacred trust confided to him by retiring into a fortified place. Faithful to the last orders of his general, and full of confidence in the justice of his cause, he rushed impetuously upon the company of French before him, in the hope of snatching by a happy thrust the handful of brave men that still remained to him, from a destruction which seemed almost inevitable.

Milvia, armed with supernatural courage, kept beside her husband in the first rank, seeming, with her calm forehead, and eyes animated by the fire of a divine

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inspiration, like the goddess of battles presiding over the fate of the Spanish constitutionals.

The French, astonished at the temerity of the attack from the Spaniards, presented one immovable mass to the shock of their enemies, and, aggressors in their turn, their charge threw the Spanish constitutionals into the ranks of the people of the Faith, who were borne before them. Resistance had become useless. Rodrigue had seen the most intrepid of his men fall, and his audacity still dared the death that hovered above his head.

A terrible storm came to add its horrors to the scene; a dense darkness soon enveloped the combatants in its terrors, and the carnage still continued. Rodrigue, mortally wounded, fell at the feet of Milvia, while she, with three of her soldiers, still fought desperately. The darkness which concealed her misfortune favored the idea that her husband continued to defend himself at her side, and sustained her ardor.

The enemy, believing that they had exterminated the last of the constitutionals, left the field of battle in all haste, beneath a furious storm of hail, leaving at their departure no survivors except Milvia and her three soldiers.

The error which had retarded the despair of Milvia was soon dissipated when she heard no response, except the roaring of the thunder, and the sharp hissing of the wind, to her calls for Rodrigue. The soldiers, better informed, knew all the extent of her misfortune; but, dreading to witness her despairing grief, they endeavored to reassure Milvia, saying to her that her husband had probably escaped in safety from the enemy, and had taken the way to the mountains, where he probably awaited them at the spot agreed upon as their rendezvous.

Milvia, a prey to the darkest forebodings, durst not flatter her heart with the consoling hope offered by her unfortu-

nate soldiers, and guided by the same presentiment which had tormented her mind after the last interview of Rodrigue with Mina, she besought her companions to accompany her anew upon the field of battle, near which they still were.

The rain had ceased, the wind no longer blew with violence, but the thunder still roared loudly at intervals, when Milvia and the three soldiers returned upon the ground which had been so fatal to their companions. Guided by the occasional flashes of lightning, they were soon able to distinguish the corpses that lay near each other upon the ground. At each step she hazarded among these lifeless bodies, Milvia recoiled shuddering with horror, while her eyes searched eagerly and with mortal dread, by the uncertain light of the occasional flashes of lightning, for the features that she trembled lest she should find. Meanwhile, the warriors leaned upon their arms and followed her in silence through her task of terror. Suddenly the blood-stained form of Rodrigue presented itself to the eyes of Milvia. The weight of her grief stifled all outcry, and she fell upon the icy bosom of her husband.

The terrified soldiers attempted to remove her from this frightful place, but her arms clasped about the neck of Rodrigue, seemed stiffened as if by death, and refused to be disengaged; a cold perspiration inundated her features, and she remained extended and motionless until the soldiers, shuddering at the thought, persuaded themselves that she tasted with her husband eternal repose.

However, those of the Miquelets who had escaped by scaling the rocks before the destruction of the troops of Rodrigue, were not far from the field of honor where their brave brethren in arms had paid the debt of patriotism. Seeing no person return from this mortal struggle, they descended from the protecting rocks

where they had taken refuge, and chance guided their wandering steps towards the spot which they supposed to have been the theatre of the combat.

The lightnings which had lighted the return of Milvia upon the field of battle, guided these soldiers to attain their aim, and their surprise at finding the three Constitutionals who were still alive, manifested itself by cries of joy a thousand times repeated.

Overcome with grief, their brethren did not respond to these demonstrations of joy, except by pointing to Rodrigue and Milvia, lying lifeless upon the bloody field.

At this sight their joy disappeared, and the same grief overwhelmed all these warriors, who now ranged themselves in silence around the objects of their constant affection.

It was impossible to bury all their brethren who had fallen upon that day, but they decided at least to inhumate the unfortunate couple at their feet, and that they might not be disturbed during this sad duty, they resolved to carry the inanimate bodies into the mountains.

It was not without great difficulty that they detached the clasping arms of Milvia from the neck of her husband, and they did not think in the confusion of this painful task to assure themselves whether Milvia was really dead or not. Having prepared for each a litter of branches interlaced, they lifted the precious burdens upon their shoulders, and reached the mountains by a wretched path, hidden at the same time by the darkness of night and by the thick clouds of a storm, the threatening roar of which still resounded.

By this same path, a few hours previously, Rodrigue had with the dignity of a hero, preceded his soldiers to battle, and smiled at the tenderness of Milvia, who kept by his side, and now—oh dark decree of inexorable destiny! of all this

band of numerous warriors, there remained but these few men, who seemed to have been preserved to the end that the enemy might be prevented from profaning the ashes of the worthy patriot.

The funeral convoy arrived safely at its destination. The place chosen for their sepulture was a level, grassy spot, shaded by two ancient oaks, and shut in between two enormous rocks, upon the summit of one of the highest of the mountains; this spot, offering a refuge and shelter from all search, had been designated by Rodrigue as a rendezvous before his last expedition—now his manes were borne there to find a sacred asylum.

Exhausted by fatigue after this perilous march, the faithful soldiers abandoned themselves to repose, deferring until the daylight came the last duties they owed to their captain.

Milvia, whom they believed to be dead, nevertheless still respired; a long fainting fit had benumbed her energies, until the moment when the soldiers placed the litter upon which she lay upon the ground.

This slight shock proved sufficient to recall her to consciousness, but in such a state of feebleness that in the intense darkness her guards failed to perceive the happy change.

