This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world’s books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that’s often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book’s long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ Make non-commercial use of the files We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google’s system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ Maintain attribution The Google “watermark” you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can’t offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book’s appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google’s mission is to organize the world’s information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world’s books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at [http://books.google.com/](http://books.google.com/)
THE
UTAH MAGAZINE;
A Weekly Journal:
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

VOLUME I.
FROM JANUARY 11 TO JULY 4, 1868. Nos. 1 TO 26 INCLUSIVE.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH:
Published at the Office of the Utah Magazine, Godbe's Exchange Buildings.
1868
The First Volume of Magazine literature published in Utah is herewith presented to the Public.

As a Magazine, the present Volume is but a miniature embodiment of what it is ultimately designed to be. All things in nature commence small and weakly at first, and the infantile attempt of Literature in Utah to walk alone must be tolerated, somewhat, for the sake of the effort.

So far as the future of the Magazine is concerned, the purpose is to enlarge it from time to time, and, as fast as possible, to add to it in succession such choice Literary and Artistic features as will make it a worthy representative of progress in Utah.

To those Patrons of Literature and Education, by whose kind aid and favor the present enterprise has so far been successful, this Pioneer Volume of Home Literature in the Rocky Mountains is respectfully dedicated

By the

PUBLISHER.

Salt Lake City, July 4, 1868.
# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUBJECT</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Wax Wife</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Rabbi's Life</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abraham Lincoln's Early Life</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anecdotes of Dr. Abernethy</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Abyssinia, Sketch of</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Moving Story</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adventure in South America</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Alpine Precipice</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aristocracy, etc. of Washington</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bordon, The</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bruneil's Miahaps</td>
<td>153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bob Tinkling's Trial</td>
<td>201</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bear Adventure</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bogg's Dogs</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boa Constrictor, Adventure with</td>
<td>307</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curious Natural Faculty</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Candle Mrs., Curtain Lectures</td>
<td>116, 140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curious Spiritual Manifestation</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curious Epitaphs</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curiosities of Marriage</td>
<td>188</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curious Account of Serpent Charming</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Customs of Abyssinia</td>
<td>226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curiosities of the Earth</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doctor Doddridge's Dream</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dodging a Buffalo</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deacon Plummer's Russian Bath</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daniel Webster and Jenny Lind</td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dodging a Shark</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**EDITORIALS:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>All Moonshine</td>
<td>p. 66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barker's Philosophy</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blustering Subject</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curious National Creeds— The Hindoo Faith</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Jewish Religion</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dedictory</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finger of God in History</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fish Farming</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hepworth Dixon's New Work—Spiritual Wives</td>
<td>210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jewish Talmud</td>
<td>258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Light and its Wonders</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laws of Nature</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life of Jesus from two stand-points</td>
<td>282</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mission of Women</td>
<td>186, 198</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man's Resemblance to Deity</td>
<td>295</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>National Trails and their Causes— German and Dane</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frenchman and Englishman</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scotchman</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Irishman</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welshman</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American</td>
<td>150, 162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Theories of Creation</td>
<td>304</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Fogy Systems of Education</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Polytechnic for Utah</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>President H. C. Kimball's—A Tribute</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roman Catholic Church Americanized</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Richard the Third—Miss C. Crampton, etc.</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Testimony of the Supernatural</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Theatrical Influences</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Writing by Sound</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Extracts from the Queen's Book</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Educational System of China</td>
<td>164, 176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foreseeing a Fact</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French, Lessons in—</td>
<td>11, 35, 47, 59, 71, 83, 95, 119, 143, 167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>French Barbers</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gossip of the Day</td>
<td>10, 22, 34, 46, 58, 69, 82, 94, 106, 118, 180, 142, 154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Getting made a Bey</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goldsmith's Apprentice</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ghost Talk, Latest</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Giants, Traces of the</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Government in Persia</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How I fell into the Clutches of King Theodore</td>
<td>8, 20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamlet</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hepworth Dixon on Marriage for Eternity</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How the Germans make Love</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>On Roofing</td>
<td>p. 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brick Walls</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cement Work</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mason's Work</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Faulty Construction</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joints and Partitions</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollow Walls</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Painting</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Concrete Houses</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scarring</td>
<td>179</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girders, Tie Beams, etc.</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheap Paint</td>
<td>251</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ceilings</td>
<td>275</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frame Houses</td>
<td>287</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Literary Societies</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lilliput Town</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Cup of Tears</td>
<td>209</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lavater and Miracles</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Legend of Venice</td>
<td>288</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LADIES' TABLE:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Cutting-out Pants</td>
<td>p. 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crochet Work, 10, 47, 94, 106, 118, 215, 226, 246</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tatting</td>
<td>68, 70, 233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notting</td>
<td>82, 130, 142, 154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Braiding</td>
<td>166, 178</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fashions for June</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bead Collars</td>
<td>269</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patchwork</td>
<td>281</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Embroidery</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maximilian in Prison</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mormon Emigration</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Senator Sprague</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musical Dog, A.</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**MUSIC:**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Topic</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Professor Tullidge's Benefit Concert</td>
<td>p. 159</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old and New Systems of Teaching Music—</td>
<td>187</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No. 1. Introduction of Class Teaching</td>
<td>202</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>203</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. History of Hullah's System</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Review of Hullah's System</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Review of Mr. Curwin's System</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. History of Mr. Curwin's System</td>
<td>271</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Conclusion</td>
<td>303</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CONTENTS</td>
<td>PAGE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Year's Day in China</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Use for Ventriloquium</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nancy Hart</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**"OUR HIRED MAN"**

- On Cragin's Jury Bill: p. 7
- Debilitated Mormons: 19
- Negro Suffrage: 81
- Wood Splitting: 43
- Scientific Discoveries: 65
- Answers to Queries: 91
- The Impediment: 115
- The Phrenological Lecture: 139
- The Resurrection Man: 141
- Review of the Month: 239

Our Lecturer on Earth and Earth Cracks: 7

Obscure Passage in Garibaldi's Life: 33

O. W. Holmes on Phrenology: 159

O'Chill and his Wife: 200

**PIECEWICK, Extracts from**

- "Pickwick's Oration": p. 5
- Pickwick in Difficulties: 27
- "At the Ball": 61
- Mr. Winkle's Duel: 62
- The Shame Fight: 92, 111
- Pickwickian Heresies: 169

Photographer's Trials: 56

Power of the Will: 116

Pyramid of Bayonets: 177

**PORTRAIT GALLERY**

- Bulwer and Dickens: p. 9, 105
- Bismarck: 45
- D'Arceau and John Bright: 142
- Franklin's Wife: 105
- George F. Train: 117
- General Grant: 165
- Luther and Durer: 178
- Napoleon: 57
- Prince Albert: 22
- Prince Imperial of France: 34
- Princess of Wales: 129
- Ross Bonheur: 117
- Washington: 213

**QUAKER LADY'S DREAM**

- 178

**ROMANCE OF THE VICEROYALTY**

- 21

**Rhubarb and its Uses**

- 274

**Roman Sentinel**

- 238

**STORIES**

- Cheap Jack: p. 97, 109, 121
- Foul Play, by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault: 196, 208, 224, 236, 248, 260, 272, 284, 296, 305
- Hunted Down: p. 157, 169, 183
- Harold, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton: p. 181, 193, 205, 217, 254, 241, 253, 265, 277, 289, 301
- Lightning the Dome of the Cathedral: 39
- Letter C: 135, 145
- Not Good Enough for Her: 3
- Polish Princess: 220
- Strategem: 16
- The Sewing Circle: 126
- The Bondour: 149
- The Keys of St. Peter: p. 1, 13, 25, 37, 49, 61, 73, 85, 100
- Skating Adventure: 33
- Sliding down the Ice Cone at Montmorenci: 44
- Specimens of Yankee Humor: 80, 98
- Seventies' Lectures: 103, 139
- Swedenborg's Curious Powers: 104
- Star Light: 128
- Smuggled Lace: 166
- Spirit of the Press: 175
- Strolling Players: 212
- Sheena Mahal: 263
- Spirit Writing: 293
- Strauss and his Sophie Waltz: 93
- Two Charlottes: 106
- Two Heroic Women: 233

**VALENTINE VOX, the Ventriloquist**

- At the Election: p. 75, 99
- Journey to London: 124, 139
- Burglars in the chimney: 172
- On the Gravesend Steamboat: 232
- With the Cats: 268

**WILKINS ON CALISTHENICS**

- 68

**What we Need**

- 91

**ZOUAVE JACOB**

- POETRY:
  - Allah's Answer: p. 73
  - At Last: 85
  - Evening: 86
  - First Love: 125
  - Fairy Lore: 157
  - Gentle Voices: 229
  - I'm the Bud: 205
  - It's Only a Little Glove: 209
  - Little Pink Sun-Bonnet: 97
  - Launched Away: 265
  - Love and Hope: 277
  - My Creed: 49
  - Mother's Eyes: 121
  - Mitherhood: 161
  - Nature and Art: 169
  - Old Times: 13
  - Only a Baby Small: 87
  - Scoundrels of the East: 57
  - So Far—So Far Away: 217
  - The Fair Oar: 133
  - The Voiceless: 145
  - Two Little Pair of Boots: 193
  - The Pledge Ring: 241
  - The Old Folk: 253
  - Why the Stars Twinkle: 109
  - Love without Change: 301

**PARLOR AMUSEMENTS**

- Flying Dime, p. 10—to Put Nuts into your Ear, 32—to Crack Walnuts in your Elbow, 32—to Empty a Glass under water—Games with Numbers, 84—the Three Spoons, to Melt a Piece of Money in a Walnut Shell, 46—Games with Numbers, 46, 119—to take Feathers out of an Empty Handkerchief, 45—The Dancing Cat, 178—to Advantageous Wager; the Double Meaning, 70—to take a Dime out of a Person's Hand; the Self-balanced Pail, 82—Puzzle Readings, 94—Magic Breathe; Two Bottles make a Sweet; to Change Color of a Rose; to Hold a Hot Tass Ketile on the Hand, 106—Hen and Egg Bag; the Dancing Egg, 130—Simple Electrical Experiments, 142, 215—to take a Feather Bed out of a Hat, 154—Games with Tops, 160—to make Water Boil with Cold and Stop with Heat, 228—Fish and Ink trick, 238—Arithmetical Puzzle, 118 250—How Sound travels through a Solid, 262—Pressure of Air shown by a Wine Glass, 274—Wonders of Different Colours, 298—Conundrums, 238, 262, 274, 286, 298.

Charades, 238, 250, 262, 274, 286.

Riddle, 262.
POETRY.

SCATTER THE GERM OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. L. A. COBB.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.

Scatter green germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure and the fair, and the graceful there
In their loveliest lustre come;
Leave not a trace of deformity
In the temple of the heart,
But gather about its breast the gems
Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the temple of our God—
The God who starred the uplifted sky,
And flowered the trampled sod;
When He built a temple for himself
And a home for His princely race,
He reared each arch in symmetry,
And curved each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the depth of the human soul;
They shall bud and blossom, and bear the fruit,
While the endless ages roll;
Plant with the flowers of charity
The portals of the tomb,
And the fair, and the pure, about your path
In Paradise shall bloom.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;
OR,
VITTORIA ACCORAMBOI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.—GOING UP TO TOWN TO BE BROUGHT OUT.

It was in the last quarter of that stormy and many-colored sixteenth century that the following facts occurred. They really did occur. No filling in of historical outline with lights and shadows of fictitious detail, and no heightening of color for the sake of effect, shall be attempted in this narrative; the reader is invited to receive the tale as a piece of well-authenticated history: showing, somewhat strikingly, how the world went in the good old times three hundred years ago.

There lived in the remote little city of Gubbio an ancient but obscure family of provincial nobles, named Accoramboni. Gubbio was a long way from Rome—a longer way, taking all the difficulties of the journey into account, than London is now-a-days. And in proportion to its distance from Rome, the centre of life, wealth, honour, preferment, and all good things, was life at Gubbio stagnant and obscure. Count Claudio Accoramboni and his countess, however, might have been content to live and die, and make their wine and press their olives on the pastoral acres, as a long line of unrecorded Accorambonis had done before them, had they not chanced to have a daughter, who grew in this rustic retirement so rare a perfection of loveliness and grace, that her parents felt it to be their duty to the dear girl to give her a few seasons in town. In fact, Vittoria Accoramboni was rightly judged by her judicious parents to be far too superior an article for the native Gubbio market.

All the chroniclers—and they are many—who have left records of Vittoria and her eventful history, vie with each other in their enthusiastic accounts of her surpassing beauty. And yet this, we are assured, was but one portion of the irresistible charm with which she enchanted all who came within the sphere of her influence. One grave old monk writes—crossing himself, one may fancy, the while—of the 'portentous power of attraction' which her tongue exercised when she spoke. Others speak of the inimitable grace of her movements, the sylph-like perfection of her form, her artless elegance, and entire freedom from all affection. Her talents, too, were no less admirable than her beauty. She was a poetess; and if the productions of her muse, whether printed or preserved in manuscript, cannot be said to be much read by her countrymen of the present generation, yet they sufficed to obtain a place for her name in the huge volume of the literary historians of her country.

It has often been remarked that the wide differences of social habits, and still more of moral feeling, which exist between one age and social system and another, make it exceedingly difficult for us duly to appreciate and understand the life of the middle ages, and to estimate fairly the characters of its actors. And, doubtless, the entire difference of our own practice and modes of thought with respect to such matters must have the effect of making the conduct of Count Claudio Accoramboni and his wife, in this business of the disposal of their peerless daughter to the best advantage, seem altogether strange and unnatural. As soon as ever her surpassing beauty, and rare endowments of
mind and body, manifested themselves. Vittoria seems
to have been considered by this sixteenth century
family as a valuable piece of marketable property, to
be disposed of in such manner as would produce the
greatest amount of advantage to the family. The
means adopted to this end, and the differences of
opinion on the subject between various members of
the family, will further illustrate the enormous difference
of our own ways of thinking and acting on such
subjects.

Rome, of course, was the only market for such mer-
chandise as Count Claudio had to offer for sale; and to
Rome, accordingly, the Accoramboni family removed.
Vittoria had a good escort on her long and far from
safe journey to the capital of the world; for, besides
father and mother, four adult brothers accompanied
her—remarkably noble and needy youths, all trustee
Vittoria, the family treasure, to open for them some of
the numerous roads to fortune, which in those days all
converged on the Papal city.

This wonderful Rome had still in the sixteenth cen-
tury very legitimate pretensions to take rank as the
capital of the civilised world. The authority which
the popes claimed over all the civil powers of Christ-
endom, and which, though often rebelled against in
practice, was still admitted almost universally in
theory, caused their capital to be the centre of all the
political intrigues and schemes of Europe; caused it
to be perpetually thronged with ambassadors and
diplomats of every grade, with petitioners, adven-
turers, fortune-hunters, and notabilities of every sort
from every part of the world. Most of the special
peculiarities which stamped the age with its own
social character existed in a concentrated degree at
Rome. The system of superseding law by privilege,
which lay at the root of most of the social disorders of
the age, existed in greater intensity in Rome than in
any other society. The turbulences and disorders
arising thence were more constant, more audacious,
and more serious there than elsewhere. The won-
derful encroachment of ecclesiastical power, and its
strange and curious intermixture in all the affairs
of life, which also was one leading characteristic of
the time, was, as might have been expected, most remark-
able, and most miscievously active in Rome.

Every new pope brought up fresh swarms of rela-
tives, dependents, friends, countrymen, to seek their
fortune in the great world-carnival. In the papacy
of a Genoese pope, Rome would swarm with Ligurians.
With a Medici in St. Peter's chair, Florence almost
monopolised the good things which flow from the
hand of Heaven's vicegerent. With the Bolognese
pope, who held the keys at the time we are writing
of, Bologna had her turn. And the hot pursuit of
Fortune was all the hotter, and the means used for
attracting her smile were all the more unscrupulous,
because popes' reigns are mostly short. In no case
was the need of hurry to make hay while the sun
shone, more imperative. A pope's death was as a
sudden and entire turn of the wheel of Fortune. Those
who were at the top found themselves, between the
rising and the setting of the sun, hurled to the bottom;
and those who were at the bottom as suddenly were
lifted to the top. And the recurrence of these violent
changes, which threw the whole Roman world into
tenfold confusion, turbulence, and trouble, was strangely
frequent. During the whole of the sixteenth century
the popes reigned, on an average, only six years each.
In the natural course of things it must be expected
that the mode of making a pope would ensure his
being an old man. But this probability was further
increased by the frequent policy of the College of
Cardinals. The different parties who found them-
selves, as would of course frequently happen, unable
to secure the election they wished, would unite in
selecting as pope some member of their body whose
age and infirmities seemed to promise that they would
very shortly have another opportunity of trying their
strength in the conclave. Many popes owed their
elevation, solely to this consideration.

A thirteenth Gregory was seated in the chair of St.
Peter at the time Vittoria and her family made their
appearance on this seething, many-coloured, and tur-
bulent scene. We have not the precise date of their
journey. But it is certain that it was after 1576, and
before—probably not much before—1580. Rome
was in a yet more turbulent and lawless condition
than usual during these years. For the reigning Pope
was a particularly weak and incapable ruler. Gregory the
Thirteenth, we are told, was not stained by any of
those more glaring vices which had marked many of
his recent predecessors. He simply neglected every
portion of his manifold duties. His father, as one of
the Venetian ambassadors reports to the Senate, lived
to be eighty, and his grandfather to be ninety. And
the great and absorbing object of the Pope's thoughts
and cares was to live as long. With this view, says
the ambassador, he systematically refused to occupy
himself with any troublesome business, on the ground
that nothing is more conducive to longevity than a
mind at ease! When reports were made to him of the
scandalous scenes of anarchy and violence which were
continually occurring, and were rendering his capital
as unsafe a residence for quiet citizens as a field
of battle or a den of robbers, he never was betrayed into
expending more of his carefully treasured vital force
than was needed for tranquilly observing that he
would pray for the evil-doers.

During this and the preceding centuries the great
feudal princes and barons of the ancient and powerful
clans of Savelli, Orsini, Colonna, Gaetani, and others,
were the pest and ever-present danger of Rome. Con-
stantly in open warfare with each other, and often with
the popes themselves, these haughty and unruly sub-
jects, and their numerous bodies of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
who knew no law save the will of their employer, often
tasked to the utmost the strength of armed retainers,
NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

The ancestors of the good people of these United States came to this country ostensibly to escape the persecutions of aristocratic England, but, alas for the inconsistency of human nature, they were very far from abandoning aristocracy when they left the mother country. They brought it with them, together with all its accompanying notions and absurdities, and have left it to their children as an inalienable legacy which we seem to be trying to increase every day.

In the days of the good colony of Virginia, the distinctions between rich and poor were based upon laws which, like those of the Medes and Persians, altered not. One of the most devout followers of this code was a wealthy planter living in what is known as the Northern Neck. He was in all other respects a frank, open-hearted, manly gentleman, but his estimate of his fellow men was founded upon the principles that governed his selection of his horses—blood. Wealth, too, was by no means an unimportant factor with him. He had our human weakness, and like all of us was influenced more than he even believed by pounds, shillings and pence.

This Mr. G. had quite a large family, and among them was a daughter whose beauty was the standing boast of the country. She was just eighteen, and budding into a lovely womanhood. Not only was she beautiful in person, her amiable disposition and many accomplishments made her more than ordinarily attractive, and half the gentlemen of the Northern Neck were already sighing for her love.

There was in the country, at this time, a young man who was already rising high in the esteem of his neighbors. He came of a good family, but was, as yet, a poor young surveyor, who had taught himself his profession, and who had spent much of his manhood traversing unknown forests, with nothing but his compass for his guide, and his chain for his companion, locating lands and settling disputed titles. He was a model of manly beauty, and excelled in all the varied feats of strength in which the olden time Americans took such pride. He was calm and reserved, and there was about him a dignified sweetness of demeanor that accorded well with his frank independence of character. He was a great favorite with all who knew him, and there was no gathering to which he was not asked.

Mr. G.—seemed especially to like the young man, and it was not long before he insisted that the latter should abandon all ceremony in his visits to him, and come and go when he pleased. The invitation was heartily given, and as promptly accepted. The young man liked the planter, and he found the society of the beautiful Mary G. — a very strong attraction. The result was that he was frequently at the planter's residence, so frequently, indeed, that Mrs. G. — felt called upon to ask her husband if he did not think it wrong to permit him to enjoy such unserved intercourse with their daughter. The father only laughed at the idea, and said he hoped his daughter knew her position too well to allow anything like love for a poor surveyor to blind her to her duty to her family.

Nevertheless, Mary G. — was not so fully impressed with this conviction of duty as was her father.—She found more to admire in the poor surveyor, than in all her wealthy and aristocratic suitors, and, almost before she knew it, her heart passed out of her keeping, and was given to him. She loved him with all the honesty and devotion of her pure heart, and she would have thought it a happiness to go out with him into the wilderness, and share his fatigues and troubles, no matter how much sorrow they brought to her.

Nor did she love in vain. The young man, whose knowledge of the world was afterwards so thorough, had not been learned to consider as binding the distinctions which society drew between his position and that of the lady. He knew that in all that makes a man, in integrity and honesty of purpose, he was the equal of any one. He believed that, except in wealth, he stood upon a perfect equality with Mary G. —, and he loved her honestly and manfully, and, no sooner had he satisfied himself upon the state of his own feelings than he confessed his devotion, simply and truthfully, and received from his lady's lips the assurance that she loved him very dearly.

Sorrowing to occupy a doubtful position, or to cause the lady to conceal aught from her parents, the young man frankly and manfully asked Mr. G. — for his daughter's hand. Very angry grew the planter as he listened to the audacious proposal. He stormed and swore furiously, and denounced the young man as an ungrateful and insolent upstart.
CATCHING BEARS WITH A LASO.

A Naval Officer, many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and tiresome voyage round the Horn, acquired a very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able at twenty or thirty paces to throw the noose over the head of the negro cook at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill, that, on his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a guide, and mounted upon a well trained horse, and with his lasso properly coiled and ready fusee, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrific aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly, in direct opposition to the advice of his guide, he resolved to show him that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and, riding up near the animal, gave it several rapid whirls above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the nooses directly around the bear's neck at the very first cast; but the animal, instead of taking to its heels and endeavoring to run away as he had anticipated, very deliberately set up on its haunches, facing his adversary and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in looking at it; he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it was something he could not comprehend. In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in the opposite direction and commenced applying the rowels to his side most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death and drag him off in triumph; but, to his astonishment, the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance.

The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so much that he soon became enraged and gave the rope several violent slaps, first with one paw and then with the other; but finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws and commenced pulling it in hand over hand, or rather paw over paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached to the opposite extremity — The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spur, but it was all of no avail — he had evidently "caught a Tartar," and, in spite of all the efforts of his horse, he recoiled rather than advanced. In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a haughty glance to the rear, and to his horror, found himself steadily backing towards the frightful monster, who sat up with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending forth the most terrific and deep-toned roars. He now for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded promptly, rode up, cut the lasso, and extricated the amateur gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to the inquiry of the guide as to whether he desired to continue the hunt, he said it was getting so late that he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day. — Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border.

A SINGULAR WILL.

Professor Morlot, who for some years filled the chair of geology in the Academy of Lausanne, and died a few months since, left a curious will, which amused many of his countrymen, and occasioned some embarrassment to his executors. One of the conditions was that his head should still be useful to science after his death, and he directed that it should be preserved in the Museum at Berne, with his name legibly engraved on the skull, so as to prevent its ever being mistaken for any other. This condition has been complied with, and the skull of the once active thinker, inscribed as desired, may now be seen in the anatomical department of the collection at Berne.

The real "Bill" of the play Shakespeare.
SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," especially in its opening chapters, presents a rich satire on the proceedings of various learned societies in England and elsewhere, who meet from time to time to record the results of their investigations for the benefit of an astonished world. Some of the members of such bodies are famed for the wonderful theories they are capable of constructing from the tooth of a defunct hyena, or a scratch on a boulder. The extraneous importance to science attached to the most trivial indications by men of this class, is humorously portrayed in the history of the club.

Mr. Pickwick, of course, is its founder, with the majestic title of G. C. M. P. C.—which means no less than General Chairman, Member Pickwick Club! At the period when the history commences, that learned man, who had already communicated to it a valuable paper entitled—"Speculations on the Source of Hampstead Ponds"—with some "Observations on the Theory of Tittlebates"—was assembled with the Club in question. We find him surrounded by a host of adventurous spirits, like himself unwarmed in the pursuit of science under difficulties. These noble men, impelled by a magnificent desire to enlarge the operations of the Club, from which the world had already derived so much, had resolved to constitute a select portion of their number into a "Corresponding Society," whose duties were to travel and report the result of their observations, as set forth fully in the following resolution passed on this occasion:

"Resolved, that the Corresponding Society of the Pickwick Club is hereby constituted; and that Samuel Pickwick, Esq., G. C. M. P. C., Tracy Tupman, Esq., M. P. C., Augustus Snodgrass, Esq., M. P. C., and Nathaniel Winkle, Esq., M. P. C., are hereby nominated and appointed members of the same; and that they be requested to forward from time to time authenticated accounts of their journeys and investigations; of their observations of character and manners; and of the whole of their adventures, to the Pickwick Club stationed in London."

This important resolution, we are informed, was passed May 12th, 1827, Joseph Smirgers, Esq., P. V. P. M. P. C. (Perpetual Vice-President—Member Pickwick Club) presiding!!! with "M. P. C.'s" in attendance too numerous to mention.

These interesting circumstances give rise to the adventures of the Club, from which we shall select for the edification of our readers. The gentlemen referred to surrounded their great leader on this memorable occasion, "when starting into full life and animation, as a simultaneous call for 'Pickwick' burst from his followers, that illustrious man slowly mounted into the Windsor chair on which he had been previously seated, and addressed the Club himself had founded." Such of our readers as have attended vestries, clubs, or similar meetings abroad, will recognize the oratory and style of proceedings peculiar to such affairs, as satirically sketched by the author, which will constitute

SCENE No. 1.

Mr. Pickwick's Oration.

Mr. Pickwick's oration upon this occasion, together with the debate thereon, is entered on the Transactions of the Club. Both bear a strong affinity to the discussions of other celeberating bodies, as is always the case, and it is always possible to trace a resemblance between the proceedings of good men, we transfer the entry to these pages.

"Mr. Pickwick observed (says the Secretary) that fame was dear to the heart of every man. Poshio fame was dear to the author of the Snodgrass. The fame of his own fame was equally dear to his friend Tupman; and the desire of earning fame, in the sports of the field, the air, and the water, was uppermost in the breast of his friend Winkle. He (Mr. Pickwick) might, but he would feel it on his heart, the absence of his human feelings, (cheers)—possibly by human weakness—(loud cries of 'No!') but this he would say, that if ever the fire of self-importance broke out in his bosom, the desire to benefit the human race in preference effectually quenched it. The praise of mankind was his, and philanthropy was his insurance office. (Veheemnt cheering.) He had felt some pride—he acknowledged it freely; and let his enemies make the most of it—he had felt some pride when he presented his Titelbatian Theory to the club. The club had celebrated it; or it might not. (A cry of "It is," and great cheering.) He would take the assertion of that honorable Pickwickian whose voice he had just heard—it was celebrated; but if the fame of that treatise were to extend to the farthest confines of the known world, the pride with which he should reflect on the authorship of that production, would be as nothing compared with the pride with which he looked around him on this the proudest moment of his existence. (Cheers.) He was a humble individual. (No, no.) Still he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honor. He would not say he was a little afraid of danger. Traveling was in a troubled state, and the minds of the coaching men were unsettled. Let them look abroad, and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage coaches were counting; all directions interesting; horses were boiling; boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting. (Cheers; a voice 'No!') No! (Cheers.) Let that honorable Pickwickian who cried 'No!' so loud come forward and deny it if he could. (Cheers.) Who was it that cried 'No!' (Enthusiastic cheering.) Was it some very disappointed man—he would not say he was; but he would not say he was not. (Loud cheers) He, who, jealous of the praise which had been, perhaps undeservedly, bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now look to this rile and the numerous mode of.

"Mr. Blotton, of Aldgate, rose to order. Did the honorable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of 'Order, 'Chair', 'Yes', 'No, 'Go on, 'Leave off, 'It's no matter.) He would hardly be put up to be put down by clamar. He had alluded to the honorable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

"Mr. Blotton would only say then that he repelled the hon. gent's false and scurrillous accusation with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent. was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of 'chair' and 'order'.)

"Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

"The Chairman was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

"Mr. Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he was not.

"The Chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honorable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him in a common sense.

"Mr. Blotton had no hesitation in saying that he had not; he had used the word in his Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honorable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view.

"Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honorable friend. He begged it to be once understood that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers)"
DEDICATORY.

This morning we present the first pages of The Utah Magazine, a journal "devoted to Art, Science, and Education," and most appropriately, for we open them amidst a people whose theology assigns a mission—a perpetuity and a glory to Science and Art, to which the creeds of the world furnish no parallel.

To those who have never studied how much the natural tendencies of the faith of this mountain people necessarily does for Art and Science in comparison with other faiths this statement will of course appear extravagant—we expect it to do so;—but this idea will subside when such readers have answered to themselves the practical question, what does their own religion or any other they are acquainted with say directly in behalf of these pursuits, and to give the question a still fuller scope, what relationship and utility to man, as an eternal being, does their religion assign to Art and Science.

The “Christian”—and we need think of no other religionist at this moment—will reply, mine assigns him none. Art and Science are matters, outside of religion, destined only for mortality and prepared to perish with the dust of their admirers. A true answer of the creeds of all Christendom to such a question would be:—Art and Science are not constituent parts of our Theologies; they are practised by our believers but not because of our beliefs; we know of no eternal future for such employments. Speculative men like Sir David Brewster or Doctor Dick, venturing beyond the limits of their creeds, have, it is true, supposed it probable that researches into the wonders of Nature and Science may form one of the pursuits of man’s future life, but they have done so on their own authority as philosophers and not as religionists—no prebytery, no assembly, or synod has declared such an idea divinely true. As far as all such creeds are concerned, Art and Science have developed themselves unaided and alone—no priest has crowned them with divine sanction, no creed has associated them in the faith and hope of a people. At the best, they have been entitled “Handmaids to Religion”—but Handmaids destined to be left outside the gate when celestial life is opened to humanity.

Not so with the faith of the people we address;—they have a nobler creed concerning man. In the comprehensive immortality declared by them, all his faculties and powers are included—the skill of his hand, the wit of his brain and the ambitions of his soul. Art and Science are the essentials of his intellect, if that lives—and it will eternally—they must live also. "Mormonism" alone, therefore, of all creeds, recognizes and declares the immortality of the intellect associated with its natural pursuits—subordinate in that condition, it is true, as it should be now, to the moral and higher qualities of our nature; but no less there. This it declares with its whole force as a religion. It cries to Art and Science, "Thou art immortal." To every faculty of the human mind it says, "You can never die." The artist, under the impulse of this belief, rejoices like a giant preparing to run an eternal race; mechanical genius sees an endless road for its explorations, while the philosophical mind has double joy in its studies, for it has no pursuits to drop this side the grave.

Thus, as a community, we back Art and Science with a force unheard of in the world before. Instead of considering them mere "Handmaids" to Theology, we include them in the Theology itself. Instead of regarding them as matters of temporary utility and holding up their records at the hour of death in the dead-ashes of their professors, we assign them an eternal value; we prophesy their victory over the grave, and envelop them in the immortality that belongs to whom they belong. To that people, then, first to preach the full mission of Art and Science, and to their cause, we dedicate this little tributary to that mighty stream of moral and intellectual truth destined to refresh and invigorate a world. And here let us ask the question, if science unaided by religious authority, has traveled so far, and so much benefitted our race with the darkening prospect of its short-lived life ever before its professors, where shall its explorations cease, and what shall be its results in the hands of a people who have a clear vision of its endless destiny, and with whom all the benefits or pleasures derived from its pursuits to-day are but faint shadows of far grander results in worlds to come?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THINKER, 17TH WARD.—I am metaphysical and almost beyond our depth. Here’s a question: What makes one person decide to do good, and another person decide to do ill?—the circumstances, general and particular, to which an individual is exposed? "Circumstances," warns us not to tell him that it is because they are free agents, and that they choose differently. He wants to know: Why do we choose differently unless it is because of difference of organization, or enlightenment? He thinks that when a person decides to do good, it is because he is better educated; if so, then superior circumstances should have the credit of the good choice, and not the individual; for what can we afford to side with our correspondent; his mode of reasoning leaves him under the necessity of confessing himself, superior to the rest of the world. We should have to agree that all our rationally excellent conduct, as an individual, up to this day, has been the result of our great-grandfathers' superior organization to that of the great-grandfathers of other people, which is by no means pleasant to our vanity. "Thinker" may be a very exorbitant philosopher, but he is not a communicable one; get acquainted with. Seriously, doubtless no human spirit chooses anything but according to the law of his brain, or to his conception of the relative benefit or pleasure higher than the. One will listen to his judgements, the other to his propinquitics. Why should the one have any more to say than the other? The law of his brain, or the law of his conception: is that his power to will, and upon the fact of the existence of the universe, depends the beauty and the justice of exaltation or degradation in worlds to come. Without that fact, there could be no salvation or excommunication, legitimated awarded to a single soul.

