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THE EMPEROR HIEN YOUNG.

The Emperor of China, and the Soul of the Universe, the absolute monarch who is forbidden by law to go beyond the limits of his own palace walls, through four of a grand upsetting of mundane things, consequent upon the removal of the centre of gravity, to-day graces our first page with his imperial phiz. His forlorn and drooping attitude may be accounted for by the burden of responsibility his royal shoulders are compelled to sustain, and the fact that his official duties commence every morning before day-break. At a very early hour in the morning, the chief of the eunuchs appears with a cypress in his hand to awaken the Emperor. The monarch dresses himself, drinks a cup of tea, and before half-past four o'clock enters his cabinet. The eunuch then brings him the memorials remitted by the superior authorities.
of Pekin to the mandarins of service, and
the correspondence sent from provinces
by the governors and the generals. The
Emperor reads all these papers. His de-
cision upon those of lesser importance is
marked at once either by a fold in the
corner of the document, or a crease
made by the imperial fingernails beneath
the clause receiving approval. These
signs manual of monarchical compli-
dance, serve to guide the members of the
cabinet, who afterwards write with red
ink, and in the name of the Emperor, the
resolutions suggested. When the read-
ing of dispatches, memorials, etc., is fin-
ished, he has those persons called with
whom he desires to confer concerning
any governmental matters.

At sunrise he enters the hall of the
throne to give audience to the mandarins
who have been newly appointed, and
those who have been dismissed. The
people to be presented are found kneel-
ing, with their faces turned toward the
throne, and remain in this attitude until
the Emperor is seated, when, at a signal
given by the master of ceremonies, they
three times repeat the three customary
prostrations. Each one afterwards
reads a brief autobiography, of himself, the
Chinese in their language, the Man-
darins and Mongolians in Mandarin.
This audience terminates at seven o'clock
in the morning; at that time the Em-
peror, leaving the hall of the throne, enters
the apartments in its rear, which are for
his exclusive use, where he ordinarily re-
mains. It is there that his dinner is
served. His table is covered with dishes
prescribed by law, and according to the
season; of these the Emperor selects
what he chooses for himself, and sends
the remainder to the mandarins of ser-
vice. After this repast, he takes his si-
esta, or occupies himself with his domes-
tic affairs until sunset, when he generally
retires to sleep, like other mortals, if
anxiety on account of the weather will
admit of his doing so.

A contributor sends us a sketch of a
scene in Pekin, after the capture of the
city by allies. It well represents the
richness of the warehouses of that far-
flung city.
ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

Alexandre Dumas, fils, was born at Paris, July 25th, 1824. He was placed in the institution of Gonzaux, and succeeded creditably in his studies at the Bourbon college. Introduced early in life into the society of authors and artists, he became celebrated for the precocity and vivacity of his mind. He left college at the age of sixteen, and at seventeen published a collection of poems under the title of "Peches de Jeunesse, Sins of Youth," a work of but slight literary importance. After having accompanied his father on his journey through Spain and in Africa he wrote the "Adventures of four women and a parrot," which commenced in so fantastic a style, that despite the evident inexperience of the author, it obtained, under favor of its name, a partial success.

M. Alexandre Dumas, fils, has the good sense to understand that he is not a poet, and beside, that he is not gifted with the brilliant imagination of which his name awakens the idea. Avoiding, therefore, the imitation of the paternal style, he seeks success in the truthfulness of observation and exactness of delineation. He studies the world more closely, above all the equivocal world, where brilliant vice frequently hides so much misery. Among the romances to which he owes...
the beginning of his reputation, and which afterward carried it so very high, were
the Dame aux Camelias; the Roman
d'une femme; Diana de Lys; the Dame
aux perles; and the Vix à Vingtans.
Frequently reprinted and translated into
foreign languages, they recommended them-
selves by a style simple and natural,
their dramatic scenes, and the delineations
of characters beyond the pale of
morality, but marked by moral intentions.
The author, following the common cus-
tom, conceived the idea of transporting
the subjects of his romances to the
theatre, where the excellencies and the
defects of his style became more evident.
The Dame aux Camelias, after having
been interdicted by M. Léon Faucher,
was his trial stroke and his triumph.
It succeeded through its pathos rather
than by the paradoxical thesis of the
reformation of a courtesan. Fallen
women were also the heroines of Diana
de Lys, called at first the Dame aux
perles, and of the demi-monde, but with a
greater sobriety of effects and morality of tone.
The "Question d'Argent" was also
dramatised. These four pieces, which
contain excellent scenes of comedy, man-
ers, and well delineated characters,
marvellously interpreted by the troupe of
the Gymnase, and mounted with a finish
of detail carried to the most servile imita-
tion, had the good fortune to be wel-
comed by an enthusiastic public as so
many literary events. The last, and least
meritorious, has had more than a hun-
dred consecutive representations. A fifth
dramatic study of the same kind, the
Filis' Naturel, seems destined also to a
long success.
M. Dumas, fils, who, still young, has
gained glory and fortune from his dramat-
ic writings, nevertheless does not confine
himself exclusively to works of that
description, but has given to the world of
letters an extensive list of romances and
volumes of light literature.

AN INCIDENT.

BY A.

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

"Oh, what a pretty little animal!"
exclaimed Madame Bosio, approaching
the canopy; "this is not a dog here, it
is a cupid—no, it has the intelligent
air of one."
The cantatrice took the little animal in
her arms, caressed it, gave it bon-bons
and replaced it in its corner, where it
nestled again among the silken cushions.

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

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

"Give me your little dog, Prince," re-
sponded Madame Bosio immediately.

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

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

"No device could have been more inge-

OE...
said the 'ce,' as aial the beautiful.

The animal in the

GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDING, POWELL STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.
PUBLIC GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

From the report of the Superintendent of Common Schools we glean the following. The edifice, an engraving of which may be seen on page 485 of this magazine, is located on Powell near Clay street. The contract for its erection was awarded to Mr. H. L. King, in September, 1859, but for want of funds, its completion was delayed until the seventeenth of last December—when it was dedicated with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. The halls were crowded with many of the old pioneers in the cause of education, to celebrate the completion of this edifice, as the crowning success of our system of public instruction.

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

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PLAN OF BASEMENT AND GROUNDS.

B, B, Boys Yards.
B, Boys Basement.
B, Girls Basement.
C, Covered passages to Water Closets.
C, Girls Yards.
D, Boys Yards.
E, Boys Basement.
F F F, Water Closets.
G G G, Lavatories.

Scale of 5 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100 Feet.
The building is a neat, two story edifice, designed by Victor Hoffman, Architect. The main portion is 32 by 88 feet, with two wings 17 by 32 feet, making the whole front on Powell street 60 feet. The wings and front are constructed of brick, covered with mastic, in imitation of red freestone.

On the first floor there are two recitation rooms in the wings, one of which is a decision for the Teacher of Modern Languages, and the other, when required, will be used by the Second Assistant. The main building is divided into two separate halls for calisthenic and gymnastic exercises for the boys and girls. The wings of the second story form two recitation rooms of the same size as those on the first floor, for the Teacher of Natural Sciences, and the First Assistant.

The principal building is divided into two large halls of entrance, and a general session room, 30 by 60 feet, which is surrounded with an open corridor, overlooking the city, presenting an extended and beautiful view of the surrounding country. There is also a teacher's room in the attic, which, by means of folding doors, communications will, and overdoors, can be used with the room, and under a style of furnishing in imitation of modern school architecture. It is constructed of good wood, and in that, for all her façades command, be general design and arrangement, it is done with it grace.