An hour of brilliant sunshine had dissipated the last storm-clouds which obscured the sky, and a profound slumber still enchained the enfeebled members of the warriors of Rodrigue.

Milvia, retained by sharp sufferings in the spot where she had been placed, now sent from her grief-blinded eyes a searching glance around her; her reason, for a long time benumbed from the excess of her woes, was now restored to her only to make her feel all the weight of her misfortune. Profound sighs were escaping painfully from her oppressed heart, when the soldiers awoke. Milvia with difficulty put aside the branches that

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which she had planted upon the top of the rock where she had encamped.

The inexhaustible patriotism of this country immediately assembled a multitude of independent defenders around the wife of Rodrigue; one saw the old chiefs of guerillas come to demand of Milvia the honor of marching under her orders, as in former times the most distinguished chiefs of Charles VII demanded of Joan of Arc the honor of following her to combat.

Milvia, having succeeded in forming a body of guerillas sufficiently numerous, had provisions collected for several days, and reëntered on the second day the majestic mountains over which they must pass to the beautiful valley of Andorra, in the rich and charming country of Foix.

Dreaming of nothing except to die with the satisfaction of having avenged her husband, Milvia appeared from this moment to despise all precaution which would have tended to prolong or save her life. With a sombre and melancholy countenance, she ceaselessly meditated upon the promptest means to sell her life dearly; and if at times maternal tenderness awakened in her distracted heart, she opposed the sentiment at once by the fatal oath she had made upon the tomb of Rodrigue.

Her life was a continual martyrdom, and her soul shut out from all the sensations which attach mortals to the earth, was impatient that it could not quit soon enough the body that enchaind it. She regretted now having associated new victims in her fate. The command she had assumed seemed an obstacle to the speedy accomplishment of her designs, and she reproached herself with the cruelty of intending to deliver to certain death the braves who obeyed her, and determined to appeal to them to allow her to go alone and seek death in the ranks of thenemy.

Occupied with these sombre ideas, she passed the entire night in combating them, refusing all nourishment, and deaf to the consolations lavished upon her by her faithful soldiers. She was unable to banish from her mind the resolution of leaving her warriors to go alone and face the death for which she so ardently wished, and declaring to her troops the design she had formed, was about to address to them her last adieus.

The eldest of her soldiers, taking it upon himself to reply, said: "If the wife of Rodrigue has taken arms only to defend her husband, she may then be permitted to go and seek her death without us; but if she has aimed for the independence of her country, it is our duty to conquer or die with her."

These few words, pronounced with the dignity of a true patriot, produced a magical effect upon the mind of Milvia; sensible of the reproach contained in this response, she extended her hand to warrior who had spoken, and in a suppressed voice begged her companions in misfortune to forgive the emotions which had so bewildered her. Afterward, elevating her voice, she added: "If Milvia has been able to forget for a moment that she has been the wife of Rodrigue, and has yielded to the blind counsels of her grief, your response has recalled her to her duty, and may the enemy soon present an occasion worthy of conducting you to victory."

The new regency, created to represent the authority of Ferdinand, established at Cadiz, occupied itself with ardor in organizing royalist troops taken from the bands of the Faith. They formed a body of police, the service of which was equivalent to that of the gens d'armes of France, whose principal duty was to be in the places most favorable to the retreat of the fragments of the Constitutional army.

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been charged with this service in the southern Pyrenees, soon furnished occasion to Milvia to realize her wishes by offering a rencontre in a narrow pass which she occupied with her guerillas. To see, attack, and put them to flight, was for Milvia the affair of a moment.

The head of the little column of Milvia pressing the enemy so closely, had already descended into the plain whence the men of the Faith in force wished to lure the Constitutionals. Milvia, disdainful to pursue these frightened cowards, had halted with the greater number of her soldiers upon the platform of a fortification which commanded an extensive view of the plain; constantly occupied with her grief, she sought with restless eye amid the immense chain of the Pyrenees the mountain which enclosed the precious ashes of her husband, and was lost in an abyss of sombre thoughts, when a discharge of balls arose from the foot of the rock that she occupied, arousing her from her reverie.

Carried away by their ardor, the guerillas had been so imprudent as to enter a village at the foot of the mountains, to finish the defeat of the people of the Faith, who had taken refuge there; but a new and strong band who had arrived there by chance, obliged the Constitutionals to abandon their design, and pursued them until they arrived beneath the platform from whence they had fired.

Milvia recognizing the superiority of the enemy's forces, had still time to avoid them by a prompt retreat, but her formidable position decided her to permit the attack.

The platform where her soldiers were arranged was of an angular form, and seemed detached from the mountain to which it was joined by a narrow footpath lying between two frightful precipices. Two intrepid men placed at the entrance of this passage could easily de-

fect the approach against the enemy, who were obliged to arrive in single file. Its sides were nearly perpendicular from the road at its base to the crown of the rocks, and could not be ascended except by the aid of thorny shrubs which had taken root in the crevices of the rocks; against this latter method of approach, it was easy to defend themselves by precipitating upon the assailants fragments of rock which were strewn in abundance upon the terrace.

All the Constitutional soldiers had rejoined Milvia, except one unfortunate one, who had been wounded, and whom a man of the Faith, with the cold bloodedness of the Prince of Condé, at the battle of Jarnac, had stabbed to the heart, as he laid upon the ground.

The invincible guerillas sternly awaited the enemies, and compelled them to halt before the ramparts with which nature surrounded them. Their powerless rage exhausted itself in vain to conquer the difficulties that held them at defiance, and already the most furious among them had bitten the dust in attempting the perilous trip.