A. ROGERS, Sugarhouse Ward. Write:—Is it according to Webster to pronounce the indefinite article, as a child does when learning the alphabet, giving it its first and long sound, as—a, man, man, &c. Is it correct to say avid, again, long, &c. &c. If it is the latter, why does Webster, in both cases, pronounce the definite article as it were written, as—this, the, this, the, this. Why do we give, as a rule, the long sound to a word that we use merely as a name of a letter of the alphabet, and when used emphatically as a noun or a pronoun?—Is the law of pronunciation always pronounced, or whenever it occurs as an unemphasized word in the middle of a sentence, is it to be pronounced like a name of a letter of the alphabet, but otherwise as a word?—The words of pronouncing the articles, as, &c., as referred to above, are: 1st. British; 2nd. American. The law of pronunciation is this: The regular sound is that of A in far, somewhat shortened; but it is apt to lose this distinctive character and to fall into a faint and obscure sound like e. Many speakers pronounce the same brief sound of long A to this letter when it occurs in an initial unaccented syllable, as a contests, acoustical, as in a-bound, fa-tality, but this practice is not sanctioned by the dictionary, •—The above principle governs the pronunciation of the word Tne; but there is this exception, that the law of pronunciation is different when regulating itself on these matters; words and letters have to accommodate themselves to the rapidity of speech, and they must suffer the compression necessary to conform with these. We will answer you in the same time allotted us. To pronounce A and the always sounds as a name of a letter, as in angel, a man, an acquaintance of ours, who was fond of reading the Bible aloud to his friends, but persisted in pronouncing Una, Un-tow, &c. "And they answered and said: In-ten-bun, &c."

Note.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.
Our earth is one of an infinite series of globes ranging from suns, planets and satellites, down to globular plants and animals, or monads, so small that they can only be perceived by aid of the microscope. Some philosophers hold that all the planets and comets live in a universe of globes differing only in size. One advantage—and perhaps one reason, at any rate, why worlds are globular, lies in the fact that this shape presents more surface to their inhabitants—for the amount of space it occupies than any other.

The situation of our Earth in the little family of planets revolving around Old Grandfather Sun, is said to be a very happy mean between two extremes—neither too near nor too far from the sources of warmth and light. So great, however, is the world's and provision for happiness that pervades the Universe that, without a doubt, all other planets are equally well situated. Their position as to heat, cold, and light, being, doubtless, modified by suitable arrangements. In every division of nature that we are acquainted with, the absence of one benefit is always compensated by the presence of another. So far as the situations of these planets go, however, Mercury is nearest to the Sun; then Venus; then Ourselves. Beyond us come—Engima, the wandering thing, and Mars; then further out Saturn; and beyond him Uranus; and, so far as we are acquainted, finally comes Neptune; who is supposed to be about thirty times farther from the Sun than we are, and that is not a little seeing as the Sun is about thirty thousand times as bright as the Earth.

Big as we seem to ourselves in the planet-line, as a globe we count but for little in the universe. As to size we are only about the three-hundredth part of Jupiter, which is not the largest planet. The Sun who is to a more fraction the bulk of Sirius; which, said, Sirius is not very far from here, seeing that light—which can go seven times round the world in a second—would take only two-and-twenty years to get there! While a million of years would be consumed in some of the Smaller stars; and a million of years were needed, we reside in a considered more than forty miles thick, some suppose more than half that distance. Beneath this solid crust of the Earth lies, we are told, a layer or stratum of lava, and beneath this the great mass of elastic gaseous fluid. When this layer reached a certain depth, we feel this an earthquake. And where a big hole is rent, and the boiling lava is sent bubbling up with some of the flame, smoke, gases, etc., from below, we say a volcano has burst forth. It is evident from this that earthquakes are caused by subtle flowing liable to be rent in given directions. Mountains and vales have, it is thought, been caused by the upheaving of the internal mass of confined heat pushing out this crust of the Earth.

And most cases the springs in the Earth run in the same direction; or so do the swellings or ridges called mountains. In France, the whole extent of the Rhine is one uninterrupted series of cracks and inactive volcanoes. In this country the mountain chains exhibit an abundance of cleaves and openings caused in the same way.

And now as to hot springs, how are they caused? Such springs as go down a great way come in contact with the sides of the hot rock, and consequently issues in a warm or boiling current. Some springs, which pass down and upon which it passes to contain minerals, the spring becomes not only a hot but a mineral spring, as seen in many places in this Territory.

Some mountains have been burning as long as the history of mankind can be traced; but some hot springs were visited for their virtues, at least a thousand years ago. Hence, the quantity of internal heat must be so infallible, which has not expanded itself in all that long period.

But are we in great and perpetual danger from these internal fires? Not very great danger. The Earth, the air, the water, and the clouds, are all bad conductors of heat, and bind it with a threefold bond, so that it cannot escape except in places. This internal fire is a friend and not a foe. Probably the great mass of water and moisture on the surface of the earth would filter in and disappear altogether, but for the heat which drives it up out of the surface. And from this it follows, that other elements in sustaining and promoting life in the vast vegetable and animal kingdoms, as well as in you and I.

**NOTES AND COMMENTS**

**BY "OUR BRED MAN."**

We introduce our occasional assistant by the above expressive title in order to ensure a close distinction between his weak-minded and productive works, and the ..

Cragin's Utah Jury Bill.—We have wade ed through this "little bill." This is a beautiful bill and well got up. We are very much more in favor of the geographical provisions in it. For instance instead of "Utah" the region should read Liberal and instead of "citizens" he should read serf. There are also some omissions in this bill, which, to the good of the country, we draw attention. It is omitted to be provided that an election is to be held before the bill takes effect. The bill enacts at exactly the same hour in the morning, andcomb his hair the same way as Mr. Cragin. We are surprised at this omission, so clearly essential to the glory of true American citizenship. The intention of the bill being, very properly, to corner the Utahites, we are sorry to learn that it is loosely con-structed. To "catch 'em alive oh!" and ensure that no polygamous marriages are practiced without being duly recorded, it should be provided that no inhabitant of Utah shall ask any woman to be his wife unless she is personally present in the United States. To make matters still more sure, every district judge should be licensed to act as a midwife. This would give him an excellent opportunity of examining all juveniles of sup-posed polygamous origin as to their real descent. Any child obstinately remaining silent on this subject should be held guilty of concealment of the fact, and deprived of citizenship forthwith. These provisions added the bill would be complete. The bill would be provided a little more "repealing do be done. Everything a little muddled and we have done. The title of the celebrated periodical was, we understand, derived from the early recollections of its editor. Being, as Mr. Squeers would say, "eager arter wittles" when he was a boy—a fact peculiar to most cowards when they are boys, including ourselves—and his uncle kept him a "wittles" [as ours didn't] on this shelf, he kept him all the time a "jumppin"—hence the title. We merely mention this to show upon what trifling matters great events sometimes turn. Who would have supposed that merely judicious parental restraint would have led to the production of such a work as the "Keep a-jumppin" in its glory?
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

(From London Society.)

The notorious King Theodore of Abyssinia, against whom the British Government is now sending an expedition on ac- count of the defiant detention of its consul, Mr. Cameron, is the subject of the following narrative. How the author fell into the company of this prince and other members of the royal family, and how the events of the journey, can be summed up in a few words. Enchanted with delightful descriptions of the country and the wealth to be accumulated there, he resolved to penetrate to the lion's den himself. After a series of adventures he arrived at an Abyssinian village called Wocknee, where he was captured by one Ras Yakoob, who despatched four soldiers to summon him into his presence, and coolly informed him that he had no business to come to Abyssinia, and, secondly, once there he might consider himself lucky in remaining in possession of his arms and legs; as for his ever returning that was out of the question, and he would have to fulfill his duty in taking him as a present to King Theodore himself," remarking, "if our Negus has imprisoned your consul, how much must you who are merely a subject of this consul, be confined during his majesty's pleasure."

Accordingly our author was marched to Gondar, the residence of Theodore. On the road they were entertained at a place called Woggara, and at the patriarchal-looking jow, who, in the fashion of the country, is said to be of what kind of a man King Theodore was, emphatically, and in the most comforting manner, replied "Half a devil and half an Abyssinian." As soon as they arrived at Gondar "a number of soldiers rushed out upon us and demanded who we were and what I was, and whether I had brought any presents to the king. Answering in the negative, and adding 'beesam," only myself, they shook their heads in a very ominous fashion, and led me through the massive portal into the court-yard, where I was taken to a spacious chamber in which Ras Yakoob bade me wait, leaving half-a-dozen men to guard me till he came back. He soon made his reappearance in company with a person whom I recognized by his habiliments to be a priest, though I might have looked in vain at his blosset, sensual face for any external evidence of the slightest internal fitness for his post, or any Christian duties whatever. This gentleman in black was the Abuna Salama in person, and had evidently come to gleot over the misfortunes of the heretic Frank, and satisfy himself as to the means of exacting something of value, presents or money, before his imperial majesty should prevent it by sending the possible donor out of the world. "Are you another of those accursed heretics, the enemies of our holy religion, the agnostics whom the Lord has brought us to us by the Saints Preeminentus and Aurelius themselves?"

"Not so, holy father, I have nothing whatever in common with the missionaries: my business as doctor is with the body and not with the soul."

"Have you not come here to strive to overthrow our ancient church, and sow the seeds of strife and dissension amongst our flock?"

"Far, far be it from me, whose beard is but scarcely grown, to act against the wisdom of your gray hairs."

"But you are liars and robbers, you Englishmen. You come to us disguised as workmen, pretend to occupy yourselves solely with your profession, but all the time are undermining the authority of the church and ruining the people."

"Your holiness! Englishmen as a rule are not liars. And I beg your Holiness to remember that we are both men of the world, and very well know the meaning of 'ruining the people.' We can easily leave that to you."

This seemed to stagger him somewhat, but he soon repaired his fortunes by forcing a torrent of abuse against the missionaries, Megs, Flad, Stern, Rosenthal, etc.

"These people," I replied, "have had nothing to do with your flock, but have limited their efforts to the conversion of the body. But suppose they have exceeded the bounds of their authority, what is your biology for it, for they are no Englishmen, but Germans, consequently, we are not responsible for them."

Again was the Abuna forced to acknowledge the truth of my remarks, and rising, bade me follow him to the apartments of the king. He had to pass through a number of intricate passages, all built of solid masonry, which, however dilap- dated and out of repair, still bears ample evidence of the great strength the place must formerly have possessed.

At last we arrived at the "sanctum sanctorum," where his Abuna was sitting. He was a little man and was seen in all his glory. Theodore was small but broad with articles of luxury—silks and damask, gold and silver brocades, either used as carpets or laid on the divan. Surrounded by his guard stood the man Stern named the Abyssinian monarch, and in his appearance as the Lion by means struck me unfavorable. The dignity and grace about his movements which may truly be termed royal, and a calmness which, with his determined cast of countenance and projecting under jaw, could by no means be mistaken for youth, caused me to believe that he is estimable in the highest degree, and the piercing glance of his eye indicative of wild, irresistible passion. He is rather above the middle height, well and strongly built, a frame capable of great en- durance, with a high forehead, denoting no mean intellectual capabilities; but it was easy to see what intui- tional indulgence of intoxicating liquors has already caused in his constitution, and the wild look with which he surveyed me only too plainly showed that even then he was under the infe- rence of some recent orgies.

"You are an Englishman?" he asked imperiously. I answer- ed in the affirmative. "How could you venture to enter my dominions without my previous permission?"

I answered that I intended to have done so; but, this from Manasseh—to be friendly with, and that on my arrival at Wocknee, Ras Yakoob had seized me and brought me to Gondar. And here you will remain as long as your head is on your shoulders.

With this comfortable assurance, he gave orders to lead me away. Naturally I inquired what my crime or offence was supposed to be.

"Oh!" said he, "I do not know yet. But until I do, the gimp is the best place for you. Besides, as I have already im- prisoned your consul and other countrymen, you can have no reason to be particularly friendly disposed towards me; and whoever is not with me is against me."

"But what ground of suspicion can your Majesty have against me?"

"You English are all in a plot against me; I know that. What business has an English doctor in Abyssinia? He comes either from curiosity or business. The first is very reprehensible; the second, as it is not ostensile, must be so also. You have come to spy out the land no doubt."

And here, upon a sign from his imperial Majesty, four gigan- tic fellows sprang upon me and hustled me out of his presence in a most unceremonious fashion, too painful to be described; and, perhaps, even more endurable, in my opinion, was the locality to which I had been led after my first audience with the king, and the manner in which I was treated was better than I expected; and knowing his Majesty's penchant for trenching arms and legs from the bodies of his unfortunate victims, I was not a little afraid he might have killed himself on horseback, and I think, in truth, that I had, at any rate for the time being. Not far from the king's apartments a long, low gallery connected two parts of the castle, and in this gallery, forming a place of imprisonment for foreigners, I was placed. On the right was a man of the Armenian, Sertkis Clickigian, was to take up my abode. How long I should have to remain in this place was an inter- esting question for me in my position, but somehow or other I never felt any serious misgivings as to the ultimate result. In fact, the most I could look forward to was an end of my imprisonment, and on ascertaining that there was nothing estimable to be ob- tained, I became perfectly ravenous. However, the Moslems, though captive, did not forget the precepts of the Koran, and served them in whatever was sent to them. One of the chief names of Allah, to partake of their repast. After dinner (shall I call it?) I became comparatively comfortable, and twisting up a cigarette with some tobacco which Clickigian, who spoke excellent Italian, had given me, I felt inclined to batten all the news of the past and future, and merely live for the present.

But when the sun sank lower in the western sky, pouring his golden rays, tinged with evening crimson, through the barred windows of my dungeon, lighting up the squalid, filthy inte- rior, I began to realize the ghastly features of the unhallowed creatures who had been languishing there for years, a solemn sadness stole over me. truly not so much on my account, but sorrow for the ravages in mind and body a cruel incarceration causes upon men, when the noblest gift of nature—liberty and
freedom—is torn away from him. And as the soft, full moon, gradually emerging from the glowing play of colors in the sunset sky, gained the ascendant, over flowing the landscape around her misty, ethereal light, forlorn and helpless I perceived the change coming on. The August rains were cold iron bars of the window to which I had clambered up, a full vent to my feelings, and managed to look and feel as miserable as any one of my companions in grief, who were all steeped in the deepest stumber—in bliss oblivious of all their woes. I gave my eyes another glance, and heaved a deep sigh, as though to imitate them. Long it was before I succeeded, not before the stars began to pale; then I did at last manage to obtain a little sleep.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

From Phrenological Journal

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation on this subject, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest, and ‘in the visions of the night’ his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form:

He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse, and at last expired. In an instant he saw that he had exchanged the prison-house and sufferings of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a slender, aerial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or a village, the repose of the sight. Those who were nearest were remarkably small, below save the melancholy group of his friends, weeping around his lifeless remains. Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his baptem in immortality. But the power, utterance was denied; and as he anxiously leaned over, his dying circle, gazing fondly upon them and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon his air, their forms became more and more indistinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon a marble seat, his eye was directed our way. A sky-blue, soft-linen, silken mourning gown, which is fastened with a strong cord around his waist—sits at his large empty table, and has before him only a blank book, in which he writes his new novels. His large, light-blue eyes cast longing unanswerable glances upon those who perused the volume of life, which he hands down on his high, narrow forehead; the large, slender nose hangs over his small mouth, and his red whiskers fall from his long and narrow chin on his breast. The whole face looks decidedly too long. He has a sickly appearance, and is abstrac ted; his face is pale and wan, at first of his melancholy, which no one can fail to perceive. His little daughter died; his son, the heir of his baronetcy, is estranged from him; and his wife, Lady Bulwer, has long since been separated from him, and lives in the city.

Let us enter her room. She sits at her writing table, for she is likewise at work upon a novel. Her corpulent form, her round face, her radiant, deep blue eyes, her raven hair, every thing forms a striking contrast with the appearance of her deceased husband. The bust of her deceased husband charges her husband with being another Lovelace, and refusing to pay her debts. Her large eyes look at us languidly; her full cheeks contain a number of dimples, such as Rubens liked to paint; her lips are still as swelling, fresh, and red as Titian's daughters, and yet she is a mere forty. On thinking of this our suspicions are aroused; the crimson on her cheeks is too fragrant; the heavy brows surmounting her forehead are too black; her manners are decidedly too stiff; her hands too proper to be a woman. She is a type of the woman who is used to be supposed to Switzerland and Genoa, and gives to night a soiree, as are the order of the day, at his hospitable house. He is blonde, his eyes are light blue, his face flushed with wine, neither meagre nor round, but brimful of good humor and kind heart. He entertains all with his fluent tongue; and you must refrain from bursting into loud laughter. You can tell at once, en looking at his face, which is by no means expressive in itself, when Dickens describes, recites, or satirizes. Dickens

DICKENS.

Let us go now to Charles Dickens. There are several aristocratic carriages and plain backs in front of his elegant residence, where a numerous party is assembled. The celebrated round table stands in the center of the room, and to Switzerland and Genoa, and gives to night a soiree, as are the order of the day, at his hospitable house. He is blonde, his eyes are light blue, his face flushed with wine, neither meagre nor round, but brimful of good humor and kind heart. He entertains all with his fluent tongue; and you must refrain from bursting into loud laughter. You can tell at once, en looking at his face, which is by no means expressive in itself, when Dickens describes, recites, or satirizes. Dickens
Gossip informs us that Napoleon III. has preserved all the furniture used by him during his exile, and that his cabinet at the Tuileries is a small room with a single window, containing a shabby bookcase without glass doors, on the shelves of which are seen the old books which Prince Napoleon carried about with him wherever he went. In this room, we are informed, is woven the intricate threads of diplomacy which spread like a net-work over the face of Europe. A list is said to wear an old pallot during his hours of work, and his races would utterly displease. Gossip is also good enough to give us the reason of Maximilian's rash perseverance in Mexico as follows:—While the Emperor Maximilian was traveling through necessity, he received a telegram from his brother, the Emperor of Austria, informing him that if he returned, his title of Emperor would not be recognized; and furthermore, that his rights as Archduke and member of the Imperial family would only be restored to him at the expiration of the five years required by the former arrangements signed at Miramar. It appears that this dispatch was the sole cause of the determination taken by the Emperor Maximilian to continue the struggle against the Liberals without the consent of his father, Emperor Francis. Maximilian, we are told, of whom it is said, Ludwig Kossuth has fallen from his high estate, and is now at war with the different more moderate, or rather rational Hungarian journals. Kossuth being disposed of, Gossip protests against the "John Brown" scandal with which certain gossiping journals are associating the spotless name of Queen Victoria, in the following handsome manner: "Brown, it seems, is a highland 'gillie' (or henchman) who was a particular favorite of Prince Albert, and after the death of the Consort, resided in the palace in the full moon, her measured, a faithful, attached servant of mature years, with a very knack of being around when wanted, and of making himself generally useful, he soon came to be a personal attendant of the Queen in places where a male servant was absolutely necessary. All this was natural and proper, and provoked no remark until the Queen sat for a full length portrait to Sir Edward Landseer, and caused to be painted in the background a horse held by the gigantic John Brown. The man and the horse were reminders of Prince Albert; and as the painting was intended to represent the Queen in her widowed state (in complete black) the introduction of these accessories was appropriate and affecting. Upon this single circumstance the foul bird of scandal fastened its beak.

Editorial Note.

Editorially and Typographically, we ask a gentle criticism for our first number. Having been under the necessity of purchasing just such type as could be obtained in Salt Lake city, our selection has, of course, been limited. It will take the experience of one or two numbers to discover how, with the material we have on hand, to set up the proposed departments in the greatest possible variety and fulness. — The Educational, as well as some other divisions, do not yet present all the features we desire. Give us time.
EDUCATIONAL AND PRACTICAL.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON I.

We must begin at the beginning—and that happens to be a point which we can convey with less completeness in these written instructions than a personal teacher may afterwards do by a few inflections of his voice. We speak of the sound of the letters in the French alphabet, as well singly as in combination; and, though we shall give the means of learning how to read, to understand, and to write French, it will be necessary, for the purpose of learning to converse in that pleasant language, either to pay the most rigorous attention to the rules of pronunciation which we shall now, once for all, lay down, and to add to that attention a good deal of reading aloud; or else, at the end of our instructions, to attend some class where in a very short time, some one, by word of mouth, may supply the last remaining desideratum. Meantime, if no sound comes from the words we write on this page, yet we can furnish a method of approaching towards the required tones.

The French alphabet contains exactly one letter less, the u, than our own. The rest are all written as we write them, but are differently pronounced. The shortest way to explain this is to say at once that, to our ears, they sound as if they were written thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{a} & \quad \text{b} & \quad \text{c} & \quad \text{d} & \quad \text{e} & \quad \text{f} & \quad \text{g} & \quad \text{h} & \quad \text{i} & \quad \text{j} \\
\text{a} & \quad \text{b} & \quad \text{c} & \quad \text{d} & \quad \text{e} & \quad \text{f} & \quad \text{g} & \quad \text{h} & \quad \text{i} & \quad \text{j} \\
\text{ab} & \quad \text{ay} & \quad \text{day} & \quad \text{eh} & \quad \text{ezh} & \quad \text{ee} & \quad \text{ezh} & \quad \text{ezh} & \quad \text{ezh} & \quad \text{ezh} \\
\text{ah} & \quad \text{ay} & \quad \text{day} & \quad \text{eh} & \quad \text{ezh} & \quad \text{ee} & \quad \text{ezh} & \quad \text{ezh} & \quad \text{ezh} & \quad \text{ezh} \\
\text{kah} & \quad \text{ell} & \quad \text{emm} & \quad \text{en} & \quad \text{p} & \quad \text{ay} & \quad \text{ku} & \quad \text{er} & \quad \text{ess} & \quad \text{tay} & \quad \text{ue} & \quad \text{vay} & \quad \text{ix} & \quad \text{eogrek}, \text{zed}.
\end{align*}
\]

The French g we have represented by zhay, but the z melts into the h, just as an s would. So with j.

The reader will perceive that the only letter which is pronounced in two syllables is the y—eogrek, which, in French, means “Greek.” They call their y the “Greek y.” To an Englishman, by far the most difficult French sound is that of the u, which we have endeavored to make intelligible by spelling it ue.—The fact is, it is a sound between oo and ee. The best rule we can give is to pronounce u as if you were going to whistle. Alfieri, the great Italian dramatist, said the attempt to pronounce the French u always made him feel as if he were sea-sick; and indeed it is very different from the oo of his own countrymen and of the Germans. But it is well not to be too timid or scrupulous. Execution, whether in music or in languages, is to be acquired only by fearless confidence. Take two men, one of them is afraid to speak till he can speak without an error, the other is determined to endeavor to express himself, even though he should make several blunders. The latter is certainly the one who will make the quicker progress. Well, we have read the alphabet, now for the sound of the letters in words. And here we must remark that any more highly educated persons into whose hands these lessons may fall should bear in mind that our instructions are designed for those who, in a life of toil, may not have had time to acquire the principles of grammar, even in connection with their mother tongue. We start with the very supposition that even the most elementary points must be made clear by us as we go on. (To be continued.)

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Paper ment. we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanics and Artificers, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intenting to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

COVERING OF ROOFS.

BY VAUX.

“For covering roofs of houses in the country there is scarcely any good material so available as shingles, if the pitch is not too flat. Slate forms an excellent covering, if of superior quality and well put on, so as not to be loosened or blown out of in fierce storms. Tin expands and contracts, and has a tendency to get out of order, but still is a good roofing material when properly put on. Zinc is worthless. Thick canvas is good for flat veranda roofs or small surfaces, being preferable to tin, inasmuch as it suffers less by alternations of temperature, reflects less heat, makes less noise in rainy weather, and takes less time to put on.”

[When slates are obtained of two different colors, it has a good effect to arrange them in stripes or patterns. In laying slates, “precautions should be taken to prevent any drift of fine snow from getting under the slates. The joints should be laid in mortar, the boarding should be matched, and the pitch of the roof not be at all flat. In some cases tarred paper is laid over the boarding as an additional safeguard from drift.

The great advantage of a shingle roof is, that while it is, comparatively speaking, almost impossible to get out of order, if the shingles are really good and the work well done, it allows of considerable expansion, contraction, and even settlement without the slightest injury to its efficacy. It is agreeably varied in surface and assumes by age a soft pleasant neutral tint that harmonizes with any color that may be used in the building.”

[The above directions about slate roofs will be considered superfluous, by builders of houses calculated to last only from five to ten years. Where houses, however, are designed for homesteads to last for generations, no real builder would feel safe in omitting such precautions.]

LESSONS IN PRONUNCIATION.

The letter r is often imperfectly sounded, and sometimes omitted altogether in pronunciation. The Irish, however, sound it too strongly, giving it a lengthened trill. It has properly a gentle rolling sound, and should always be heard. Practice on this:

Around the rugged rocks the ragged rascals ran.

Do not say waw-um for warm; not staw-my, but stor-ty; not lib-aby, but lib-er-ty.

If you are a Yankee, observe carefully how you pronounce your long a and long i. You are liable (in fact, unless you have received special training on the point, almost certain) to sound them thin and sharp; and be careful not to pronounce shoot, shute; and boot, bute! The Western man must beware of the other extreme; he pronounces bear, bar; father, faether; and brute, broot. Some Englishmen often misuse their hafttes. “Do you drink hale in your country?” asks an English cockney asked of an American. “No,” the latter replied, “we drink thunder and lightning!” (To be continued.)
HUMOROUS READINGS.

The Scriptures say, "The glory of woman is in her hair," but it nowhere says that the glory of any woman is in any other woman's hair.

"What brought you to prison, my colored friend?"
"Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean, had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, they was bole of 'em drunk."

EPITAPH BY A LADY.

Encumbrance were long time I bore,
Derision was in vain;
But when short skirts became the mode,
They eased me of my train.

LIVELY AGAIN.—The boy who sang, "I'm lonely since my mother died," isn't quite so lonely now. The old man married again, and his step-mother makes it lively enough for him with the broom handle.

At a crowded theatre a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who, hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman, "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row."

A YANKEE left his down-east village to visit Washington. On his return he astonished his neighbors by telling them how very late people dined there. "What time," he asked, "do the storekeepers dine at Washington?" "Not till two, sometimes three" "My, how late; and the Members of Congress?" "Well, I guess they don't dine till six." "And the senators?" "Oh, not till eight or nine." "And the president, when does he dine?" "Oh, he don't dine till next day."

A MIXTURE OF BROWNS.

The following amusing illustration of the perplexities of a village where there were too many Browns, is presented for the edification of our readers.

"During my stay at Brownham, a case was tried at the neighboring assize town involving a disputed right of way. As frequently happens in such cases, a large body of witnesses had been summoned, and of those engaged in the cause, 'Brown and another v. Browns Browne,' it chanced that at least four-fifths belonged to our village and vicinity. Need it be added, that these, almost to a man, were Browns?

"It was puzzling enough for the sharp-witted counsels to keep their Browns from entangling. But the real labour devolved upon the unfortunate judge, who, in endeavoring to collate and present to the jury the whole body of evidence, was driven almost to his wits' end.

"The testimony, gentlemen," said his lordship, 'of that very intelligent witness, James Brown—confirmed in all its leading particulars by that of the witness Brown—I mean James Brown—that is the other James Brown—demands your most serious attention. For, while on the one hand, the respective affidavits of Peter Brown and George Brown, not to speak of the oral testimony of Stephen, Philip and—(consulting his notes)—yes, and William—William, gentlemen,—Brown,—point to the conclusion that the connection of James Brown with the property of the Browne Browne family dates from so early a period as the decease of Peter Brown the elder; on the other hand, we have the combined declaration of Samuel, George, Josiah, and John Thomas Brown,—fortified by that of another witness—ah! yes,—also named Brown,—that the appointment of James Brown as land steward to the Browne Brownes estates supplied John Brown, James Brown's son and agent, with all the opportunity—Peter—that is, George,—of course, I mean James Brown, himself, enjoyed."

"The evidence of the succeeding witness, Brown, Josiah—stay, gentlemen,—George Brown, continued his lordship, wiping his brow; 'the son I take it, of William Brown (this similarity of surname is most embarrassing).—Brown, I say, our tenth witness and ninth of the name!—this young Brown's testimony contradicts in one material particular that of Stephen Brown. George Brown asserts,—Stephen Brown as positively denies,—that James Brown, Thomas Brown, and a third individual named,—let me see, ha!—I should have been surprised to find it otherwise!—also Brown—that these three Browns, together with James Brown of Brownham,—which, gentlemen,—why, gentlemen, the Brown—the—the witnesses—father Brown, the Brown brother—I protest, gentlemen, in all my judicial experience I never met with so singular a case?"

Here the unfortunate judge wound up, being, as we suppose the reader is also, by this time—perfectly done—brown.

SNOWFLAKES IN THE SEASONS.

I love to kiss in winter
The many girls I see,
When awl outside is dryly
And kivered up with sno,
I love to kiss in winter,
Bekawse the old folks dreed
The cold and stormy weather,
And hurri oph to bed.

I love to kisst in spring time,
When all is bright and gay,
When natur smilies so sweetly,
To chase the cold away;
I love to kiss in spring time,
Bekawse the gurls, you no,
They look so oohl pretty
In dresses kut so lo.

I love to kiss in summer,
When all things are in blume,
And yet I think that kissting
Will ever be my dume;
For I have asked just twenty-one
Of all the gurls I no,
To have me for their loving one,
And they have answered—Nol.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.


GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ...................................... $7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] .................... 4.00
Per Quarter [13 weeks] ..................... 2.25

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS.—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons clubbing together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office, or addressed Box 197 Post Office, G. S. L. City.
THE

UTAH MAGAZINE;

DEVOTED
TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 2] GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 18, 1868. [VOL. I.

POETRY.

"OLD TIMES."

A GEM.

There's a beautiful song on the slumberous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tannful heart and bright brown hair.
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there,
A glimmering cross and a glittering crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaves of prayer.

A breath of spring in the brouzy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets—a scent of buds,
Bird warblers and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and a dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow,
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tinture of grief in the beautiful song
That soars on the slumberous air;
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes,
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody flowed far away,
And we call it now Old Times.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;
OR,
VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Among the cardinals resident in the city was an old man whose infirmities made him seem yet older than he was, and whose quiet and retired life was remarkable only for its purity and for its perfect inoffensiveness to any man alive. Nor were the social position or connexions of this good old man more calculated to draw attention on him than the unpretending modesty of his blameless life. For the old Cardinal di Montalto, who was the son of a peasant of the March of Ancona, had begun life as an humble mendicant friar; and having first risen by his virtues and talents to be the general of his order, had by this road reached the cardinalate. Yet it was on this obscure old man that the eyes of his fellow students of the Sacred College had turned as the most likely candidate for the papacy, on the evidently not distant day when Gregory the Thirteenth, despite all his precautions, should not be able to live any longer. There were not wanting members of the college bearing the names of Medicis, Este, Farnese, and others of the great princely families of Italy. But every man was afraid of his fellow. Most men in Rome at that day, whether clerical or lay, had so much cause to fear! And it was thought that no man need fear poor old Cardinal di Montalto, who had never given offence to any one, or seemed capable of conceiving a feeling of animosity or resentment. Besides the very manifest infirmities of old Peretti—that was the Cardinal di Montalto's family name—his tottering gait and bent body were on the principle above mentioned, all recommendations in his favor. It was clear he could not last long. And his short papacy would give rival parties time, as each hoped, to strengthen itself, and to be ready then for the struggle which they feared to undertake at the present moment. As for the old man himself, when spoken to on the subject, he would treat the matter as one in which a man so near the grave could have little interest; and with a mild sigh and gentle shake of his bent head, followed by a hollow cough, would give his hearers to understand how entirely his mind was occupied on other things.

Rome, however, though quite agreeing with the Cardinal di Montalto, in the opinion that he could not last long, yet thought it probable that he would last longer than the octogenarian pope; and considered that for such brief space he would be the most convenient, inoffensive, meek pope that could be found. Despite himself, therefore, Felix Peretti, Cardinal di Montalto, occupied an important position in the Roman world when the Accoramboni family arrived in the Eternal City.

CHAPTER II.—THREE STRINGS TO THE HEROINE'S BOW.

The "sensation" caused by the first appearance of the beauty on this great theatre and focus of all the grandees of the world, exceeding all that the proprietors of the new "great attraction" had promised themselves. All Rome talked of nothing else than the lovely and all-accomplished Vittoria.—Cardinals met to discuss the rival pretensions of the French and Spanish courts, but found themselves neg-
great stake for a bird not in the hand, but still in the bush of the future. It was possible, after all, that the Cardinal di Montalto might never be pope. But, on the other hand, the Peretti marriage was free from great risks and perils which surrounded the union with another of the trio of aspirants, who, out of all those that at first entered their names, finally ran for the plate.

All these things duly meditated and calculated, papa Accoramboni declared himself decidedly in favor of knocking down all that desirable lot, with magnificent head of hair annexed, lovely eyes, attractive form, brilliant accomplishments laid on regardless of expense, &c., &c., &c., known by the name and title of Vittoria Accoramboni to Francesco Peretti, as the best bidder.

But, as has been said, there was an unhappy difference of opinion between the chiefs of the Accoramboni councils. And while in reply to Peretti's proposals, "papa said, yes! she may; mamma said, no! she shan't!" For the female imagination was dazzled by the brilliant magnificence of the second candidate for her daughter's hand. This was no less a man than the Italian historical reader's old acquaintance, Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini! There was an offer! the head of all the Orsini clan! the noblest family in Rome! The owner of immense territories, and so powerful, that popes themselves quailed before him, and hesitated to put the law in execution against him or his. Was such a son-in-law to be a moment compared to the obscure nephew of an old monk, who might or might not one day be pope? In this case, the bird was a bird in the hand, and not one in the bush, and a bird of such dazzling plumage! The prince was the man for the lady mother's money; and if her word was worth anything, no trumpery companion should ever have her darling child, &c., &c., &c.—a whole page of ecteteras!