The rooms are neatly furnished with the most approved modern style of furniture, arranged according to Woodcock's diagonal system. The building, as a whole, is so arranged, and new the style of furnishing, that it is divided into two separate halls for calisthenic and gymnastic exercises for the boys and girls. The wings of the second story form two recitation rooms of the same size as those on the first floor, for the Teacher of Natural Sciences, and the First Assistant. The principal building is divided into two large halls of entrance, and a general session room, 30 by 60 feet, which is surrounded with an open corridor, overlooking the city, presenting an extended and beautiful view of the surrounding country. There is also a teacher's room in the attic, which, by means of folding doors, communications will, and overdoors, can be used with the room, and under a style of furnishing in imitation of modern school architecture. It is constructed of good wood, and in that, for all her façades command, be general design and arrangement, it is done with it grace.

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SHIPWRECK OF THE DIRTY "DOLDRUMS."

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM,

BY FRANK SOULE.

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

Manned with but half a crew, and they half fed,
They had enough to do to reef and steer;
A starving and unhappy life they led,
As free to risk poor Jack Tar or "land lubber,"
To serve a rope-yarn, or to lance a whale.

And yet he prayed each night—God knows to whom—
Kneel'd 'mid the ship's deep dirt and deeper lurches,
And whined his cant amid that ocean tomb,
As free to risk poor Jack Tar or "land lubber,"
For so much gain amid a howling gale,
To serve a rope-yarn, or to lance a whole.

But prayers, though very potent, and avail
At proper seasons, and in proper places,
Can scarce reft a topsail in a gale,
Haul taut a sheet, or gather in the braces,
And when the anchors drag, or cables fail,
Put more reliance in his fearless men,
Than all the prayers that he could utter then.

So did our captain, when the mighty strain
Of heaving billows swept us towards the land,
And tautened up and twanged our iron chain,
As if a harp-string struck by ocean's hand,
Until its massive links were snapped in twain;
Then as broadside we drifted towards the strand,
He seemed half frantic as for death preparing,
But all his prayers seemed very much like swearing.

But, prayers or oaths, they all availled him not,
For though his men did all which he commanded,
Got out kedge anchors, and I know not what
Bosco, and everything that shameless can, did;
Up like a rocket on the waves shot shot,
And dashing on the searing shore, lay stranded,
Like some poor traveler, gored, and tramped, and slain,
By maddened tides on their native plain.
All sought the surf to flee the sullen seas,
Some struggled bravely for the foaming shore,
Some cradled by fragments, sank beneath their scars,
And some were saved by clinging to an oar,
Or floating plank, a shipwreck’s last grace.

Our pious captain sunk to rise no more,
There was no life’s salvation there for him—
So clogged with prayers and dirges he could not swim.

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

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

THE DEAD RECALLED TO LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY D.

At a period within the last century,
there was formed between M. de Garran
and the family of La Faille, of Toulouse,
in France, an intimacy sufficiently close
to warrant the supposition that it would
lead to an alliance between them. M.
de Garran, Captain of Artillery, Regi-
ment — was a young man of fine
presence, bore his epaulette equally well
during an action, on parade, or at a ball;
conversed well, and never of himself, was
a man of mind, and above all, reported
an excellent nobleman in a city where
one is still a parvenu after two hundred
years of nobility. M. de la Faille was a
grave and upright magistrate. Born
with a timid mind and conscientious
soul, he would have been unwilling to
permit a syllable of the crooked code he
had been taught to be changed, or to
have heard it called in question by any
one. Aside from this, he was a man of
perfect manners, never spoke in society
of the affairs of the palace, and never
spoke in the palace of the affairs of so-
ciety. He was a widower, and had a
daughter named Clemence.

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

All exterior circumstances pointed to-
ward a marriage between M. de Garran
and Mlle de la Faille; they were equal
in point of birth and fortune, and their
THE DEAD RECALLED TO LIFE.

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

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

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

Georges spoke of hastening the marriage, and demanded leave to take Clemence with him if she would consent to follow him. M. de la Faille would not listen to the idea of being separated so suddenly from his daughter, and of sending her, so young, a thousand leagues from her native land, into a climate so fatal, where she would be exposed to death, or to be left by the death of her husband with neither asylum nor protection. Georges wished then to resign, and renounce his commission, a proposal which M. de la Faille treated as madness in the young man, and declared that he should believe himself responsible toward the family of M. de Garran for such a resolution. Finally, Georges endeavored, as the last hope, to persuade the rigorous magistrate to give him the hand of his daughter, and to keep her at home until his return, which was expected to take place in two years. But M. de la Faille would not hear of this arrangement, for at the first words of the intelligence M. de Garran had brought, he had taken an unchangeable determination.

When he had succeeded in restoring Clemence and Georges to a degree of reason, after the despair into which they were plunged, he represented to them that they were very young, that two years counted but little in a lifetime, that this absence would serve to test their affection, and finally, that it was his inexorable will. He must be obeyed.

To Georges this was an alarming resolution. Clemence submitted with an exalted sadness, as if she had found some consolation in struggling against unhappiness to vanquish it, as if she had hoped that her love would be more precious and heroic in the eyes of Georges, after the two years of waiting and separation.

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

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

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

It was a calm, sweet night, the air laden with perfume, and the moon rose while they sat talking beneath a tree covered with honeysuckles in bloom. Insensibly they became silent, the hour had come when they must separate. Clemence sat immovable, with her head bowed, and weeping. Georgos felt her shudder as he clasped her to his palpitating breast; the moonlight shone upon the pallid countenance of his beautiful betrothed; he gazed in her face for a moment, then falling upon his knees before her, exclaimed:

"Do you love me?"

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

"Ah, well! adieu! adieu!"

"Already?" cried Clemence.

"I must go," replied Georgos, clasping her in his arms, and imprinting his first and only kiss upon her lips. "Do not detain me; adieu! adieu!"

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

"Oh, Georgos! if I was dead, your kisses would recall me to life!"

With these words they separated.

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

"It is childishness, mother; a folly unworthy of a man; but since you think my sadness is from grave causes, I must reassure you, although it should make you smile, and you have reason! but three years of captivity and of horrible sufferings have rendered it easy to disturb me, and I am afraid of everything now, since I am happy."
"Do not speak these words, my dear sir."

"Yes, I have come, and I speak the truth."

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

"Without doubt," replied Mme. de Garran, "and she was so singularly beautiful, that she was everywhere renowned; even at Toulouse people said, in speaking of her, "the beautiful Mlle de la Faille."

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

It needed a mother's ingenious love to understand how to calm this transport of grief. She talked much to him of Clementence before she succeeded in making him listen, and, strangely, it was for her treason, rather than her death, that it was necessary to console the poor Georges. Mme. de Garran explained to him the report of his captivity and his death had been circulated in France, and the unfortunate Mlle de la Faille had been apprised of it. She made him comprehend how, perhaps after many tears and much resistance, Clementence had, without doubt, obeyed the orders of her father. All this was so natural that he readily believed the history, imagined by Mme. de Garran, to be the truth. Finally, as a salutary balm to his soul, she added that it was perhaps of grief for her trespass against Georges in this forced union that the young and beautiful Mme. de Servins had died. Thus, by admirable fantasies, Georges was flattered into the supposition that her death was perhaps through grief for him, and his sufferings were deprived of their greatest bitterness.

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

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

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

When everything was agreed upon between them they entered the cemetery, the keeper armed with a spade and, pincers, and Georges carrying a lantern. A calm and resplendent moon lighted this horrid ceremony, and not a word was pronounced between Georges and his accomplice until the coffin was lifted from the grave and placed by its side. One single and frightful circumstance terrified Georges: this was the first blow of the hammer struck upon the coffin, by the keeper, to break it open. It seemed to him as if he was permitting a brutality and at this sound several dogs were awakened and began to howl in the distance, he demanded of the grave-digger, in a trembling voice, to separate the boards of the coffin without noise. He was obeyed, and presently the corpse of Clemence rested upon the turf, clad solely in its winding sheet. The keeper silently seated himself upon the ground, his legs hanging in the grave, gazing at Georges, who remained petrified by the side of this icy corpse; and seeing him thus motionless could not hinder himself from saying: "It is her! So?"