Milvia, armed with the sword of Rodrigue, had twice withdrawn it smoking from the bodies of her enemies, and her heart applauding her vengeance, was delighted at the sight of the streams of blood that stained the rocks and brambles.

Night before long shrouded the combatants in its darkness, and the assailants, irritated to excess, by a resistance which had already cost them much, resolved to blockade the rocks until daylight returned to facilitate new attempts.

Milvia, from whom sleep had flown since the death of her husband, watched on that night with an activity that surpassed the zeal of the bravest of her troops. Tormented by the most burning thirst, and reduced to partake with the soldiers of some fruit which they had

kept; no one heard her make any complaint, or allow any sighs to escape except such as were given to the memory of Rodrigue. Her example filled her warriors with emulation of her heroism, and the torment of the greatest privations disappeared when they thought of the rare perseverance exhibited by this woman in adversity.

At dawn, the assailants renewed their efforts to force an entrance in the natural bastion; but the wise foresight of Milvia had provided for all, and her happy provisions for a still more vigorous defence set at defiance all their manoeuvres of strength or strategy. Finally, in despair of rendering themselves the masters of this inaccessible stronghold, they resolved to reduce it by famine, and ceasing hostilities, contented themselves with carefully blockading the entrance. Milvia had until then entertained the hope of enfeebling the enemy to a point that would render it prudent to risk a combat. This new resolution deranged her plan, and began to give her a disquietude that the total failure of food might well justify.

Wasted by hunger and thirst, her little band showed firmness enough during the day, but when night approached, words of discouragement were heard to circulate in the ranks, and several of the soldiers fell exhausted.

Milvia, the sound of whose voice had alone sufficed to animate her soldiers and to animate their courage, soon experienced the failure of this talisman to suppress the cries of physical wants, which dominate always over the moral powers of men.

It was therefore necessary to find prompt means of quitting this position, to avoid falling exhausted by famine into the hand of those cannibals, who prepared already the instruments of the new martyrdom which was reserved for the vanquished.

Milvia had remarked during the day, that the base of the rock descending upon the road had been left unguarded by the people of the Faith, who had without doubt judged that this could be of no service to either party, while all their troops were stationed at the footpath which offered the only issue.

After convincing herself that an exit by this narrow passage assured to them the same fate she had visited upon those who attempted to enter, that is to say, being thrown down the precipices bordering on the footpath, she decided that no other means of saving themselves existed, than to attempt a descent of the almost perpendicular rocks to the road beneath, and made known her opinion to her assembled soldiers. Her advice was immediately accepted by all, and nothing caused them to hesitate except the difficulty of the descent. The most daring would hardly have attempted in full daylight to mount this wall of rocks, and to descend in the middle of the night petrified the most intrepid among them with fear, when they thought of the distance to its base, and the inevitable death that awaited the least mistake.

Milvia alone preserved composure; insensible as a rock to the drifting clouds of a storm, she saw the danger without being intimidated, and endeavored to dispel the consternation of her soldiers by means of which she herself was but ill-assured.

Each moment augmented the horror of the situation of the Constitutionals, who wandered in the darkness like so many victims devoted to death; when the wife of Rodrigue, inspired suddenly by the genius of liberty, ordered them to cut their mantles and blankets in wide bands, and tie them strongly together, to form a means of descent. The work completed, she attached to the extremity of the line a large stone, with which to sound the depth of the space they were

obliged to descend from the ground, she saw the bands formed by the soldiers, but the air, still dense with the objects of their incessive curiosity, did not yet reveal the uncovered path from it he had taken them in hand, and the conscious links of the abyss and of the rock. This success of the first soldier, his companions saw, and they descend in safety.

It was the Faith had appeared, and remarked at the outset, that into the path and sworn abandoned with cries and vultures they had

After the soldiers, the direct be near she wished taken from immolated surprised cavaliers ing a fieldmitted pistol she impatiential to a decisive suffering

obliged to descend. Unable to reach the ground, she was obliged to add new bands formed from the vestments of the soldiers, but the stone, balancing in the air, still demanded additional length; all the objects proper for this use were successively employed, and the weight had not yet reached the earth; then Milvia uncovered her beautiful head, severed from it her long, black tresses, divided them in half and added them to the line, and the cord, augmented by these precious links, descended suddenly into the abyss and rested its weight at the base of the rocks. A cry of joy announced this success to all dejected hearts. A first soldier descended without accident; his companions followed, and the guerrillas saw, last of all, their *liberatrice* descend in safety in their midst.

It was sunrise, and the people of the Faith had not yet perceived the disappearance of the Constitutionals, but soon remarked that the places of the sentinels at the entrance of the footpath were deserted, they cried to arms, and rushed into the passage thus left open to them, and sword in hand hastened to the abandoned terrace, and smote the air with cries of idle fury, like famished vultures that had lost trace of the prey they had come to devour.

After having provisioned her exhausted soldiers, Milvia pursued her march in the direction of Campredon, in order to be near the tomb of Rodrigue, which she wished to ornament with the spoils taken from the enemies she, herself, had immolated. Arrived near this city, she surprised in a little valley a troop of cavaliers of the Faith, who were foraging a field of grain. A thick hedge permitted her to approach almost within pistol shot without being perceived; her impatient soldiers awaited but her signal to attack the enemy, and the most decisive victory compensated for their sufferings upon the terrace of rocks,

which they had named Fort Milvia.

Of the booty taken by the enemy, Milvia selected nothing for herself except the banners of the enemy, and conducted her soldiers through the immense forests to the mountain upon which was the tomb of Rodrigue.

The cypress and the crown, found in the state she had left them, assured her that the ashes of the hero had not been disturbed.

The warriors reunited in religious silence around the sod that covered the remains of their former captain, participated in the impression made by the spot upon the spirit of Milvia.