There were, however, some drawbacks to the brilliant advantages of a union with the prince, that must be admitted. In the first place—and this was the consideration that chiefly weighed with the prudent and wary father—the whole of the powerful and unscrupulous Orsini clan would doubtless be furious at such a misalliance on the part of its chief. And there were other very influential personalities likely to be highly offended by the marriage. It was not without reason, in short, that Count Claudio Accoramboni considered the connexion, however flattering, as doubly hazardous. Then, again, the noble Orsini had, about two years previously, murdered his first wife. Not that such a circumstance could be held in any wise to sully the character of one in the unattackable position of the Prince Orsini, or that any great weight should be attributed to an accident that would frequently happen in the noblest families.—

Still, Vittoria's father thought that, all other things being equal, it might be held to be an objection to a son-in-law in the eyes of a fond parent; while her mamma felt strongly that in the case of a prince, it was mere invidious caviling to rake up matters of a kind that were never alluded to in really good society. Again: though of course no nobility could be more exalted, more doubted, more ancient and celebrated than that of the chief of the great house of Orsini, whose names are to be found on every page of the history of their country for hundreds of years.
back as the constant disturbers of peaceful life and social progress by their noble determination to be subject to no law save that of their own fierce will, though all the world recognised this nobility as of the purest water and most genuine dye, yet, somehow or other, old Dame Nature, obstinately taking note only of his highness's manner of life, had got it into her stupid old head that he was not noble at all, but to a remarkable degree the reverse. Not that it would have signified a rush what Dame Nature, with her old-fashioned notions, might have thought about the matter, had it not been that she had unfortunately found the means of expressing her opinion so emphatically, that it was impossible not to be more less annoyed by it. It was only fifty years that she had been making up her mind as to the genuineness of the nobility of the most noble prince; and she now announced her opinion on the subject to the world by fashioning him into the most hideously bloated caricature of the human form and face divine that a nightmare fancy could conceive. He was, we are told, so enormously fat, that his leg was as large round as an ordinary man's body. And one of these huge unnaturally bloated limbs was afflicted with a loathsome cancerous affection, named, we are told by the science of that good old time, a 'lupa,' or she-wolf, because it was necessary continually to supply it with abundant applications of raw flesh, in order that, exacting on them its destroying power, it might so the more spare the living tissues of the noble patient's body. It might seem, on the whole, to the livers in a degenerate age, that these circumstances might also have weighed somewhat in the estimate of the prince as a bridegroom, formed by the young lady and her family. But they do not appear to have done so. And the facts have been preserved by the contemporary writers only as the envious talk of other Roman ladies, mothers and daughters, who would fain have secured the noble prince, lupa and all, for themselves.

That other little circumstance of the removal of his first wife by the agency of his highness's own noble hands; though it was by no means felt to have cast any stain on the prince's fair fame as a knight and a gentleman, or to have rendered him generally on that account a less desirable family connexion, yet was one of the causes that, as prudent Count Accaromboni perceived, contributed to surround a marriage between his daughter and the prince with special danger. For the first Princess Orsini, thus removed, was no other than Isabella dei Medici, the sister of Francis, the reigning Duke of Florence, and of the Cardinal Ferdinand dei Medici, one of the most powerful of the Sacred College. Now this poor Isabella had unhappily been led, by the total neglect of her noble husband, to requite his conduct to her in such sort, as to make her death no less necessary to the honor of her 'serene' and 'most reverend' brothers, than to that of her husband. So much so, that the former, far from feeling any estrangement from their brethren-in-law on that account, considered themselves beholden to him for his nice care for the reputation of the family. And, notwithstanding any little unpleasantness as to the manner of their dear departed sister's death, the duke and the cardinal would have felt that the 'honor' of the Medici family was dreadfully compromised by their brother-in-law making so shock-

ing a misalliance. And Count Accaromboni wisely considered that it might not pay in the long run to encounter such enmities, even to make his daughter Princess Orsini.

But no prudent considerations of this kind could induce his lady wife to give up the dear vision of becoming mother-in-law to a prince. Despite his fifty years, his infirmities, and his monstrous unwieldy person, she felt that a prince is a prince for 'a that,' and 'a that,' and twice as muckle's 'a that.' And the Orsini offer had, accordingly her consistent and unflinching support.

As for the third proposals, perhaps it would have been better to say nothing about them, were it not for the paramount obligation to tell the truth, and, as far as in him lies, the whole truth, which is binding on whosoever presumes to meddle with history.

Well, then, the beautiful Vittoria's third suitor was her eminence the most revered sexagenarian Cardinal Bishop Farnese. Suitors? Proposals? Why, the old man was a priest irrevocably vowed to celibacy! Yes, indeed. That was unquestionably the state of the case. And yet his 'proposals' had the energetic support of two of the brothers. What! when it has been just related how two other brothers, acting according to the ideas prevalent in that age, thought it necessary to connive at their fallen sister's murder, to purge the family of the disgrace brought on it by her fault! And these two Accaromboni brothers, too, were of 'noble birth.' But they were reprobat successions, these young Gabbioso counts! Far from it! One of them, we are assured by a monk who has written a biography of Sixtus 'the Fifth,' was 'a young man of saintly morals,' and was shortly afterwards made a bishop. And, doubtless, if proposals of the nature of those of his venerable eminence the Cardinal Farnese had come from any one of the same rank as the Accarombonis, the young brother of saintly morals would have duly resented them. That is the whole explanation of the matter. What but honor could accrue to an obscure provincial count's daughter and her family from any connection with a cardinal and a Farnese?

CHAPTER III.—THE BROTHERS-IN-LAW.

Thus Vittoria's three suitors had each their parti

sans in the family councils. The father was strong in favor of Francesco Peretti, the nephew of his uncle; the mother was desperately bent on having 'the sweet prince;' and the brother of saintly morals was of opinion that most might be made out of the noble and revered Farnese. And what about the lovely maid herself? Did she remain aloof and faincy-free while her elders were debating her destiny? Did she take either side in the momentous question? Did she tell one lover to "ask mamma," and the other to "speak to papa?" Or are we to suppose that she was looked upon by her parents as an article to be disposed of, and as having no voice in the matter? If we could discover any hint that could indicate a preference on the young lady's part at this stage of the matter, it would be held to throw a light upon some subsequent parts of the story. But no word of the sort is to be found.

(To be continued.)
STRATAGEM.

"He's a dear darling, clumsy old bookworm," said Clara Lennox, cutting the dead leaves off her pet geranium with a pair of tiny scissors; "but as for marrying Charlie Penn, why, I should as soon think of marrying the big book-case, or the piano, or any other solid, substantial piece of furniture!"

"Then why do you encourage him and flirt with him, and receive attentions from him?" said Sybil Waite, indignantly.

"Why? Oh because——"

Sybil replied:

"Clara, you're a coquette, and I think you deserve to live and die an old maid, if you trifl with the feelings of such a noble young man as Charlie Penn."

But Clara made no answer and went on with her scissors, singing some merry air to herself, while the warm sunshine, falling full on her blue eyes, turned them into rills of liquid light.

Yes, Clara Lennox was very pretty, and she knew it; and so, alas! did Charlie Penn.

How the saucy little beauty tormented the faithful, true-hearted fellow! Sometimes she rained sweet words and sweeter smiles upon him—sometimes she would hardly notice him—and sometimes, again, her cold, ceremonious dignity would chill him to the very heart. And through it all he hoped and trusted on, as men will do.

"It's too bad, Charlie," said Sybil, who was Charlie's cousin and faithfully; "if I were you I wouldn't bear it a minute longer!"

"Yes," said Mr. Penn, sorrowfully; "but suppose you couldn't help yourself? Imagine that all your happiness depended on a girls fancy—as as mine does?"

"Are you really as far gone as that, Charlie," said Sybil, pityingly.

"I'm afraid I am," said honest Charlie. Sybil dear! if I only knew whether or not she cared for me!"

"I'll ascerain that, Charlie," said Sybil, nodding her head significantly.

"How?"

"Ha! What an absurd question to ask! How can I tell how? Only—I'll do it! Promise me one thing, Charlie. Don't see Clara until I give you permission."

"I promise," said Charlie, looking very much puzzled, and a little amused. "How long is it likely to be?"

"Well," said Sybil thoughtfully, not very long."

And she tripped away full of sly little plots, plans, and machinations.

Clara was busy making some attractive kind of head-dress out of pink ribbons and artificial pink buds, one bright June evening, a little subsequently, when Miss Sybil Waite was announced.

"Clara," said Miss Waite, mysteriously, "I've some news for you!"

"News! What is it?" said Clara, rather abstractedly, putting her head on one side to contemplate the effect of her work.

"Our Charlie is going to be married!"

Clara looked up suddenly.

"What! Charlie Penn?"

"Why, to be sure—whom else could I mean?"

"Married!"

The rosy glow of Clara on her cheek. She laid down her work.

"Married? And to whom?"

"Oh, that's a secret—Charlies must tell you that himself. Are you not glad, Clara?"

"Y-yes, very glad!"

But Clara Lennox spoke slowly, and her underlip quivered a little. She did not look so much rejoiced, after all. Sybil watched her fair face with a keen, observant glance.

"You see," said Sybil, "I thought you would like to know, because you and Charlie were such old friends."

"Yes, to be sure," said Clara, and the pink ribbons slipped unheed to the floor, while Clara leaned her cheek on her hand and looked dreamily at the far away sunset.

Sybil arose to go, and Clara started from her reverie. But Miss Waite was satisfied with the result of her inquiries, and no persuasion could induce her to remain longer.

Clara went back to her seat in the sunset loveliness to think, and—to cry! For Clara Lennox was very low-spirited, and wished to find out the secret of her own passionate, impulsive little heart.

"Clara!"

Miss Lennox dashed the drops away from her cheek with a quick motion—she had not heard the familiar footstep on the threshold.

"Mr. Penn?"

She did not say "Charlie," as she had been wont to do.

"You have been crying Clara; may I ask you why?"

"I don't know why," said Clara, telling a deliberate falsehood. "I suppose because I felt lonesome—and——"

She paused abruptly here.

"Clara," said Charley gently, "I have something to say to you to-night."

"It's something," thought Clara, her heart beginning to beat hurriedly. "I wonder who she is? I know—I know I shall hate her!"

"Can you guess what it is?"

"Yes," said Clara passionately, "I know what it is; you are in love!"

And then the tears burst forth—she hid her face in her hands.

"Dear Clara, will you give me a word of hope? Will you promise one day to be mine?"

"I" repeated Clara, looking up with sudden agitation. "Oh, Charlie, is it me?"

"Whom else could it be, dearest? You have always been first and dearest to my heart. Answer me, Clara,—tell me yes."

And Clara's "yes" was almost inaudible through her sobs; yet she was very happy, too.

"I told you I could find out," said little Sybil, looking very wise, when Charlie Penn came back exultant to tell her that Clara Lennox was to be his wife in August.

Sybil's stratagem had proved successful.

Chimney Corner.

DRAW IT MILD.—The steamship City of Cork, which lately arrived in Liverpool from New York, can boast of a wonderful achievement. She was navigated across the Atlantic with a Cork's crew.
Dodging a Buffalo on the Ice.

I wandered far into the bare prairie, which was spread around me like an ocean of snow, the gentle undulations here and there having no small resemblance to the ground swell. When the sun took off his night-cap of mist (for the morning was cloudy), the glare of the landscape, or rather snowscape, was absolutely painful to my eyes; but a small veil of green crap obviated that difficulty. Toward noon I was aware of a buffalo, at a long distance, turning up the snow with his nose and feet, and cropping the withered grass beneath. I always thought it a deed of mercy to slay such an old fellow, he looked so miserable and discontented with himself. As to the individual in question, I determined to put an end to his long, turbulent and evil life.

To this effect, I approached him as a Chinese malefactor approaches a mandarin—that is to say, prone, like a serpent. But the nudity only exists with respect to the posture; for the aforesaid malefactor expects to receive pain, whereas I intended to inflict it. He was a grim-looking barbarian—and, if a beard be a mark of wisdom, Peter the Hermit was a fool to him. So, when I had attained a suitable proximity, I appealed to his feelings with a bullet. He ran—and I ran; and I had the best reason to run—for he ran after me, and I thought that a pair of horns might destroy my usual equanimity and equilibrium. In truth I did not fly any too fast, for the old bushaw was close behind me, and I could hear him breathe. I threw away my gun; and, as there was no tree at hand, I gained the center of a pond of a few yards area, such as are found all over the prairies in February.

Here I stood secure, as though in a magic circle, well knowing that neither pigs nor buffaloes can walk upon ice. My pursuer was advised of this fact also, and did not venture to trust himself on so slippery a footing. Yet it seemed that he was no gentleman; at least he did not practice forgiveness of injuries. He perambulated the periphery of the pond. Till I was nearly as cold as the ice under me. It was worse than the stone jug, or the Black-hole at Calcutta. Ah! I thought, if I only had my gun. I would soon relieve you from your post.

But discontent was all in vain. Thus I remained, and thus he remained, for at least four hours. In the mean while, I thought of the land of steady habits; of baked beans, and pumpkins, and codfish on Saturdays. There, said I to myself, my neighbor’s proceeding would be reckoned unlawful, I guess; for no one can be held in custody without a warrant and sufficient reason. If ever I get back, I won’t be caught in such a scrape again.

Grief does not last for ever; neither does anger; and my janitor, either forgetting his resentment, which, to say the truth, was not altogether groundless, or thinking it was useless, or tired of his self-imposed duty, or for some reason or other, bid me farewell with a loud bellow, and walked away to a little oasis that was just in sight, and left me to my meditations. I picked up my gun and followed. He entered the wood—and so did I, just in time to see him fall and expire. The sun was setting; and the weather was getting colder and colder. I could hear the ground crack, and the trees split with its intensity. I was at least twenty miles from home; and it behoved me, if I did not wish to “wake in the morning and find myself dead,” to make a fire as speedily as possible. I now first perceived that, in my very natural hurry to escape from my slaggish foe, I had lost the martin-skin wherein I carried my flint, steel and tinder. This was of little consequence; I had often made a fire by the aid of my gun before, and I drew my knife and began to pick the flint. Death to my hopes—at the very first blow I struck it ten yards from the lock, and it was lost for ever in the snow.

Well,” said I to myself, I have cooked a pretty kettle of fish, and brought my call’s head to a fine market. Shall I furnish those dissectors, the wolves, with a subject; or shall cold work the same effect on me that grief did upon Niobe? Would that I had a skin like a buffalo!"

Necessity is the spur, as well as the mother, of invention; and, at these last words, a new idea flashed through my brain like lightning. I verily believe that I took off the skin of my victim in fewer than ten strokes of my knife. Such a hide entire is no trifle; it takes a strong man to lift it;—but I rolled the one in question about me, with the hair inward, and lay down to sleep, tolerably sure that neither Jack Frost nor the wolves could get at me, through an armor thicker and tougher than the sevenfold shield of Ajax.

Darkness closed in; and a raven began to sound his note of evil omen from a neighboring branch. "Croak on, black angel," said I, "I have heard croaking before now, and am not to be frightened by any of your color." Suddenly a herd of wolves struck up at a distance, probably excited by the scent of the slain buffalo. "Howl on," said I; "and, being among wolves, I will howl too—for I like to be in the fashion; but that shall be the extent of our intimacy!"—Accordingly, I uplifted my voice, like a pelican in the wilderness, and gave them back their noise, with interest. Then I lay down again and moralized. This, thought I, is life. What would my poor mother say if she were alive now? I have read books of adventure, but never read anything like this. In this romantic situation I fell asleep without further ado.

Snelling.

Why was Dandemonia the most discontented of all women? Because the Moor she had—the Moor she wanted.

Some one, speaking of a highly ornamented house, whose proprietor was not particularly hospitable, said:—"I should like to see a little less gilding and more carving."

A Human Wolf.—A human being with the instincts and habits of a wolf, has lately been discovered in a pack of wolves, in the kingdom of Oude, India. Wolves abound in that country, and children are often carried off by them; and the theory in this case is, that an infant was carried off by a she wolf, adopted, and raised to manhood, and now presents the appearance of a human wolf. The creature has been caught, clothed, and is now kept by a gentleman in Thibah Vampore, some eight hundred miles west of Calcutta. He does not speak, and eats his food from the ground, and avoids the gaze of the human eye. Ex.
CURIOS NATIONAL CREEDS.

THE HINDOO FAITH.

Our subjects will not always be scientific; sometimes they will be theological; sometimes philosophical. This morning we propose an incursion far away among the Hindoos for an inspection of some of the curiosities—and there are many—connected with their ancient faith.

Perhaps no part of the outer world is so remarkable for its religious and social system as India. People there inherit their occupation in life by birth. Whether a man is to be a warrior, merchant, laborer, or one of the sacred classes, is determined before he is born by the grade or rank of his parents—or by their caste, as it is termed.

It must be understood that in India religion is omnipotent. It regulates everything, and enters into every act of life. It determines every man's position in the social scale, irrespective of anything he can do or say. Distinctions of caste which regulate the occupations of life are supposed to have been decreed by the divine will, against which it is as useless to rebel as against the laws of eternal nature. Hence the Hindoo accepts the class of life which religious custom allots him, with as much assurance that he was born for it, as that he was born to eat and drink, or that birds were created to fly, or fish to swim.

According to the creed of Hindoostan God has made men in four great classes or castes. First, the priests; secondly, the warriors and rulers; next the capitalists, traders and farmers; and lastly, the artisans and laborers. Of all these the Brahmin is the chosen of God's creation, and His priests. In fact, they are supposed to partake in part of the divine in their nature. They are so holy that they are defiled if they only come within the shadow of certain outcasts of Hindoo society. Some of the commentators on their sacred writings declare the Brahmin to be a sort of "earthly god" and worthy of worship. "A Brahmin, whether learned or ignorant, is a powerful divinity," says one text. "Brahmins who commit such crimes as theft are simply 'offenders against themselves,'" proclaims another; "whatever exists in the universe is all, in effect, though not in form, the wealth of the Brahmin, since the Brahmin is entitled to it all by his birth," declares a third.

The Brahmins generally live by officiating at the sacred temples or pagodas, or on the alms and offerings of the devout. It would appear to be, on the whole, a tolerably agreeable thing to be a Brahmin. Next to them, the gods love the warriors best, who are not quite composed of such excellent material as the Brahmins, but nearly so; while the trading class are far below the warriors in turn. These three castes constitute the upper classes, and, as the Hindoo religion teaches that a man may re-appear upon the earth any number of times, and in a more or less important position—a point to be determined by his virtues in this life, it would seem that persons born in these castes were very moral in their last probation, seeing they hold such a respectable position in this;

especially as they are called the "twice born," indicating, we suppose, thereby their previous life and superior character. Servants and laborers are contemptuously styled the "once born," and are, therefore, geologically speaking, "a very recent formation."

We have said that there are four great hereditary classes of society in India, but there are more produced by the inter-marriage of higher with lower castes. Thus, if a Brahmin have a son by a woman of the mercantile caste, he (the son) becomes a medical man by virtue of the mixture of grades—he is only fit for a doctor; while if a Brahmin woman bear a son to one of the trading community, his occupation in after life is to wait upon woman—a fact that does not say much for merchandising. Should a "ladies' man" of this latter order, in turn, violate his caste, and have a son by a lady from a medical family, a musician is the inevitable result; this would seem to indicate that the nature of a musician is supposed to be considerably "mixed." In this way a great many other grades and ranks are formed, into which each enters as naturally as by the decree of the gods. There is no jealousy between these castes; men never rise from one to the other, but a man may degrade his offspring to a lower one than he possesses himself. Each class lives by, and is a little world all to itself.

And now for some items of the creed of this singular and numerous people. They hold that there is one Supreme deity, but the management of matters is confided to him by a trinity of deities through whom he manifests himself—Brahma the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. Some of these deities get more attention than others. For instance, Siva the Destroyer, obtains more worship than either of the other gods, probably on the ground that he is the most dangerous when offended. Next to Siva, Vishnu the Preserver has the greatest number of worshipers, clearly, because it is supposed to be far more important to be on good terms with the Preserver than the Creator. Perhaps they imagine creating will go on any way, but he that can preserve things after they are created, must be a very great deity, and one whose favor is worthy of cultivation.

A very singular custom among the votaries of Siva and Vishnu is that of marking their foreheads to signify them in their worship. Siva's followers distinguish themselves by a horizontal, and the Vishnuites by a perpendicular mark.

In addition to the presiding deities mentioned, there are millions of inferior deities, representations of one or other of whom are kept in nearly every household for worship. It must not, however, be supposed that the Hindoo imagines that the god or clay, of which the idol is composed, hears his prayer. It is a vulgar error to imagine that the educated heathens—any more than the Roman Catholics, actually worship the image itself. They either supposed the image to be a mere representation of their deity, kept before them to stir them up to duty and adoration, or, as in the case of the Hindoo, they consecrate the image to the deity, after which dedication they believe the spirit of the god is ensnared within it; and to which spirit, and not the receptacle or image, they bend in adoration.

It is a common thing for devout Hindoos of the upper class to consecrate all their property to the service of one of these gods, and appoint themselves managers of his estate; constituting themselves depend-
ents upon his bounty, living upon a small allowance as his attendants. At death by a will, regardless of the interests of their families, they often appropriate all they have to the same purposes. But one of the most curious arrangements connected with a Hindoo will is that of providing in it that, directly they are given over to die, they shall be taken to the banks of the Ganges, or some other holy river, while yet in their senses, there to be half immersed in muddy water, then taken up, dressed with mud from the sacred stream, and there left, exposed to the scorching heat of a burning Indian sun by day and the heavy dews of night, without food, aid, or friends, until they expire.

These are but a tithe of the curious facts connected with the ancient and far-spreading religion of India. Only a few prominent items are glanced at. In our next we propose to speak of the curiosities connected with the great Buddhist religion of China, Thibet and Tartary.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

"OUR HIRED MAN."

"DEBILITATED MORMONS."—A new light has just burst upon our darkened imaginations. We were reading some remarks by the Eclectic Magazine on Hepworth Dixon and the Mormons, when our astonished vision was penetrated by the statement that the social system of this community is "producing its natural fruits in the degradation of women and the—(what does the reader imagine)?—why "the emasculation" or debilitation "of the men." Little as our friends may think it, this idea of the debilitated men of Mormondom is very valuable. It explains many mysteries unsolvable before. For instance, the writer never could account for the number of two-hundred-and-fifty pound men of his acquaintance abounding around; he never could see clearly, in fact, how it was there were so many men of weight in the community; he sees it now, they are all "debilitated Mormons."

Again, at the last General Conference, he sat gazing upon from five to ten thousand bronzed faces aggravatingly rude and sinewy to a fault. He now asks the question why was there not a white face among that sea of upturned countenances? Clearly enough, because they were all debilitated Mormons.

One of the afflictions of his mountain life has been to see so many young men capable of the polite accomplishment of riding wild "bronce" horses to death. Why has he been thus afflicted, we ask? The Eclectic Magazine replies they are all "debilitated Mormons."

In these wintry seasons, crossing the street, we wind our way among twenty-five youngurchins, tumbling in the snow, and twenty more piled on each other's backs into young animated mountains, rushing like small avalanches, in their hand-eights, down the descending streets, to the imminent danger of people's legs in general, and our editorial ones in particular. Savageely we grant—this comes of there being so many "debilitated Mormons."

This debilitation seems to be a splendid thing if you only carry it far enough: upwards of twenty years ago, when the debilitated denizens of Ameri

ca declared this Territory given up to desolation forever, and the great undebrilitated Fremont retreated from its horrors in disgust, a few thousand faced its frowning desolation and never rested till they had added a "Territory to the American domain from the heart of the great desert. How came they thus to dare death and isolation? The Eclectic editor knows all about it; it was because they were "debilitated Mormons."

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENCE.

WATERY—Wants to know what is the good of folk's raising their foot-paths near the ditch so as to leave a hollow between it and the fence? We are surprised at such a question there are so many benefits arising from this plan. It saves a great deal of water which would otherwise drain off into the ditch and run into the Jordan and get wasted. Water is very scarce in the deserts of Arabia and should always be saved, it may be sent for some days. Besides all this, a pool of water saves the paths from wearing out as no one will walk upon them. Plenty of water, also, swells up the cracks in people's boots and keeps them from leaking, at least, it ought to—it does so with tubes anyway. Persons opposed to a great deal of water on the foot-paths should remember that the earth itself is two-thirds covered with water—more water than land then, is the true order of nature and should not be fought against.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Note.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

CATHOLIC.—So far as we understand the Roman Catholic question, the pope do not preend to inflat billy in any matters except questions of doctrine. In connection with the wise pope and them, they consider themselves the appointed guardians of this earth of all true doctrine relating to faith or morals. Virtually, they believe in present papal election; for they believe that the cardinals of the church take upon themselves the function of important questions of this kind, the pope is bound to lead the majority of the Congregations, as far as is right to a right judgment; as Catholic priest adjoining in this city, some time back, stated to us the above is substance. He further said that the supposed inspiration was considered to be so holy a duty, that any person having to the temporal government of the pope—say for instance, the management of the so-called "states of the Church," the pope was considered by Catholics to possess no more inspiration than that of any other person, as he had to be guided by his experience and judgment in all such matters.

A PATRON.—We have four deliverers who act as traveling salesmen in the city of any one of whom the Magazine can be had, as well as of our general agent Mr. Joseph Andrews. Any of the deliverers will receive orders for us. We have some specimen in cameras at the disposal of our friends who feel like canvassing for us. They can also be had by such an assistant to get up clubs. All personal dealers of taking paper but doubtful about raising satisfactory sale should give us a call immediately, doubtless we can arrange with them.

E B K.—We have been to the "land of steady habits" and abbatial observances. It is perfectly true that a m-m may not whistle on a Sunday, in contrast in some part anywhere, when being considered a disturber of the public peace and rendering himself liable to a friendly walk with a gentleman of the "force." A man may not soil up against a post or a corner with his hand in his pockets "taking smoke" of the passers-by. It is supposed, and very properly, that he is wanted elsewhere. A friend of ours after a discussion, one Sabbath evening, with certain persons, felt so dusted to wear abroad: he could not "stop the smoke." He was said to be "having his mind" and that he only uttered a "whew"—rather a whistling in his character. But really, in all the other press, by the Professor Johnstone, and are to be found in the Discourse and Covenants alone except in cases where they have been quoted from there. If any of our readers can find them in the Bible, and will direct us to the place, we will reproduce them.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

[Note.—The extracts are distinguished from comments or abbreviations by question marks.]

THE ZOUAVE JACOB.

[From the Birmingham Journal.]

Paris has been ringing with stories about a non-commissioned officer named Jacob—presumably a Jew—who, it seems, claims the power of working miracles, or if not miracles, cures without leaving his own will. His feats are thus graphically described:

"The Zouave admits no one to his presence who is not really afflicted with disease or infirmity, those who are led to the Rue de Rivoli are turned aside at the door, and only allowed to get near his waiting room. Fortunately, I was furnished with a letter from his best friend, and became privileged at once. I entered the room with twenty of the most ragged and dirty of the whole mob, and am thus enabled to describe the scene. The Zouave was standing as if in a reverie when we entered; pel-mel into the long, low apartment, where the curses were performed. He was leaning against a wall, with his eyes half open, after the fashion of Somnambula before entering completely into trance, the other Zouaves pacing the floor in the living orships beneath the drooping eyelids. He neither spoke nor moved while his father busied himself in arranging the visitors upon the low wooden benches before him. Every crutch and stick was taken from the infirm patients, and placed in the corner. The Zouave would take out one of the poor frightened creatures, accustomed to look upon the help afforded by these objects as absolutely necessary to their safety. When all were seated, he leaning the one against the other, the father going close up to the one, whispered in his ear. He was a moment in a moment, and coming forward with a movement brusque and hurried, savoring of the military camp, and not in the least of the solemnity of the magician's sanctuary, he walked up and down for a few minutes before the eager line of sufferers. To each he told the disease under which he or she was suffering, and the original cause of the malady; and as no objection was made in any case, I am led to suppose him to have been right in all.

He then passed down the line, uttering simply the words: 'Rise and walk!' The sound which simultaneously burst from the assembly could find no fitting description in any language. It was a sort of meaning whine, a kind of infantine wailing, evidently produced by fear and doubt. One feeble old beggar woman, whose head had stopped its palsied shaking from the moment the Zouave had fixed his glittering eye upon her, was the one who gave expression to the feeling which had evidently taken possession of them all. 'Oh, how can I move without my crutches!' and, having turned a yearning look towards the company, showed his friends and supporters were standing, with a host of others, she began to mumble and moan most piteously. But the Zouave looked for a moment down the line, with an ominous frown on his brow, as if he found that not one of them could rise. A moment, and he had excited the character of a prophet, or inspired seer, was there, for he stamped with such rude violence on the floor that the casement shook again. He almost uttered an oath, but it was unfinished, as he once more uttered the command to rise and walk, so that others might be admitted in their place.

Then came the most strange and mysterious moment of the whole ceremony. One by one did every individual seated upon the low wooden benches rise and stand erect. No words can describe the singular spectacle offered by this seeing, hoping, doubting crowd, as each one found himself standing firm upon the legs which for years had ceased to do their office. Some laughed like foolish children, some remained wrapped in stolid wonder, while many burst into the most heart-rending paroxysm of weeping. It was then that the Zouave stretched forth his arm and bade them pause. All was hushed and silent for a moment. The pause lasted for some time. I have been told that it is always so, but have not been able to account for its power. The Zouave looked upon the faces of the cripples and the paralyzed, the hale and the lame of the crowd, before, walked from that long, long, half-darkerened chamber, with somewhat timid gait, it may be, but with straightened limbs and measured steps, as though no almighty had ever restrained them, until they arrived, no longer in need of his deliverer, but the Zouave dismissed them brusquely. 'Be off; don't stand shilly shally. You are cured. ain't you?—that's enough.—now picture moi le camp!' In plain English, 'Cut your sick, and be gone.'

[From London Society.]

"HOW I FELL INTO THE CLUTCHES OF KIM: THOREAU.

[Concluded.]

At last I was summoned to the Abyssinian presence by the Abuna, who came for me myself. Thoreau seemed much better tempered than on the occasion of my first visit, and began by asking whether I would ever have been treated in a more clement manner in any other country. "Certainly not, your majesty; on my part; not in England, with our same entitled and criminals left at freedom and rewarded," I replied, as coolly as he had questioned me. He seemed amused, and after awhile said, "That I can easily believe, if the British government treats its subjects in the same manner they have treated me in Abyssinia," I answered. In answer to this attack, I endeavored to look upon all the disagreements that had occurred between him and Great Britain as caused by the lamentable ignorance prevailing in England respecting the manners and customs of Abyssinia, and believed him to remember that Queen Victoria, against whom he seemed to have the greatest grudge, was but an instrument in the hands of the parliament, and not possessing the power and strength his majesty did, who had but to command, and he was obeyed.

"Avoonat, very true," answered Thoreau; "but that does not alter the facts, except in so far as I must hold the British parliament responsible for the insults heaped upon me, looking to it for an apology and reparation, and not to the British Queen." Thereupon I modestly asked what he required for the release of the prisoners. He answered with a great show of dignity and wounded pride: "Sure and the other missionaries have been guilty of many breaches of faith, and of great disrespect and treachery towards me, for which they have been justly condemned to death by the likens; but I, in the fulness of my clemency, have diminished and softened the severity of their sentence, and committed it to imprisonment for life. What the law has pronounced, justice must carry out. I am no robber, who makes prisoners merely in order to extort a ransom. I act in accordance with justice."

Then, your Majesty, I would beg of you to treat me with the same severity as Consul Cameron; cast me in chains, and lacerate my body with the scourg. He is not more guilty than I am." Thoreau seemed rather astonished; but I continued saying, that not being a spy nor a missionary, never having given him cause for anger, I never, for a moment, entertained any fear for my safety whilst in his dominions. He had the reputation of a great man; no truly great man would ever act so tyrannically, and ended by advising him to cut off my hands and feet, and see if he could then say to his conscience, "I have acted according to justice, and no one shall now put me in chains, and lacerate my body with the scourg."

"Will you engage in single combat with one of my knights, and stake your life for your liberty?" asked Thoreau, when I had concluded.

"No; but dream of it, being quite inexperience in the use of the sword and lance. Besides, I should have fancied enough English blood had been shed for your Majesty." "'How so?' be inquired.

Consul Flodden was murdered because he was your friend. That fact would surely shrink your memory, but that you should have forgotten Mr. Bell, who sacrificed his own life to save yours, is not what I should have expected." On hearing this, Thoreau became furious; for any allusion to Bell's death was extremely dangerous, for a moment he feared I might escape his clutches. However, thrusting his sword back into its scabbard, from which he had half drawn it, he remarked, "I do remember him, else your head would now have left your shoulders."

The fact might possibly order me back to my residence, and I saw no more of him for six weeks, during which time I plied the Abuna with every reason I could think of to prove how advantageous my release would be to himself. I succeeded in gaining him over to my opinion, and in consequence of the same I obtained my discharge with my usual respectful behavior. I was again summoned to his Majesty, not by the Abuna, but by a certain Basha Yakob, who looked on it as a bad sign, and left my prison house with some little hops and jumps.

On entering the audience chamber, my doubts as to the issue of my adventures increased tenfold, for on each side of the king stood a row of soldiers with their swords drawn, and looking, as I thought, exceedingly hungry. His Majesty was
however, not bad tempered, and had me seated near to him. There was a gas that had been dined away the hand and the width.

"You are courageous," he said, "and have dared a great deal; you have told me the truth; I hate sympathetic flatterers and liars, and you remind me of the only true friend I ever possessed. I have also ascertained that you have been guilty of no offence against me or my country, and berewht I give you your freedom." The blood rushed hot and quick to my head, for I had never yet expected to obtain my release, and although there was not much to be thankful for in the king's conduct towards me, yet such is the influence power has, that I thanked him truly and sincerely for his generosity. In fact, I put myself into his position, and thought I should have acted very much in the same fashion if he did. Taking leave of the Abuana, whom I presented with various articles, I returned to Matamma very much the same way as I came, and soon left the dominions of Theodore behind me, more fortunate than any other European who happened to stray to Abyssinia during this period of the king's life, excepting some two or three Frenchmen, who also managed to find favor in his eyes.