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

The dead lips the kiss, once to Iris heart a, of a still elderhope, led a terrible cry from a terrible tremble. The keep himself upon the ground, his grave gaping at him, and terminated by the sky; and seeing him not hinder himself forth. So he seemed to have forgotten it did not hear, his mind comprised the grave-digger again, after having to him without observed even to touch were tortured and adamant, hurried his retirement from the face and displaying to it so longed to be swallowed could not a. The sight of this earth had spared in the trembling of his unhappy lover to hide the corpse, and me, talked to her of himself of her death, consciousness, recounting their last hopes; and, he raised the body and sustaining it erected it easily. This seemed not to have only a thought entered an trance flamed across and the last word and spoken ragged. He cried out, and in of a still wilder hope once to his heart and lips the kisses which did recall her to life. To feel a terrible cry free convulsive trembling and a frightful laugh. Afterwards he arose quickly, still holding the corpse in a close embrace, threw a frightened glance around him, and fled through the tombs, leaping over all obstacles, and making cries of joy or frantic grief. By supernatural rapidity and strength, he finally escaped the pursuit of the keeper, who saw him disappear like a tiger bearing away his prey. Then the poor grave-digger hastened to efface the traces of his sacrilege; he replaced the empty coffin in the grave, threw the earth again upon its cover, returned to his house, terrified at his crime, and awaited the day with anxiety.

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

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

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

M. de Servins pursued, without being able to overtake her, and at the entrance to the cemetery saw her rush into a rich carriage, which disappeared with the utmost speed of two magnificent horses. As hour after this rencontre, M. de Servins was still in the chamber of the miserable grave-digger, who expired in horrible convulsions, without being able to reply to any of the questions which were addressed to him. And, during the course of the day, the Lieutenant-General of Police made known to the magistrate that, in accordance with the indications which he had given to his agents, he had been assured that the carriage which had been seen, and the livery which had been designated, were those of M. de Garran.

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

More than fifteen days had passed without any question being raised concerning this event, and during which M. de Servins had surrounded them with spies. He learned from the Minister of War the day of the arrival of Georges at Paris, and the date of his departure. He discovered the positions which had taken him to Brest, accompanied by a veiled lady. He ascertained that he had embarked with her upon a vessel of which he found the journal, and armed with these terrible proofs, he instituted a process against M. de Garran, to annul the illegal marriage he had contracted with his pretended wife. The novelty of this
suit attracted universal attention. Pamphlets were exchanged in the faculty to prove that a lethargy could have been mistaken for death. Those who sustained this belief were treated as ignorant and imbecile by their confreres. One calculated the number of hours during which Mme. de Servins must have lived in this state, and found that no author reported an example of so long a lethargy.

M. de Garran parried the complaint of M. de Servins, and when he said that the resemblance of his wife to Mlle de la Faille had frightened even him, but not to the extent of rendering him insane, he spoke with such an accent of truthfulness that no one doubted but that M. de Servins had lost his reason, or that all this accusation was but a crazy trick. The cause, however, came before the tribunals, and Mme. de Garran was obliged to appear and respond to the questions of the magistrates. She was confronted with M. de Servins, and seemed much astonished at all that he said. M. de la Faille came from Toulouse and wept at seeing this strange resemblance; he did not know how he ought to speak to this woman who seemed so like his daughter, and who denied it so coldly. The judges, astonished, looked at each other troubled, and in indecision. Mme. de Garran recounted the history of her life.

"She was an orphan and had always lived in the Indies. Certificates produced attested that a demoiselle Julie de Nerval, born at Pondichery, had there been married to Colonel de Garran. The day of the solemn audience of the judgment arrived. All the pleasors had terminated and the members of the parliament who composed the tribunal seemed inclined to dis embarrass M. de Garran of the singular pursuit directed against him and his wife, when M. de Servins entered, leading a child by the hand. Mme. de Garran was at this moment seated by the side of her advocate, M. Molano; and as the audience was prodigous, she had leaned her head upon her hands to conceal her countenance from the eager glances of the multitude; so that she did not see M. de Servins when he came in; but suddenly she felt a little hand which drew aside her own, and heard a childish voice saying to her sadly: "Mamma, kiss me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Good morning! first good morning!
To the babe upon the knee;
A welcome on this pleasant morn!
Sweet visitant, to thee!

Good morning to thee, blessed child!
Oh! many a glorious one
Shine on thy loved and beauteous head,
Before thy race is run!

Good morning! gay good morning!
To the young waiting bride!
'Tis the last, thou shall pass with us,
Another by thy side.

Teen's the dear young childhood's nest;
To seek another home;
Good morning! oh, good morning!
Where'er thy steps may roam.

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

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

MILVIA.

Good morning! as the glorious sun
Doth from his chambers call,
Good morning to a handsome world!
Good morning—unto all!

MILVIA;
OR, THE HEROINE OF CATALONIA.

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

BY D. PRICE, LL. D.

CHAPTER III.

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

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

Milvia, affected to tears, clasped her husband in her arms, unable to make any reply; maternal love for a moment asserted all its right—the final adieu was upon her lips, when, as if arousing herself with an effort from a painful dream, she exclaimed, in a changed tone, "No! no! Milvia will not separate herself from her husband!"
This touching scene vanquished the opposition of Rodriguo, and triumphant conjugal love bound still closer the ties that united them.

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

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

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

In the last days of the month of April, the Marshal Moncey, who commanded the first corps of the French army, deployed his forces to attack the position of the constitutional Spaniards between the Fluvia Tortolla and Castel Solit. The enemy—the most eager to destroy the constitution of the country—marched at the head of the men of the Faith, who had been thrown in the Rosellon, spurred forward to vengeance, their features changed by blood and carnage, indignant at the moderation imposed by their French general, terror preceding them on the route, causing the entire population to fly at their approach, to return to their homes in perfect security at the arrival of the French.

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

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

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

Those bands were composed of a mixture of priests and of monks, who, under the shield of the holy faith, battled against the constitution to re-establish their temporal affairs. With the cross in one hand and the sword in the other, they defended this same house of Bourbon, against which they had animated the people by the same means in the war of succession, when their arch-duke had
promised them advantages which they could not expect from Philip V. The mass was formed of nomadic individuals, smugglers, robbers, Bohemians, traders in mules, vautois, beggars and vagrants, who received soup at the doors of convents and alms near the churches; a body numbering in all nearly five hundred thousand, who had been forced to the work, because those whose tools they were had lost the means of sustaining them. They were the same men who had made a business of deserting the religious communities and joining the troops of King Joseph, in order afterwards to sell their uniforms. They were the same men who, when the suppression of religious communities had expelled the monks from their convents, appropriated their revenues; and who, six months after having borne a bridge of triumph, came to insult his misfortunes.

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

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

Miivia, exposed during the entire day to an extraordinarily heavy rain, saw with an indifferent eye the ravages of the storm; always at the side of her husband, she seemed a protecting genii descended from the skies to strengthen the courage of the soldiers. The first to cross the ravines, to scale the rocks, she was often seen to halt and tender her hand to some soldier exhausted by fatigue, or to bestow her sympathizing attention upon the wounded. Her smile alone soothed the woes, and her voice reanimated the spirits, of those whom suffering and privation had afflicted. No engagements of importance had occurred between the armies of the enemies. Mina, avoiding the French troops, ascended the Ter by Bescara; and Milans, having retired with Lliborri near Hostalric, gave to Rodrigue the command of the guerrillas left in the environs of Gbi.