She, prostrating herself upon his tomb, poured forth upon it abundant tears, and rising, after a long prayer, heaped upon the sepulchre a mass of spoils taken from enemies, placed upon it the banner captured on that day, set fire to this trophy, and elevating her sword in the flame, as it mounted toward heaven, she renewed her first oath.

It was in the last moments of twilight when Milvia finished this sacrifice, which must have appeased the manes of Rodrigue.

For the first time since the death of her husband, a smile reappeared upon her lips, and the diminished sadness of her look seemed to announce the return of peace to her soul.

After a brief repose, they again put themselves on route, and marched towards the heights of Urgel, where they arrived on the next day.

Some French cavaliers patrolling in the valley commanding these heights, gave information of this discovery to the people of the Faith, encamped in the plain. These last hastened to the spot designated, and were not long in bringing their guns to bear upon the Constitutionals.

Milvia, who breathed only to fight,

ranged her troops in battle array, and marched upon the enemy.

The victory wavered for some time, and seemed finally to declare itself in favor of the Faith. Milvia, forced by the failure of munitions to retreat, had twice attempted to throw herself alone into the ranks of the enemy, and twice her soldiers had prevented her; but at the moment when the numerous band believed themselves victorious, at some sudden alarm, the lines were broken with confusion; other guerillas arrived, and making a fortunate attack in the rear, cut them in pieces, and turned the victory in favor of the Constitutionals.

Milvia united her forces with those who had come to her aid, and pursuing with her men a platoon of cowards who had taken refuge in a little thicket, she surrounded them by a part of her troops, and with the remainder prepared to enter to exterminate the enemy. She had proceeded but a few paces, when she fell mortally wounded; she endeavored to rise, her soldiers hastened to sustain her, but in vain, the wound was deep and her voice was already failing. Milvia, feeling herself to be dying, demanded to speak to the chief of the guerillas who had just come to the rescue of her own; he was an aged man who had served with Rodrigue in the war of independence. His first appearance was somewhat rude, his manners were brusque, but his strongly marked features wore an expression of loyalty which is always the companion of bravery. He approached Milvia, who said to him:

"I am the wife of Rodrigue, who died for his country. I see the hour approaching which shall reunite me to him, and I die content. Bid my faithful soldiers enclose my ashes in the tomb of my husband; I—"

For a moment her voice failed, then she resumed more feebly:

"Here are two portraits—my poor

children are at Alicante—tell them that their father and—"

After another pause she added:

"May my children be told—and you, soldiers, adieu!—the country! Oh, my children! You hinder me—from dying—come, close my eyes."

She paused again, and again would have continued, but her frozen tongue remained mute, her eyes grew dim, there was a slight convulsive movement, and the soul of Milvia was freed from its earthly envelope.

The united soldiers of the two bodies of guerillas, witnesses of this agonizing scene, seemed all to be overwhelmed by the same grief; their chief felt his eyes for the first time bathed in tears, and the soldiers of Milvia gave signs of despair that were commensurate with the greatness of their loss.

Laden with this precious burden, they they put themselves *en route*, in obedience to the last wishes of their chief; each soldier claiming the honor of sustaining her bier: the entire troop, in companies of four, relieved each other in their turn. A platoon of the new guerillas opened the funeral procession, the other soldiers formed the lines on either side, while the remainder closed the march as rear-guard. Late in the day they arrived at the sepulchre of Rodrigue.

The commander of the company at once ordered the tomb of the Spanish hero to be opened, and the sacred wishes of Milvia to be complied with, by placing her mortal remains in the same grave which enclosed those of her husband. A new crown of oak and laurel was added to the first; and both, placed with boquets of myrtle and immortelles upon the grassy hillock, were the only ornaments which decorated the last resting-place of this heroic pair, who died in defending the constitution of their country.



memorable surprise of the bombardment was painted on the vessels, and the air was filled with the sound of ruin: one combatant fell out of the sky. The Turks have a man figure.

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Our Social Chair.



TRAVELER visiting Constantinople saw two pictures, regarded there as *chefs d'œuvres* in painting. They represented two of the most memorable exploits of Hassan Pacha: the surprise of the Russians at Lemnos, and the bombardment of Acre. Everything was painted with the greatest exactness; the vessels, the batteries, the bullets cleaving the air, the bombs falling upon the houses, and carrying with them fire and ruin: one thing alone was missing—the combatants. The artist had omitted them, out of consideration for the hatred the Turks have against representations of human figures.

The Turks believe that these painted beings go about after the death of the artist who creates them, in search of his soul.

"Very far from this circumstance diminishing the value of these pictures," observed the traveler, when he had recovered from his first astonishment, "it is the most judicious thing that I ever saw; the great object, in fact, in works of art, is to render the principal features, such as are essential to the action, prominent; and to render subordinate such accessories as the imagination can easily supply.

"Now what was it that produced the grand effect represented in those pictures? Was it the men? No; it was the bullets, the bombs, and the shot."

The officer who acted as *cicerone* to the traveler was so pleased with this remark, that he embraced him with emotion, saying:

"You are the only sensible christian whom I have ever met."

..... A traveler in the East writes, during his sojourn in Delhi, together with an interesting account of various things in and about that land which seems to lie just outside the sulphuric dominions, the description we quote to below of Tiger hunting.