THE ROMANCE OF THE VICEROYSHIP.

(From London Society.)

Ismael Pacha, the present head of the Egyptian government, whose visit to England created such notice lately, is successor to Said Pacha, whose accession to power was marked by a very extraordinary and characteristic event—an event that would be considered horrible anywhere except in Egypt.

The head of the family, the oldest male within certain degree of affinity, succeeds to the government in Egypt, not the eldest son.

"Abbas, his successor, was hated for his cruelty. He seemed to think no more of human life than most men do of canine life, and he thought less of murdering or torturing a humble being than most men would think of putting a dog to death in the least painful manner. As an example. He was walking in the gardens of his palace on the banks of the Nile, when a new breech-loading gun, a fowling-piece, was brought to him. He was a good shot, and ordered it to be loaded with ball, which was done.

At the other side of the Nile, a poor peasant woman had just filled her water-pot at the river, and was walking up the bank with the water-pot on her head. Abbas presented the gun at her head, and the woman dropped dead as if in asphyxia, to the ground. The courtiers applauded the accuracy of his aim, and the viceroy himself returned the weapon to the attendant who brought it, saying that he was satisfied with it. No one paid the slightest attention to the poor wretch who had been wounded. She died that night.

It is not wonderful, then, such being the character of Abbas, that he was murdered at last. It is said that those who did it, his own servants, were instigated by members of his own family.

Abbas was living at the palace of Benara, near Cairo, when he was murdered, and the chief eunuch, who discovered the fact in the morning, before any one else knew it, called Elly bey, the governor of Cairo, to the palace, in order that the dignitaries present, not excepting himself, before the event should become generally known. They decided that they should put Elami Pacha, son of Abbas, on the throne, and not Said Pacha, who was then at Alexandria, and who by the Mohammedan law was the rightful heir. Bad Elami been on the spot they might have succeeded, but, unfortunately for him, he was then at sea, having set out in a steamer two days before. He did not return for ten days. If they could succeed in keeping the viceroy's death a secret until he could be recalled, the two friends, the chief eunuch and the governor of Cairo, doubted not that their enterprise would succeed, and that the new pacha would do anything they pleased for them afterwards. The difficulty was to keep the death a secret. A telegram was sent to Alexandria forthwith, in the name of the viceroy, ordering the swiftest steamer available to be sent after Elami Pacha to recall him. Said this all to the young man, and therefore the necessary orders had to be issued by him.

Carefully as Elly bey and the chief eunuch took their measures to conceal the viceroy's death, whispers were spread. In fact, every one seemed to know that all was not right; and Halim Pacha, a friend of Said, having heard of the telegram sent to Said, and having heard likewise the whispers alluded to, sent another message to him by telegraph, stating that the house he desired in Cairo was empty, and begging of him to come himself to occupy it, and not to send for any other tenant. Halim was afraid to speak more explicitly. Said understood him, and did not send for Elami.

The expedition which Elly bey adopted in order to conceal the death of the viceroy was one which probably would only have succeeded in the case of an individual of a constitutional nature only would have had the hardihood to execute. It was this.

He got the dead body of the viceroy, Abbas, already more than unpleasant, dressed up in the ordinary clothes, ordered one of his officers to sit on the accustomed seat, and took his own seat, as he had often done during the life of Abbas. at his left hand. It was given out that Abbas was going to the palace, which he had himself built, in the Desert, ten miles from Cairo, the palace called after him. He had sent a message to Constantinople, and, Doctor, he of the horrible drive, he, Elly bey, lifted the arm of the dead man occasionally, as if replying to the greetings of the multitudes. Was it not horrible! In this way the drive was accomplished. The viceroy had gone, as on so many other occasions, to bury himself in the Abbassieh, and there to celebrate his usual orgies, remote from public business. Nothing more.

But the truth had got wind. It was known that Abbas was dead notwithstanding Elly bey's horrible drive. Said had come to Cairo, and had sent a messenger to Constantinople, to announce the fact of Abbas' death and of his own accession. Elly bey had his own guards in the citadel of Cairo. He daily expected the return of Elami. It was not until eight days after the death of Abbas that he became convinced that Elami was not coming and that the coup d'etat had succeeded. As he realized that there was no more hope for him. Shut up in the citadel, he trembled as he thought of the revenge which Said Pacha would take on him, and he became finally convinced that there was no hope for him. Said, in the meantime, sent him to say that he looked with leniency on his transgression, inasmuch as it resulted from too great a devotion to his late master, and his family. But Elly judged Said by himself, and believed that the direst tortures would be the least that he should have for himself, so he destroyed himself by poison. "What is this?" said Said, when he heard the news; "had I not promised to forgive him?" Such is Egyptian life in high places.

LONG SINCE.—A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by a friend to see her tongue pretty freely afterwards—"There was a time when I almost imagined she had none," said Yes; "but she has now a fine voice."—

SCOTTISH ANECDOTES.—The late Lord Rutherford was conversing with a shepherd, near Bonaly, amongst the Pentlands, and, complaining of the weather, said unguardedly, "What a d—d mist," and added that he could not conceive for what purpose such a thing as east wind had been created. The shepherd, who was not one of the sights, said, "Well, sir; I've seen the east wind."—"What airs ye at the mist, sir? It weets the sod, it stalkens the yowes, and—" with much solemnity—"its God's will;"—having said which, he turned away with lofty indignantation. The same shepherd, one year sitting on the hillside with Lord Cockburn, the poet, said, "Aye, sir; I've seen the east wind."—Lord Cockburn said his lordship, observing that the sheep were reposing in the coldest situation, "If I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill."—"Ah, my lard," replied John, "but if ye had been a sheep, ye would hae had mair sense."
PRINCE ALBERT.

Our Portrait gallery this week contains but one sketch; but the following description of Prince Albert's character and courtship, given by Queen Victoria herself, in her book reprinted in today's paper, is so interesting that we give it to all the space at our command.

YOUTHFUL CHARACTER.

The Queen tells us that 'Albert, as a child, was of a mild, benevolent disposition. It was only what he thought unjust or dishonest that could make him angry.'

When the period of the betrothal of the Queen and Prince drew on, Prince Albert was in a very awkward position, for although very fond of the Queen, the etiquette of courts demanded, on account of her rank, that the offer of marriage should come from her. This was no less difficult for the Queen than for him, and she was accordingly summoned to her room; what then passed is thus described:

'After a few minutes' conversation on other subjects, the Queen told him why she had sent for him; and we can well understand any little hesitation and delicacy she may have felt in doing so; for to Queen Victoria, Baron Stockmar, who was naturally one of the first to be informed of his engagement—'I write to you,' he says, 'on one of the happiest days of my life, to give you the most welcome news possible'; and having thus described what took place, he proceeds: 'Victoria is so good and kind to me that I am often at a loss to believe that such affection should be shown to me. I know the great interest you take in my happiness, and therefore pour out my whole heart to you; and he ends by saying, 'More, or more seriously, I cannot write to you.'

'When the Queen herself says that the Prince received her offer without any hesitation, and with the warmest demonstration of kindness and affection; and, after a natural expression of her felicitous situation, her Majesty adds in the fervid words of humility and gratitude that marks all the entries in her journal, 'How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it was a great sacrifice on his part, but he would not allow it. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, and congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. He told me how perfect his brother was.'

With two other interesting letters, we must bring this sketch to a close. The first is a letter from the Prince to his grand-mother, at once describing his happiness and what passed between him and the Queen at their interview:

'Dear Grandmamma: I tremble as I take up my pen, for I cannot but fear that what I am about to tell you will at the same time raise a thought which cannot be otherwise than painful to you, and, oh! which is very much so to me also—namely, that of parting. Which subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last settled.

'The Queen sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and I have no doubt of the genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy, if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her; for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing that troubled her was that she did not think she was the prince of manner in which she told me this quite enchanted me, and I was quite carried away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together.'

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

TO PUT NUTS INTO YOUR EAR.

Take three nuts in the left hand, show them, and take out one of them between your right finger and thumb, and another between the first and third fingers. This latter is not seen by the company. You then put one of them in your mouth and retain it there, unknown to the spectators, while you exhibit the second as the one that you put into your mouth. This second one you carry to your ear, as if you meant to insert it there, but instead of the third, the third of which appears to have gone into your ear.

TO CRACK WALNUTS IN YOUR BELLO.

Conceal a very strong walnut in your right hand, and take two other walnuts out of the dish. Place one of them on the joint of the arm, and say that you are going to break it by the power of your muscles. You will now have one walnut in your arm and two in your right hand. Close your left arm and strike it an apparently violent blow with the right hand, at the same time clenching the right hand violently, which will smash the second walnut in it, and the spectators hearing the crack will be sure to fancy that it is caused by the denseness of the walnut in your arm. Then open your arm very gently (for fear of dropping any of the fragments, you must say), and, pretending to take out the walnut which you have placed there, you substitute for it the broken one from your right hand.

Gossip of the Day.

Gossip says they are getting fond of theatrical displays in high places. At the Princess Metternich's fête, given to the Emperor of Austria, her satires were literally converted into floral temples, and the walls of the dining-room were covered up by a trellis of gold lattice, on which flowering plants were trained to the ceiling, and covered with rare blossoms; the whole illuminated from behind by colored lights, of course producing a most magical effect.

We are next told that the young King of Bavaria put off his marriage from month to month, until his proposed papa asked him whether he wouldn't just as soon have it put off altogether; to which view of matters the King was exceedingly agreeable, and "put off" it, to the great disgust of all the loyal photographters and picture-makers of the kingdom, who had prepared a large stock of beautiful pictures of the King and Queen that was to be—showing how they looked when they were married. A number of porcelain manufacturers had also got a splendid deal of material, and each adorned with excellent likenesses of the happy couple, as they should have been, but wasn't.

Gossip next tells the following story as to how the celebrated Count Bismarck conducted himself when he was only "young Bismarck," and a resident of Gettiggen, in the days of his pilgrage. "Being invited to a ball he ordered a new pair of boots; but on the day before the ball took place he received notice that his boots would not be ready. Instead of sitting down to a sable dinner, a man was on hand to give him a splendid pair of the two dogs before the shoemaker all through the day, occasionally thus reminding the luckless man—Unfortunately shoemaker, thou art doomed to death by the dogs unless the boots be finished." With a sigh, the poor shoemaker told his wife that he must work all night, and so Bismarck obtained his boots in time for the dance.

EDUCATIONAL AND PRACTICAL.

ABOUT THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere is found to be very elastic; and, in consequence, to press on every side, equal to a weight of 33 feet of water, or 294 inches of mercury; and this elasticity is found to decrease, as we ascend higher and higher, so as to render the barometer less and less depressed by the weight of the air. This elasticity is equally powerful in a cubic inch of the atmosphere, as in the whole mass; and an inch will raise the mercury in the barometer, as much as the whole atmosphere. One cannot, therefore, but wonder at the quackery, or inconsiderate manner with which the opposite side of the question is represented, and the title given to the atmosphere pressa ma non arce, which would be as absurd as to say the air pressa ma non emet. In fact, in regard to animal and vegetable bodies, the slight gravity of the air is destroyed by its elasticity. Comparing the atmosphere to a flood of oil laid upon one another, it will be lighter or nearer as we ascend in it; or, in other words, its elasticity will be diminished. Were all of uniform density, like water, it would be about five miles high; but the reflection of the sun's rays appears to be affected by it at the height of 40 miles; where it is calculated to be 4,000 times less elastic than on the surface of the earth.

The blue color of the atmosphere is its natural color. Its power of reflection produces the universal diffusion of light. One can get a complete view of the Liebald Bell; by means of which an operator descends to any depth in water, and remains there for hours together. Weights are placed at the bottom to prevent it from turning; and a forcing pipe sends in fresh air, to supply the waste of vital air from the respiration of the operator.

By means of the air pump, all the air may be drawn out of a large glass vessel, and a vacuum or vacuum produced; in which, a great number of curious experiments may be performed, showing the effect of the absence of air. In the aerial vacuum, a feather and a guinea will fall with equal velocity, owing to there being no resistance of air.

If a bladder, apparently empty, be tied at the neck and left in it, the small quantity of air in the bladder will swell it and presently burst it. A bell will cease to sound in vacuo. The smoke of a candle, having no air to float in, will fall to the bottom by its own weight. No animal will live, or any light burn, in vacuo.

The air, which is the universal, will swell and burst, if lid before a fire; thereby proving the power of heat to rarefy air.

Common air may also be compressed, by cold or by mechanism; and, by this process, the climate of its ordinary state, and will maintain its elasticity, and on this principle is founded the invention of the air-gun. It has a constant disposition to maintain its equilibrium, level or equal diffusion, like water.

Hence, if a bladder, filled with rarefied air, burst, an explosion takes place, from the rushing of the surrounding air to fill the space.

The same principle is the cause of all wind, which may be traced to some local expansion or compression of air by heat and cold; but, smoke is carried up chimney.

It is evident, that the density of bodies must be diminished by expansion; and in the case of fluids and gases, the parts of which are mobile, many important phenomena depend upon this circumstance. If heat be applied to fluids or to gases, the fluid will expand; for, as the temperature of its particles is increased, the space between them is increased, and they take up the greater density of the vessel. Gas, if cold, a thousand miles from its source; and deep currents pass from the colder to the warmer parts of the sea; and the general tendency of these changes is, to equalize the temperature of the globe.

One of the chief sources of the gases mixed with or dissolved in the atmosphere, is the vapor of water which is constantly rising at every degree of heat, provided the force of the vapor already in the atmosphere is not greater than that of water at the existing temperature.

By an equal surface of 36 inches of water per annum, are raised from the surface of all seas or rivers, and, at least, 30 inches from all land.

In December and January, it is one and a half inches per month, and in July and August, more than 5 inches.

By this constant process of evaporation 100,000 cubic miles of water are, every year, raised into the atmosphere; the greater part of which, at a certain height, parts with its heat and is condensed into clouds.

Water, in an accelerated current, strikes the lands over the land, broken and precipitated by the action of mountains and trees; and thus rendered the means of watering the soil.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department, we shall not only seek to give Instructions to Mechanics and Arties, but to furnish them with a small amount of knowledge, intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

BY VAUX.

"We hope that we are presenting instructions that will be committed in years to come. In our last we, therefore, referred to slates as to shingles, considering that the former will be produced here before long, especially as slate deposits are known to exist in the Territory."

BRICK WALLS, ETC.

Hard brick set in good mortar is an admirable material for building the walls of a country house, and is a mode that admits of considerable variety in construction and finish. An eighteen inch course may be built with stone and mortar; but if the building is of moderate size, but it ought to be three-quarters of an inch thick. The mortar should be built into the wall should be a solid brick wall. The floor joists should be supported on iron rests affixed to them, and built into the wall as the work proceeds. The furnish string should be the thickness of a mortar joint and half the width of a brick, so that, in the event of their decay, the walls will remain thoroughly sound.

In city architecture the joists are commonly built into the wall after story, thereby materially weakening the brickwork, and causing a result in case of fire that is truly disastrous, for when a hole is burned in any of the floors the unsupported joists acting as powerful levers very soon heave over the walls into which they are built.

In a range of stores built by the author the joists were supported on stone corbels; but in domestic buildings it is generally desirable to preserve an uninterrupted cornice line, and for this reason the iron rests, as they take up very little room may be introduced with advantage in ordinary houses. One great point thus gained is to keep the timbers entirely clear of the damp external wall.

[As iron is very dear in these parts at present, such of our builders as agree with the above suggestions would probably prefer to rest their joists in the wall beavering off the end so that the toe only is fastened to the wall. In case of fire without injury to the wall. We give the suggestion of the author, as we shall those of a great many others for what they are worth.]

LADIES' TABLE.

HOW TO CUT OUT A PAIR OF PANTS.

The best way to cut them out is to fold the cloth double, if there is no pattern, and then cut out the pattern, by the lines shown in the figure, and in bust; but having the pattern pinned on white, cut them all down upon the cloth before using the above as a guide. In this way, one can cut to the best advantage, and save the residuum in as large pieces as possible; they are useful not only for mourning, but for slips, caps and gaiters. Mothers, make all the boys' caps from pieces saved in this way.

Pants are cut from the back. The seams are then cut out and the parts finished when the seams are stitched up and pressed, then the waistbands put on, and last and most difficult of all, the part around the "tie" lined and hemmed, I find that pressing a long time in a corner iron is the best way. I have a "goose." This would not be the best thing to press with, but a heavy flat iron answers very well, as it is used long enough.

RECIPES.

COMPOSITION CAKES.—Three eggs, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, one and a half of sugar, two and a half of flour, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, and salt, well sifted. Add two cups of flour, and one of sugar, one-half cup of butter, a little salt and baking powder, one teaspoonful of soda, and raisins, if desired. Mix all together with the hand very smooth. Let it stand half an hour, and bake.

 beam
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A member of the Canoe Club has constructed a canoe of such exceedingly light draught, that he can navigate it anywhere by a mere wave of his arm.

As the steamboat Oregon was passing, a newly arrived Irishman belonging to the celebrated O'Regan family, was heard to exclaim,—"O-r-e-g-o-n—O'Regan; oh, be jaberl only four weeks in this country, and a steamboat christened after me!"

When a young gentleman in Canada wishes to pay attention to a young lady, he usually, if it be winter, undertakes to kill her with kindness—by taking her out and sleighing her.

DODGING A HATTER.—The papers tell a good story of an individual who had purchased a hat in a store kept by a tradesman named Dodgion. The hat was got in the absence of the proprietor, and the purchaser left the store, forgetting (by mistake of course) to pay for the aforesaid 'tile.' The tradesman upon hearing the facts, started in hot pursuit of the delinquent. Upon overhauling him, the following scene occurred:

"See here, sir, I wish to speak with you."

"Move on."

"I am Dodgion the hatter."

"That's my fix."

"I tell you, I am Dodgion the hatter."

"So am I; I am dodgin' the hatter, too—and very likely we are both dodgin' the same chap."

The scene opened with a "striking" tableau, in which Mr. Diddler found himself considerably "mixed up" with "Dodgion the hatter."

STRONG MANIFESTATIONS.—The latest instance of "spiritual manifestations" that we have seen, is that recorded of an incredulous young man whose father had promised, before his death, to hold invisible communication with him:—The spirit of the gentleman (who, by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline) was called up, and held some conversation with the boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the youth would not believe that his father had anything to do with them. "Well," said the medium, "what can your father do to remove your doubts?" "If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any direction as to what it shall be, I shall believe in it."

"Very well," said the medium, "we wait some manifestations from the spirit land." This was no sooner said than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the youth and, without ceremony, kicked him out of the room! "Hold on! stop him!" cried the terrified young convert; "that's the old man! I believe in the rappings!"

The hero has never since had a desire to 'stir up the old gentleman.'

DEACON S.—was an austere man who followed oystering, and was of the hard shell persuasion.—The Deacon 'allus made it a pint' to tell his customs that the money which he received for 'isters' did not belong to him. "The good Father made the isters," said the Deacon, "and the money is his; I'm only a stooart" (steward). They do say the Deacon had a way of getting about ten cents more on a hundred by his peculiar method of doing business for somebody else. One Sunday morning the old fellow was tearing round from house to house, with a suspicious bit of currency in his hand, and more than a suspicion of rage in his face. Some one had given him a bad fifty cents, and he 'wasn't goin' to meetin' till that ar was fixed up.' "Why, Deacon," said one of his customers, whom he had tackled about it,—"what's the odds? what need you to care, 'taint your loss." The Deacon shifted his shoulder, walked to the door, unshipped his quid and said:—"Yaaas that's so; but if you think I'm agin' to stand by and see the Lord cheated out of fifty cents, you're mistaken. I don't foster no such feelin'!"

SONG OF THE HORSE.

A poor old stage horse, lank and thin, Not much else than bones and skin, I jog along, weak out, weak in, Kicked and cursed, and meanly fed, And not a word of kindness said; And the thing I can't at all make out, Is what on earth it's all about?

Why was I made to toll and tug For this odd little human bug, Two-legged, dumsey as a jug, Who sits aloft my ribs to batter— Or why was I made for that matter? And, if I needs must be created, Why is it that I was not fated To prance and curve, finely mated, Silver-harnessed, sleek and fat, With groom and blanket, and all that?

Here I go, day after day, Pounding and slipping down the way, Dragging these curious biped things, With forelegs gone, and yet no wings— Where they all go I don't know, Nor why in the world they hurry so, Nor what good use heaven puts them to!

It wasn't my fault, you see, at all, That my joints grew big and my muscles small, And so I missed of a rich man's stall. I'm clumsy, crooked, stupid, slow, Yet the meanest horse is a horse, you know, And his ribs can ache with a kick or a blow, As well as the glossiest nag that go. O, Lord, how long will they use me so? And when may the equine spirit go, Where glorified horses stand in a row, Switching their bright tails to and fro, Careless of either wheel or whos— Where oats are always apropos, And flies don't grow—oh no! [Montana Post]

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ........................................... $7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] .......................... 4.00
Per Quarter [13 weeks] .......................... 2.25

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS.—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons clubbing together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office, or addressed Box 137 Post Office, G. S. L. City.

PAINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESERT NEWS."
POETRY.

FIRST LOVE.

Turning over papers—
Dead-leaf drift of years—
In the midst a letter
Stain'd and dim with tears!

Face of any dead one
Scarce had moved me so:
There my First Love lying,
Buried long ago.

Darling love of boyhood,
What glad hours we knew—
Tears so sweet in shedding,
Vows that were so true!

Dear face, round and dimpled,
Voice of chirping bird,
Hardly then, for heart-throb,
Any word I heard.

But to know she loved me,
Know her kind as fair,
Was in joy to revel,
Was to walk on air.

Happy, happy love time,
Over-budded spring,
Never came the summer—
With its blossoming.

Meanwhile, Vittoria was received into the Peretti family in a manner, writes the historian, which ought to have contented and made the happiness of any woman. The old Cardinal di Montalto showed her every mark of affection. Though by no means rich, he did his utmost to satisfy all her tastes and caprices. The old monk, in the words of the chronicler, "even anticipated her womanish desires for ornaments, servants, pom, dresses, jewels and a coach," that then rare and much-sought, apex of fashionable luxury and ostentation. Her husband, we are assured, loved her "almost madly, and quite beyond what husbands are wont to feel for their wives." Donna Camilla, Francesco Peretti's mother, and the cardinal's favorite sister, treated her with the greatest affection, and the old cardinal himself "seemed to study nothing else than to spy out her wishes and satisfy them even before they were expressed, although they were often of a very costly nature."

Her family, too, began almost immediately to reap important advantages from the new connexion. Of her four brothers, two had favored the wishes of his most noble and most reverend eminence the Cardinal Farnese; and the other two were of their mother's faction, warm supporters of Prince Orsini's wooing, But the winning candidate does not appear to have allowed any unkind feeling to have diminished the cordiality of his affection for his new brothers-in-law.

First, her eldest brother, Ottavio, the "young man of saintly morals," who had striven to make his sister the mistress of the sexagenarian priest, had to be provided for. He, as might perhaps have been guessed, had embraced the ecclesiastical career; and the pious and exemplary cardinal, his new uncle-in-law, lost no time in writing to the Duke of Urbino, who was their common sovereign (both Gubbio and Fermo, the Cardinal di Montalto's birthplace, being in the territory of the Dukes of Urbino), to beg him to propose Ottavio Accoramboni to the Pope for a bishopric. He was accordingly made Bishop of Fossombroni almost immediately. Of course it was easier to make a churchman's fortune than to find advancement for a lazenan; almost all careers of the latter category requiring, more or less, some measure of capacity for being useful on the part of those who seek promotion in them. However, when the lovely Vittoria began to sigh about poor dear Giulio, her second brother, and to fret over his want of a position, the good uncle-in-law again put his shoulder to the wheel. He could not make Giulio a bishop, but he succeeded in inducing his eminence Cardinal Sforza to take him
as his 'gentleman of the chamber.' The third brother, Flaminio, was a Farnese-ite. And that worthy old churchman, despite the natural distaste which he must have felt at the insulting rejection of his flattering offers to the Accoramboni family, seems to have charged himself with the fortunes of his zealous and faithful, though unsuccessful, supporter. The fourth brother still remained to be provided for; and Vittoria did not disguise from herself that the peculiar circumstances of his case in some degree increased the difficulty of placing him in an independent and honorable position. The truth was, that Marcello Accoramboni had been 'a little wild.' He had, indeed, given himself to the culture of that noxious plant, the wild oats, on such an extensive scale, as to have attracted the notice of the police authorities, who had strongly recommended him to sow none of his favorite plant within the walls of Rome, and, indeed, as the surest mode of securing this result, had requested him not to favor that city with his presence until specially invited. In short, Marcello Accoramboni was a bandit; and Vittoria did not venture to speak to the Cardinal di Montalto about him. The inexhaustible kindness, however, of her uncle-in-law, extended itself even to this black sheep of the Accoramboni flock. Guessing all that his favorite nephew's beautiful bride would have asked if she had dared, the indulgent old cardinal protected the scapegrace from the police, convined at his visits to Rome, and suffered him, when there, to find an inviolable asylum in his own sacred palace!

This fourth brother, Marcello the bandit, it must be observed, had been a violent supporter of Orsini's pretensions to his sister's hand.

And now it would seem that, if ever a young wife had reason to be contented with her lot, Vittoria should have been so. All Rome thought so, and expressed their opinions volubly enough, especially all those Roman dames and damsels who 'owned it to themselves to declare that they, for their parts, had never seen anything very wonderful about the girl, and had always said so.' And this debt to themselves they paid over and over again. For the favorite nephew of a cardinal, whom all the world fully expected to be the next pope, is a very important man in the Eternal City; and not even Roman prudence could prevent ladies' tongues from saying of him, and especially of his wife, what they owed to them. Ives to say.

Gregory the Thirteenth, meanwhile, was becoming visibly more and more infirm. And Vittoria's ultimate greatness seemed to be prosperously and rapidly ripening; if only, indeed, the Cardinal di Montalto should survive the reigning Pope; for the mild and gentle old man was to all appearance little less infirm than the man he was to succeed. As usual he was seen, though sadly bent by age and much troubled at times by his cough, assiduous at all his religious duties. In the consistorial meetings of the Sacred College, though constant in his attendance, and ever one of the first cardinals in his place, he took but little part in debate, having apparently no strong political opinions, and being anxious only about the punctual discharge of his own especial duties and devout practices. At mass and other public devotions he was seen constantly. And these devout exercises, it was evident, so-called, for the exertion of all the little strength and life he had in him, that if ever worldly schemes and ambitions had held any place in his chastened heart, they had long ago burned themselves out. As for the talk and schemes about raising him to the papacy, he would never take any part in them; and would reply to any mention of the subject only by a sad smile, and a gentle shake of the venerable old bent head, generally interrupted by a return of that distressing and ominous churchyard cough. What a pope for a nephew.

Chapter IV—The Way of the World in Rome.

One night, after the family of Francesco Peretti had retired, the household was disturbed by an impetuous knocking at the great door of the palace. And in a minute or two afterwards, Catania, the lady Vittoria's maid, came in great haste into the chamber of her master and mistress, and put a letter into the hands of the former. She supposed, she said, that it must be something of great importance, for it had been brought to the door in hot haste by Mancino, who had charged her to deliver it without a moment's delay to her master, as any loss of time would be of disastrous consequence.

Now, the man who was known by this nick-name of 'Mancino'—the left-handed, in English—was one of the original Dominicino di Acquaiva, a bandit, whom Peretti and his uncle the cardinal protected by affording him sometimes an asylum, when hard pressed by the police. He was a Fermo man—a fellow-countryman of the Peretti—a circumstance quite sufficient, according to the ideas and feelings of that day, to account for their protecting him against the law.

Francesco's first impulse was to tell the man to come up, that he might ask him further about his mission. But he was told that the Mancino had gone hurriedly as soon as ever he had given the letter. Francesco found that it was from his not too respectable brother-in-law, Marcello Accoramboni. It urged him to come to him forthwith to a certain spot on the Monte Cavallo, where he was waiting for him; adding further, that his presence was needed on an affair of the utmost importance, and of the most secret nature, in which any delay would be fatal. Peretti does not seem to have hesitated a minute about doing as he was requested. He dressed himself in all haste, girded on his sword, and ordered one single servant to be ready to attend him with a torch. But as he was about to leave the house, his mother Camilla, threw herself in his way, and implored him not to go forth at that hour of the night. Vittoria also joined her mother-in-law, and added her supplications to her young husband not to put himself into danger. Camilla, poor mother, clung to his knees in the extremity of her anxiety to prevent her son from accepting the strange invitation. The presence of Vittoria prevented her from saying all that she might otherwise have urged, as to the character and habits of this bandit brother-in-law; but she observed that such a step on his part was something wholly unprecedented, that he had never before had any such business in conjunction with her son, as could give rise to such a demand for so untimely an interview; and finally, she declared that she had a presentiment of evil such as on former occasions had never deceived her—forgetting, poor soul, that the infallibility of her presentiment, if trusted, must make her supplication necessary of no avail. In support of the reasonableness
of her fears, she entreated him to remember, says the chronicler, 'the extreme indulgence of the times;' by which she meant the utter relaxation of all law and order, which made it unsafe for any man to traverse the streets of Rome after nightfall.

Francesco, however was not to be deterred from doing as he proposed. No danger, he said, should prevent him from treating the brother of his adored Vittoria as his own, so he broke away from the weeping woman, and went forth into the streets with one man bearing a torch before him. But the unhappy mother, clinging yet to the possibility of frustrating her infallible presentiment, as a last effort rushed after him, and catching him by his cloak flying in the night wind, hurriedly poured into his ear all the grounds for misgiving, that the poor woman could not bring herself to speak out before her daughter-in-law. Was not this union of two such men as Marcello Accoramboni and the Mancino ominous of evil, both bandits, and both men stained with blood, as they were? For what good or lawful purpose could two such men want him in the streets of Rome at that hour of the night? Why had the Mancino, the bringer of this fatal letter, gone of such a hurly, avoiding all questioning? If Marcello had been in need of defence from immediate danger, would he have sent away from him a man carrying arms, and accustomed to the use of them, like the Mancino? But all these arguments, urged with the hot eloquence of affection and alarm, were fruitless. Ashamed, perhaps, of going back to his wife and telling her that he had thought better of facing those dangers she had told him of, and had decided on leaving her brother to his fate, he resisted all poor Camillia's entreaties, and hurried on his way.

He had reached the Monte Cavallo, and was near the top of the ascent, when three shots from an arquebuse were heard, and Peretti fell mortally wounded. In the next instant, four braves rushed up to the body and made sure of their work by repeated stabs with their daggers. The servant with the torch fled, and carried to the wife and mother the news of the fulfillment of that presentiment which the latter had been expressing to him only a few minutes before.

Of course the rest of the night passed in the murdered man's house in distracted lamentation. Vittoria, vied with her mother-in-law in the violence and bitterness of her grief. But with early morning arrived the Cardinal di Montalto. The loss of his nephew was probably more severe than that sustained by either the widow or the childless mother. Those who do not know what the pride of family and the desire of establishing a name and a race is in an Italian nobility, will hardly understand how this should be so. They cannot tell what a nephew is to an ambitious churchman. Yet the dead man entered the house with his accustomed grave calmness. He bade the women restrain the violence of their feelings, and cease to deplore the irreparable. He caused the mangled body to be brought in from the public way where the murderers had left it, and prepared for its decent and solemn burial.

It chanced that a Consistory of Cardinals had been appointed for the very next day after Francesco Peretti's murder. All Rome was of course talking of the deed; not only of the fact that a man had been murdered on the Monte Cavallo during the past night that was far too common an occurrence to excite much notice—but that the favorite nephew of the man, who it was universally expected would be pope, had been murdered; and that, as everybody at once suspected and cautiously whispered, by one of the most powerful nobles in Rome. For there seems to have been but little doubt in the public mind from the first, that Prince Paolo Giordano Urami, Duke of Bracciano, was the author of his rival's death. To be Continued.

Selections from Modern Humorists.

The Pickwick Club.

By Charles Dickens.

That punctual servant of all work, the sun, had just risen, and begun to strike a light on the morning of the thirteenth of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, when Mr. Pickwick burst like another sun from his numbers. Great men are seldom over-scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire; the operation of shaving, dressing and coffee-inbibing was soon performed; and, in another hour, Mr. Pickwick, with his portmanteau in his hand, his telescope in his great coat pocket, and his note-book in his waistcoat, ready for the reception of any discoveries worthy of being noted down, had arrived at the coach stand in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

"Cab!" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Here you are, sir," shouted a strange specimen of the human race, in a sackcloth coat, and apron of the same who, with a brass label and number round his neck, looked as if he were catalogued in some collection of rarities. This was the waterman. "Here you are, sir. Now, then, lust cab!" And the first cab having been fetched from the public-house, where he had been smoking his first pipe, Mr. Pickwick and his portmanteau were thrown into the vehicle.

"Golden Cross," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Only a bob's worth, Tommy," cried the driver, sulkily, for the information of his friend the waterman, as the cab drove off.

"How old is that horse, my friend?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, rubbing his nose with the shilling he had reserved for the fare.

"Forty-two," replied the driver, eyeing him askant.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. P., laying his hand upon his note-book. The driver reiterated his former statement. Mr. Pickwick looked very hard at the man's face, but his features were immovable, so he noted down the fact forthwith.

"And how long do you keep him out at a time?" inquired Mr. P., searching for further information.

"Two or three weeks," replied the man.

"Weeks!" said Mr. P. in astonishment—and out came the book again.

"He lives at Pentonville when he's at home," observed the driver, coolly, "but we seldom takes him home, on account of his weakness.

"On account of his weakness?" reiterated the perplexed Mr. P.