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

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

Rodrigue suddenly quitted, during the night, the clothes he had occupied, and went to await his foe by the side of the Bega, toward the upper valley of the Lobregat. Bezo, who regarded as a retreat this, which was a manoeuvre to gain
a more advantageous position, attacked Rodrigue with the blind forcefulness that neglects all the precautions commanded by prudence. He charged upon the enemy with his men united on masses, leaving his flanks exposed to the little wings which Rodrigue had deployed on either side, while their skilful leader conducted his centre against their enemy's front.

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

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

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

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

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

The men of the Faith, in alarm, immediately yielded the ground. Believing in their confusion that double their number was opposed to them, they abandoned the field of battle strewn with their dead and wounded, throwing their arms from them in order more quickly to escape the pursuit of the vanquishers.

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

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

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

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

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

The continued marches and counter-marches of Minia, obliged Rodrigue constantly to flank with his guerrillas that general's division, serving to throw light upon, and to assure his perilous course.
abandoned their dead arms from escape the dyall tile, ringing the attentions to her, the loss of to per-
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were, three of the different conquerors of the localities traversed by
the troops of Mina, had completely desc- lated the country. Constitutional French, Constitutional Spaniards, and people of
the Faith, represented three distinct au-
thorities and administrations entirely op-
posed to each other. The first declared
themselves as peacemakers, proving eve-
rywhere by their moderation and the wis-
dom of their conduct, that if fate had
had not armed them against the constitu-
tion of Spain, they would not have
been enemies of the Spaniards. Prompt-
ly paid and provisioned, their passage
was not marked by the cruel exactions
that in the preceding wars had so fre-
quently brought reproach upon Fren
ch generals. A severe discipline placed a
check upon the exaggerated pretensions
of both officers and soldiers; their march
resembled less an expedition in an erie-
roy's country, than a change of garrison
in France, and it is to this rigid disci-
plino that the French army owe the finest
laurels they carried home fi'om the peniu.

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

The French garrisons on the fronter
made some movements to observe an
enemy that seemed to them their supe-
rior in forces; but they could not pre-
vent him from passing beyond the bound-
daries of the kingdom, and entering
the village of Puluu, and several others
within the French territory.

Rodrigue ascended by the course of
the torrent of Canil, crossed the Segre,
and came by its heights to rejoin his
general at Puluu. The next day closed
the march of the column through the
defile of Antoso; he was attacked by the
French voltigeurs, a scouting party from
the garrison of Puyerda; the audacity
with which this handful of soldiers de-
ployed before the little column of Miguel-
its commanded by Rodrigue, obliged
that chief to detach a part of his troops,
to give the remainder time to go and oc-
cupy a defile at the foot of which Mina
intended to halt.

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

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

The intrepid voltigeurs, commanded by
a French officer, presented themselves in
battle array. Milvia had placed herself
in the midst of the Spanish patriots, whom she animated by voice and gesture.

The people of the Faith vociferated a
thousand imprecations against the Con-
stitutionals, that were repeated by the
triple echoes of the defile.

The fire of the enemy occurring upon
advantageous ground, did, at first, much
harm to the troops of Rodrigue; but the
intrepid chief soon yielded to his impet-
who commanded a column of the enemy. This leader was the commander of the French battalion stationed upon the frontier.

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

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

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

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

Far from calming his agitated senses, this involuntary slumber burned him like an ardent fever, rousing his enfeebled mind with the blackest images. He dreamed that he discovered Milvia among the dead, and that she beckoned to him with her last hand to come and share her tomb; this frightful dream drew from him a cry of grief, the name of Milvia. A sepulchral echo slowly repeated the name to the ear of Rodrigue, believing himself to be deceived, the warrior repeated in a loud voice the name of Milvia, and a few words stifled by the death-rattle responded to him. No longer doubting that the words came from the falling voice of a body lying near him, he approached trembling, and addressed at hazard questions concerning Milvia. The same voice stammered some broken and unintelligible words, articulating with a final effort the word "prisoner!" a sigh followed, and death sealed his prey before the unhappy Rodrigue could learn more concerning Milvia, or concerning the soldier who had rendered him this last service.

CHAPTER IV.

Before Aurora had put aside the curtain of night, Rodrigue was far from these sad scenes. Towards the majestic summit of one of the highest mountains to the north of Puycorda, he found a dark and extensive grotto formed by nature in a granite mass at the extremity of one of the most beautiful paramars, or platex, of the eastern Pyrenees. This grotto, closed by a thicket of young oaks, had been designated as a rendezvous to the soldiers of Rodrigue, according to the custom of the Spanish partisans who were frequently surprised or dispersed in the mountains. To this place came the impatient Rodrigue. He found at the entrance of the grotto one of his soldiers, who remitted to him the handwriting of Milvia, who ordered him to proceed immediately to Spanish Cordégas, to reorganize his guerillas. The same soldier informed him that the few of his men who had escaped the carnage of the night before, awaited him upon an neighboring terrace of the grotto, where sleep was refreshing their weary frames.
woes, and from them he learned all the particulars they had been able to gather concerning the fate of Milvia. Then reassured, he began his march for Cordova, where he hoped that his general would aid him in obtaining the ransom of his wife.

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

Milvia, who had until this moment, under favor of the darkness, and by avoiding conversation, concealed her sex, was forced to avow herself to an enemy who had treated her with so much generosity. This avowal, made in accents of modesty mingled with a noble pride, gave to the French officer a surprise easy to imagine, but recovering himself immediately from the astonishment which she was unable to conceal; but the French officer hastened to reassure her, saying that his intention was not to oblige her to accord to him a favor to which she felt a repugnance, and that she was perfectly free to accept or refuse. Milvia, touched by the delicacy of this proceeding, consented to accompany him who had so merited her confidence, and entered with him a hall where a great number of officers were assembled.

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

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

(Concluded in the next number.)

Tune is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—Sir Philip Sydney.
MY SOUL AND I—GUilty OR NOT GUILTY.

MY SOUL AND I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Its false pretense,
Its hollow show,
Thou'st given thy love;
Now tell me where
Are all thy hopes,
Thy pleasures, where,
Since death hath claimed
His proper share?

Thou no sooner camest
Thou no sooner camest
Thou no sooner camest
Thou no sooner camest
Thou no sooner camest
Thou no sooner camest
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Alas! poor soul!
To earth below,
With all its cares,
And all its woe.

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

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

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

Hubert Beach was Sir John’s only son. Wayward from boyhood, he became vicious in manhood. Between us there existed no love, for his pride made him repulsive to me, and the different views we took of life prevented any sympathy of feeling. Apparently frank, with handsome person, polished manners and great conversational powers, he was, however, a favorite with both my mother and sister, though we saw but little of him while I was at home. I had gone to college when I heard of his frequent visits to our cottage. Lucy hardly named him in her letters—my mother constantly. I took no note of this, or I might have surmised the feelings that occupied our sister’s heart.

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

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

To our house by the road was about five miles, but by crossing a rugged hill, with a narrow gully near its summit, which rendered it somewhat dangerous, the distance was more than half reduced. The evening was fine, and I took the
shorter route. A small brook runs down into Windemere Lake through the gulch which I have mentioned, at times almost dry, yet fierce when swollen by mountain torrents after rain. The gulch is crossed by a footbridge, built by Sir John at considerable expense, and being the work of a self-taught local mechanic, is one of the curiosities of the neighborhood. It is 124 feet long, and supported by iron rods secured to the hills, on one side there was a hand-rail, on the other none.