"As to the hunting of lions and tigers, a most innocent sport: They are never chased on horseback, but with elephants solely. Each hunter is encased, like a witness before an English court of justice, in a strong high box fastened upon the animal. He has a little park of artillery near him, perhaps two guns and a pair of pistols. Sometimes it happens, although this is rare, that the tiger turns at bay and leaps upon the head of the elephant; but that is nothing to the rest of us. An occurrence of this kind is the affair of the *mohout*, or driver, who is paid five dollars a month to submit to that style of accidents. In case of his death, there is at least the satisfaction of a complete vengeance, for the elephant never plays more nonchalantly with his trunk, than when he feels a tiger upon his scalp; he does his work all the better, and the hunter finishes him with a ball from the very muzzle of his gun. The *mohout* is, you see, a kind of responsible editor. Another poor devil is behind you, whose business it is to carry an umbrella above your head. His condition is worse still than that of the *mohout*; when the elephant is frightened and takes flight, and the tiger springs upon his croup, the veritable employment of this man is to be there, to be eaten in place of the gentleman."

..... A contributor sends us the following:

To your open, sympathizing arms, oh! Social Chair, comes one with her complaint. From the midst of the "wild waste of waters," listen to the voice of repining; even from this little perch of safety on the banks—rather the banks that were—of the Rio Sacramento.

Have you read in the papers of the rise, and overflow of the above named "dark rolling river?" and have you taken time to bestow a single thought upon the poor,

unfortunate dwellers in the country round about the same?

Here we are, surrounded on all sides by water, water, water!—where one week ago were smiling fields of grain, bright patches of wild flowers, green grass, and the inevitable "tule." Water spread over the rich pasture, bands of sleek cattle, who now stand blowing knee-deep in the muddy stream, aghast at the dismal prospect of an all day long breakfast in the fresh, tender grass.

Water! water! still creeping along, nearer and nearer our dwelling, even to the very doors thereof!

Certain wise ones predicted an overflow some weeks ago, but this faithless generation, like the unbelievers of old, paid no heed to the preaching of the modern Noahs, and kept on plowing, planting and sowing, even after the first symptoms of a flood presented themselves. Now these same incredulous tillers of the soil stand, with rueful countenance, looking over their desolated fields—having nothing else to do—even in this busy season of spring.

For several days we observed an unusual moisture in the lower part of our garden, which kept stealing on, and on, covering first the potato patch, then sundry beds of early spring vegetables, which—alas for the uncertainty of human anticipations!—we had been promising ourselves to taste in a few days, burying with them bright visions of hot buttered peas, etc.; then with slow but steady progress swallowing up the already ripening, luscious strawberries; deluging grape vines, and fruit trees with their loaded wealth of young fruit; and lastly, and saddest of all, stealthily creeping into my little Paradise of flowers, chilling the sweet life-blood of my lovely roses; hiding the bright faces of lovely pansy and verbena, stilling the fragrant breath of mignonette and heliotrope, hiding with envious skill the brilliancy of geranium and gilly, until scarce a shrub or flower is spared.

Say, dear Social Chair, isn't this too bad? In the expressive language of my

dear old grandmother, on a similar occasion, we are having "a flood upon airth;" and still the flood is increasing. Already some of our neighbors on the lower lands are obliged to have their *boats* brought to the door, in place of horses. When our turn will come, we do not know.

Fine country, this "tule land," about which all California ran mad a year or two ago!

Oh! for one of your much abused San Francisco sand hills, that we, with our household gods, might abide thereon, and be safe!

Good-bye, dear Chair! Remember us in our trials, and pray that the waters may soon subside from off the face of the earth, or, in California parlance, "dry up" speedily.

Yours truly,

RIO VISTA, April 21st. M. M. K.

.....In a busy part of the town, at the rear of a vacant lot lying between two tall brick houses, amid very barren and unromantic surroundings, we have noted the development of an humble little romance.

The low-roofed shop of a blacksmith occupies the place we have designated, and all about it, except sometimes the glowing coals of the forge just after dark on winter evenings, until quite lately looked desolate enough. Nevertheless a muscular young artisan, whose brawny arm seemed never to grow weary, smote the bars of dull red iron with unceasing blows, as he fashioned therefrom tire and bolt, working away with an appearance of forced resolution, his round cap drawn over his forehead, and generally keeping time with his hammer to merry popular airs, which he seemed to whistle from habit, but rather dolefully, and with somewhat of lagging in their measures.

One day, the steamer had just arrived, and we were passing along the street near the shop. As we approached, a hotel coach halted in front of the vacant lot, and the driver, pointing with his whip, said: "That is the place, ma'm."

"Very well, put my baggage down if you please," responded a voice within.

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The smith was hammering away steadily as usual, and whistling "The Girl I left behind me," when, glancing toward the street, he straightened up, sent his sledge with a sudden jerk into a corner beyond the forge, shoved his cap jauntily to one side, and rushing forward, uttered an exclamation of joy, opened the door of the coach and lifted a good-looking and neatly dressed young lady to the ground, bestowing as he did so a hearty kiss.

"There, now, Katy," he said, "I have kissed you before folks, and smudged your pretty dress, too, I expect; but I couldn't help it."

The coachman was, meanwhile, busy in unstrapping her trunks.

"Had'n't you better get in the coach and drive to the hotel with those trunks, and let me come there as soon as I dress up?" asked the husband with a puzzled expression, adding, after a pause, "For you see, Katy, I didn't expect you, and I have no place ready for you."

"But you live here, do you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, take my trunks inside then, and we will see what it is best to do."

We passed on, and crossing at the next corner, looked back and saw the coachman driving away, and the blacksmith walking with his wife toward the shop.