"He always falls down, when he's taken out o' the cab," continued the driver, "but when he's in it, we bears him up werry short, so as he can't worry well fall d'wn, and we've got a pair o' precious large wheels on; so wen he does move, they run after him, and he must go on—he can't help it!"
Mr. Pickwick entered every word of this statement in his note-book, with the view of communicating it to the club, as a singular instance of the tenacity of life in horses, under trying circumstances. The entry was scarcely completed when they reached the Golden Cross. Down jumped the driver, and out got Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, Mr. Snodgrass, and Mr. Winkle, who had been anxiously waiting the arrival of their illustrious leader. Crowded to welcome him.

"Here's your fare," said Mr. Pickwick, holding out the shilling to the driver.

What was the learned man's astonishment, when that unaccountable person flung the money on the pavement, and requested in figurative terms to be allowed the pleasure of fighting him (Mr. Pickwick) for the amount!

"You are mad," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Or drunk," said Mr. Winkle.

"Or both," said Mr. Tupman.

"Come on," said the cab-driver, sparring away like clockwork—"Come on—all four on you.

"Here's a lark!" shouted half-a-dozen hackney coachmen. "Go to work, Sam!"—and they crowded with great glee round the party.

"What's the row, Sam?" inquired one gentleman in black calico sleeves.

"Row!" replied the cabman, "what did he want my number for?"

"I didn't want your number," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"What did you take it for then?" inquired the cabman.

"I didn't take it," said Mr. Pickwick, indignantly.

"Would anybody believe," continued the cab-driver, appealing to the crowd,—"would any body believe as an informer 'ud go about in a man's cab, not only takin' down his number, but ev'ry word he says into the bargain"—(a light flashed upon Mr. Pickwick—it was the note-book.)

"Did he though?" inquired another cabman.

"Yes, did he," replied the first—and then arter aggerawatin' me to assault him, gets three witnesses here to prove it. But I'll give it him, if I've six months for it. Come on," and the cabman dashed his hat upon the ground, with a reckless disregard for his own private property, and knocked Mr. Pickwick's spectacles off, and followed up the attack with a blow on Mr. Pickwick's nose, and another on Mr. Pickwick's chest, and a third in Mr. Snodgrass's eye, and a fourth, by way of variety, in Mr. Tupman's waistcoat, and then danced into the road, and then back again to the pavement, and finally dashed the whole temporary supply of breath out of Mr. Winkle's body; and all in half-a-dozen seconds.

"Where's an officer?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Put em under the pump," suggested a hot-pieeman.

"You shall smart for this," gasped Mr. Pickwick.

"Informers," shouted the crowd.

"Come on," cried the cabman, who had been sparring without cessation the whole time.

The mob had hitherto been passive spectators of the scene, but as the intelligence of the Pickwickians being informers was spread among them, they began to canvass with considerable vivacity the propriety of enforcing the heated pastry-vender's proposition; and there is no saying what acts of personal aggression they might have committed, had not the affair been unexpectedly terminated by the interposition of a new comer.

"What's the fun?" said a rather tall thin young man, in a green coat, emerging suddenly from the coachyard.

"Informers," shouted the crowd again.

"We are not," roared Mr. Pickwick, in a tone which, to any dispassionate listener, carried conviction with it. "Ain't you, though,—ain't you?" said the young man, appealing to Mr. Pickwick, and making his way through the crowd, by the insalubrious process of elbowing the countenances of its component members.

That learned man in a few hurried words explained the real state of the case.

"Come along, then," said he of the green coat, lagging Mr. Pickwick after him by main force, and taking the whole way. "Here, No. 294, take your fare, and take yourself off—respectable gentleman,—know him well—none of your nonsense—this way, sir—where's your friends?—all a mistake, I see—never mind—accidents will happen—best regulated families—never say die—down up or on your luck—pull him up—put that in his pipe—like the flavor—damned rasca!" And with a lengthened string of similar broken sentences, delivered with extraordinary volubility, the stranger led the way to the travelers' waiting-room, whither he was closely followed by Mr. Pickwick and his disciples.

"Here, waiter," shouted the stranger, ringing the bell with tremendous violence, "glasses round—brandy and water, hot and strong, and sweet, and plenty,—eye damaged, sir?" "Waiter, raw beef-steak for the gentleman's eye,—nothing like raw beef-steak for a bruise, sir; cold lamp-post very good, but lamp-post inconvenient—very; damned odd standing in the open street half-an-hour, with your eye against a lamp-post—eh,—very good,—ha, ha!" And the stranger, without stopping to take breath, swallowed, as a draught, full half-a-pint of the reeking brandy and water, and flung himself into a chair with as much ease as if nothing uncommon had occurred.

Such was the individual, on whom Mr. Pickwick gazed through his spectacles (which he hadfortunately recovered), and to whom he proceeded, when his friends had exhausted themselves, to return, in choicer terms, his warmest thanks for his recent assistance.

"Never mind," said the stranger, cutting the address very short, "said enough,—no more; smart chap that cabman—handled his fives well; but if I'd been your friend in the green jemmy—damn me—punch his head,—'ed I would—pigs whisper—pieman too,—no gammon."

"This coherent speech was interrupted by the entrance of the Rochester coachman, to announce that "The Commodore" was on the point of starting.

"Commodore!" said the stranger, starting up, "my coach,—place booked,—one outside,—leave you to pay for the brandy and water,—want change for five,—bad silver—Brumagem buttons—won't do—no go—eh!" and he shook his head most knowing ly.

Now it so happened that Mr. Pickwick and his three companions had resolved to make Rochester their first halting place too; and having intimated to their new found acquaintance that they were journeying to the same city, they agreed to occupy the seat at the back of the coach, where they could all sit together.
"Up with you," said the stranger, assisting Mr. Pickwick on to the roof with so much precipitation, as to impair the gravity of that gentleman's deportment very materially.

"Any luggage, sir?" inquired the coachman.

Who—if Brown paper parcel here, that's all, other luggage gone by water,—packing cases, nailed up—big as houses—heavy, heavy, damned heavy,—replied the stranger, as he forced into his pocket as much as he could of the brown paper parcel, which presented most suspicious indications of containing one shirt and a handkerchief.

"Heads, heads, take care of your heads," cried the loquacious stranger as they came out under the low archway, which in those days formed the entrance to the coach-yard. "Terrible place—dangerous work—other day—five children—mother—tall lady, eating sandwiches—forgot the arch—crash—knock—children look round—mother's head off—sandwich in her hand—no mouth to put it in—head of a family off—shocking, shocking."

"An observer of human nature, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Ah, so am I. Most people are when they've little to do and less to get. Poet, sir?"

"My friend Mr. Snodgrass has a strong poetic turn," said Mr. Pickwick.

"So have I," said the stranger. "Epic poem,—ten thousand lines—revolution of July—composed it on the spot—March by day, Apollo by night—bang the field-piece, twang the lyre."

"You were present at that glorious scene, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Present! think I was; fired a musket,—fired with an idea,—rushed into wine shop—wrote it down—back again—whiz, bang—another idea—wine shop again—pen and ink—back again—cut and slash—noble time, sir. Sportman, sir?" abruptly turning to Mr. Winkle.

"A little, sir," replied that gentleman.

"Fine pursuit, sir,—fine pursuit. Dogs, sir?"

"Not just now," said Mr. Winkle.

"Ah! you should keep dogs—fine animals—sagacious creatures—dogs of my own race. Poet's—surprising instinct—out shooting one day—entering inclosure—whistled—dog stopped—whistled again—Ponto—no go; stock still—call him—Ponto—Ponto wouldn't move—dog transfixed—starling at a board—looked up, saw an inscription—Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this inclosure; wouldn't pass it—wonderful dog—valuable dog—that—very."

"Singular circumstance that," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Will you allow me to make a note of it?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly,—hundred more anecdotes of the same animal. Fine girl, sir" (to Mr. Tracy Tupman, who had been beseeching sundry anti-Pickwickian glances on a young lady by the roadside).

"Very!" said Mr. Tupman.

"English girls not so fine as Spanish—noble creatures—jet hair, blood, eyes—lovely forms—sweet creatures—beautiful."

"You have been in Spain, sir?" said Mr. Tracy Tupman.

"Lived there—ages." "Many conquests, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman.

"Conquests! Thouands. Don Bolaro Fazggig—Grummer—only daughter—Donna Christina—aj lendid creature—loved me to distraction—jealous father—high-souled daughter—handsome Englishman—Donna Christina in despair—pruice acid—stomach pump in my portmaneat—operation performed—old Bolaro in ecstacies—consent to our union—join hands and floods of tears—romantic story—very."

"Is the lady in England now, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman, on whom the description of her charms had produced a powerful impression.

"Dead, sir—dead," said the stranger, applying to his right eye the brief remnant of a very old canthick handkerchief. "Never recovered the stomach pump—undermined constitution—fell a victim."

"And her father?" inquired the poetic Snodgrass.

"Remorse and misery," replied the stranger. "Sudden disappearance—talk of the whole city—search made everywhere—without success—public fountain in the great square suddenly ceased playing—weeks elapsed—still a stoppage—workmen employed to clean it—water drawn off—father-in-law discovered sticking head first in the main pipe, with a full confession in his right boot—took him out, and the fountain played away again as well as ever." "Will you allow me to note that little romance down, sir?" said Mr. Snodgrass, deeply affected.

"Certainly, sir, certainly,—fifty more if you like to hear 'em—strange life mine—rather curious history—not extraordinary, but singular."

The stranger continued to soliloquize until they reached the Bull Inn, in the High-street, where the coach stopped.

"Do you remain here, sir?" inquired Mr. Nathaniel Winkle.

"Here—not I—but you'd better—good house—nice beds—Wright's next house, dear, very dear—half a crown in the bill, if you look at the witter—charge you more if you dine at a friend's than they would if you dined in the coffee room—run fellows—very."

Mr. Winkle turned to Mr. Pickwick, and murmured a few words; a whisper passed from Mr. Pickwick to Mr. Snodgrass, from Mr. Snodgrass to Mr. Tupman, and nods of assent were exchanged. Mr. Pickwick addressed the stranger.

"You rendered us a very important service, this morning, sir," said he; "will you allow us to offer a slight mark of our gratitude by begging the favor of your company at dinner?"

"Great pleasure—not presume to dictate, but broiled fowl and mushrooms—capital things! What time?"

"Let me see, replied Mr. Pickwick, referring to his watch, "it is now nearly three. Shall we say five?"

"Suit me exactly," said the stranger, five precisely till then—care of yourselves; and lifting the pinched-up hat a few inches from his head, and carelessly replacing it very much on one side, the stranger, with half the brown-paper parcel sticking out of his pocket, walked briskly up the yard, and turned into the High street.

"Evidently a traveler in many countries, and a close observer of man and things," said Mr. Pickwick.

"I should like to see his poem," said Mr. Snodgrass.

"I should like to have seen that dog," said Mr. Winkle.

Mr. Tupman said nothing, but he thought of Donna Christina, the stomach pump, and the fountain; and his eyes filled with tears.

[To be continued.]
CURIOUS NATIONAL CREEDS.

THE BUDDHIST RELIGION.

It is a curious thing to reflect upon that at this very moment over one-third of the inhabitants of the earth believe that God now actually dwells in flesh, and can be spoken to and worshipped face to face. Such believers are to be found in portions of India, in China, in Japan, in the Russian dominions, both in Asia and Europe, also in Tartary; but the seat and centre of this religion is in Thibet—to the sacred places of which country its devotees repair from all these vast regions to worship at the shrine of the visible deity.

Buddha, is, of course, the name ascribed to God. He is supposed to be the creator and cause of all things, and the Ruler and Governor of the Universe. His priests are the Lamas, some of whom are supposed to be portions of himself invested in flesh, and are called "Living Buddhas." "Buddha," say his priests, "is incorporeal; he cannot be seen by any one, but he has taken upon himself a body many times."

This Buddha is a very convenient deity. He accommodates himself to his worshippers to a great extent. For instance, he dwells personally in every large or distinct region of country where his worshippers abide. Every small kingdom of Thibet or Tartary has its "Living Buddha," or Grand Lama, before whom all prostrate themselves. The business of these singular beings is to sit cross-legged and look as much like deity as they can imagine, and receive the adoration of the people. They are chosen Buddhas without any act of their own, many times before they are old enough to know anything about it—and it must be a very surprising thing to them, when they get old enough, to find themselves carried about in solemn state, and everybody worshipping them without any conceivable reason so far as they can understand.

These sacred personages are generally kept in the convents which are scattered over the country, where they are continually surrounded by their priests and attendants. On grand occasions they are enthroned in the temples in the sight of the people.

Of course there are various degrees of godship among these supposed incarnations of deity. There are Grand Lamas, or heads of monasteries, in great numbers. Then a more than ordinarily sacred individual known as the Guison Tamba; then another called the Sanchin Remboutchin, etc. But the principal visible Buddha is the Tale Lama, the sole head of this vast priestly system.

But now comes another of the curious things connected with this religion. These Buddhas will die occasionally—generally by natural means; sometimes a rivalry for the sacred throne will lead to their exit from a world like this. Hence, a country or a convent will lose for a time the glory of the sacred presence. 'But Buddha never dies,' says his priests, 'he has merely transmigrated. He will soon re-appear in a body elsewhere. We must discover where he is, and fetch him to his people.' Prayers are chanted, and soothsayers are consulted, and then the answer comes, 'Your Buddha is just born in such or such a family'—generally a long way off; and grand processions of the authorities of the kingdom are made to the abode of the young deity—oftentimes a mere babe—and he is brought home with great pomp and rejoicings.

Seeing that all their lives these holy individuals have nothing to do and everything to get, it might be imagined to be a pleasant arrangement to find oneself a Buddha; and doubtless so it is to many of this class, after they get old enough to appreciate the advantages of having somebody to do their work and feed them. But it is said that while they are young, they do not always appreciate their privileges. Boys, as a general thing, don't want to be gods, they prefer to be boys; and sitting cross-legged, with a straight back, without a smile, may be very dignified, but it is not altogether a boyish amusement;—hence, Buddha has in these cases to be 'trained up in the way he should go, so that, when he is old, he may not depart from it'—at least until he takes another body and begins again, when, Buddha or no Buddha, the process has to be repeated.

It is a remarkable thing what a number of people take to being priests when there is anything like a salary connected with the business. The Lamas or priests of Buddha are not actually salaried, but they are supported by the gold and the silver of the devotees from the numerous regions where the faith prevails. Hence a third of the people are Lamas or priests. Nearly every family devotes a child to the sacred calling. They reside in convents, as many as four thousand being sometimes packed together in one of these religious abodes. Of course a convent, in this case, is not one building but an agglomeration of houses built together like a lot of barnacles encrusted one upon the other, the temple being in the middle.

The Buddhists hold that all diseases are caused by the possession of an evil spirit, who has of course to be ejected by the priests. These evil spirits have a clear eye to business, for the trouble and expense of getting them out generally is nicely proportioned to the wealth of the invalid. If he is poor, they go out with a slight persuasion and a small amount of noise; if rich, it takes prayers and clamon enough to frighten any devil to hurry them off. The more pure-minded Lamas, however, assert this to be an imposition, but like, as it is with doctors elsewhere, those who charge most are very properly considered the most skillful, which of course they are in one sense if not in another.

From the foregoing details, it will be seen that the difference between the Buddhist and Brahmin creeds is very great. The Buddhist rejects the doctrine of caste, and accepts only the idea of one God, his many incarnations being all the manifestations of the same person. The Buddhist, it is true, believes in the transmigration of souls. He holds that the spirits of all animals and men, pass from one body to another until they reach perfection when they transmigrate no more, but are absorbed up into the spirit of Buddha, and become part of the Divine Being. 'Everything comes from God' says the Buddhist, 'and must therefore return sooner or later.'

In this review of the curiosities of the Brahmin
and Buddhist faiths, we have been briefly sketching the
faith of, perhaps, one half the human family. In
both religious, huge systems of priesthood prevail.—
Throughout the empire of both these creeds, the peo-
ple are in every sense under the control of their re-
ligious leaders. The Great Tâle Lama of Thibet is the
temporal sovereign as well as Great High Priest of
his order; under him, spreading far and wide, come
spiritual governors of provinces; religious dogmas
govern, as we have seen, the regions of Hindostan.—
From this we learn how all-pervading and potent is
the religious element in man. He is naturally con-
stituted and prepared for its domain. His soul seeks
for a religion as for its natural food; and sooner than
not get something of the kind, he will accept any-
thing that comes along. Hence the secret of the suc-
cess of these huge systems of pricestraft. It is not,
as infidels have asserted, the desire of men to impose
upon the credulity of their fellows, that has led to the
successful establishment of such systems of error.
It is an inherent faculty in the human breast which, when
uncorropted, calls not only for a God, but for an or-
ganized system from his hand, that has led untold
millions to grasp at anything that bore that shape.—
The systems of Brahma and Buddha are perhaps as
good as the mental condition of their followers could
allow them to appreciate. It is a pleasant theory of
ours—and for which we are alone responsible—that
possibly such faiths are permitted to prevail among
these races as being those out of which they can get
the most pleasure, and such as are, with all their faults,
least like edged tools to them. Anyway, they will
pass away some day, and the instincts of love to the
Creator and the desire to please him which have
facilitated the growth of these gigantic errors will
then be put to a nobler use.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Frew.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

General—for. Should any of our subscribers be overlooked in the
delivery of the magazine, we shall be thankful if they will call at our of-
ice and procure it for themselves; and we will see that they are attended to
immediately.

A Parisian Worker.—Should know that the Methodist or Wesleyan
body is professedly in offkook of the Church of England. Wesley him-
self publicly announced it. Hence it is always with a feeling of some
religion of the regular preachers of his church consider themselves too close to
who the Methodist body, in England, in the last few years, led to a serious breach in
that "household of faith," and resulted in a huge split and a society of Re-
formed Methodists. The ardor this should excite is due in part to the per-
ishing the Methodist body, in England, has disappeared, and given way
to sects called and dissensions.

Austral.-The English government is called a "limited mon-
archy," and it is such a very limited monarchy that, with the exception of
the fact that the executive holds the position for life instead of a limited
period, it might almost be termed Republican, for the people rule to a very
great extent. In England a conflict that fails to pass any measure put
by the government is expected to resign, and the Queen has shown how
little she values the right of the people who are often极其
required. There is no country in the world where the government is
more popular than in England. There has been but one
damage to this, and that has been the limitation of the suffrage, but that
is being extended, and will, doubtless, soon be universal.

Preston.—Penetration is, doubtless, true in its general features.
Not being problems, however, we cannot answer for the correctness of
the data on which the article is based. A few things we have written
are of those attempts almost wholly unimportant for, with this invariable
habit men with bony ridges over the eyebrows were excellent in matters
of detail, as to color, dates, etc., while others deficient in these features
were adequate in the general outline of the subject. We have, with
so far as our acquaintance has gone, free of speech, and abounds in
language. While others with small eyes, not back under projecting brows
have generally been slow of speech. Again, men of narrow heads with
the top regions very high in proportion to the breadth, have generally
been slow of speech, but capable of cool and sustained reasoning. Those
who have, however, a broad base to the brain have in most cases been
endowed with a capacity for learning which may be considered adequate.
We cannot answer for the mistakes or omissions of the writer, but its correctness on
these and similar points has often excited our attention. Every one must judge
for himself on this subject.

EXTACT FROM HOUSE MINUTES OF LEGIS-
LATIVE ASSEMBLY, G. S. L. CITY, JAN. 17th,
1868.

"Mr. Wagoner moved that the Hon. Edward Higgins, Secre-
tary of the Territory, be officially and respectfully requested
to furnish each member and officer of this Legislative Assem-
bly with one copy of the Utah Magazine, in addition to the
publications already on our desks. Seconded and carried."

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY "OUR HIRED MAN."

THE NEGRO QUESTION.—The world at large has long been
anxious to discover our views on the Negro question. We give
our ideas reluctantly, fearing that they will produce too great
a commotion in the public mind. Still the world must know
them sooner or later. In a word, then, we think a good deal of
the negro race—we think about them, in fact, much oftener
than we want. We consider them far superior to the white
race in many respects. They make better mummies than we
do. They will take a better polish, and their heels will stand
more roasting than those of any white man alive. They have
an indispensible right to the suffrage, particularly as it is well
known that for ages in their own country they have always
been considered equal at the polls. In fact, were they only
there at present we should go in for their enjoying unlimited
equal rights with the King of Dahomey, or "any other man," and
so long as they stop they we would abolish all distinc-
tions of color or race for evermore. Ignorant and prej-
diced persons, is true, object to Ethiopians governing the
white race, on the ridiculous ground that they are not used to
the business. Just as if they could not develop their great
governmental gifts spontaneously without special cultivation as
mules do kicking. Because their natural amiability of char-
acter, as a race, in compliance with a polite invitation to visit
this country, has led them to come here and wait upon the
white man for over half a century, it is supposed that they
cannot now govern him just as well. We say, away with such
ignorance! Hurrah for Negro Suffrage and the reign of the
Pharaoh!!

POLITICALLY S M A R TING.—An attempt to discover the politics of
"Our Hired Man," has been made. There is clearly an inten-
tion to learn whether he is a "southern fre-eater," a "northern
mul-sill," or a western "pork-packer," but he is a cautious man
not to be caught. He asked the question, "In case General
Washington was alive now, what would be his feelings?"
After serious and prolonged deliberation, "Our Hired
Man," taking into consideration the present crisis—with the President
as he is—"with Stanton as he isn't—with Congress as it ought to
be—with Crigan as he ought'n—is decidedly of opinion that
was Washington alive now, in all probability—he'd very much
wish he wasn't.

COLLAR EM.—We cannot tell why all dogs don't get regis-
tered, wear collars, or die. We do know, however, that if we
were a dog and wore a collar, we and saw another dog who
wore no collar, and yet wasn't collared by those whose right
it is to "collar" all dogs that are uncollared, we should object
to wearing a collar which didn't save us from being collared
any more than dogs who wore no collar. Such treatment
would certainly raise our choler to a frichtful degree. The
answer, however, is, a very deep one, and cannot be discussed
in a single number.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

AN OBSCURE PASSAGE IN GARBALDI'S LIFE.

(From "Every Saturday.")

"During Garibaldi's short and brilliant campaign in Northern Lombardy, in 1859, he marched on Como, to drive out Gen. Urban and the Austrians under his command. But when Garibaldi drew near the town he was extremely embarrassed to decide upon his next step. His forces were in a strength nor positions. While he was in the midst of this perplexity, a most beautiful young girl, and brilliant horsewoman, entered his camp. She came to speak to him. She had already, with her wit and bluster, cut through the laces and ruffles, to bring him the desirable information. This dazzling apparition was none other than Giuseppina Raimondi, daughter of the Marquis Raimondi, one of the wealthiest and noblest landowners of Lombardy. Garibaldi could not assess the deep impression made on him by this heroic action and by the bewitching beauty of the heroine. Although he is very far from being a lady's man, and while his life, full of perils, fatigue and combats, has shielded him from the pow'r of woman's fascinating blandishments, he is nowise insensible to their seductions and undutiful charms. No well-endowed man could be insensible to these prevailing enchantments; and I never saw a man so fully and so admirably endowed as Garibaldi. Besides, he must have discovered that Giuseppina Raimondi (who was very aptly agitated in the presence of Italy's legendary hero) returned him all the admiration he gave her. The wonderful deeds of that great warrior, and the heroism of that young girl, exercised a common magnetism on each other. The necessities of war temporarily broke this tie. But the prowess and electric thread was soon afterwards reknotted at Como.

After Garibaldi had driven the Austrians to Brescia, (where the gallant Turin was so severely wounded at the battle of Custoza) he retired to his friend, the Marquis's house at Como. Garibaldi's stay at Como was prolonged by an accident. He rode a very high spirited horse one day, which ran away and placed his life in great peril. Valerio said to me, in speaking about it: "Any other man would have been killed; but Garibaldi was not afraid of death, and could not be coerced to guide the horse to an angle of a wall, where he broke his head, while the rider escaped with a serious contusion." The attentions, kind offices, and amorous ministrations of the Raimondi family, and especially of Giuseppina Raimondi, were showers upon the invalid. Everybody knew that nothing was more favorable to budding love than illness and convalescence. Love at last really pervaded the hero's soul, and evidently it was fully shared by the heroine who kindled it. A man must be insensible to such a love, if he is not cool by nature, and cannot be insensible to the presence and continual tender attentions of such a nurse. When convalescence had advanced so far that the illustrious invalid was able to leave the house, he was invited to enjoy the quiet and pure air of the Villa Raimondi. He accepted the invitation. The love of Giuseppina Raimondi was deeper and deeper and in love with that lovely face which daily smiled brighter and beamed with greater sympathy on him. At last matters reached such a point that he was unable to entertain the least doubt about her— if not clearly expressed, at least clearly indicated—to become his wife. After the conversation in which she conveyed this desire, he wrote this memorable note as soon as he reached home:

"Miss Giuseppina Raimondi:

"You are young, beautiful, noble, wealthy, fascinating. I am ugly, poor, vulgar, and jealous. How then can you love me?

"GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI."

Since the commencement of the world, he who has attempted to thwart the whims or desires of a woman, has but lost his pains. Obstacles only exasperate her. Giuseppina Raimondi prosperity, and she even longed for it. Garibaldi, the Marquis, her father, made no objection. Garibaldi—would who have acted otherwise?—yielded to the gentle current, and floated whiter it pleased to bear him. It was to marriage. The wedding-day was appointed.

The fortune of the Marquis was estimated at $4,000,000. Garibaldi characteristically stipulated, as the condition sine qua non of his marriage, that his future wife should receive no dowry.

As the wedding day drew near, an indescribable sombre shadow over everything. Giuseppina seemed the victim of secret conflicts, and, despite paroxysms of feverish anima-

tion, was evidently most sad at heart. Garibaldi, himself vaguely agitated—maybe vaguely warned—was uneasy, thoughtful. Giuseppina was ill on the wedding-day, and she, moreover, refused to be told. She went to the church where the priest married them, she went to the bridal-chamber prepared in Valerio's house. She was seriously ill.

The wedding breakfast was spread down stairs, and the guests sitting sadly down to table, when a letter was brought to Garibaldi and read to Giuseppina. The letter related that Giuseppina was ill, she was in the bed-room, and that it was likely she would not live. The doctor had disposed to close his ears than listen, for every one of them apprehended some misfortune. The scene in the bridal-chamber lasted a long time. When Garibaldi at last appeared, his face was ashen, he said to his daughter, "Kiss Valerio. We must be off." He did not add another word except "I have forbidden her from ever assuming my name. If she violates my order, woe betide her!"

He went to Caprera.

It need scarcely be said, no one ever dared question Garibaldi upon this subject; nevertheless, the substance of these incidents soon became public. The denunciation—whether calumnious or true—was written by the Marquis,— a necessary move by the Raimondi family. He had seen Giuseppina Raimondi almost every day since his escape from Como, but had not said one word to him on the subject. The moment he saw Garibaldi married, he sent the latter a formal denunciation of the woman to whom he was united by an indissoluble tie. Garibaldi believed the whole story, and in such ignoble and strange behavior! It has been explained by saying that Marquis—has to prevent an heir being born to the Raimondi family. He is the heir expectant to a portion of the Raimondi estates. Had Giuseppina Raimondi borne a child, the estates would have been gone to her children. She was kept for six months; but they were recognized at Fribourg, where they resided for a short time. The people broke their windows and threw stones at them. He carried her back to Como. She returned to the house overwhelmed with shame, night heart broken, half dead. Garibaldi rejoined his regiment. He was at once put into Coventry; everybody gave him the cold shoulder; every finger was pointed scornfully at him. No man could stand that life. He quitted the army, and when the last Polish insurrection failed, he joined the bands of other Italian volunteers, joined the Polish insurgents. He was not so fortunate. He was murdered, and carried to Siberia. There this handsome young fellow, the emperor millions of dollars, accustomed from his cradle to all the comforts, all the pleasures, all the luxuries of life, died of ill treatment, want, poverty, and privations. He was not quite eight-and-twenty years old.

Garibaldi returned to Caprera with a lacerated and bleeding heart. He wrote to her to come to him to her service, and she bade his wounds. Patriotism cleared up his mind; the word Glory rewarded him. One very remarkable and very com-

mendable fact is, that when this mournful incident occurred, no single Italian newspaper—not even "L'Armonia" nor "La Clochette"—took the smallest notice of the disappearance of the Peninsula—ventured upon the least plausantry about this most mystic calumnia. When Garibaldi saw Como last summer, his heart must have been agitated by two souvenirs of a widely different nature his heart. But Italy triumphal entrance into it in 1839—and his marriage; for he possesses a heart as insensible to age as his fame and his arm. A CORTA MISURA.—A gentleman called on a rich miser and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded, and gave him one, which he immediately put to the sugar-bowl, and shut down the cover. The miser asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance, "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."
A SKATING ADVENTURE IN NORWAY.

(From the Albion.)

Pleasant is it to have only a small piece of water to skate on, if the ice be good, and there are a few companions with you; but there is nothing very exhilarating in starting on a Norwegian fjord, or on one of the large inland lakes with which Norway abounds.

I was one of a party, consisting of six or seven young Norwegians and a Scotchman. It was our intention to skate down the fjord to a village about twenty miles from Christiania, and then to return on the ice by moonlight.

It was a lovely morning when we set out. The sky was of a deep azure blue, equaling in intensity and clearness any I have ever seen; the sun shone with a brightness that I believe was due to the fact that the most faddish member of the Skating Club could possibly desire; and the feeling that it was not less than three feet in thickness, and that there were no dangerous springs here or there, did not render it the less agreeable.

Safely we sped along, a gentle breeze from the north kindly assisting us, stopping every now and then to pass a word or two with some solitary fisherman, who was out in his boat. Presently an "ice-ship" passed us with the velocity of an express-train. I had never seen one before; and as many of your readers, doubtless, have never even heard of such vessels, I will briefly describe it for you. A large square sash, which could be taken in by letting go the ropes that held it. Indeed, this is the only way of stopping these ships, and then a voyage in them is frequently attended with much danger. They are often run upon by unawares near the end of the ice, and the wind being high, the only chance of salvation is to throw one's self out on to the ice, and risk a broken head, or a dangerous concussion, rather than to be dragged overboard by the ship.

After a pleasant journey of three or four hours (for we took it coolly, remembering that we should have the wind against us on our return), we arrived at our destination at about one o'clock, and was so exulted as to have a hearty white wine in the way of欢呼, and the ice, and the wind being high, the only chance of salvation is to throw one's self out on to the ice, and risk a broken head, or a dangerous concussion, rather than to be dragged overboard by the ship.

On and on it came, till at last we were enveloped in an impenetrable mist. Then, for the first time, it flashed across our minds that we were in a fix. How were we to steer? There was no longer a star whereby to shape our course; in fact, we were completely lost in the thick mist. We sloped our noses, a sharper was our guide. We sloped our noses, a sharper was our guide. We sloped our noses, a sharper was our guide. We sloped our noses, a sharper was our guide. We sloped our noses, a sharper was our guide.

I need not say that we were soon as completely lost as any travelers ever were on trackless prairies or boundless forests. And yet there was something to guide us—the wind; by keeping it on a certain quarter of our course, we trusted, if it had not shifted a point or two since morning, that we were going at least in the right direction. But why had we no compass with us? Ah why had we not?

"Keep close together," shouted our leader, as we followed each other in single file, "and mind the holes in the ice!"

There was another danger; for the holes the fisherman made in the morning might not be strong enough to bear a man's weight by night; and though not big enough to let one through, a broken leg might be the result of getting into one of them unaware. Meanwhile the fog grew denser and denser, till at last one could not tell where one was; and as the top of the hill was now lost, we could only tell when we were getting home late from his work. A deathly, ominous silence prevailed.

"We are lost," said our leader; "God only knows where we are!"

No, to be lost out on an open fjord, with the thermometer down twenty degrees below zero, and with a keen north wind blowing—to feel that fatal dreariness stealing over one, which, if given way to, would prove a sleep of death, is by no means an agreeable predicament to be in. Moving we must keep, no matter how slowly; we must keep on, hoping we were in the right course still. Presently, we distinctly heard the roaring of a distant cascade; we stopped, and held a consultation.

I had the honor of being our leader; "that is the—Foss we can bear, and this, therefore, is the—Creek. Back, back, for your lives!" For he knew that this was the most dangerous ground to be on; it was, in fact, the frozen surface of a river; we were standing upon, the current of which was so force that they did, seem always unsafe. Fear lent speed to our skates, and we did not pause till the sound of the falling water had faded from the ears.

One good, however, resulted from this incident; it enabled us, as we thought, to shape our course for the town. Alas! the house was a mile or so away, and a couple of hours more, we could still perceive no signs of home. It was getting serious. Midnight was already past; anxious friends would be awaiting us at home. I was so fatigued, and so worn out, that I could scarcely get on. I begged and prayed them to let me lie down on the ice, only for a moment. "No, not for a second!" shouted our leader. "Pull him up, pull him up!" I was flinging myself down on the ice. A drop of brandy revived me; I verily believe it saved my life. And we had by this time counted a number of dull-looking lights. Was it the town? No, for they were moving. Were they phantom lights, then? No, thank God, kindly human forms were behind them. We were saved! "Hurrah!" shouted the "survivors," and the lights came nearer and nearer; and in a few minutes more, we were among a crowd of people, who, seeing our friends in town had got to accompany them, to try and save the missing ones. We were still eight miles from town; and I verily believe that had the searching party not fallen in upon us as they did, we should have found even frozen corpses would have been found on the ice next morning.

CURIOUS NATURAL FACULTY.

(From the Phenological Journal.)

Heinrich Zechkoker, the philosopher, a copious writer and a man of unimpeachable veracity, whose works have enjoyed a great degree of popularity, as described in his autobiography the possession by himself of a very curious faculty or power. He says:

"It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting with strangers, I was often inclined to their declarations of their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dreams-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me.