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

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

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

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

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

"Fool!" cried he, and he struck me full in the chest as I stood in the center of the causeway. I staggered against the one side-rail. He attempted to pass me rapidly, but his foot slipped, and he fell towards the unguarded side of the narrow bridge; to save himself, he grasped at my coat, but it slipped from his hand. My one thought was to save him. I throw myself forward, grasped an iron which suspended the bridge with one hand, and aided the collar of his coat with the other. He hung suspended on my arm some minutes, how long I know not, but it was soon over. I spoke to him gently; I directed him how to try and recover himself. God knows how I urged him! but he did not answer.

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

I went round nearly two miles by the head of the gulch, and descended the stream till I reached the place where he lay. He was dead! his skull literally crushed in by a rock he had struck on.

Then the fearful circumstances I stood in arrayed themselves before me, and with criminal weakness I resolved to bury the secret within my own bosom. I hastened home. My mother attributed any coldness of manner she had observed to the exciting family affliction which had recalled me home. She entered into a detail of what had passed, in hopes of consoling me, but, alas! every word but added to my misery and remorse.

Lucy was married to Hubert Beach. Previous to writing to me, she had visited Sir John Beach, and had explained everything to him. His reply was short. "Madam, I will reflect, and then act as seems to be best. I will see you shortly, and depend upon it, I will..."
I do that which after consideration I consider right."

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

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

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

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

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

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

And after an impulsive embrace of Lucy, he held out his hand to my mother, who drew him one side and exchanged a few more words; he then departed, so ending the strange scene.

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

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

That evening I strolled out into the lane in the rear of our house. When I
that the button, and returning
again, showed the fragment of cloth it
was attached to. "Was that like the
color of the cloth?"

"Yes, exactly. What do you ask for?"
"Oh, only curiosity."

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

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

I had denied seeing anything of Hu-
bert to several persons. Who could
doubt my guilt? The coat was pro-
duced, the fragment with the button on
it fitted the rent, which I had not no-
ticed.

The servants at the manor swore
to the coat I wore; and our own servant
also that I took it off in the passage, on
my arrival home. My mother has urged
on me to explain what I can. I tell her
the tale will seem too improbable for
credence, but assure her
I am innocent;
and Lucy too—they both believe me.

After all, had I acknowledged at first my
meeting with Hubert—would the world
at large have believed my tale? No, I
should have lived if I had escapod—a
marked man, suspected by most, con-
demned by some, and believed by but
few, very few, and I prefer death to such
an existence.

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

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.
T he sacred book of the ancient Persians says:

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

TO OUR FARAWAY.

BY S. H. D.

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

The night is calm, the moonbeams rest
Upon the waters cool and still.

The world is hush'd, all nature sleeps,
Within the arms of soft repose.

When eyes are closed in slumber deep,
My watchful eyes refuse to close.

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

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

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

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

No, my lyre is all too sadly strung
To echo back upon my heart,
One thought or tone of sympathy,
Of which thou dost not bear a part.

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

MATCHES.

[That which follows is an extract from a long and interesting discussion on matches, which took place recently at the Academy of Medicine in Paris. It has been translated for our columns by Mr.]
I. Ryan. We notice in our French exchanges, by the way, that M. Briquet (Tinder-box) was elected an active member of the Academy, at the close of the discussion, just referred to. We would respectfully inquire, is this an act of hostility against matches? —Ens.

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

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

Other inventions, moreover, have been presented. One has the idea of applying red phosphorus to one end of the match, and the inflammable paste to the other, so that to have fire, all that is necessary is to break the match in two and touch the extremities to each other. This is termed the androgynous match.

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

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

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

NATURE'S VOICE, AND SPECULATIONS THEREON.

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

By W. Wellington Carpenter.

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

Look over beyond that water mountain, upon that calm unruffled surface, and you will observe there is not a ripple to be seen. Now lower the vision one degree, which will bring you a trifle nearer to the shore, there you see a slight ripple, so slight as to be scarcely perceptible. A little nearer, and it slowly assumes the form of a gradually undulating wave. Still it comes a little nearer and a little faster; with each onward bound it arises a little higher, and with receding surge it recedes a little lower, over and anon sparkling in the effulgent rays of the sun. See how rapidly it is nearing the shore; it is not more than two hundred yards distant. Onward, onward it bounds; forward, forward it comes! larger and larger it gets! Marvelous! stupendous! It seems to have attained the proportions of a mountain in altitude. Over and over it comes, until its mad career is closed, and it has found its conqueror. It has made its last and fatal plunge against those perpendicular cliffs, foaming and writhing in the last expiring agonies of the battle-field. Such is nature; even the most fearful foe can find his conqueror.

The smoke clears up, but the reverberation sounds like the distant thunder for miles and miles from the scene of the action. O, thou mighty Pacific, what tales of woe and conquered pride, as well as joy and exultant hope, thou could'st unfold to mortal man. How man had fashioned ships to float on thy naked bosom, and with what vain pride he treads his deck when safety reigns. How, when the storm-king rises in all his mad fury, he strikes his flaunting colors and appeals to a Higher Power to steer his bark safely to a haven of rest. How many a gallant ship and brave crew have been heaved and tossed upon the angry billows, until the last glimmering star of hope had set in the dismal horizon, and with outstretched arms and uplifted eyes in balan petition, they sank beneath thy gigantic waves to rise no more forever. And finally, could we but comprehend thy language, who could compute the practical advantages that would arise therefrom. The immensely absorbing historical controversy of "who made the first discoveries on the North Pacific coast?" would be satisfactorily set at rest. Oh! give us the facts and figures, and relieve a troubled word!

Was Perez really the first Spanish navigator whose astonished vision first burst upon this golden shore, while baffling your—then—unexplored dominions? Or did Cabrillo actually touch this coast nearly four hundred years ago? And tell me is the bay which to-day bears Sir Francis Drake's name positively the one which he entered? And if so (privately now, if you please), whisper in my ear the impish slight peep into your most confident some peep that "I reside in one where it is lished saving. I do not be fosseion it a murderer, if their interest lies upon the island in those of the same. But 1 that much for recognizing on those of the co recently acre his observational claims 1468. gave of what is up when and San as far as as San Francisco Golden chain to the valley terey, been
NATURE'S VOICE.

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

But I am a stickler for the position that modern discoveries on this coast date much further back than popular history recognizes. I believe the first discoveries on this coast to have been coeval with those of Columbus on the opposite side of the continent. It is said there has recently been found in an old obscure library in Spain, a small book descriptive of a voyage which the author claimed to have made to this coast in 1483. From the description which he gave of his explorations, he sailed in at what is now known as Monterey, sailed up what is now known as the Monterey and San Jose valleys, and reached a point as far north as the present city of San Francisco. What is now known as the Golden Gate, was then one continuous chain of mountains, and the only outlet to the waters of the Sacramento Valley, San Francisco Bay, etc., was down through the San Jose and Monterey valleys, and out into the ocean at Monterey. The Golden Gate has no doubt been made since that period by volcanic action, an earthquake having sunk that part of the coast range. I am advised that that old work is now beginning to excite much interest, and is at the present time being translated into the English language. Perhaps that old book may rob some of those old navigators of a little of their immortality. We shall see what we shall.

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

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

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

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

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

Good evening to a slumbering world--
For all have gone to rest;
The babe lies sweetly now in sleep
Upon its mother's breast.
The aged lay them down to die,
The weary wake no more;
Good evening to the friends who wait
Upon the Eternal Shore!

THE FATAL LADY.
FROM THE FRENCH.
BY X.