A month has sped since then, and now a low shed-like building projecting from the shop, which has heretofore looked as forlorn as possible, with newspapers for its window-draperies, has assumed a spruce cheerful appearance. The windows are bright and clear, and their curtains of crimson chintz throw a rosy light about the nice little wife busied at her household tasks within. A rude fence separates between their premises and the vacant lot, enclosing a small garden, in which, thanks to the protecting walls of the tall houses on either side, an acacia and some rose-trees already planted there, promise to thrive unusually well. Depend upon it, though, there is more *couleur du rose* in the atmosphere of that household, than is lent

it by their blossoms, or that tinges it from the gaily tinted curtains. Our blacksmith, now-a-days, whistles and strikes in quicker time than he did of old, and still wears his cap peaked saucily at one side—in the fashion that it assumed on the day that his wife arrived—and at evening, when his day's work is done, he may be seen assisting her in planting or watering their garden, or in the twilight and on moonlit evenings walking with her through pleasant streets, a neat, contented-looking man, seeming perfectly to appreciate his treasure of a wife, who has proved herself so well able "to see what it is best to do."

.....We have published from time to time sundry of the very beautiful poems of the late Edward Pollock. The following prose sketch of thrilling pathos, is also from his pen:

THE SWALLOWS HAVE COME.

Out on the verge of the city, where the houses straggle off, each one by itself—to enjoy a full view of the bay; and the island, with its quiet cannon, which undoubtedly are destined one day to speak in thunder, smoke and flame no peaceful welcome to some intruder; and the distant mountains of Contra Costa, and the gliding ships and the sea-fowl;—out, where these white pioneers have wandered, the swallows are busy mating and building their nests. All of a sudden they came,—these mysterious birds who depart and return in darkness. The sun set in mellow splendor, but it shone on no swallow's wing in San Francisco; the dewy air of the next morning was musical with their little simple songs, and vibrating with the fluttering of their numberless wings. Clinging to the eaves of houses, chirruping on chimney tops, darting, glancing, floating, swimming through the rosy air of dawn are the swallows. Spring and the swallows have come together.

Sad, singular, yet not unpleasant, are the recollections which the swallow brings to me. Many are the scenes their glittering wings recall. Strange shivering sensations, half pleasure, half pain, stir me

as I watch their beautiful motion. Let me look at the past which the swallows bring back.

* * * * *

It is a sweet spring morning, and two children, boy and girl, are standing on the bank of a little stream, flowing into the beautiful Schuylkill; the river of silver, the loveliest that sleeps under the sun. All around them the flowers—the secluded woodland flowers of the pleasant land of Penn—are offering their fragrant incense to the sky. The oak and the chesnut, and the maple, and the vigorous hickory, and the willows, down by the brink of the brook, are radiant in their new green garments. They are happy, they are blessed in the enjoyment of their young life—these children—and in the glorious resurrection of nature which is visible around them.

"That was a cat-bird, Alice," says the boy. "And there goes a blue-bird;—but we saw them before, you know. And, oh Alice!—there goes an oriole, red as a star; father says they don't often come so far north. How calm it is!"

"And what is that?" says the girl, "so fleet, so thin; why Edward, it is a swallow! Why Edward, the swallows have come! Oh, let us go to the barn and see them in their nests! But you musn't climb up and disturb them, you know, as you did last year."

"I never will again, cousin," says the boy.

* * * * *

It is spring again. The dogwood blossoms are dropping on the water. The boy and girl have grown into manhood and womanhood. He is again standing on the banks of the silver river—the beautiful Schuylkill. He is leaning on his shot-gun, the spoils of the chase lying at his feet. There is thought on his brow, as he gazes off toward the distant Jerseys. He stands silent and moody; the wearied pointer resting in the rich clover beside him. Suddenly a bird shoots along the sky within range; the deadly tube is instantly raised,

explodes, and the little winged creature is staining the grass with its blood.

"How can you be so cruel?" says a fair girl, stepping out from under the willow copse; "it is the first of the swallows. Didn't you know that the swallows had come last night, Edward? And don't you remember your promise of long ago?"

"Alice, I remember, I regret; but let us speak of other matters. Never more let us have a divided thought; ever more let us be one. Alice, I love you; come to my heart, darling, and we will date our happiness from the coming of the swallows."

There is no answer; but tears and sobs, half rapture, half agony, foretold the future.

* * * * *

"Oh, father, the swallows have come, they have," cry three young American sovereigns, rushing tumultuously up the fields—still on the green banks of the Schuylkill.

"I shall have a nest of my own," says one.

"The one over the beam is mine," says another.

"I'll bet I can shoot a swallow on the wing as good as Tom Brown," says the eldest, "if father will lend me his gun."

"Children," said the father, gravely, "your mother is sick. To her and me, swallows are sacred birds. You do not understand me now, but you will by-and-by. Go, gather some of those flowers that are growing on the bank yonder, and take them to her. Let me hear no more of injuring the swallows, boys."

"Yes, father," said the oldest, and, all wondering, depart. But the father turns aside, and there is more dew on the grass than fell from Heaven that morning.

* * * * *

What next? It is a chamber. The curtains round the bed are white, and the window-curtains are white, and the honey-suckles are looking in at the windows, which are open, and there are flowers on the bureau and on the table. A strong man, bowed down by sorrow, which he

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struggles in vain to conceal, sits in a chair; and scarcely dimpling the downy bed below her, Alice lies—dying.

"Is mother awake?" said a boy in a whisper, looking timidly into the room, a mass of wild flowers in his hand.

An impatient wave of the father's hand drives him away.

Alice turns slightly on her couch, and her large blue eyes shine lovingly on the husband's and father's face—the last flash of the lamp.

"Farewell, darling," she whispers in tones scarcely audible, but sweet. "I see the green trees waving on the hill, Edward. We used to stand there, you remember; but we will never stand there again. I am very happy; kiss me, dearest."

"Oh, my God! my God!" he sobs; "this is too much. Ah! Alice, my life, my love! I cannot part with you; you must not go—"

"And I see through the window the swallows, Edward—Edward, the swallows have come! They have, darling: but you must never hurt a swallow again, you know. It is night, I think. I will sleep now."