"It is a power so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served as some measure as a comment to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other necessaries. By the way of jest, I once, in a familiar circle at Kirchgast, recorded the secret history of a ne'er-do-well, who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished, and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke; for what I had uttered was the literal truth. "I was bound to confess that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and, when propitiously admitted, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my visit that night, that might the wonder of others, who at will of the. It was invariably ratified, without consternation on their part. I myself had less confidence in this mental juggling. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—"It was not so.

"I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which pre-eminently astonished me. One fair day, in the city of Waldstab, I entered an inn (the Inn) in company with two
young student foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the table did not get the stone, and the secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as I could did of me! That would be going a little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his Physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly; I then asked him if he had not become acquainted with the private history of the young merchant: his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room, with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money-box, etc. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled man could not, or would not, answer me, and even what I had scarcely expected, the last-mentioned.

"Touched by the candor, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!"

**PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

**THE PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.**

The Prince Imperial of France was born March 16th, 1856, and consequently is now in his twelfth year. He is said to be a very clever little boy—considerably more advanced in his studies than boys of his age usually are. His parents probably spare no pains in the education of his intellect, and may perhaps have obtained, if not the other, at least the art of "composition," so that now he is said to set type very well. Some reports of the little Prince's conversations and sayings, if not exaggerations, evince unusual precocity. At the late distribution of prizes to exhibitors in the great Exhibition the Prince rendered himself conspicuous. Whether the performance had been previously arranged or not, we cannot say. The Emperor occupied the chair of honor, and with his Imperial family, and Emperor'sChar, the rooms of which had been awarded by the judges to the Emperor for an excellent design for cottages for the poor. When the Emperor came to his own name on the list, he paused, as if perplexed what to do. It did not appear that the great man had shown himself. After a momentary silence, the little Prince Imperial jumped up, and grasping the prize, gracefully handed it to his father. The Emperor smiled most pleasantly, and took the prize from the hands of the youthful Prince, who resumed his seat amid showers of applause from the concourse of spectators.

It appears from the following anecdote, told by one of the Paris correspondents of a London paper, that the Prince is kept in remarkably good order by his tutors. He was taking his riding lesson, carrying his usual burden of books and drawing instruments on the off-side of his pony, instead of towards the centre of the circle. His squerry, M. Bachon, desired him to ride as usual. The Prince paid no attention. "Monseigneur," said M. Bachon, "I beg of you to ride in the proper position, otherwise I shall have to take you off your pony." The child did not seem to hear. M. Bachon went up to him, stopped the pony, and quietly lifted the Prince off his saddle. Monseigneur coolly lay flat down on the sand, and there he stayed. M. Bachon told him if he did not get the stone he would make him walk over him. Upon this he got up and was very obedient during the rest of the lesson. However, the Emperor came into the school just as this scene was nearly over. As soon as the child saw his father, M. Bachon forced him to "stand up." What! you say Monseigneur?" exclaimed the child, and he did not wait for the Emperor. The child did not utter another word. The Emperor, on hearing from the equerry what had happened, informed his son that M. Barboz had been perfectly right, and had acted in accordance with his express orders. Next day the Prince was out riding, and suddenly stopped his horse, and said, "M. Barboz, will you allow me to call you "Barboz" when we are alone?" The Prince replied, "Yes; but when we are quite alone, nobody will know anything about it." "Well, yes; but only when we are quite alone."

**GOSSIP OF THE DAY.**

A story in respect to the Sultan while in France has been amusing the Parisians. It seems that the Sultan was continually besieged by crowds of lady visitors, including many of the most distinguished ladies of this class, which he gravely signed "Moustapha Pasha," or something of that kind, in which he stated that his Majesty had received their very amiable offer to become a member of his harem, but upon due consideration, with many thanks, he must decline. The unapproachable condition of the ladies in question may be imagined.

Another anecdote of the Sultan, but one in which he is supposed really to have played a part, is now circulating. "Cardinal Rankelew, so it is related, in an audience which he had with the Sultan, begged his Majesty to do something for the amelioration of the position of Christians in his dominions. 'Even at the present time,' said the Cardinal, 'every Christian who is not a Mussulman is considered a misfit.' The Sultan replied to this, 'but a misfit to this, here in Vienna every second or third dog in the streets is called Sultan.'"

The military officials in Vienna have been ordered to examine into the documents relating to the last imperial funeral which took place in Austria, and in which with according to the documents, etc. It is believed that this measure has reference to a grand funeral to be prepared for the body of the Emperor Maximilian.

The following story is being told of the King of Prussia by the London papers. "The King, who, is passing a few weeks at Ems, was smoking his cigar the other evening in the Kurhaus, when a young Wallachian, unaccompanied with the King's person, stopped him on the stairs and asked him very politely for a light. The King, who was lighting his own from it, found himself suddenly seized by the King's two orderly officers, who were alarmed and surprised at the improper familiarity of the young man. The King at once ordered the culprit to be released. When the Wallachian discovered the liberality he had taken, he was struck dumb, and left Ems that same evening."

**PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.**

**TO EMPTY A GLASS UNDER WATER.**

Fill a wine-glass with water, place over its mouth a card, so as to prevent the water from escaping, and put the glass mouth downwards into a basin of water. Next, remove the card, and raise the glass partly above the surface, but keep its mouth below the surface, so that the glass still remains completely filled with water. Then insert one end of a quilt or reed in the water below the mouth of the glass, and blow gently at the other end, when air will ascend in bubbles to the highest part of the glass, and expel the water from it; and you will continue to blow through the quilt, all the water will be emptied from the glass, which will be filled with air.

**GAMES WITH NUMBERS.**

Let a person think of a number, say

1. Let him multiply it by 2
2. Add 1
3. Multiply by 3
4. Add to this the number thought of
5. Multiply by 10

Let him inform you what in number produced; it will always end with 3. Strike off the 3, and inform him that he thought of 6.

**ANOTHER METHOD.**

Suppose the number thought of to be

1. Let him double it
2. Add 4
3. Multiply by 5
4. Add 15
5. Multiply by 10

Let him inform you what in number produced. You must in every case subtract 30; the remainder is, in this example, 600; strike off the two ciphers, and announce 6 as the number thought of.
LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON I.—CONTINUED.

Now $f$, $r$ the sound of the letters in words:—$A$ has generally the tone of our $a$ in bar. $E$ is not heard at all, unless marked with an accent; at the end of words of two syllables and upwards. When pronounced, it has three sounds—1st, "if not marked with an accent, it is like our $a$ in fur: 2d, with the sharp or acute accent (‘), it is like our $a$ in day. 3d, with the grave accent (‘), it is like our $c$ in set.

The $i$ has generally the sound of $e$. The $O$ is pronounced like ours in go. The $U$ is, as we have already described, the same, except before an $n$ or $m$ out of the alphabet as in it, and remains the grand touchstone by which Frenchmen can detect even the accomplished foreign speakers of their language. Their $y$ is like their $i$. All the other letters are consonants, and, in words, sound like our own, excepting the $g$, the $j$ and the $t$. Unlike us, they make the $g$ soft before $e$ and $i$. See below, the word général, in our examples. Their $j$ as we have explained when talking of the alphabet. And, finally, their $t$ has this peculiarity, that, when followed by two vowels, the first being an $i$, it has the sound of our $s$; as action, pronounced ‘a-ské-ee-on ($g$). One general rule is necessary to be mentioned: no consonant ending a word is sounded at all, except $c$, $f$, $l$ and $r$, and in a very subdued manner, the consonant $g$; as loup, pronounced ‘loʊ’. The exception to this rule is, where the word ceding with the consonant be followed by a word commencing with a vowel, or with an $h$ mute; as fait-il, pronounced ‘fa-te-eel’. And again, the exception to this exception is in the French word et ($f$-meaning ‘and’); the $t$ is never sounded in that word, which is always pronounced ‘eh’. Many persons in teaching French omit this necessary caution. All the other letters in French have their natural sounds, and not those variations and arbitrary irregularities with which English letters puzzle foreigners.

MISTAKES IN SPEAKING CORRECTED.

I expect the books were sent yesterday." This is wrong, because we expect that only which is yet in the future. You may expect that the books will be sent to-morrow, or next week, or next year, but you think, conclude or suspect that they were sent yesterday, or last week, or last year.

"I never resort to corporeal punishment," the schoolmaster said; but he meant corporal [See the dictionary.] "Mr. Murray learned me grammar." He may have taught you; but you have hardly learned grammar yet. The teacher teaches; and the pupil learns, or should learn.

Use the word pupil instead of scholar in speaking of one who receives instruction from a teacher. It is better to use the word scholar only in the sense of a "man of letters" or a "learned man."

"I seldom or ever see her." Say seldom or never, or seldom if ever.

"I propose to offer a few hints on conversation," Mr. Peabody says, in his Address. He might as well have said, "I offer to offer a few hints." He should have said, I propose, etc.

"Without you study, you will not learn." Unless you study, etc.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department, we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanics and Artificers, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical homes.

CEMENT WORK.

Very excellent cement has already been manufactured in small quantities in this city. Anticipating an early and extensive use of this material, we present some instructions respecting it.

Great objections are sometimes urged against the use of cement applied on the outside of houses or walls, on account of its tendency to crack and peel. Others assert that this can always be remedied by a proper preparation and use of the material. A proprietor of some extensive cement quarries gives the following directions respecting it:

"First, saturate the surface with water abundantly (a force-pump and hose is the best method). Second, make a wash of liquid cement, as for inside brick walls, applying it with a brush, so that all small cavities may be entirely filled. Then spread on the finishing coat about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and made in proportions of two of sand to one of cement. During the operation of putting on this second coat, the first coat of liquid cement should be kept quite damp by frequent sprinkling. After the cement is upon the wall, it is important that it should be sprinkled with water, so as to keep it damp for a week or two.

"In making the mortar, care should be taken to have none but clean, sharp sand, free from loam and quick-sand—[sand that is mixed with salt or saleratus will require to be well washed before using]. All the cement required is just so much as will be sufficient to coat each particle of sand. The sand and cement should be thoroughly mixed before water is applied, and water should be applied to only so much as will be used immediately. The above method was adopted in stuccoing the walls of a house about ten years since, and they are now as perfect as when first coated."

ITEMS FOR PAINTERS.

What Colors best set off one Another.—By setting off best, I mean their causing each other to look more pleasant, for two of some particular colors put together, or one next the other, will add much to the beauty of each other, as blue and gold, red and white, and so on; but green and black put together are not so pleasant, neither does black and umber appear well.

All yellows then set-off best with blacks, and blues, and with reds.

All blues set-off best with whites and yellows. Greens set-off well with blacks and whites. Whites set-off well enough with any other color. Reds set-off best with yellows, whites and blacks. Gold looks well upon a white ground, especially if the matter to be gilt is carved.

Gold and black show also very well together.

But the most splendid grounds of all others for gold, are vermilion red, small blue, and lake laid on a light ground.—Cabinet of Arts.

"The Ladies' Table," which is crowded out, will be resumed next week, with full instructions for Crochet and other ornamental work. We hope to make "The Table" a very useful and interesting department.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A Slow March.—The march of intellect.

An honest Dutchman in training up his son in the way he should go, frequently exercised him in Bible lessons. On one of these occasions he asked him,—

"Who was dat who would not sleep mit Botiver's wife? "Shooep." "Dat's a cool boy! Vel, vat vas de reason he would not sleep mit her? "Don't know, spose he wasn't sleepy."

Nexco Wir.—"Can you tell me in what building people are most likely to catch cold?" "Why, no; me stranger in de town and can't tell dat. "Well, I will tell you, it is de bank. "How is dat?" "Because dare are so many drafts in it! "Dat is good; but can you tell me what makes dare be so many drafts in it?" "No! "Because so many go dare to raise de wind."

A kind-hearted and witty clergyman, entering the house of one of his elders one morning, found the old man unmercifully whipping one of his sons, a lad about fourteen years old, and at once commenced interceding for the boy. The deacon defended himself by saying that youth must be early trained in the way it should go. "It was best to make an impression when the wax was soft." "Ay," said the pastor, "but that don't hold here, for the whacks were not soft."

The deacon let the boy go.

TRAILING DRESSES.—In endeavoring to pass a gorgeous-looking creature, on a crowded pavement, I put my foot on her trail, and 'rip' went the waist. The perspiration started all over me at the thought that I was the cause of such a catastrophe to so beautiful and respectable a lady. (I knew she was a lady: I could tell that by what she said to me). Confused and abashed, I stood trying to frame an apology for the sad mishap, when she gave me a withering look, and hissed between her teeth, 'Grit!' I bolted.

ANTHUS WARD'S ADVENTURE.—I returned in the horse cart part way. A pretty girl in spectacles sat near me, and was telling a young man how much he reminded her of a young man she used to know in Waltham. Pooey soon the young man got out; and smiling in a seductive manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, 'Don't I remind you of some one you used to know?' "Yes," she said, 'you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealing a barrel of mackerel; he died there, so I conceed you ain't him.' I didn't pursue the conversation.

THE JOSH BILLING'S PAPERS.

ON MILK.

I want to say something in reference to milk as a fertilizer: Milk is spontaneous, and has did more tew encourage the growth of the human folk than enny liquid.

Milk is laketsal; it is aquatic while under the patronage of milk venders.

Milk is also misterious; cobermut milk has never been solved yet.

Milk is also another name for human kindness.

Milk and bread iz a pleasant mixtur. So iz milk and rum, mellow tew contend with on a hot day.

Sumtimes if milk is allowed too stand tew long, a skum arises tew the surface, which is apt to skare folk who lives in citys, but it dus not folor that the milk is nasty; this scum is called crem bi folks who inhabit the country.

ON WHISKEE.

Whiskee is the great American bevride. It is the grandaddy or awl our likker.

Whiskee has done a great deal for this country in the way of penitentiy homes, and houses for the poor, and i suppose, if it want for whiskee these houses would actually hav tew shut up.

They tell me that a bushel ov korn, will make a gallon ov whiskee, and sum people who are acquainted with statistics, say that a barrel ov whiskee will go further in a family, than a cow. I don't no exactly how fur a cow will go in a family, but i should think it would be easier tew milk a barrel ov whiskee than a cow—still i haint never figured on it, and it is only guess work with me.

A gentleman who has traveled extensively thru the western states, sez dat vast quantities ov korn are raised which is made into whiskee, tew say nothing ov what is annually wasted for bread. He sez, there is lots ov people out west who are better judges ov whiskee than they are ov water, and that you might as easli shool them with poor water, but yer couldn't with poor whiskee, they have made whiskee a speciality awl their lives.

In my honest opinyon, whiskee is recend only tew original sin; if the devil was allowd leav ov absence for six months tew visit this earth, the first thing he'd do, would be to lobby our legislatures for a repeal ov the excise laws and then invest his pile in gin mills.

TALE OF A PURP.

Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
Drinking his milk from his chins cup,
Gambling around so frisky and free.

First gnawing a bone, then biting a flea,
Jumping.

Running
After the pony;
Beautiful pup, you'll soon be Bologna.

Oh, the pup, the beautiful pup!
With his tail in the air, and his nose turned up,
Was thrown one day into the dogman's cart,
And almost broke the narrator's heart,
As it howled,
Growled,
Scratched with its feet.

Beautiful pup, you are now mincemeat.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER


GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ........................................... $7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] ......................... 4.00
Per Quarter [13 weeks] ........................ 2.25

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

COMMUNICATIONS.—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the paper. Seven persons doing business together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DERRIERE NEWS."
POETRY.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with nought.

Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here;
Only a baby small,
Never at rest;
Small, but how dear to us
God knoweth best.

CHAPTER V.—LEAST SAID, SOONEST MENDED.

Not a cardinal in all Rome was more scrupulously punctual in his attendance at all consistorial and other meetings than the old and infirm Cardinal di Montalto. He was noted for being almost always the first, or among the first, to enter the hall of meeting. But it was universally thought that on this occasion he would absent himself from the unluckily inopportune assembly. His much-loved nephew, the prop of his old age, the hope of his ambition, who alone could have made the triple crown, in any worldly point of view worth having to him, was lying a yet unburied mangled corpse in the house of mourning. He must quit his desolate sister in her sorrow, and leave alone with the dead the weeping women whom his presence and authority alone had restrained from abandoning themselves to all the excesses of hysterical emotion. But it was not so much the painful necessity for seeing himself from this sad scene to present himself in his place at the Consistory, that led people to whisper to each other that old Montalto would never be able to be at that day's meeting; it was the thought that surely, under such circumstances, he would not venture to meet the prying eyes of the public, and especially of his peers of the Sacred College. Human infirmity, it was thought, could hardly in such a case attain to that perfect suppression of all emotion, that impassible and inscrutable demeanor of features, voice and manner, which it was, as a matter of course, considered that policy and prudence in such a case demanded. What was it the old man had to conceal? Was he not to be supposed to grieve over his nephew's untimely death? He was to conceal everything he felt on any subject. It was the traditional rule of conduct so universal, received from generation to generation, as to have become instinctive in the Roman nature. Something might gleam out from the inner hidden soul of the man in the weak moment of deep affliction; some feeling which might have been the basis of carefully reasoned theories as to the inscrutable old man's real thoughts and desires.

This was the ordeal in which it was thought that the heavily stricken Cardinal di Montalto would not venture to expose himself.

All Rome was wrong. Punctual at the appointed hour, with bent body and tottering step, as usual, but not one iota more so than usual, and with his wonted calmly benignant but wholly impassible expression of features, the old man walked, one of the first to arrive, as ever, into the hall of meeting.

Of course every eye was on him, striving in vain to

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;

OR,

VITTORIA ACCORAMBONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

All Rome was thus on the watch, therefore, for some slip of bad play on the part of the Cardinal di Montalto, which might afford a momentary view of the cards he held, and a shrewd guess at his game.

Certainly the chance was a rare one. Everybody knew how wrapped up the old man was in the nephew who had been thus taken from him. It was impossible to doubt that the cardinal must have pretty well known what hand had struck it. The world of Rome felt little or no doubt that the formidable Duke of Bracciano was the murderer, if not by his own hand, by that of his hired assassins. Here, then, was a rare opportunity of observing the character and tendencies of the man who was expected to be shortly pope. Would grief and natural indignation be allowed to have their natural course? Would the future pope throw down the gauntlet to the most powerful and audacious subject in Rome?
penetrate below that unruffled surface to the tumultuous movements which they thought must needs be raging beneath it. Thus, one after another, their condescension advanced to confide with him on his misfortune. Just as in an exhibition of animal magnetism, the spectators attempt to satisfy themselves of the genuineness of the patient's insensibility by poking, pricking, and pinching him in every sensitive part, so the curious witnesses of this exhibition of stoicism proceeded to test the perfection of it by the closest scrutiny of the performer under the scalp of their compassion and sympathy. But, to the admiration of all present, no shadow of failing under the ordeal rewarded the vigilance of the observers. With affectionate thanks to each for their kind sympathy, the old man replied to one, that in this world such misfortunes must be looked for, that history was full of such; to another, that excessive grief for the irreparable was but blamable weakness; and reminded a third that David, the man after God's own heart, had arisen and washed his face when his child was finally taken from him.

The most accomplished and practised members of the court, writes a historian, attributed this immodesty of his to an affection of the stoic courage of Brutus and Cato; but the wise judged that 'without true Christian virtue it was impossible to reign to such perfection.' So that the capacity for dissimulation, so much admired by Rome, was actually erected by it into 'a Christian virtue!'

When Gregory, the octogenarian pope, entered the Consistory, 'the first thing he did,' says the chronicler, 'was to fix his eyes on the Cardinal of Montalto, and burst into tears.' But Peretti remained to all appearance unmoved. And when it came to his turn to approach the Pope for the transaction of business connected with the office he held, and the Pope, again giving way to tears, consoled with him, and promised him that every effort should be made to discover the murderers and bring them to condign punishment; the cardinal, humbly thanking his holiness for his sympathy, besought him to make no further inquiry into the matter, lest many who were innocent might be made miserable by another's crime. For his own part, he assured the Pope, that, from the bottom of his heart, he pardoned whosoever had done the deed. And, thus saying, he passed on to speak, with imperceptible calm, of the ordinary business in hand.

The pope, we are told, expressed the utmost astonishment, on quitting the Consistory, at the Cardinal di Montalto's admirable self-possession; and, in talking to his nephew, the Cardinal di San Sisto, said, shaking his head, 'Truly, that man is a great friar!'

But the poor cardinal had to undergo yet another severe ordeal. Roman etiquette required that all the great personages of the city, lay as well as ecclesiastic, should severally visit him to condole with him on his loss. Among the rest, Prince Orsini would, of course, have to discharge this ceremonial obligation.

Information had been carefully obtained when this trying visit was to be paid, and at the time named for it, the receiving-room and ante-chamber of the cardinal were filled to overflowing with prelates and others, who, on one pretence or another, had gone thither, 'every one of them,' says the historian, 'with the deliberate purpose of minutely observing the first meeting of those two faces, judging that the cardinal would scarcely succeed in hiding, at least at the first moment of meeting, some slight alteration of countenance.' But the reverend and illustrious concourse of spies were disappointed; for Montalto received the prince with his usual suavity of manner and cheerful countenance, and discoursed with him on indifferent subjects as he had often done before. So that Orsini, on leaving him, 'said laughingly to his companions, as he got in to his carriage, Faith, it is true enough that the old fellow is a very great friar!'

It is worth observing that these reiterated testimonies of the old cardinal's consummate mastery of the art of dissimulation are triumphantly related by his biographer, a monk of his own order, as bright gems in the coronet of virtues with which he crowns his hero. And he assures us, moreover, that the circumstances of this tragic affair, which in less masterly hands might easily have turned to the considerable injury of his chances of the papacy, were, by his consummate skill, so managed as to materially strengthen them. 'For,' said the cardinals to themselves, 'evidently this man, either by nature can not, or from policy will not, do injury to any one, however grievously he may be offended.'

In the mean time, his liberal conduct to Vittoria also won him golden opinions in all quarters. The young widow had to return to her father's house, and might have been sent back as empty-handed as she had come from it. But Montalto made her a present of all the gold and silver plate, the costly dresses and jewels which he and her late husband had purchased for her.

While Rome was still admiring this liberality, and within a very few days after the murder, the attention of the city was excited, and the feelings of the cardinal outraged anew by the news that Vittoria and her mother had left their home and sought shelter in the palace of Prince Orsini. The gross insincerity and audacity of such a step seems irreconcilable with any other supposition than that they were both guilty accomplices in the murder of Peretti. It was said that they sought in the palace of Orsini, which was inviolable by the police, an asylum from any pursuit which might be directed against them on account of Peretti's death.

Rome heard without surprise, though not without much disgust, that a marriage was forthwith to take place between Prince Orsini, Duke of Bracciano, and Vittoria Accoramboni. But, in the meantime, the officers of justice, stimulated, it would seem, by the extraordinary character of the circumstances, had desisted the Cardinal di Montalto's desire to the contrary, commenced a more than usually active investigation into the murder. The bargains succeeded in capturing the Mancino. And on his second examination, on the 24th of February, 1582, 'without the application of torture,' this man confessed that the murder had been plotted by the mother of Vittoria and the maid Caterina, and had been committed by some free lances in the employ of a certain noble, 'whose name is for good and sufficient reasons not recorded.' Such are the words of the legal record, as quoted by the historian. Caterina, the maid, had been sent to the safe refuge of Orsini's feudal hold at Bracciano. This woman, according to some of the accounts of the story, was the sister of the bandit Mancino.

Very little mystery, therefore, seems to hang about
the main points of the story. The Countess Accor
amboni had never given up her ambitious hope of
seeing her daughter the wife of one of Rome's grea
test nobles, whose first consort had been a sovereign
princess. Her bandit son, Marcello, who had been
equally anxious for the marriage of his sister with the
chief of the great Orsini family, had, in conjunction
with his mother, determined that the marriage with
Peretti, brought about by his father, should not frustra
tate their hopes and plans; and the noble suitor him-
self, who had with his own hands disembarrassed
himself of his first wife, and who had no lack of men
at his beck perfectly ready to do any deed of blood
he might command them, had, without any difficulty,
as we may well suppose, fallen in with their views, as
to the best method of attaining the object of his
wishes. The murder was, there can be no question,
concocted by the Signora Accoramboni, her son Mar
cello, and Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini. But it is
upon the cards—just upon the cards—that Vittoria
herself may not have had any guilty knowledge of
the plot.

On the other hand, there is the damning fact of her
all but immediate residence in the house of the man
whom all Rome knew, it may be said, to be the mur-
derer of her husband. Even supposing that Orsini
and her mother succeeded in persuading her that he
was innocent of any connection with the crime, still
the suspicion, however erroneous, which attached to
him, ought to have made it impossible for her to think
of availing herself of such an asylum.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIGHTING THE DOME OF THE CATHEDRAL.

(From "Tom Tiddler's ground," abridged.)

'I am a Frenchman by birth, and my name is Fran
cois Thierry. I need not weary you with my early
history; enough, that I committed a political offence
—that I was sent to the galleys for it. I was arrest-
et, tried, and sentenced in Paris. The rumbling
wheels of the prison-van repeated it all the way from
Paris to Bicêtre that evening, and all the next day,
and the next, and the next, along the weary road from
Bicêtre to Toulon. Late in the afternoon of the third
day, the van stopped, and I was conducted into a
huge stone hall, dimly lighted from above. Here I
was entered by name in a ponderous ledger.

'Number Two Hundred and Seven,' said the super
intendent, 'Green.'

'They took me into an adjoining room, plunged me
into a cold bath; when I came out of the bath, I put
on the livery of the galleys. The superintendent
stood by and looked on.

'Come, be quick,' said he, 'it grows late, and you
must be married before supper.'

'Married!' I repeated.

'The superintendent laughed, and lighted a cigar,
and his laugh was echoed by the guards and jailers.

'Bring Number Two Hundred and Six,' said the super
intendent, 'and call the priest.'

Number Two Hundred and Six came from a farther
corner of the hall, dragging a heavy chain, and along
with him a blacksmith, bare-armed and leather
aproned.

'Lie down,' said the blacksmith, with an insulting
spurn of the foot. I lay down. A heavy iron ring
attached to a chain of eighteen links was then fitted
to my ankle and riveted with a single stroke of the
hammer. A second ring next received the disengaged
ends of my companion's chain and mine, and was sec
ured in the same manner.

My fellow-convict was a Piedmontese. He had
been a burgher, a forger, an incendiary. In his last
escape, he had committed manslaughter. Heaven
alone knows how my sufferings were multiplied by
that abhorred companionship—how I shrank from
the touch of his hand—how I sickened, if his breath
came over me as we lay side by side at night. I
strove to disguise my loathing, but in vain. He knew
it as well as I knew it, and he revenged himself upon
me by every means that a vindictive nature could de
vise. When I needed rest, he would insist on walk
ning. When my limbs were cramped, he would lie
down obstinately and refuse to stir. He delighted to
sing blasphemous songs, and relate hideous stories
of what he had thought and resolved on in his solitude.
He would even twist the chain in such wise that it
should gull me at every step.

There came a day, at length, when his hatred
seemed to abate. He allowed me to rest when our
hour of repose came round. He abstained from sing
the songs I abhorred, and fell into long fits of ab
straction. The next morning, shortly after we had
begun work, he drew near enough to speak to me in
a whisper,

'Francis, have you a mind to escape?'

I felt the blood rush to my face. I clasped my
hands. I could not speak.

'Can you keep a secret?'

'To the death.'

'Listen, then. To morrow, a renowned marshal will
visit the port. He will inspect the docks, the prisons,
the quarries. There will be plenty of cannonading
from the forts and the shipping, and if two convicts
escape, a volley more or less will attract no attention
round about Toulon. Do you understand?'

'You mean that no one will recognise the signals?'

'Not even the sentries at the town-gates—not even
the guards in the next quarry. Devil's mass! What
can be easier than to strike off each other's fetters
with the pickaxe when the superintendent is n't look
ing, and the sailors are firing? Will you venture?

'With my life!'

'A bargain. Shake hands on it.'

I had never touched his hand in fellowship before,
and I felt as if my own were blotted down by the con
tact. I knew by the sudden fire in his glance, that he
interpreted my faltering touch aright.

We were roused an hour earlier than usual the fol
lowing morning, and went through a general inspec
tion in the prison yard. At one o'clock, we heard the
first far-off salutes from the ships of war in the har
bor. One by one, the forts took up the signal. Dis
charge followed discharge, all along the batteries on
both sides of the port, and the air grew thick with
smoke.

'As the first shot is fired yonder,' whispered Gas
pap, pointing to the barracks behind the prison,
strike at the first link of my chain, close to the ankle.'

A rapid suspicion flashed across me.
'If I do, how can I be sure that you will free me afterward?' No Gasparo; you must deal the first blow.' 'As you please,' he replied, with a laugh and an imprecation.

At the same instant, came a flash from the battlements of the barracks close by. As the roar burst over our heads, I saw him strike. and felt the fetters fall. I struck; but less skilfully, and had twice to repeat the blow before breaking the stubborn link. At the third shot, a party of officers and gentlemen made their appearance at the bend of the road leading up to the quarry. In an instant, every head was turned in their direction; every felon paused in his work; every guard presented arms. At that moment, we flung away our caps and pickaxes, scaled the ragged bit of cliff on which we had been toiling, dropped into the ravine below, and made for the mountain passes that led into the valley. Suddenly, on turning a sharp angle of projecting cliff, we came upon a little guard-house and a couple of sentinels. To retreat was impossible. The soldiers were within a few yards of us. They presented their pieces, and called to us to surrender. Gasparo turned upon me like a wolf at bay.

'Curse you!' said he, dealing me a tremendous blow, 'stay and be taken! I have always hated you!'

I fell as if struck down by a sledge-hammer, and, as I fell, saw him dash one soldier to the ground, dart past the other, heard a shot, and then——all became dark, and I knew no more.

When I next opened my eyes, I found myself lying on the floor of a small unfurnished room dimly lighted by a tiny window close against the ceiling. Where my head had lain, the floor was wet with blood. Giddy and perplexed, I leaned against the wall, and tried to think. I stole to the door and found it locked. I crept back again. I saw that the little window was at least four feet above my head. There was my leathern belt, and on the belt, the iron hook which used to sustain my chain when I was not at work. I tore off the hook, picked away the lath and plaster in three or four places, climbed up, opened the window, and gazed out eagerly. My decision was taken at once: to stay was certain capture; to venture at all hazards would make matters no worse. Again I listened, and again all was quiet. I drew myself through the little casement, dropped as gently as I could upon the moist earth, and, creeping against the wall, asked myself what I should do next.

Only two windows looked out upon the garden from the back of the guard-house. I did not dare, however, openly to cross the garden. I dropped upon my face, and crawled in the furrows between the rows of vegetables, until I came to the ditch; I then followed the course of the ditch for some two or three hundred yards in the direction of Toulon. By-and-by I heard the evening gun, and a moment after, something like a distant sound of voices. Hark! was that a shout? Presently a light flashed over the water only a few yards from my hiding-place! I slid gently at full length, and suffered the soul ounce to close noiselessly over me. Lying thus, I held my breath till the very beatings of my heart seemed to suffocate me, and the veins in my temples were almost bursting. I could bear it no longer——I rose to the surface——I breath'd again——I looked——I listened. All was darkness and silence. My pursuers were gone by!

After toiling through the water for a mile or more, I ventured out upon the road again; I made my way through the whole length of the winding pass, and came out upon the open country about midnight. By-and-by the rain abated, and I discerned the dark outlines of a chain of hills extending all along to the left of the road. These, I concluded, must be the Maures. All was well, so far. I had taken the right direction, and was on the way to Italy.

* * * * * *

I landed one evening in March on the Ripetta quay, in Rome. How all these things happened, and what physical hardships I endured in the meanwhile, I have no time here to relate in detail. My object had been to get to Rome, and that object was at last attained. In so large a city, and at so great a distance from the scene of my imprisonment, I was personally safe. I might hope to turn my talents and education to account. Regular employment, or, indeed, employment of any kind, was not however, so easily to be obtained. It was a season of distress. Day by day, the few scudi I had scraped together on the passage melted away. I had thought to obtain a clerkship or a secretarialship; or a situation in some public library. Before three weeks were over, I would gladly have swept a studio. At length there came a day when I saw nothing before me but starvation; when my last bajocce was expended; when my padrone (or landlord) shut the door in my face, and I knew not where to turn for a meal or a shelter.

Outcast as I was, I slept that night under a dark arch near the theater of Marcellus. The morning dawned upon a glorious day, and I crept out, shivering, into the sunshine. I got up and wandered about the streets, as I had done the day before. Once I asked for alms, and was repulsed. I turned aside in to the vestibule of the Sagrestia, and cowered down in the shelter of a doorway. Two gentlemen were reading a printed paper wafered against a pillar close by.

'Good heavens!' said one to the other, that a man should risk his neck for a few piastras!' 'Ah, and with the knowledge that out of eighty workmen, six or eight are dashed to pieces every time,' added his companion.

'Shocking! Why, that is an average of ten percent!' 'No less. It is a desperate service.' 'But a fine sight,' said the first speaker, philosophically; and with this they walked away.

I sprang to my feet, and read the placard with avidity. It was headed 'Illumination of Saint Peter's,' and announced that, eighty workmen being required for the lighting of the dome and cupola, and three hundred for the cornice, pillars, colonade, and so forth, the amministratore was empowered, etc., etc. In conclusion, it stated that every workman employed upon the dome and cupola should receive in payment, a dinner and twenty-four pans, the wages of the rest being less than a third of that sum.

A desperate service, it was true; but I was a desperate man. After all, I could but die, and I might as well die after a good dinner as from starvation. I went at once to the amministratore, who was entered in his list, received a couple of pans as earnest of the contract, and engaged to present myself punctually at eleven o'clock on the following morning.