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

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

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

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

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

There was an outcry at the corner of the street. The tongue of the carriage had struck an old man and thrown him upon the pavement. Whether the coachman was not master of his horses, or whether through calculation he increased their disorderly speed, the coach of the unknown lady disappeared at the corner of the Rue de la F. ix.
Some one lifted the old man, who was but slightly wounded, from the pavement, and found by his side a purse filled with gold, which a passer-by declared had been thrown there by the beautiful lady who had been the involuntary cause of the accident.

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

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

"What has set your nose awry?"

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

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

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

"You know her?" I exclaimed.

"You know very well that I know God and Devil."
Paris the corbeille, containing, it was said, among other marvellous diamonds of considerable value, when one morning his valet de chambre found him assassinated in his bed. The robbers had stabbed him and escaped with the objects of value concealed in the apartments of the unfortunate man.

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

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

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

"They set off one morning for a hunting party, followed by some friends and numerous valets. Never did a day begin more joyously—never did one end more sadly. At the moment, when, preceded by the Count, she leaped a hedge, the branch of a tree broke with a detection like that of a gun, and the husband of the Fatal Lady—pierced in the side by its two prongs—fell, never to rise again.

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

"And this captain of the guard?"

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

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

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

"Ah! well?"

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

"Is that all?"

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

"'Mold,' said she, one evening, to one of her admirers, 'you know that you have a rival?'

"'I know,' he replied.
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A cannon ball

A DUTOII

ON the quay of the Emperor at Am-
The woman then drew the body up through the aperture, and placed it promptly against the wall. The head of a second robber emerged presently, and was seized and out off like the first. Six times this enraged Judith repeated her bloody task, for the robbers came singly through the trench, and neither of them having heard either noise, or cry, or call, imagined that each had succeeded. The seventh, however, became frightened at the silence; he was an old thief, very shrewd and cautious, and in place of putting his head through the fatal entrance, he called to his comrades. The servant was careful not to reply; he stopped there, drew a long breath, and smothering the warm and sickening odor of blood, he comprehended that something terrible and unexpected had happened above, and not having sufficient curiosity to lead him to make any further attempt to unravel the mystery, he turned and used his best speed in making his escape, and was never heard of afterwards. In commemoration of this terrible adventure, the proprietor of the house ornamented its exterior with six sculptured beads, and gave to the servant six thousand florins—a thousand for each robber.

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

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

The waves are woods, rank and tall
Like ivy, are clinging to tower and wall,
And the glittering dolphin and ravenous shark
Are gliding around in the chambers dark.

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

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

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

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

For to a soul created against turbed
We he appointed to scrutinize the
Cause the water dim;
One upon that cage keep
the
dove
Good

narrow
upon
sounds
over
the
air

A LEGEND OF THE PACIFIC COAST.
CROSS the way from the home of a friend of ours is a gloomy house with a north front and dark corridors. It is a quiet street, very narrow, and with the houses built close upon the sidewalks, so that whatever sounds arise from the outside of the houses over the way are perfectly audible in his.

For a day or two our ears were pained by a sound of struggling, as if some feeble creature was waging an unavailing strife against a cruel thraldom. The sound disturbed us like an appeal from the suffering. We had several times vainly scanned the opposite walls from our windows. Our scrutiny afforded us no solution of its cause, until we were passing one day in the street below, and glancing upward, saw, close beneath the roof of the lower corridor, two white doves in separate cages. One sat on an adjunct and drooping posture upon its perch; the other, at intervals, beat frantically against the bars of its cage with worn and bleeding wings. We kept our front windows closed afterward, but fancy, or memory, continued to repeat the struggles of my cruel neighbor's cages doves to our ears, and to present images of other caged doves and their incessant strife against their pitiless thraldom.

Upon frequent occasions I saw a spirit which had worn its existence out, and had been restored to the joyfulness of its former freedom, but was destined to live an anxious life in wretched hovels. When the noise and commotion were dead, and the spirit of the house was calm, I saw the white dove in its accustomed posture, hissing against the bars of its cage, and drooping its maimed wings and dined.

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

"Where love is an unceasing light
And joy, his own security."

The wooing that these men do is as complete with delicate skill and wariness as a hunter's wiles for capturing a bird alive, and their cherishing and keeping afterward the hard conditions of captivity. We all know women whom we see, as it were, through the bars of cages—gilded ones they may be. We have known them in their earlier years as creatures of joy and beauty; we see them changing and pining; the light departing from their eyes, their beauty vanishing, and the graceful imps of freedom wanting to their movements; others beating their breasts and sullying their plasmas in despairing anger. If at last we see them with hands folded in quietude, and the freed spirits flown, we may hear the exclamation—out in remorse for the happiness he destroyed, but in angry grieving for his captive escaped. If, on the other hand, the captor fails, or his thralls are broken, seldom indeed is the victim restored to the joyfulness of her earlier freedom, but is doomed to live an anxious life in wretched hovels—a crushed and spiritless being, to whom fate has left neither the social coarseness that dignifies widowhood as of the joys that should have been hers as a wife.

Now and then comes a breeze, as it were, through the mental atmosphere, and unveils one a moment the hidden things of human hearts that declare them all akin. We saw announced in a late number of an eastern paper, the death of the Hon. James N——, aged sixty-eight years.
Some who knew him may fill the blank, when we add that he was a distinguished member of the bar, and a diplomatist who more than once represented our nation at foreign courts. He was a bachelor, stern in his bearing, and eagle-like in his glance as the Iron Duke himself. You would never have believed that there was a niche in his heart for sentimental recollections, but one revealed itself nevertheless. A decade has scarcely passed since we were sitting, one evening, side by side at a party given in honor of one of his friends, in the city of his residence. At his other hand sat the duaghter of our host, whose conversation he had for some time quite monopolized. Sets were forming for dancing.

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

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

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

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

"If," he replied, "in a score of my years I could retire at my bidding, this might even be. She is the image of the only woman I ever wished to marry." Looking cautiously about him to assure himself that we were his only listener, he continued:

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

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

The following is from an esteemed contributor:

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

Poetry is the blossom of thought, yet
not every tongue is gifted with thoughts
that breathe and words that burn. Therefore cherish the poet, preserve his testimony in favor of all that is noble and true receiveth his patriotic strain, enshrines his tears, crystallized oftentimes into words more precious than a monarch's gems.

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

A Reader.

WHY DOES FREEDOM WEEP?

BY H. O. HOPKINS.

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

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

Why has she broken her glittering spear?
And cast aside her shield,
Which sheltered o'er the hero's breast.
Upo...
a thousand times more soft than cider
down elsewhere, and there sleep is calmer
and fuller of charming dreams. There
life is sweeter than dreams dare to be in
other countries. Alas! in reality, it is
some miserable little garden, or some poor
little room in a wretched quarter, where,
at the age of eighteen, when one is loving,
one goes, perhaps but for a moment, at
sunset, to meet the beloved.

The Fashions.

MAY.

We shall occupy all our space this month
in describing bonnets. The bonnets are
moderate-sized; fronts flaring and a gradual
round; the crowns large. Silk bonnets have cap crowns almost exclusively;
some are gathered on, but for the most
part they are plaited. Pink silk shirred
front is suitable and fashionable for a
miss's bonnet. Ladies still cling to the
mixture of black and white for full dress
bonnets, and also head-dresses. One of
the prettiest bonnets we have seen this
spring was the front of white chip
and the crown of white English crape. The cape
is composed of white "tulle" and bound
with white silk; a simple band of black
ribbon across the crown, and on the right
side a bunch of marabou; strings. Another was:
Crown of uncut velvet, with "tulle" transparent front, with white and
black velvet falling forward; cape to match
the front; a wide band of green silk bound
with white brought up from the sides and
finished on the top with a bow and ends
of the silk; a white ostrich feather con-
nects with the bow and winds round the
crown and over the cape to the right hand
side; inside a tuft of violas and bows of
white ribbon and black lace; strings white.