He clasps the frail form frantically to his bosom. He may do so now with impunity. The pain is all his own; there is none to share it in that silent chamber; the beautiful river flows on, and the swallows are swimming through the air.

.....Baron Tott, who, after the burning of the Turkish fleet at Tchesne, was commissioned to put the Dardanelles in a state of defence, relates that the Turks had placed near the Castle of Aria an enormous mortar, the marble ball of which weighed eleven hundred pounds!

"This cannon," he says, "cast in bronze in the reign of Amurat, was composed of two pieces, the barrel and breech, being united by a screw like an English pistol. The breech rested upon massive masonry, and the barrel was sustained by sloping beams suitably disposed for that purpose, beneath an arch that served for its embrasure.

"I could not employ this enormous mor-

tar in the exterior works, and as they were disposed in such a manner as to mask the aim, the Turks murmured somewhat contemptuously that I seemed to be preparing a firearm without doubt unlike any other in the universe. The Pacha made representations to me to this effect. He agreed with me that the difficulty of charging this piece would not permit, in case of an attack, of firing it more than once; but he believed that this shot would be so deadly, and would carry the bullet so far, that, according to the general opinion, this mortar would of itself prove sufficient to destroy the fleet of an enemy. I wished therefore to judge of the effect of this bullet. The assembly shuddered at this proposition; the old men assured me that in accordance with an ancient tradition, this piece of ordinance which had never been fired would produce such a shaking that the castle and the city would be overthrown. It would, in fact, have been possible that some few stones might have fallen from the walls, but I assured them that the Grand Seigneur would not seriously regret an accident like this, and that the direction in which it was aimed forbade the supposition that the city would suffer from its explosion.

Never before, perhaps, had a cannon a reputation more redoubtable; friends, enemies, all expected to suffer by it. The Pacha was by when it was determined to charge the mortar, the chamber of which contained three hundred and thirty pounds of powder. I sent for the master cannonier to prepare the charge. Those who heard me give this order disappeared immediately, to shelter themselves from the danger which they foresaw. The Pacha himself prepared to retreat, and it was only after the most earnest assurance and precise demonstration that he ran no risk in remaining in a little kiosque, situated near the castle, where he could observe the effect of the ball, that I succeeded in prevailing upon him to occupy this post; it now remained for me to convince the master cannonier, and although he was the

only one who did not fly, all that he had to say was for the purpose of awakening my pity, and not to declare his courage. My promise to incur half the danger seemed rather to bewilder than to animate him.

"I was upon the masonry behind the mortar when he fired it. A commotion like an earthquake preceded the explosion. I then saw the ball separate in three pieces at the distance of three hundred fathoms, and these three pieces of stone traversed the canal and rebounded upon the side of the mountain opposite. This proof dissipated the chimerical fears of the people, the Pacha, and the cannoniers, and demonstrated to me the terrible effect of such a ball."

The Fashions.

The fashions for the month of June, by the latest arrival from New York are as follow:

French muslin dress with seven flounces graduated. Francis 1st waistband of ribbon, richly and artistically embroidered. Coiffure of Valenciennes lace and daisies.

Parasol of light green silk lined with white.

Next comes a beautiful white mull Spencer, puffed lengthwise, and intersected by rows of black velvet sleeves to match the body, headed by two puffs, running crosswise, and an epaulette of velvet. Embroidered velvet waistband, à la Louis XIV. Light blue *crêpe* Maretz skirt, with three rows of gossamer ribbon sewed in waves at the bottom of the skirt.

Piqué Zouave embroidered; very full muslin skirt falling over the dress. A fluted ruff is round the neck of the shirt, and the skirt of pink silk.

Here is another magnificent costume. Dress formed of alternate rows of purple and mineral gray silk; Tunic skirt of the gray, edged with a narrow quilled ribbon; body low, with bretelles of gray silk, with two flounces, one of purple and one of gray silk, crossing in front, and ending at the side with two falling louns and long ends. The bretelles give the dress the appearance of being square. It is a becoming style. Kid gloves, fastened at the wrist with two buttons, and having scalloped tops. Point lace barbe, trimmed with pink roses.

Then comes a rich grenadine dress, with four flounces; the upper one sewed on the body. Long flowing sleeves and body drawn with cords to form a yoke. Coiffure of flowers and lace.

Gaiter's Table.

EVERYBODY speaks of the beautiful Helen; but few people knows that she had five husbands: The-sus, Menelaus, Paris, Deiphobe and Achilles; and that in the war of Troy, of which she was the cause, eight hundred and eighty-six thousand men fell on the side of the Greeks, and six hundred and seventy thousand on the side of the Trojans.

.....A contributor sends us the following budget:

A silly fellow boasted in presence of Rivarol of knowing four languages. "I can easily see," said the latter, "that you have four words for every idea."

Fox had borrowed considerable sums of different Jews, and counted upon a succes-

sion to one of his uncles to enable him to discharge his debts. This uncle married and had a son. When Fox was informed of the advent of his uncle's heir, he said: "That child is the Messiah, for he comes into the world to ruin the Jews."

The King of Persia had an aid-de-camp, the Colonel Malachowki, whose fortune was limited, and who lived in straitened circumstances.

The King one day sent him a portfolio in the form of a book, in which he had placed five hundred thalers. Some time afterwards, meeting the officer, he said to him:

"Ah, well! how did you like the work that I addressed to you?"

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await the second volume with impatience."

The King smiled, and afterwards sent him another portfolio like the first, with these words on the cover:

"*This work has but two volumes.*"

The Chevalier of the Tenaille had a religious system of his own. Here is his morning prayer:

"I thank God for this, that the borrowers and duns have let me sleep, and I take the firm resolution that I will neither promise nor give, neither by word, deed, or by thought."