At eleven o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday, April the sixteenth, I found myself, accordingly, in
the midst of a crowd of poor fellows. As the clocks
struck the hour, the folding doors were thrown open,
and we passed, in a crowd, into a hall, where two long
tables were laid for our accommodation. A couple of
sentinels stood at the door; an usher marshalled us,
standing, round the tables; and a priest read grace—
As he began to read, a strange sensation came upon
me. I felt impelled to look across to the opposite ta-
ble, and there . . . yes, by heaven! there I saw Gas-
paro. He was looking full at me, but his eyes dropped
on meeting mine. I saw him turn lividly white. —
The recollection of all he had made me suffer, and of
the dastardly blow that he had dealt me on the day of
ear flight, overpowered for the moment even my sur-
prise at seeing him in this place. Oh that I might
take him yet, under the free sky, where no priest was
praying, and no guards were by! —
the dinner lasted long, and when no one seemed
disposed to eat more, the tables were cleared. Most
of the men threw themselves on the floor and benches,
and went to sleep. Seeing this, I could refrain no
longer. I went over and stirred him roughly with my
foot.
‘Gasparo! You know me?’
He looked up, sullenly.
‘Devil’s mass! I thought you were at Toulon.’
‘It is not your fault that I am not at Toulon! Listen
to me. If you and I survive this night, you shall an-
swer to me for your treachery!’
He glared at me from under his deep brows, and
without replying, turned over on his face again, as if
to sleep.
I could learn no more, so I also stretched myself
upon the floor, as far as possible from my enemy, and
till profoundly asleep.
At seven, the guards roused those who still slept,
and served each man with a small mug of thin wine.
We were then formed into a double file, marched
round by the back of the cathedral, and conducted up
an incline plane to the roof below the dome. From
this point, a long series of staircases and winding pas-
cages carried us up between the double walls of the
dome; and, at different stages in the ascent, a certain
number of us were detached and posted ready for
work. I was detached about half way up, and I saw
Gasparo going higher still. When we were all posted,
the superintendents came round and gave us our in-
structions. At a given signal, every man was to pass
out through the loop-hole or window before which he
was placed, and seat himself astride upon a narrow
shelf of wood, hanging to a strong rope just below.
This rope came through the window, was wound
round a roller, and secured from within. At the next
signal, a lighted torch would be put into his right
hand, and he was to grasp the rope firmly with his
left. At the third signal, the rope was to be unwound
from within by an assistant placed there for the pur-
pose, he was to be allowed to slide rapidly down over
the curve of the dome, and, while thus sliding, was
to apply his torch to every lamp he passed in his down-
ward progress.
Having received these instructions, we waited,
each man at his window, until the first signal should
be given.
It was fast getting dark, and the silver illumination
had been lighted since seven. All the great ribs of
the dome, as far as I could see, all the cornices and
friezes of the facade below all the columns and par-
pets of the great colonade surrounding the piazza four
hundred feet below, were traced out in lines of paper
lanterns, the light from which, subdued by the paper,
gleamed with a silvery fire which had a magical and
wondrous look. Between and among these lanter-
moni, were placed, at different intervals all over the
cathedral on the side facing the piazza, iron cups called
paddle, ready filled with tallow and turpentine. To
light those on the dome and cupola was the perilous
task of the sanpietroni; when they were all lighted,
the golden illumination would be effected.
A few moments of intense suspense elapsed. At
every second the evening grew darker, the lanternoni
burned brighter, the surging hum of thousands in the
piazza and streets below, rose louder to our ears. I
felt the quickening breath of the assistant at my
shoulder — I could almost hear the beating of my heart.
Suddenly, like the passing of an electric current, the
first signal flew from lip to lip. I got out and crossed
my legs firmly round the board — with the second
signal, I seized the blazing torch — with the third, I felt
myself launched, and lighting every cup as I glanced
past, saw all the mountainous dome above and below
me spring into lines of leaping flame. The clock was
now striking eight, and when the laststroke sounded,
the whole cathedral was glowing in outlines of fire.
A roar, like the roar of a great ocean, rose up from the
multitude below, and seemed to shake the very
dome against which I was clinging. I could even see
the light upon the gazin faces, the crowd upon the
bridge of St. Angelo, and the boats swirling along the
Tiber.
Having dropped safely to the full length of my rope
and lighted my allotted share of lamps, I was now
sitting in secure enjoyment of this amazing scene.—
All at once, I felt the rope vibrate. I looked up, saw
a man clinging by one hand to the iron rod supporting
the paddle, and with the other . . . . Merciful Heaven!
It was the Piedmontese firing the rope above me with
his torch!
I had no time for thought — I acted upon instinct —
it was done in one fearful moment — I clambered up
like a cat, dashed my torch full in the solitary felon’s
face, and grasped the rope an inch or two above the
spot where it was burning! Blinded and baffled, he
uttered a terrible cry, and dropped like a stone.—
Through all the roar of the living ocean below, I could
hear the dull crash with which he came down upon
the leaded roof — resounding through all the years
that have gone by since that night, I hear it now!
I had scarcely drawn breath, when I found myself
being hauled up. The assistance came not a moment
too soon, for I was sick and giddy with horror, and
fainted as soon as I was safe in the corridor. The
next day I waited on the amministratore and told him
all that had happened. My statement was corrob-
ated by the vacant rope from which Gasparo had de-
scended, and the burnt fragment by which I had been
drawn up. The amministratore repeated my story to
a prelate high in office; and while none, even of the
sanpietroni, suspected that my enemy had come by
his death in any unusual manner, the truth was whis-
pered from palace to palace until it reached the Vati-
can. I received much sympathy, and such pecuniary
assistance as enabled me to confront the future with-
out fear.”
LIGHT AND ITS WONDERS.

We do not intend to present a learned discourse on the complicated theories respecting light or its operations, but a cheerful fireside gossip about that all-pervading and wonderful something by which we—naturally stone-blind creatures—are made acquainted with the world, outside of us; and without the aid of which, our intelligence with all the wonderful powers we possess would be valueless and useless; and the universe itself, comparatively at least, a dead and slumbering thing forever. It needs but a thought to see that it is by the aid of light that intelligences learn of each other’s whereabouts so as to operate in conjunction, and that the absence of it would measurably hold in abeyance the use of the greater portion of the faculties of our being. Without light, any way, we should not exist as we are; not a limb could be developed or a feature formed. Its presence is necessary to growth; wherever it goes, it wakes the universe to life and activity.

We have spoken of mankind as naturally “stone-blind creatures,” as though of themselves they saw nothing. It is common to imagine that we can see what we please and that light is simply necessary to push out of the way of our vision a black something called darkness. In a word, it is supposed that we have the whole powers of sight within ourselves, whereas, we have but half the power. It takes our eyes and the light together to make up the power called sight. We have an apparatus on which the light may inscribe its pictures, but without this clever draughtsman which holds half the power of sight within itself, the other half which we hold would be useless.

What, it may be asked, does the eye see nothing of itself? Absolutely nothing; but it is capable of understanding all that the light tells it, and that is quite enough. The light talks to the eye and says “there is a house—there a tree—the smiling face of the frieze you love. Hold still while I pencil out their shapes upon you,” and in less than the flash of a cannon it is done, so quickly and so delicately that we realize no touch of the light but we think “I saw all that by myself anyway.” This is a grand mist-ke, but a very natural one, for the movements of light on our organization are so gentle that we mistake them for the operations of our own unaided powers.

On the subject of light, and sound, and many other things we have a great deal yet to learn. We are part of the great universe itself, and cannot exist and operate as organized beings except in conjunction with the balance of it. We have a wonderful organization and a mass of capabilities and powers, but not an organ could be used or a power stirred, was there not as wonderful an organization outside of us to assist them. We are about as complete and independent of ourselves as a water-wheel without water to move it, or the sails of a windmill without the wind. And so are we dependent on the aid of light, we and it together can effect the process of seeing, but unless the light had been organized as well as ourselves there could be no such faculty as sight.

But light is not only our great assistant in the act of seeing, it absolutely to a degree makes the objects themselves what they are, so far as their color at least is concerned. It is a curious statement (though not by any means a new one) that so far as we can tell, all matter is a dead black mass without variety of color, all the varied hues which adorn trees, or flowers, or the forms of animals or men, being in the light which rests upon them, and not in the objects themselves. Grass is not green, flowers are not really red, or violet, or yellow, but the light contains these colors and paints some one color and others another. Light, it is true, appears to be white, but it is really composed of all the primary colors. They can be easily separated by a prism, or seen in the rainbow which is nothing more than so much light divided into its component colors. These colors are diffused throughout the mass of all-pervading light. Some objects drink in, or absorb, all the rays which fall on them except those which make green, and reflect that to the eye, constituting themselves green; others do the same with yellow, red or purple; some absorb none but reflect back all the colors, hence they are white because all the colors united form white; others, again, drink in all the colors and reflect back none and are black without remedy.

As we have said, light can be dissected: a sunbeam falling upon a prism resolves itself into the colors of the rainbow. It has been discovered by skillful experimenters, that these colors are crossed by certain dark colored bars at certain intervals, which are always seen in the same positions when the light is obtained from the sun; while light obtained from the stars is destitute of these lines or possesses them in somewhat different positions.

More latterly, it has come to light that certain mineral substances entering into flame will, according to the nature of the mineral, alter not only the color but the position and character of these marks. Each mineral—copper or iron for instance—will produce its own peculiar bands, so that by the presence or absence of these characteristics, the presence or absence of that particular metal can be known with unailing certainty.

Now this process, after a vast number of delicate and exact experiments, has been applied to the sun, and what has been the result? It has been proved to a demonstration that most of the metals common on this earth exist in its composition, either in a solid or gaseous condition. The very bands and colors known beyond question to produce these metals in analyzed light, being analogically found in the solar spectrum. The light of the fixed stars manifests the same evidences of a physical constitution; while some of the most distant nebulae give only the indications which reveal the presence of nitrogen and hydrogen and some substance unknown, and may therefore be considered altogether in a gaseous condition at present.

Who would have thought that so simple a process could lead to such great results; or that an every-day experiment—the simple analysis of light—could detect the presence of the very metals peculiar to this earth in stars millions of miles away; or tell us the names of the gases entering into the composition of nebula whose light—while flying with a rapidity
perfectly inconceivable—yet takes millions of years to reach us in our distant world.

This much has been discovered by the agency of some of the laws of light, but remarkable as it is, it does not exceed the interest of the facts connected with light itself. It is, as we have seen, the revealer of the facts of existence, and the glorifier of all things, the real beauty of the flower, the gilder of the clouds, and the adorer of the "human face divine."—

Where it is absent, torpidity prevails, the flame of life burns slow, the beasts are draped in white, and all is comparatively colorless and dead. Where it abounds, growth and development go on with giant strides; life and animation exist in greater proportion in plants, animals and human kind; the flowers are of brighter hues, the birds have a gaudier plumage, and the very shells of the ocean are deeper colored. Thus life goes with it, and beauty waits upon its presence. It spreads measurelessly through space enveloping its mightiest worlds and performing the wondrous mission of Him who sends it forth. It holds the widespread universe in close connection revealing world to its fellow-world, and even on this planet rolling in outer darkness, as we comparatively do, manifesting whenever we cast our eyes around, the majesty, and the omnipotence of God.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

by "OUR HIRED MAN."

A peculiar case has been submitted to us requiring our learned adjudication. It is stated by persons who are in the habit of purchasing wood to burn—a few of whom are to be found in this city—that certain wood haulers are in the habit of procuring a cord of wood from the kanyon (a practice so very noble and praiseworthy), but that after thus constituting themselves entitled to perish by the burn, they get up a load and split it into two, and make two loads out of it, each of equal size with the one so wonderfully divided. Not satisfied with this, they will take each of these loads and split them again, and make of each two more loads, all by the aid of little scientific packing, of equal size with the first. These they will split again and again, only being stopped in their mad career by the cost of hiring wagons and buying new axes. It is stated that one man in this way made a cord into sixteen cords, but this we don’t believe, as it did not appear in the papers. We are asked to explain this phenomenon, and state how it should be treated.

We consider the gentlemen referred to are simply individuals of a scientific turn of mind; who are trying to test the old philosophical question as to whether matter is infinitely divisible or not. They appear to have made great progress in the pursuit. Should, however, it appear that any are guilty of this course for the mere purpose of making money—a thing which we do believe possible, for—"Who would suit their case would be to send them to Jupiter; the winters there are about 6 years long, and they would have ample opportunities to practice their profession. We think this an arrangement that ought to suit all parties.

A SMALL MINORITY.—We observe that an attempt has been made by the "Editor" to answer a question relating to a small and large minorities. Anticipating that the question would naturally have to be referred to us before it is through, we think we may as well answer it at once. In the first place, we think the answer given too mystified. We would state it clearly.

The difference between a large minority and a small minority must be in exact proportion to the difference between that portion of the minority, which is less or more than the other portion which it would or would not have had, had it been the large instead of the small of the large majority. This is clear, and it is still clearer that, inasmuch as a large majority is regulated by the number over what it would have had, had it been the small instead of the large majority; therefore, the character of a large minority must be determined by the proportions of what it would have had had it been, what it isn’t the small minority. We think therefore that the majority—that is to say the minority, or even the majority itself, is larger or smaller, exactly as the majority—that is to say the minority, is in disproportion to the majority or the minority, as the case may be.

We are not fishing for compliments, but we think this an elucidation of the subject that will commend itself to the judgment of all interested. Those who prefer our explanation to the one given elsewhere, must, we think, be anything but a small minority.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

SLIDING DOWN THE ICE CONE AT MONTMORENCI.

[From the St. James's Magazine.]

Of all the amusements of the long Canadian winter, of which there are many, commend me to a day’s sliding down the ice cone at Montmorenci. The sport is more exciting, more amusing, or more delightfully alarming.

“What is this Ice Cone?” some one may ask. It is simply the frozen spray from the Falls, which, accumulating, becomes in a short time a solid mass of ice, and, before the winter melts, hangs like a chandelier high in the sky, and in shape something like an inverted wine-glass without the stem. It is ascended by a series of rough steps cut in the side. At its base several chambers have been blown out. One serves as a retiring-room for the ladies; another is devoted to the uses of the men, and here, from a speculator, with some skill, may be procured brandy, and divers “drinks” by all who choose to buy. Snug enough rooms they are, too, though the walls are of ice, and the floors of the same. Near the large cone is another, formed by the same agency, but smaller, through being more remote from the Fall, down which the ladies deport themselves. Few try the large one, albeit we have seen one or two who were bold enough to do so.

But now for the descent; and then—O horror—the descent. Several are already climbing the rough steps, and we join the toiling throng. In a few minutes we are at the summit, and, arrived there, we take a glance around. Far away, the eye ranges over a snowy desert to the distant bank of the St. Lawrence and the gray hills of Maine; while nearer, the bold rock of Quebec glistens in the cold, white light of the morning sun. Before us in the middle distance, lies the island of Orleans, its woody summits leafless, gaunt, and grim. Immediately beneath us traineeus (quisit contrivances, which remind one somewhat of a giver’s tray, except that they are not hollowed out in the centre) are darting in all directions, or being dragged back for another slide. Behind us is the cataract; its spray is falling in hard little pelots on our costs. Have a care go not too near the Falls side of the Cone, lest you chance to slip over; for, so, heaven rest your soul for earth will not see you more; you would drop into the deep water at the foot of the Fall, and be carried under the ice no man knows whither. Some half-dozen unfortunate have in fact thus slipped, and so disappeared for ever.

And now to business. The “Hatter,” a companion of ours, is just off; he slips over the side, and in an instant is out of sight; a few moments more, and he reappears, shooting across the plain at a tremendous rate; in about half a mile his course is finished, and he rests his soul for earth will not see you more; you will be launched into space; there is no help for it,—you must make the best of the inevitable! There is no time for hesititation: more sliders are arriving, and we must make room for others. “Now—safety,” ready, I quicken my red-capped guide. He is already seated on the front part of the traineeus, his legs projecting on each side, his heels dug into the ice, to prevent an untimely start. I seat myself behind him, curl my legs round his waist, and place my feet between his; the slider is ready, and the ice is waiting to obey. I commend myself to the care of Providence and my Canadian friend. He lifts his heels; a slight push is given us behind, and— we are off.

The traineeus starts, and bounds clear into the air. I involuntarily tighten my hold. We fall some ten feet, and again touching the slippery surface, bound off again. Another drop, and we are on the more slippery side of the Cone; we fly down it breathlessly. In another instant we have reached the bottom—sharp lye splinters, ploughed up by the iron runners, bit us in the face, and sting as shot would—but nothing stops us; we skim over the laval runway speed for some quarter of a mile or more, when, the acquired velocity exhausted, we find ourselves in a conveyance, shake the snow from our coats, and prepare to return.

On our way back, the “Hatter” passes us, wildly screeching; he, scorning a guide, has made a second trip alone, and with the usual good fortune that attends his mad-cap adventures. We encounter a young guardian, of the Falls. They, equally brave, but not equally lucky, have come to great grief; both have been thrown from their trainees. Rand is still hanging head foremost in a snow-drift, and is lugged out a line high, and very wet, but not broken. Bondon was split almost at starting, and has consequently slid down on the seat of his trousers, to the utter destruction of that garment, and with considerable abrasion of the part it covered. He binds up his wounds with his pocket-handkerchief, and is a sort for another pair of continuations, and slides no more that day.

Reader, did you ever dream you had slipped over a cliff, and were helplessly falling—falling—falling—until, with a violent bump, you awake, as we were, at the bottom, more frightened seem to be by that opportunity than to that of the first slide down the Ice Cone. The sport, as I have said before, is not entirely without danger; one man was killed and another had his leg broken during one winter, while another was given a bloody nose by the knuck of a slide. Still, accidents do not often happen, and after the disagreeable novelty of the first attempt is over, the bound into the air and lightning-like rush become wonderfully exciting, and the Cone is a favorite resort all through the winter.

DEACON PLUMMER TAKES A RUSSIAN BATH.

[From the National Freeman.]

Ms. Edson: SIR:—I have been and took one of those Roohan baths. I had for a long period sum curiosity to try this luck sery. I had heard that it purified the body, cultivated the mild, and assured every purpose of underclothing: further, it was told that it removed tan, freckils, pimpils, roncuses, dispsey, and made you feel as if walking on air. I hav always had, ever since a child, a earnest desire to be clean: fortune seemed now to offer this opportunity. In my way, my dream was about to be realized. You may therefor imagine my feelings as I mounted the stands of the establishment on the corner of Broadway and 13 street. A very gentlemanly young man, seated opposite to a small tub, took a dollar and a quar ter, and, after a little parley, put me into the very hot water, in a very close, like a horse stall with a door to it, were a looking-glaze, brusha, and sumthing with the attendant informed me was drawers. I divested myself of my garments and tried to put on the drawens; it was a irregular piece of white cloth with one hole in it. In vane did I put one leg and then the other thro the hole. In vane did I put both legs and both arms and then my hed. I was obliged to call the attendant to show me, feeling much humiliated as I did so. When he had showd me, I perceived it was a very simipl and effectv contrivens.

Being now ready, I was ushered into a place which, I should think, would resemble the place were bad Englishmen go to. I was in a room did with hot vapor; I could see nothing; but presently, there appeared a young man, with a broad shouldered young man, lean in the flesh, like a grey-bond; he led me to a marble slab and laid me thereon, like a ballbat, or a cod fish; he placed a cool sponge on my nose and left me there. I found that the steam cleaned from my nose, and was around me. Soon a deliseful smell, with a very strong smell, I did not care whether the whole concern burst up or not—I was happy.

Presently the young man returned with a currancy and head of hot water, and as if he was young, said: "Summer," that I bad come too late, and that I did not care whether the whole concern burst up or not—I was happy.
PORTRAIT GALLERY.

COUNT BISMARCK.

There are numberless portraits of Count Bismarck, and the most of them resemble each other, for his expressive meaning features stamp themselves easily and deeply in every one's memory, and apparently are not difficult to seize and repeat, but only apparently. Actually these features are so anatomised and detached from their nature that they lose the skill of every pencil, and even the magic art of thesunbeam, caught up and fixed by the photographer. Whoever sees theCount in person must find all likenesses unfaithful and de-ficient, and quite different from the living original. What picture, too, could give the elastic ease and unconstraint with which Count Bismarck now views his last and most peculiar work, with which he greets first one acquaintance and then an-other, and wanders from group to group, interchangeing looks and words and salutations with the members on every side-All eyes are fastened curiously and inquiringly upon him, for all know or suspect his consequence; but he bears this cross-as if it did not concern him, or were the most harmless thing in the world. And yet inwardly he may well exult and triumph, for he is mortal, and he has attained that which hisheart coveted and his genius willed. A year ago his oppo-nents and enemies were as the sand on the sea shore in number, Now he has discomfitted them all. A year ago he bore theweight of a mountain of hate and calumny. Since then appla-uses and cheers have raised him to the clouds.

In spite of all this, one might in vain seek in thesomewhat bizarre, but otherwise harmless-looking countenance of the man for any sign of triumph, in his flashing eyes for a single glance of pride, or in the finely chiselled lines of scorn or derision. On the contrary, he demeans himself unconstrainedly and innocently, laughs and chats with this one or that; lets fall a remark here and there, and seems to pay but a casu-al attention to the speaking and proceedings of the assembly.

But now he makes a sign to the President. "Count Bismarckhas the floor!" Silenced he is about to speak.

The gentlemanly, fine presence of Count Bismarck, his crav-ecarriage, above all his world-wide fame as diplomatist, andatman would lead one to expect him also to be a brilliant speaker, either one who would deliver with eloquent fluency and without hesitation or labor, a thoroughly digested, careful-ly elaborated speech, replete with the more, or an orator of natural eloquence, whose thoughts and ideas were the most subtle, most refined, and kindling the hearts of his hearers. But he is neither of the two. Apparently he has jotted down a few notes upon a littlestrip of paper, at which he looks from time to time, while headdresses the house, slowly twirling his thumbs as he speaks, androcking the upper part of his body to and fro. With this aid, hepauses and hesitates frequently, even stum-mers and sometimes contradicts himself; he seems to struggle withhis ideas, and the words cling obstinately as it were to hislips. He makes a little stop between every two or three words, and a suppressed sob is audible. His delivery is without ges-ture, pathos or cadence, no particular emphasis being laid onany one word, occasionally the final syllable or word quite falsely accented. Can this be the man who looks back upon a past of events and achievements that few have ever heard of, in 1847, as delegate of the Saxony nobility, was one of the leaders, and readiest orators of the extreme right of that house—in 1849 and 1850 as member of the Second Chamber, and of the Erfurt "Unions Parliament," by his sharp and biting speeches, trans-posed into law so many a measure of legislation that finally, since 1862, as Minister-President has held his ground almost alone in the House of Delegates, against a close phalanx of men of progress paying back in like coin their outpourings of legislation? This man, gentle, unassuming, without the least presence of mind, their ironical and sneering attacks, taunting andoften woundings them to the quick by witty improprieties, andcutting sarcasms? Yes, it is the same man, and, in case of need, as sharp andbitter as in former days, although since his great victory hehas more fully indulged the statesman-like gravity, the quietobjectivity and propitiatory carriage, which comport with hisnow universally recognised greatness.

As his speech proceeds, his delivery acquires more fineness andwarmth, and we begin to perceive its peculiar charms, that fresh and original, terse and pithy, bold and straightforward manner of expressing himself: to which one in our depen-dent age is so accustomed as to feel a certain interest in de-precatory speeches. He has surely not become such a man as have condemned as ‘paradoxical,’ ‘frivolous,’ and ‘clownish;’ but to which we owe a long list of seasonable sayings, such as the following: ‘Catastrophic existence,’ ‘People who have mistakentheir vocation,’ ‘Blood and iron,’ ‘Austria must move herhead a little,’ ‘In Germany the revolution was always trailing inconflict too strategically,—which have become current as pro-verbs, while the course of events has in the mean time revealed their truth and accuracy. On the introduction of the plan for the constitution of the confederacy, with that truth and exactitude, and at the same time how graphically and lucidly he de-fines the national character of the Germans, which has hitherto hindered their attainment of a great united fatherland. "It is, as it seems to me," says Count Bismarck, "a certain excess of the spirit of reform. The people in Germany have been carried away -by the spirit of reform in a position to earlier secure for themselves the very benefits which have been the results of our executions." And at the conclusion of his address, he admonishes the house to fulfill its task of electing a constitution in a manner that will not dis-satisfy the German people, gentlemen, has a right to expect of us, that we shall obviate the recurrence of such a catastrophe (a German war), and I am convinced that you, together with the con-federated governments, have nothing nearer your hearts than the fulfillment of that most reasonable and best expectations of the German people." By this noble admonishment, simple yet worthy of the speaker, and delivered with warmth and feeling; he electrified the whole as-sembly with a power equal to that of the greatest orator, for deafening applause resounded from all the benches.
GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

The Rev. Dr. Bellowes, while sojourning in Paris, wrote that "Napoleon has a poor walk and an uninteresting presence. He looks careworn and cold, anxious and reserved. His complexion is pallid and his expression deprecatory. There is nothing to excite enthusiasm in his look and manner. In private he is reported as mild-spoken, amiable, and of quick intelligence; but his face is both impassive and unpromising. All the portraits flatter him."—Since the bill of Beresowski, the Russian government is severe, not only on everything Polish, but everything French. In the new curriculum of the college, instruction in the French language has been suppressed; the day of the opening of the classes the professors of that language received their dismissal.—A Chinese paper is now published in England; it is called "The Flying Chinese," and is thought to be good. Europe. So much success has attended it that the proprietor has imported a font of Chinese type. The "Dragon" circulates in such parts of China—the Philippines and Japan—as England is allowed intercourse with, and is read not by traders alone, but by kings and princes, for the information it brings about European arts and machinery. The Chinese have begun to print from movable type.—A peer, when dining with Queen Victoria, was challenged by a young duchess to take wine with her. He politely thanked her, but declined the compliment, stating that he never took wine. The duchess immediately turned to the Queen, and jocfully said, "Please your Majesty, here is Lord——, who declines to take wine at your Majesty's table." Every eye was turned to the Queen, and not a little curiosity was excited. The manoeuvre which the abstinence was to be dealt with. With a smiling and graceful expression, the Queen replied: "There is no compulsion at my table." The story is comminicated to a newspaper by one of the guests.—Our readers from old London will be amused to hear, that after going in rags and dirt for generations, the elegant dress of that famous city are to wear uniforms. We expect that "Dust!" will have to be genteelly "cholled" in future. But now, to quite another subject.—Mr. Charles Dickens' favorite time for composition is in the morning, when he writes till one o'clock, then has his horoscope, and walks out for two hours, returns to dinner, and either goes out or spends the evening at his own fireside. Sometimes his method of labor is much more intermitent and unremitting. Of his delightful Christmas book, "The Chimes," the author says, in a letter to a friend, that he shut himself up for a month, close and tight over it. "All my affections and my passions got twined and knotted up in it, and I became as haggard as a murderer long before I wrote 'The End.' When I had done that, like 'The Man Who Was Thursday,' I lighted my pipe, curled my eyes, and walked out in a quickset hedge, plunged into a bramble bush to scratch them in again. I fled to Venice to recover the composure I had disturbed." When his imagination begins to outline a new novel, with his thoughts rife within him, he goes "wanderling about at night, or strolling by the strangest places," he says, "seeking for rest and finding none." Lord Lytton (Blunt) accomplishes his voluminous productions in about three hours a day, usually from ten till one, and seldom later, writing with all his own hand. Composition was at first laborious to him, but he gave himself sedulously to master its difficulties, and is said to have re-written some of his briefer productions eight or nine times before publication. He writes very rapidly, averaging. It is said. 20 octavo pages a day. He says of himself, in a letter to a friend: "I literarily away the morning, ride at three, go to bathe at five, dine at six, and get through the evening as I best may, sometimes by correcting a proof."”

MISTAKES IN SPEAKING CORRECTED.

'The word veracity is properly applied to the person who relates a story, but not to the story itself. We may doubt the truth of the latter.

Say, I prefer to walk, and not I had rather walk.'

'You have sov'n the beam badly.' Wheat is sov'n (or sowed); but a garment is sored. To say that the banks of the river are frequently overflowed, instead of overflown, is an error of a similar character.

We may summon a man by serving a summons upon him. Be careful not to use the noun (summons) in place of the verb (summon).
LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON I.—CONTINUED.

Now for the diphthongs or double vowels: *Ai* and *ae* and *ei* sound like our *a* in 'day'; *eu*, like our *i* in 'air,' only longer; *oi*, like what *oo-aw* would be in English; *au*, like our *o* in 'go;' and *ou*, like our *oo* in 'foo.'

The double consonants are pronounced —th— as if there were no *h*; *gn* is like nie in 'convenient,' *ch* like *sh*; *ng* like the English *ng* at the end of a word, but much softer, as if you had stopped half-way in pronouncing the final *g.* With regard to *ll,* some French teachers are content with the softly remark that ['l], when preceded by an *i,* sound like *g* in English; and the example is given of *mouflet,* which, no doubt, is pronounced 'moo-yalt.' But in the word *fille* (daughter), *l* is preceded by an *i,* and yet the word is pronounced 'fell.' So with *mittel* (a thousand), *Lille* (the town of Lille), and an infinity of other examples, in which the pronunciation is 'mel,' 'Leel,' &c., &c. The rule should be expressed thus: *ll,* when preceded by an *i,* and *when followed by a vowel accented, or not mute,* has the sound of our *g.*

When *n* or *m* ends a word, and the second last letter is a vowel, you must sound the *n* or the *m* as if there was a very faint *g* indeed superadded, with a sort of aspirate or breathing. For instance, the word *bon* (good) is pronounced 'bohn(g)—the two last letters with extreme softness. Bearing this carefully in mind, it only remains to add, that when preceding *n* or *m,* the vowels *a* and *e* have the sound of our *o* in 'not,' while *o* itself has, in the same case, the sound of our *o* in 'go;' *i* that of our *a* in 'hat;' and *u* a sound similar to what *eu* ought to have in English. An approach, but only an approach, to this tone is found in the *e* of our word 'hour.'

LESSONS IN PRONUNCIATION.

Be particularly careful to place the accent on the right syllable; as, *al lies,* in qui-r, *com-pen-sate,* o-tho-e-py, *Ar-op-a-gus,* de-co-rous.

Avoid the transposition of vowels in such words as *violet,* a-e-ri-al, lin-e-a-ment. Read the following very de-lib-er-a-tely:

"Ba-al, the ori-ent a-e-ro-naut and cham-pion of fer-ry scorpions, took his a-e-ri-al flight into the ge-om-e-trical em-py-re-an and dropped a beau-ti-ful vi-o-let into the Ap-i-i for-um, where they sung hy-me-ni-al re-qui-ens."  

The adverb *too* should be pronounced like the numerical adjective *two,* and have the same full distinct sound in delivery; as, "I think I paid too much for this hat," not so much.

"How that man murders the English language!" a ly-stander remarked to Curran, hearing some one pronounce the word cu-ri-os-i-ty cu-ro-si-ty. "O no," Curran replied, "he only knocks an eye (i) out." Do not say Lat'n sat'n cur'rn; nor modle for model, and medle for medal.

One does not expect to hear such words as 'neces-si-terd,' 'preventative,' (preventive), etc., from people who profess to be educated; but one does hear them, nevertheless, and many others of the same genus; as, govern-ment for governement, Feb'uary for Feb'ruary, etc.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

"Prevention is better than cure," as the pig said when he ran away from the butcher.

A country boy, who had read of sailors 'heaving up anchors,' wanted to know if it was sea sickness that made them do it.

A fellow was told at a tailor's shop that three yards of cloth, by being wet, would shrink one quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any left?"

It is related that the clerk of a rural church recently made the following announcement to the congregation: 'You are desired to attend a meeting in the vestry, at four o'clock, to consider on the means of 'eating the church and digesting other matters.'

A lad who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up at dinner every day for a week, ran away. When asked why he had left his place, he replied: 'They made me eat grass! 'tis summer, and I was afraid they'd make me yeat hay! 'tis winter, and I could not stand that, so I went off.'

A famous actor would never take medicine; and his medical man was often obliged to resort to stratagem to impose a dose upon him. There is a play in which the hero is sentenced to drink a cup of poison. The actor in question was playing this part one night, and had given directions to have a cup filled with port wine; but when he came to drink it, what was his horror to find it contained a dose of senha! He could not throw it away, as he had to hold the goblet upside down, to show his persecutors he had drained every drop of it. Our hero drank the medicine; but he never forgave his medical man, as was proved at his death, for he died without paying his bill.

Three brothers bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered in the shop early in the morning, and was shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only for a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German dropped the razor in astonishment and exclaimed: 'Well, mine Gott! dat man hash de fashest beard I never saw! I shaves him dis mornin', I shaves him at dinner-times, and he goes back now mit his beard so long as it never vash!'

An Irish Blunder.—Two Irishmen, engaged in peddling packages of linen, bought an old mule to aid in carrying the burdens. One would ride awhile, then the other, carrying the bales of linen on the mule.—One day, the Irishman who was on foot got close up to the heels of his muleship, when he received a kick on one of his shins. To be revenged, he picked up a stone, and hurled it at the mule, but struck his companion on the back of the head. Seeing what he had done, he stopped and began to groan and rub his shin. The one on the mule turned and asked what was the matter. "The filthy crathur kicked me," was the reply. "Be jabers, he's did the same thing to me on the back of me head," said the other.

A Cross Examination.—"What time, sir, did I understand you to say it was when the horses were driven up to the stable?"

"Just as I was going to dinner."

"What time was it when you went to dinner that day—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time was it when you went to dinner the day before—by the clock?"

"Just twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time did you go to dinner the day before that—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"At what time did you go to dinner a week previous—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, sir, will you be good enough to tell the jury what time you went to dinner three months before the last date—by the clock?"

"At twelve."