A favorite way of trimming straws is a
band of ribbon brought round the crown
and tied in a bow at the back; with black
lace falling front and back. Gray silk,
with pink trimmings, is popular also.

Leghorn hats are trimmed with feathers
altogether. Straws intended for second-
best have ribbon capes and a rosette or
ribbon, oblong in shape, placed high on
the side of the crown, with a plain band
leading to the side; no ends.

The hooded circular is the favorite
cloak.

Editor's Table.

Did it ever occur to you, dear reader, after discovering in song
or story some snatch of sentiment
that touched an answering chord
in your nature, or sunk into your heart
like an act of silent sympathy, like a lovin-
g word, or lessons given to console some
half suspected sorrow, to consider how it
came that the words of a stranger should
thus find their echo in your soul? We
are indebted to the unhappy for many of
the most touchingly beautiful delineations
of things natural and sentimental; for
vivid recollections of joys that at some re-
 mote period stood out for a brief space
solitary in their lives, then perished from
them forever. The happy and contented,
that is, those who have never experienced
any real interference with the conditions of
happiness and contentment, seldom have
anything to write about. How can they
have? Their wishes gratified, their symp-
athies undeveloped, of what should they
think or for whom should they care but
themselves? Do they to write? If
I meet with a few nubial bliss in
that the fair wife of a perfec-
tion is of this
would be here o
press upon the
hand the con
assumed. Or, it
breathes a too
trust, unplea-
thy, I remember
ly tell your
wings of pain
suffering and
read, "again
able brick i
should be the
band of the
most silent
overwhelmed
and the many
ings and our

When she
years a
that
friends cap
would never
in sunny
hills long
hands fill
called for
blindly in
no smiles
when some
solitary
became I
that asked
the nub
row, as
that
pillow a
waited with
its
passage.
Themselves? Then why write? What have they to write? I am most apt to think, if I meet with a felicitous description of conjugal bliss in the work of an authoress, that the fair writer is very probably the wife of a perfect Turk, and that her description of the heaven she once hoped would be hers, or an angelic device to impress upon the mind of her husband the condition they are to assume. Or, if through their productions a tone of resignation or religious trust, mingled with fervid human sympathy, I remember one, of whom I will presently tell you, and wonder if, like hers, their wings of poetry have not been nurtured in suffering and slavery, pursuing as I road several thorns, the nightingale bruised her breast that her song should be so sadly sweet? There was a band of fair and happy sisters, upon the most sylph-like of whom descended an overwhelming calamity that destroyed her grace and beauty, and doomed her, for many weary months, to the severest sufferings and complete imprisonment in her sick room. When she emerged, it was to go all her days a halting cripple. Ah! how her young heart ached when she saw her graceful sisters and their healthful, lively friends engaged in diversions in which she would never again be able to join. When in sunny days they went over the green hills together, and returned with their hands filled with wild flowers they had called for her, it was not strange if tears blinded her eyes, and she could summon no smile to accompany her thanks; nor if when sometimes she yielded to the solicitations of those who loved her, and became a spectator at some ball or festival that she watched the little figures through the maze of the dance with contracted brow, and heart distracted with envy, or that afterwards she buried her face in her pillow and wept the night through, and wept again when she saw the day come with its gloom, unsympathising glare. So passed her youth, all too long and joyless.

Then came womanhood with its passionate thirst for love, the more consummate that it was to be ungratified, and its hopes, wild and fleeting, that were only to be crushed and to crush the heart that had been unable to forbid their growth. It was long before any order could result from this morbid chaos; but at last, as some rare wine comes from its fierce ferment and begins to ripen into a glowing nectar, so the turbulent strivings of heart and brain grow still, and as if a voice from on high had commanded peace, and whispered to her soul of a heavenly gift that should be henceforth hers. A loving and chastened light came into her eyes; her resolvinings ceased, and her nature began to put forth new and kindly sympathies.

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

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

.......

More than two years have elapsed since the mortal remains of Edward Pollock, the poet, were borne to Lone Mountain. His last resting-place is still unmarked with either enclosure or monumental stone. The author of the "Chariot of Pleasure," "Adeline," "Olivia," "Nina," and other sterling and exquisite productions, which will outlive our day and generation, deserves some fitting memorial to designate the spot where, in the prime of manhood and in his opening fame, he was consigned to earth. The committee for the purpose of raising a fund for this object is Messrs. Frank Swol, Frederick McCrelish and J. G. Dunon. The Treasurer, Mr. McCrelish, has a small amount on hand, received from the interior press, and...
the committee now solicit further contributions. We trust that the appeal will not be in vain. The following poem was one of the last compositions of the gifted bard. It was addressed to the author of the lines preceding them. What an appropriate epitaph is contained in the closing stanzas.

**EVENING.**

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

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

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

Slow wheeling, low in squadrons gray, They part, and hasten along the bay; Back to its anchorage ending way.
Where the hills of Sanitcito swell, Many in gloom may shelter well;
And others,—behold,—unchallenged pass By the silent guns of Alcatras;
No greetings, of thunder and flame, exchange
The arnold life and the cruciers strange.
Their meteor signs, so widely blown Wore blazoned in a land unknown;
So, charmed from war, or wind, or tide, Along the quiet wave they glide.

What bear these ships?—what news, what freight
Do they bring us through the Golden Gate?

Oh, how many an hour have you and I Sweet friend, in sadness seen go by,
While our eager, longing thoughts were roving,
Over the waste, for something loving,
Something rich, and chaste, and kind,
To brighten and bless a lonely mind;
And only waited to behold
Ambition's gem, affection's gold,
Return, as..."remorse," and "a broken vow,"
In such ships of mist as I see now.

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

Phlegm-fed, with sorrow, heavy with war;— But those shapes that cluster, dark and low,
To-morrow shall be all aglow!
In the blaze of the coming morn these misty

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

The little girl bowed her head and tried to swallow the something that hurt her throat, and which her mother had told her was a piece of the apple that Bye ate, and that it always choked little girls when they were going to cry; then stole one timid glance at her mother, and walked silently away to sit by the brook in the meadow. Many bitter thoughts busied her childish brain, and swelled her little heart, as she sat and recalled the words that had been said to her, believing them every one, and feeling herself intensely useless, meanwhile watching apprehensively a great gray goose that was dabbling in the brook but a little way off. "Yes," she said, half to herself, half to the stream, "one of us is of no more use than the other. I can't romp with the other children. I am always in mother's way, and big folks never know what I mean when I talk to them. I suppose if we were both away nobody would miss us, except that hateful goose; he would, I know, because he likes to roll the brook with his great red feet; and to his at me; but then no one is any better off for being remembered by geese."

Relieved by this soliloquy, the little girl busied herself now with watching the changing shadows of a graceful elm that fell far across the stream, or with flowers that fluttered and changed as lightly as the shadows of the boughs that swung above her; and again, with teasing flowers or blades of grass upon the brook, and watching them float away. And with them floated away painful thoughts and memories. except, that mother had said, "she and that brook were just alike." Thus lingered like a prophecy; returning oft in after years, sometimes as a reproachful shadow, sometimes with promise as bright as the sunshine that gilded the stream. There were times when she sought its companionship to soothe into forgetfulness a heart wearied with loneliness—with regret that her wasted life flowed on like its current—tuming weeds and murmuring to stones, that could give it no reply; hurrying ever aimlessly onward, seeing no destiny but to be engulfed, in the ocean, in the shoreless sea.