His form of blessing was:—

"Blessed be the Lord who gives me whatever there is for dinner, and not the guests!"

His evening prayer was:—

"Blessed be the Lord who has permitted me to go to rest without any one having robbed me in the course of the day."

The Chevalier of the Tenaille should have the manners of the sun-dial, which indicates without giving; and if its indications are extended, that it is by means of its shadow, and not itself.

Finally, here is a specimen of his letter to his mistress:

"My angel—as I recognize you to be—I, your lover, and you my well-beloved, you have a rival in the person of my purse. I therefore inform you that I have loved it a much longer time than I have loved you, and that, even unto this day, it has shown me no unfaithfulness. Señora Mia, there is no person in the world who can inspire me with more jealousy than my money. If you love me, why should I give you dresses, jewels or coins, all things worldly and full of vanity!"

"If you love my purse, why do you not tell the truth? and when in your letters you call me 'My life, my soul, my eyes' why do you not rather say, 'My little crowns, my good doubloons, my purses and my bag of money?' Imagine truly that; for me there is no better fortune than that which is gratis, and that the best bargain seems still too dear. That which costs me anything seems ugly, and no language is

graceful in a mouth that makes demands. Leave money, then, out of the question, as if it had never existed; otherwise, it is better that your favor remain with your desires, and I with my purse full."

.....Read the following, and think what ages of pinching want must have obliterated all nicety of discrimination in regard to food, before a proposition, such as it advances, could be listened to with any other effect than to sicken with disgust.

A German, Dr. Steinroth, has just put before the public an idea which has been favorably received in his country.

It is that of making extensive use of the blood of animals as an article of food; it is well known that the blood of swine is rendered very useful in the making of a certain description of puddings. He advises the like utilising of the blood of bees and other animals. So far, there is nothing extraordinary.

But, to attain this end, Dr. Steinworth counsels bleeding cattle regularly, as cows are milked regularly. He affirms that, performed at regular and rare intervals, these bleedings would not enfeeble the animal, and that, at any rate, it would be better thus through a series of years, to draw from its blood a generous aliment, than to destroy the animal all at once.

In Ireland, the poor frequently bleed their oxen and cows to procure a substantial nourishment they could not otherwise obtain. In Africa, this custom is very common. May it never be imported to our shores.

.....If by a wise provision of nature the oyster was not gifted with an almost unlimited capacity for multiplication, the universal esteem in which that delicious bivalve is held must prove the cause of its inevitable extinction. A French scientific paper discourses thus sagely of the cultivation of the oyster:

"It is well known that the oyster is a hermaphrodite, that is to say, at the same time male and female, and its reproduction is so abundant that a single oyster often has two or three millions of eggs. To-

ward the month of April or May this mollusk spawns; when these embryos have been produced, they are sheltered within a fold of the mantle, that is, within the skin which envelops the animal.

When they have arrived at a certain degree of development, they leave the mother oyster and pass into the water, a little whitish mass. An immense quantity of these extremely minute beings are lost, carried away by the waves or devoured by fish; those that escape fix themselves to rocks or fragments of shell, where they remain and develop themselves. It will therefore be comprehended, that if it were possible to place embryos at the moment when they detach themselves from their mother in a spot offering a shelter and asperities to which to attach themselves, a very considerable saving of them might be effected.

This was foreseen by M. Coste. In April, 1858, he caused to be gathered at Cancale and elsewhere, three millions of oysters, which he sowed in parallel lines in the bay of Saint Brie; at the same time he transported to the bay quantities of shells and branches of trees, which he secured at the bottom of the sea by means of large stones, in order that the spawn might find shelter and places to which to attach themselves.

The result of this enterprise has surpassed his most sanguine expectations.

The shells, the fascines or branches, even the shore has become charged with *nais-sain* (the name given to the embryos of oysters).

Never did Cancale or Grandville, at the time of their greatest prosperity, offer a spectacle of such abundance.

"The fascines," said M. Coste, in his report to the Emperor, "bore upon their smallest branches and at their least points, clusters of oysters in such great profusion that they resembled the trees of our orchards in spring time, with their branches hidden beneath the exuberance of their blossoms; one might pronounce them veritable petrifications."

..... Read the exquisite verses entitled "A Sunset Idyl." They need but few words from us, for the true spirit of poesy breathes in every line. "Hutchings" welcomes a contributor so highly gifted.

Literary Notices.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF SAMUEL WOODWORTH. Edited by his son. Published by Charles Scribner New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

They are edited by Mr. Frederick A. Woodworth, of this city, and contain the productions of his honored father, the author of the "Old Oaken Bucket." As an American poet, the writings of Woodworth commend themselves to our people. Many of his verses have become as household words, and have been set to household music. The volume before us, beside the patriotic song of the last war, "The Hunters of Kentucky," contain lines of true poetic feeling, and poems of much grace and beauty. A biography of the author is given from the pen of Geo. Morris, with whom the editor was once associated in the editing of the New York *Evening Mirror*. We feel sure that our readers will receive genuine pleasure in the perusal of these poems. At almost every page they will recognize some old time favorite.

TWELVE SERMONS DELIVERED AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE. By HORACE MANN. Ticknor & Fields, Boston; A. Roman, San Francisco.

These discourses have been handsomely bound, forming a neat library volume. We are indebted to A. Roman for the one before us. The admirers of the author, and their name is legion, can find converse for many pleasant hours in this book.

HOPES AND FEARS: Or scenes from the life of a Spinster. By the Author of the "Heir of Redcliffe." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; A. Roman, San Francisco.

This new novel will find many readers. It is full of social scenes of startling interest. You can find it at A. Roman's.