The west wind carried the clouds away, to water another land; the thirsty fields grew bare and brown beneath the solemn sun; the grass and sedges died in the meadow, almost to the edge of the stream, leaving but a narrow fringe of green marking its margin. The leaves of the elm turned pale, and were ready to fall at midsummer. No rain came, but the elm grew green, for its roots crept to the little brook, and from it the tree drank and lived. As years went on, its fibres interlaced the stream as far as the shadows fell above its pebbly bed, and toward it the pencil boughs dropped low, ever answering the music of the brook with a quiet, thankful song. A sunny day came, on which our little girl, now grown a graceful woman, stood beneath its shade, supported by a manly arm; smiles, bright as the sunlight on the stream played over her happy face as she listened to its gentle murmurings, and gladly remembered that to him by her side she was just like what that brook had been to the elm! "Just like me," she said, half aloud.

"What is like you?" queried her companion.

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

Drawing her closer, he said: "Do you wish me to tell you that to me every word of yours is music, and that with your coming has returned to me a spring-tide of hope and happiness, which I believed had receded from me forever; and that without you, my life would be all desolate and blank again?"
No for I know it," was the demure reply.

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

A VISIT TO THE SYNAGOGUE.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."—Psalm LXX. 2.

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

Almost as sadly sing the remnants of their kingly race in our midst to-day; strangers alike in the land that once was theirs—alike in the laud that once was their kingly race in our midst to-day, and in every other—their hearts and hopes still gravitating towards the Holy of Holies—a little apartment where the sacred writings and ornaments are kept, divided from the audience-chamber by hangings of crimson velvet tastefully decorated with gold fringes and embroidery; above those, inscribed in gilt letters upon a black ground, are the two tables of the Decalogue. A rostrum occupies the centre of the audience-chamber, from which most of the services are chanted, the low read, and various ceremonies performed by the Rabbi and his assistants, with their hands covered and their faces toward the Holy of Holies, their backs toward the mass of the congregation. The Rabbi, except his cap, robe, and sash, appeared to me in the dress of an Episcopal clergyman; the men and women all wear long, white silk scarfs, and retain their hats during worship, and every one of them in the year of the dead, and during the day of atonement, is dressed in mourning.

Amongst these articles of service and ornament, peculiar to the service of the place, amongst these are pyramids of tiny gold and silver bells surrounding the sacred writings; pendent beneath are broad plates of the same precious metal with tracery and inscriptions, and silver wands tipped with a closed hand and pointing fingers, used to mark the place of reading; besides various articles of massive plate, relics of the princely taste which still clings to them, despite their shattered condition. A small satin-covered reading desk answers in situation and some other respects to the pulpit; behind this is the Holy of Holies—a little apartment where the sacred writings and ornaments are kept, divided from the audience-chamber by hangings of crimson velvet tastefully decorated with gold fringes and embroidery; above those, inscribed in gilt letters upon a black ground, are the two tables of the Decalogue. A rostrum occupies the centre of the audience-chamber, from which most of the services are chanted, the low read, and various ceremonies performed by the Rabbi and his assistants, with their hands covered and their faces toward the Holy of Holies, their backs toward the mass of the congregation. The Rabbi, except his cap, robe, and sash, appeared to me in the dress of an Episcopal clergyman; the men and women all wear long, white silk scarfs, and retain their hats during worship, and every one of them in the year of the dead, and during the day of atonement, is dressed in mourning.

The grand ceremony of their service is the reading of the Scriptures. Nothing could look more unlike our modern books than to decide to the coverings and oyl-rolled silver plate. Nothing can embrace shown by

The Synagogue which I visited is in its general style, and many of its appointments, not unlike most christian churches, differing, however, in some particulars. There is a profusion of gold and silver articles of use and ornament, peculiar to the service of the place; amongst these are pyramids of tiny gold and silver bells surrounding the sacred writings; pendent beneath are broad plates of the same precious metal with tracery and inscriptions, and silver wands tipped with a closed hand and pointing fingers, used to mark the place of reading; besides various articles of massive plate, relics of the princely taste which still clings to them, despite their shattered condition. A small satin-covered reading desk answers in situation and some other respects to the pulpit; behind this is the Holy of Holies—a little apartment where the sacred writings and ornaments are kept, divided from the audience-chamber by hangings of crimson velvet tastefully decorated with gold fringes and embroidery; above those, inscribed in gilt letters upon a black ground, are the two tables of the Decalogue. A rostrum occupies the centre of the audience-chamber, from which most of the services are chanted, the low read, and various ceremonies performed by the Rabbi and his assistants, with their hands covered and their faces toward the Holy of Holies, their backs toward the mass of the congregation. The Rabbi, except his cap, robe, and sash, appeared to me in the dress of an Episcopal clergyman; the men and women all wear long, white silk scarfs, and retain their hats during worship, and every one of them in the year of the dead, and during the day of atonement, is dressed in mourning.

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to decide the contrary, until I saw the
coverings and ornaments removed, showing
beneath ponderous scrolls of parchment
rolled from either end toward the centre.
Nothing can exceed the touching reverence
shown by the Jews for their sacred
writings. When the curtains were drawn
aside every one arose in token of respect,
and as those scrolls were carried through
the congregation to and from the rostrum,
every man who could reached them touched
them with his scarf (too sacred for the
unwashed hand), and then with knightly
courtesy kissed the spot. Ah! it was a
model of devotion.

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

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

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**Literary Notices.**

In a country so far distant from the great
book making emporium of New,
Boston, Philadelphia, and other Atlantic
cities, it is one of the cases of an editorial
life to find the table occupied by some of
the latest and best of works. This month
our has been more highly favored than
for many previous ones. For instance:

*The Concourse or Laws.* By R. W. EM.

*The Jews.* Published by Ticknor & Fields.

Boston: Sent us by A. Roman & Co,
Montgomery street.

The contents embrace the following sub-
jects: Law; Power; Wealth; Culture;
Behavior; Worship; Considerations by the
Way; Beauty; Illusions. Each of those
e ssays contains more well expressed
thought than is commonly found in several
volumes.

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

"Eyes are bold as lions, roving, running,
hoping; here and there, far and near.
They speak all languages. They wait for
no introduction; They are no Englishmen;
By-the-bye he delights to give an intelli-
ence; this we
had hit or shy at 'Englischotes; this we
consider a defect, as a true genius should
bo above it; he asks no lewne of age or work,
repect neither poverty nor riches,
neither learning, nor power, nor virtue,
or sex, but intrudes and comes again, and go
through and though you, in a moment of
time.

What inundation of life and thought is
charged from one soul into another
through them! The glance is universal
among all; the mysterious communi-
cation established across a house between
entire strangers, moves all the springs of
the mind, and the eye will not lie, but make
a faithful confession what inhabitants thare.
The revelations are sometimes terrible. The
confusion of a law, usurping devil is there
made, and the observer shall soon to feel
the stirring of owls and bats, and horned birds, where he evoked for innocence and simplicity. The remarkable too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does not once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder. The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the spoken dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practiced man relies on the language of the first."

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

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

E. A. VANSER: A Romance of Destiny. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," etc. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; Sent us by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco.

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

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

Next follows—


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

It is an elegantly written novel of about 280 pages.

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

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

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

In this connection we would call attention to the State Teachers' Convention, to be held in this city, commencing on the 27th of May next.

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

The novel of about 36 pages of Zouaves, published privately by Allen

gave a brave and stern war and hailed out this edition of every

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When birds, trees, and flowers appear to view
Sach Springing—As the season named for joy—
It tells him on interesting,
Then to LOCKWOOD & HENDRIE for famed Clothing Store.

There the elegant estuary of fashions and leisure
Still goes, when his wardrobe he wants to renew—
Came fresh, new, and quite a dandy view;
Non for you don't purchase, their fine goods to view.
The merchant, the have, the others, the lawyer,
Neighbours, and others who dig out the one,
All dance from the "dandy" to humble woodyayer,
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