"To a minute, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all, sir," said the counsel, with a gleam of satisfaction on his face and a glance at the jury, a much as to say, "That man has settled his testimony gentlemen." And so we all thought till, just as he was leaving the stand, he turned to his questione with a curious, comical expression on his face, and drawled out, "That ere clock was out o' kilter, am hadn't been goin' for six months." There was a general roar in the gallery where I sat. Mr. Clark sat down, and I noticed that the judge had to use his handkerchief just then.

THE VISION.

I woke last night in fearful fright,
And shivered in my bed!
I saw a sight that raised upright
The hair upon my head.

For, lo! I saw a thing of awe
That stood by my bed-post!
A figure white—a faint blue light—
I took it for a ghost!

My poor heart jumped, and beat and thumped
As if 't would break in half,
I scarce could sigh—"Oh, me! oh, my!"
Then came a hollow laugh.

And, on my life, it was my wife—
Her voice rang through the gloom:
"Confound the match—in vain I scratch—
There's a cat, dear, in the room!"

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER


GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESERET NEWS."
POETRY.

MY CREED.

BY ALONzo CARY.

I hold that Christian grace abounds
Where charity is seen; that when
We climb to heaven,'tis on the rounds
Of love to men.

I hold all else, named pietly,
A selfish scheme, a vain pretense:
Where charity is not, can there be
Circumference?

This I, moreover, hold and dare
Affirm, where'er my rhyme may go,
Whether things be sweet or fair,
Love makes them so.

Whether it be the lullabies
That charm to rest the nursing bird,
Or that sweet confidence of sighs
And blushes made without a word.

Whether the dazzling and the flush
Of softly siputuous garden bower,
Or by some cabin door or bush
Of ragged flowers.

'Tis not the wide phylactery,
Nor stubborn fast, nor stated prayers,
That make us saints; we judge the tree
By what it bears.

And when a man can live apart
From works on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;
OR, VITTORIA ACCOBAMONI.
A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

The judicial investigation, as has been said, had
succeeded in obtaining evidence against the Accor-
ambonis, mother and son, and against a great prince
whose name the police records were afraid to mention.
But with this information Justice contented herself.
No further steps were taken in the matter, at the ur-
gent request of the Cardinal di Montalto. The Man-
cino was released from prison, and sent away to his
own native village, with the intention that his life
would be forfeited if he left it without express per-
mission from Rome. And thus far all was decorously
wiped up; and the disagreeableness were confined to the
unlucky Peretti, who had lost his life—not altogether
without affording by his death a useful social example
—for having dared to marry one who was desired by
a Roman prince; and to his poor mother and uncle,
who had philosophy enough to remark that such
things must be expected in this world. But still all
was not quite satisfactorily settled.

The two brothers of the ill-fated Isabella, the Duke
of Florence and the cardinal, thought it hard that,
after having connived at the murder of their sister for
the sake of preserving immaculate the fair fame of
both the Medici and Orsini name, their partner in the
enterprise should now spoil all by this degrading alli-
ance. The Cardinal dei Medici, therefore, and the
Spanish ambassador, went together to Pope Gregory,
and besought him to prevent so great a scandal as the
intended marriage. The Pope found it impossible to
refuse two such applicants, and he accordingly issued
his precept to Orsini to contract no such marriage
without express license from him, or, after his death,
from his successor. Moreover, as papal precepts ad-
dressed to an Orsini were not always very sure of
meeting with obedience, to make all sure, he shut up
Vittoria in the castle of St. Angelo.

As is usual with them, the old historians who have
left us the record of the facts of this strange story,
are very chary in the matter of dates. But with re-
gard to this imprisonment of Vittoria, they do furnish
us with a couple of them. She was sent to Saint An-
gelo in January, 1583, and remained there till the
tenth of April, 1585. The latter day there was no
mistaking, as it was one of the great epochs of Roman
history. On the tenth of April, 1585 died Pope Greg-
ory the Thirteenth.

CHAPTER VI.—LOOKING FOR ST. PETER'S KEYS, AND FINDING
THEM.

The reader of papal history is often struck by the
extreme swiftness with which the acts of a pope are
undone and reversed as soon as ever the breath is out
of his body. It is like the actions of a spring, which
flies back to its original form and position instantly
on the removal of the force which has compressed it.
The same is true of the consequences and evidences of
a state of society governed not by law, but by
personal interest, favor and privilege. Power passes
from top to bottom of the social scale into new hands,
and as a natural and recognised consequence, it is
wielded with quite different objects, is directed to a
new set of aims, and made to subserv a new system of interests and passions.

It was quite in accordance, therefore, with the ordinary march of events in the Roman world, that Vittoria Accoramboni should be restored to liberty on the death of the pope who had imprisoned her. A powerful friend was no doubt on the watch to take instant advantage of the opportunity; for, though more than two years had elapsed since the gates of St. Angelo had closed upon her—a terribly long trial for the constancy of a swain of more than fifty years, and half as many stone, whose physicians shook their heads, as they redoubled their applications of raw flesh to his diseased limbs—her Orsini still was true; and on the very same day that ended the old pope's life, she walked forth from her prison, and returned to his protection.

Still, however, there remained considerable difficulties in the way of the marriage. The prohibition pronounced against it by Gregory the Thirteenth had been especially extended beyond his own lifetime; and the penalty pronounced in case of disobedience was that of being considered in open rebellion to the Holy See. Now, though a position of open rebellion against the sovereign was nothing new to an Orsini, and Prince Paolo Giordano was by no means likely to be definitely deterred from doing that on which his heart was set by the threat of it; yet it was a sufficiently serious matter to make it very desirable that, if possible, he should abstain from the act without incurring it. Again, in case the Cardinal di Montalto should be elected pope, as all Rome supposed that he would be, it was natural to suppose that he would be little inclined to permit the marriage which his predecessor had forbidden. The object of the prince, therefore, was to obtain a judicial opinion of the effect that Gregory's prohibition ceased to have force after his death; and then to celebrate the marriage before the next pope could be elected.

The intervals between the end of one pope's reign and the beginning of that of his successor were always times of extra license, turbulence, violence and lawlessness. And many things were done during these interregnums which, bad as the papal government was at all times, would not have been done while the chair of St. Peter was occupied. And these frequently recurring periods of all but total anarchy varied, of course, in duration, according to the amount of difficulty experienced and time consumed by the cardinals in coming to such a degree of agreement as was necessary for the election of a new pope. In the present case, Orsini flattered himself that he should have plenty of time to accomplish his marriage before the conclave could come to an election. For though it was very generally believed that Montalto would be pope, it was perfectly well understood that this result would only be brought about as a compromise between strong parties in the conclave, each sufficiently powerful to prevent their opponents' success, but not able to elect their own candidate. It was thought, therefore, that the election of Cardinal di Montalto would not be decided on until after there had been a certain amount of struggle and trying of their respective strength by the opposing factions.

Orsini's first step was not a difficult one. Theologians of respectable standing were readily found, who declared that the prohibition was valid only during the reign of the pope who pronounced it. It might probably have been less easy to find canonists willing to support the opposite opinion while there was no pope on the throne, and an Orsini wished for a contrary decision. Still the law required that Vittoria's nearest relations should consent to the marriage. It would seem that her father must have died during the interval that had elapsed since her marriage with Petti; for we do not hear of any application having been made to him, but to her brothers, who after their father's death, were, for this purpose, their sister's legal guardians. The consent of the three younger brothers appears to have been obtained without any difficulty; but the elder, the young man of saintly morals, who had become Bishop of Fossombrone, absolutely refused to permit the match.

This hitch in the accomplishment of his object seems to have given Orsini more trouble than it might have been supposed he would have permitted it to do.—The spectacle of the great chieflain of the house of Orsini waiting, and waiting in vain, for the consent to his marriage of the low-born bishop of an obscure little town in the Umbrian Apennines, seems strange to us, and must, one would think, have seemed something more than strange to the noblesse. And this consideration suggests the probability, that his anxiety that all should be done with scrupulous legality may have been due rather to the lady, or to that superior and managing woman, her mother, on her behalf. When young ladies just out of their teens marry infirm old nobles of fifty, they are apt to evince a much more lively respect for, and interest in, law and its provisions, than might be expected from the goodness natural to their age and sex.

But from whatever quarter proceeded this unusual sticking for legality, certain it is that the anxious couple spared no pains to attain it. But that trouble some brother with his saintly morals was immovable. Whether it were that the holy man had never got over his discomfiture in his scheme of disposing of his sister to that pillar of the Church, the most reverend Cardinal Farnese, or whether, as a bishop, he was especially afraid of doing what might naturally be supposed to be most offensive to the man who would in all probability be pope in a few days, it is certain that no instances could obtain from him the desired consent. And the conclave was sitting all this while—and it was a long journey from Rome to Fossombrone—and precious time was being lost. The conclave might declare their election any day; and Vittoria might be marched back again to St. Angelo as quickly after the election of the new pope as she had escaped from it after the death of the old one. It was determined, however, to try one more urgent appeal to the obstinate bishop brother, and a courier was despatched, we are told, on relays of horses, with orders to spare neither horse nor man for the bringing back an answer with the utmost speed.

In the mean time, however, the conclave of cardinals had been getting on with their work, and had arrived at the conclusion that the best compromise to be made between the contending parties was the election of the infirm Cardinal di Montalto, who was sure not to last long, sooner than had been expected. The old pope had died on the 14th of April, and on the 24th it was known that the election was made. The courier from Fossombrone had not returned, and Vit-
Maria and her prince felt that, legal or not legal it was now or never the moment for their marriage. There was not an instant to be lost, and the wedding was solemnised on the very same day that the Cardinal di Montalto was proclaimed pope by the name of Sixtus the Fifth.

Nothing could have been more insulting to the new pope than this marriage; performed as it in defiance of him, at the very moment it was known that he was the new sovereign. It was as if the parties to it had hesitated to fly in the face of the late pope's prohibition as long as they feared the possibility of the election of some strong-handed and energetic ruler, and had only ventured on defying him when they were assured that they would have to deal with the weak and all but imbecile Cardinal di Montalto. But though deeply offended at the manner in which the thing had been done, it is probable that the old man was not much surprised to find, when he came out from the conclave, that Orsini and his niece-in-law had availed themselves of the license of an interregnum to effect what it was notorious that they desired.

But if Pope Sixtus was not surprised, a very great and by no means agreeable surprise awaited the Prince Orsini, in common with all the rest of the Eternal City.

The transformation of a cardinal into a pope is, in all cases, a great and remarkable one, watched, canvassed, and speculated on with intense interest by the court and city of Rome, and indeed, in those days, by the whole of Christendom. But never had such a transformation been seen as that which struck all Rome mute with astonishment, and half of it with terror, when the weak and meek old Mendiants friar Felix Peretti came forth from the conclave as Sixtus the Fifth. Upright as an arrow, imperious and dignified in gesture and bearing, firm of step and keen of eye, the new pope advanced to the altar to celebrate the service which is a pope's first duty and pronounced the sacred words in strong ringing tones, which came from as sound a chest as any man that heard him could boast. The tottering gait, the bent body, the distressing cough, the downcast eye, the humble bearing, had all vanished as by magic. The astonished cardinals quailed before the power they had created, as Frankenstein before the being he had called to life. The deed was irrevocable. But probably there was not a single cardinal there who would not have given much to undo what had been done. Nothing, of course, remained but to bend the head with such humility as they might to a ruler who evidently intended to rule them in earnest. The congratulations and obsequiousness had to be made, and were made humbly, to the peasant's son by Estes, Farnesies, Savelli, and all the greatest and proudest names in Rome. The Cardinale dei Medici only, as is recorded, ventured, in offering his congratulations, to slide among them some word of remark on the wondrous restorative power which, by God's blessing, the papal consecration had exercised on his holiness.

"Truly," replied Sixtus, "I have been many years looking for the keys of St. Peter, and had to keep my eyes on the earth to find them, having found them, I can raise my eyes to heaven, henceforward to look earthwards no more."

However alarmed and disgusted Rome was, at the promise of vigor and strong-handed government in the new sovereign, the Roman world could not refuse its praise and admiration of the skilful and consistent hypocrisy of years, which had worked to so successful a result. And we, while branding as it deserves so base and degrading a system of ethics, and abomining the social system which generates and fosters it, must needs admit that the consummate hypocrite—the "great friar," as old Gregory admiringly called him—governed Rome and his states to better purpose than any pope since. Justice was, if severely, at least equitably exercised. The peasant's son quailed before none of the turbulent feudatories, who had been the terror of preceding popes—Rome, to its infinite surprise, became peaceable and safe. The brigands and bandits were mercilessly extirpated. The roads were no longer dangerous to property and life. And malefactors, and lawless men of all rank, found that the States of the Pope, instead of being, as hitherto, their own special refuge and territory, were the least safe abiding-place for them in all Italy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

[BY CHARLES DICKENS.]

Punctual to five o'clock, came the stranger, and shortly afterwards the dinner. He had divested himself of his brown paper parcel, but had made no alteration in his attire; and was, if possible, more logianous than ever. "What's that?" he inquired, as the waiter removed one of the covers.

"Soles, sir."

"Sole—ah!—capital fish—all come from London—stage-coach proprietors get up political dinners—carriage of soles—dozens of baskets—cunning fellows—Glass of wine, sir?"

"With pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick—and the stranger took wine; first with him, and then with Mr. Snodgrass, and then with Mr. Tupman, and then with Mr. Winkle, and then with the whole party together, almost as rapidly as he talked. "Devil of a mess on the staircase, waiter," said the stranger. "Forms going up—carpenters coming down—lamps, glasses, harps. What's going forward?"

"Ball, sir," said the waiter.

"Assembly—eh?"

"No, sir, not Assembly, sir. Ball for the benefit of a charity, sir."

"Many fine women in this town, do you know, sir?" inquired Mr. Tupman, with great interest. "Splendid—capital. Kent, sir. Everybody knows Kent—apples, cherries, hops and women. Glass of wine, sir?"

"With great pleasure," replied Mr. Tupman. The stranger filled, and emptied. "I should very much like to go," said Mr. Tupman, resuming his subject of the ball, 'very much.' "Tickets at the bar, sir," interposed the waiter, 'half-a-guinea each, sir.'

"They're beginning upstairs," said the stranger, 'hear the company—fiddles tuning—now the harp—there they go.' The various sounds which found their way down stairs, announced the commencement of the first quadrille.
How I should like to go,' said Mr. Tupman, again. 'So should I,' said the stranger,—'confounded luggage—heavy smacks—nothing to go in—odd, ain't it!'

Now general benevolence was one of the leading features of the Pickwickian theory, and no one was more remarkable for the zealous manner in which he observed so noble a principle, than Mr. Tracy Tupman. The number of instances, recorded on the Transactions of the Society, in which that excellent man referred objects of charity to the houses of other members for left-off garments, or pecuniary relief, is almost incredible.

'I should be very happy to lend you a change of apparel for the purpose,' said Mr. Tracy Tupman,—'but you are rather slim, and I am—'

'Rather fat—grew up. Bacchus—cut the leaves—dismounted from the tub, and adopted kersey, eh?—not double distilled, but double milled—ha! ha!—pass the wine.'

'I was about to observe, sir,' he said, 'that though my apparel would be too large, a suit of my friend Mr. Winkle's would, perhaps, fit you better.'

The stranger took Mr. Winkle's measure with his eye; and that feature glistened with satisfaction as he said—'Just the thing!'

The temptation to be present at the ball, and to form his first impressions of the beauty of the Kentish ladies, was strong upon Mr. Tupman. The temptation to take the stranger with him, was equally great. He was wholly unacquainted with the place, and its inhabitants; and the stranger seemed to possess as great a knowledge of both as if he had lived there from his infancy. Mr. Winkle was asleep, and Mr. Tupman had sufficient experience in such matters to know, that the moment he awoke, he would, in the ordinary course of nature, roll heavily to bed. He was undecided. 'Fill your glass, and pass the wine,' said the indefatigable visitor.

Mr. Tupman did as he was requested; and the additional stimulus of the last glass settled his determination.

'Winkle's bedroom is inside mine,' said Mr. Tupman; 'I couldn't make him understand what I wanted, if I woke him now, but I know he has a dress suit in a carpet-bag; and supposing you wore it to the ball, and took it off when we returned, I could replace it without troubling him at all about the matter.'

'Capital,' said the stranger, 'famous plan—damned odd situation—fourteen coats in the packing cases, and obliged to wear another man's—very good motion, that—very.'

'We must purchase our tickets,' said Mr. Tupman. 'Not worth while splitting a guinea,' said the stranger, 'toss who shall pay for both—I call; you spin—first time—woman—woman—bewitching woman, and down came the sovereign, with the Dragon (called by courtesy a woman) uppermost.

Mr. Tupman rang the bell, purchased the tickets, and ordered chamber candles. In another quarter of an hour the stranger was completely arrayed in a full suit of Mr. Nathaniel Winkle's.

'Rather short in the waist, ain't it?' said the stranger, screwing himself round, to catch a glimpse in the glass of the waist buttons which were half way up his back. 'Like a general postman's coat—queer coats those—made by contract—no measuring—mysterious dispensations of Providence—all the short men get long coats—all the long men short ones.'

Running on in this way, Mr. Tupman's new companion adjusted his dress, or rather the dress of Mr. Winkle; and, accompanied by Mr. Tupman, ascended the staircase leading to the ball room.

'What names, sir?' said the man at the door. Mr. Tracy Tupman was stepping forward to announce his own titles, when the stranger prevented him.

'No names at all,'—and then he whispered Mr. Tupman, 'Not worth it—known—very good names in their way, but not so great once—capital names for a small party, but won't make an impression in public assemblies—incog. the thing—Gentlemen from London—distinguished foreigners—anything.' The door was thrown open; and Mr. Tracy Tupman, and the stranger, entered the ball-room.

It was a long room, with crimson covered benches, and wax candles in glass chandeliers. The musicians were securely confined in an elevated den, and quadrilles were being systematically got through by two or three sets of dancers. Two card-tables were made up in the adjoining card room, and two pair of old ladies, and a corresponding number of stout gentlemen, were executing whirin therein.

The finale concluded, the dancers promenaded the room, and Mr. Tupman and his companion stationed themselves in a corner, to observe the company.

'Charming women,' said Mr. Tupman. 'Wait a moment,' said the stranger, 'fun presently—nobs not come yet—quere place—Dock-yard people of upper rank don't know Dock-yard people of lower rank—Dock-yard people of lower rank don't know small gentry—small gentry don't know tradespeople—Commissioner don't know anybody.'

'Who's that little boy with the light hair and pink eyes, in a fancy dress?' inquired Mr. Tupman. 'Hush, pray—pink eyes—fancy dress—little boy—nonsense—Ensign 97th—Honorable Wilmot Snipe—great family—snipes—very.'

'Sir Thomas Cubber, Lady Cubber, and the Miss Cubbers!' shouted the man at the door in a stentorian voice. A great sensation was created throughout the room, by the entrance of a tall gentleman in a blue coat and bright buttons, a large lady in blue satin, and two young ladies on a similar scale, in fashionably made dresses of the same hue.

'Commissioner—head of the yard—great man—remarkably great man,' whispered the stranger in Mr. Tupman's ear, as the charitable committees ushered Sir Thomas Cubber and family to the top of the room. The Honorable Wilmot Snipe, and other distinguished gentlemen crowded to render homage to the Miss Cubbers; and Sir Thomas Cubber stood bolt upright and looked majestically over his black neckerchief at the assembled company.

'Mr. Smithie, Mrs. Smithie, and the Misses Smithie' was the next announcement.

'What's Mr. Smithie?' inquired Mr. Tracy Tupman.

'Something in the yard, replied the stranger. Mr. Smithie bowed deferentially to Sir Thomas Cubber; and Sir Thomas Cubber acknowledged the salute with conscious condescension. Lady Cubber took a telescopic view of Mrs. Smithie and family, through her eye-glass, and Mrs. Smithie stared in her turn at Mrs. Somebodyelse, whose husband was not in the dock-yard at all.
by a man whom nobody had ever seen before, and whom nobody knew even now! Doctor Slammer—Doctor Slammer of the 97th rejected! Impossible! It could not be! Yes, it was; there they were. What introducing his friend! Could he believe his eyes!—He looked again, and was under the painful necessity of admitting the veracity of his optics; Mrs. Burger was dancing with Mr. Tracy Tupman, there was no mistaking the fact. There was the widow before him, bouncing bodily, here and there, with unwonted vigor; and Mr. Tupman hopping about, with a face expressive of the most intense solemnity, dancing (as a good many people do) as if a quadrille were not a thing to be laughed at, but a severe trial of the feelings, which it requires inflexible resolution to encounter.

Silently and patiently did the doctor bear all this, and all the hangings of negus, and watching for glasses, and darting for biscuits, and coquetting that ensued; but, a few seconds after the stranger had disappeared to lead Mrs. Burger to her carriage, he darted swiftly from the room with every particle of his hitherto-bottled-up indignation effervescing, from all parts of his countenance, in a perspiration of passion.

The stranger was returning, and Mr. Tupman was beside him. He spoke in a low tone and laughed.—He was exulting; he had triumphed.

'Sir!' said the doctor, in an awful voice, producing a card, and retiring into an angle of the passage: 'my name is Slammer, Doctor Slammer, sir, 97th Regiment, Chatham Barracks;—my card, sir, my card.'—He would have added more, but his indignation choked him.

'Ahi!' replied the stranger, coolly, 'Slammer—much obliged—polite attention—not ill now, Slammer; but when I am—call you up.'

'You—you're a shuffler, sir,' gasped the furious doctor, a poltroon—a coward—a liar—a—will nothing induce you to give me your card, sir'

'Oh! I see,' said the stranger, half aside, 'negus too strong here—liberal landlord—very foolish—very, lemonade much better—hot rooms—elderly gentlemen—suffer for it in the morning—crue—crue,' and he moved on a step or two.

'You are stopping in this house, sir,' said the indignant little man; 'you are intoxicated now, sir, you shall hear from me in the morning, sir. I shall find you out, sir; I shall find you out'.

'Rather you found me out, than found me at home,' replied the unmoved stranger.

Doctor Slammer looked unutterable ferocity, as he fixed his hat on his head with an indignant knock.—And the stranger and Mr. Tupman ascended to the bed-room of the latter to restore the borrowed plumage to the unconscious Winkle.

That gentleman was fast asleep; the restoration was soon made. The stranger was extremely jocose; and Mr. Tracy Tupman, being quite bewildered with wine, negus, lights and ladies, thought the whole affair an exquisite joke. His new friend departed; and, after experiencing some slight difficulty in finding the orifice in his night-cap, originally intended for the reception of his head, and finally overturning his candlestick in his struggles to put it on, Mr. Tracy Tupman managed to get into bed, by a series of complicated evolutions, and shortly afterwards sank into repose.

[So much for the events of the ball; what came of it our readers will be told in our next.]
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1868.

LAWS OF NATURE.

In our choice of a Religion, there was one question which invariably occurred to our minds, and guided us in our selection. It was this: "Does it present a system worthy of a God. Is His sublime comprehensiveness enstamped upon it. Does its breadth and general proportions indicate the hand of a Being accustomed to move amidst scenes of eternal grandeur?" The same question may be asked of all speculations that undertake to reveal the movements of Deity in spheres where humanity, as such, has never traveled. There is one statement that may be safely made of all such theories; one law that may be laid down as true and sure: Nothing which reveals the operations of Deity in a petty or insignificant light can be true. Nothing which represents Him as doing and undoing, creating and destroying the results of His labors, can possibly be correct. To be eternally wise, He must of necessity move steadily on gaining at every point. Working so that every past process of creation counts in each additional act. All that is less than this is less than Deity. There can be no breaking up—no dismemberment of that which has taken creative labor to produce. Just as we know that any scheme of so-called Theology would be false, which should teach that men are sent to this earth to spend sixty or seventy years in acquiring experiences which have no application beyond this life. So we know that any speculation of so-called science is false, which represents the movements of nature in any light but that of a ceaseless working-in of every jot and tittle of the past to the beauty and perfection of the present, which present with all its increase must again to be carried on and incorporated in the perfection of a still more advanced period.

In addition to this there is another proposition we would lay down. We are sure that the arrangements of nature are complete in themselves, and that they move on forever requiring no patching; but that all the provisions for development are within them from the first. Unlike, for instance, one of the first steam engines which was ever made, which required a man to watch it and at certain intervals to turn a handle and help it over a difficult point in the proper direction of its steam. The Great Steam Engine of Nature, we are sure, started with all its fuel and necessary mechanism from the first, needing no freshly designed crank or pivot to keep it going. When, therefore, any scientific scheme of creation comes before us which is devoid of this full completeness for eternal continuance, we know that it lacks one essential evidence of being a true law of nature. Not only do we hold it to be a self-evident truth that in the laws of nature nothing is lost of the labors of the past, as well that every provision for the future is combined in every movement from the beginning, but we consider it self-evident that the whole thus magnificently constituted must be ordained for ceaseless addition. Just as "man is that he might have joy", so the Universe must be that it may be increasingly filled with scenes of life and happiness. No contracting or drawing in of the limits of life, but a spreading out, filling up the waste places and the darkest recesses. Life must move on forever dispelling gloom, and the centres of intelligent existence be continually enlarging their borders; for decrease of or drawing in of any kind is contrary to the promptings and ambitions implanted in human bosoms, and must be especially opposed to Him from whom as a fountain the whole of this instinct has been obtained.

HAMLET.

(Communicated.)

It is our private opinion (publicly expressed) that Mr. Lindsay's Hamlet is the best representation of the melancholy Dane that we Salt Lakers have yet witnessed. It may be said to mark an era in this actor's career—and in art itself as exhibited upon our stage—quite as distinct as the well-remembered Coloma of Mr. McKenzie. We confess to a slight mania on this subject of Hamlet, and it seems to us impossible the play can ever pull upon a cultivated taste any more than Sweet Home or Auld Lang Syne or any other time-honored Institution, so long as genius can interpret the genius that produced. Hamlet, it should be borne in mind, is a play of contrasts, the good Ghost-father and wicked usurping Uncle,—the voluptuous queen and "the fair Ophelia," true hearted Horatio and Marcellus, false Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—and last, the fiery, natural Laertes and sophisticated, shilly-shallying Hamlet.

But to the acting: We would like to see both Laertes and Horatio a little nearer the mark, and hope another opportunity may soon be offered. Might it not be well for Mr. Hardie to take Horatio? He has already established his reputation as a Ghost. We were particularly pleased with the clear and resonant delivery of both Hardie and Lindsay. Shakspere admits of no slighting or mumbling. A word now in reference to that plentiful lack of soul in our actors which a contemporary discovers, with wholesome comment thereupon. Green orators are apt to be troubled with a painful consciousness of hands, and actors who are not too fast are likewise apt to be troubled with a painful consciousness of parts. This mars everything. Talk of holding a mirror up to nature with the quick-silver half rubbed off—"tis absurd, rather! No reflection is here intended or thought of in regard to Mr. Lindsay who is confessedly well up. And now with a brief congratulation that he has proven his own discretion so good a tutor, and fits so nicely that difficult happy medium between "overdone and come tardy off," we must close, feeling assured that the success of last Tuesday evening will warrant a speedy repetition of this Great Play, and meanwhile, afford some of the actors time—a lack of which seemed to have somewhat affected Gertrude. That wicked old uncle wasn't wicked a bit. "A cow does na make a monk, 'tis said, nor black curls a "willun." Ophelia and Polonius (Miss Colebrook and Mr. McKenzie) were both admirable.

MR. BARKER'S "PHILOSOPHY."

As a specimen of what is curious and novel in the way of "scientific" theory, we publish a brief epitome of the contents of Mr. Barker's new work. "The Key
of Knowledge," presuming it may interest some of our readers. Where quotational marks are employed, we have used his own language, without any reference to the correctness of the terms employed. We commence with his views respecting primitive elements.

Mr. Barker repudiates the idea of 30 or 60 simple elements accepted by chemists, and starts with four primal elements only. These he considers to be Oxygen, Hydrogen, Positive Electricity, and Negative Electricity. His Oxygen and Hydrogen are the same elements usually known by those names. His "Positive Electricity" is the agent employed in the organization of all bodies, of which compounds, it, in all cases, constitutes its proportion. "Negative Electricity" he considers to be a celestial ether filling "Eternity's deep," and forming the buoyant principle of support, in which worlds float as ships do upon the ocean.

Having introduced us to a universal ether filling all space, we next are inducted into the processes of Planetary motion. Our philosopher takes the Sun as the center of a system for an illustration. Our sun, the surface of which he asserts, presents a tropical belt of water, rotates with immense rapidity. This motion causes a corresponding movement in the Sun's atmosphere, in turn communicated to the mass of "celestial ether" lying beyond, until a current is created, reaching to the outer verge of the solar system, and running in a constant direction from west to east. This current is no less than the "gulf stream of eternity." In its movements, it carries around it, also from West to East, all the planets lying within its influence; which is, it appears, the cause of the invariable rotation of all the planets in that direction. Every planet on the same principle has a "gulf stream" of its own, by which it carries around it its own satellites or moons.

The motion of the planets, according to Mr. Barker, upon their axes is caused by what he terms, "the action of the Sun's Director Rays" (the influence of the noon-tide sun we suppose) "upon the tropical belt of water encompassing each planet." This action evaporates vast amounts of water, and also sets free a great amount of "positive electricity," which process "of course" lightens the sunny side of the planet—in this case compared to a huge water-wheel. "The disengaged electricity, etc. being, in the meantime, attracted by the cold side of the earth, where it is absorbed by dews, vapors, vegetable and animal bodies, makes that side the heaviest" and the motion continues as a matter of necessity which, we are told, will continue as long as there is sufficient water on the wheel to effect the object and no longer.

But now for the mysteries of Heat and Light. Mr. Barker repudiates the undulatory and emission theories altogether. Combustion is, with him, the only principle of Heat and Light. Water, it is well known, contains hydrogen. "The Sun's Director Ray" (again) "sets upon the Meridian line and hydrogen is ignited—the mass of celestial ether (or negative electricity) supporting the combustion." The revolution of the Earth causes this process in turn to take place entirely around the globe. Thus light is awakened as it goes, on the principle of a running fire.

It may be interesting here to know that, according to the new philosophy, all space is dark and cold, not a ray being emitted beyond the atmosphere of any planet—light and heat being "the effect of the mag-
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S TRIALS.

[From All the Year Round.]

May I, a humble photographer, venture one or two blots to the owners of countenances who desire them to be gracefully and accurately copied, and to those who try to copy them? I hope I shall not be so much a failure as to pass our acquaintances without even a nod. How is this? The photograph may be irrefragable as a work of art, and it is impossible to be other than a transcript of what was presented to the camera. How comes it, then, that it is not a likeness? Simply because the subject is not a likeness himself. When about to be photographed, one is apt to feel that, like Marshal Ney, the eyes of Europe are upon him—and that, according to the position which he assumes, judgment will be passed on his good or bad figure, awkwardness or grace. He wishes to present himself on paper to an admiring, not a critical public. Placed in a position always chosen by the operator (being, to save himself the trouble of re-arranging accessories, precisely the same as that which the last sitter occupied), his head screwed into a vice behind, he is told to look at a designated spot on the wall, and keep still. Thus posed, he regards further operations with much the same feelings of distrust as he would those of a dentist. In imagination he hears the sharp rattle of thefocused, or the punch. His breath ag becomes thicker and quicker as the critical moment arrives, his heart beats audibly against his waistcoat, and a flaky film falls over his eyes. In this delightful condition of mind and body, he is enjoined to "keep quite still, and put on a natural expression". All expressions are tabooed, except that of astonishment, the inevitable consequence of "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," the like of which never passed over his features before. Yet both operator and sitter wonder why the portrait is so very unlike.

"I should like to have a landscape background for my portrait, if you please," is a frequent, but most inconsistent request. What can be more preposterous than to see a lady in full evening costume, quietly seated in a luxurious easy-chair, in a room surrounded by expensive pieces of furniture, a catastrophe rushing madly down within a couple of inches of her immovable book-muslin? The rugged pinnacle to which she is supposed to have flown (in her easy-chair) being carefully adapted to her satin shoes by a Brussels carpet, from which a tree is vigorously springing. An actor wishing to be represented in some particular character, may, with propriety, require a painted background to assist in the illusion that he is on the stage, before his own painted scenes.

Photography is interpreted in which ladies and gentlemen are represented in positions, and engaged in employments, equally as foreign to those in which their friends usually see them. The conventional pillar and curtain are becomes familiar, putting a beautiful young girl in a four-poster, Jones, attired in his habit as he lives, seldom has the opportunity of resting his elbow on the base of a fitted column; neither is he often interrupted in the study of his favorite author (one finger between the leaves of the book), seated in a lady's boudoir, radiant with bouquets and toilet bottles, nor with a mass of unmeaning drapery mixed up with his hair, like the hood of an excited cobra.

Now for my trials: "How frightfully stout you have made me," remonstrates a lady weighing, probably, about a couple of hundred-weight; "I have had my portrait painted in oil and pastelle, but neither make me look so stout as you have. I declare I look like some fat, dumpy old woman. I wouldn't let any one see this for worlds. You really must do another." This lady is succeeded by another, of uncertain age, who wants a carte de visite taken of her pet dog (it is presumed, for him to distribute among his acquaintances). "I should like it taken very nicely, if you please. How do you think he would look best? In profile, three-quarters, or full face?" I think in this case, he would want to be laid down on the table! "Oh, dear, he won't be still! I know, on the hard table; he must have a cushion to lie on." A cushion is accordingly procured, and Beauty is deplored thereon. "I think it's very nice, and he's very lovely," says the lady, lying arranged, "the other is the prettiest side of his face." Yes, turning him round, "he looks far more intelligent in this position." This, of course, necessitates refocusing and rearrangement of the light. Just at the moment of exposure, Beauty jumps off the table. No amount of whisking or coaxing, no startling announcement of "rats" or even "cats" will induce him to keep still for one second. Half-a-dozen plates in succession are spoiled, until he takes it into his intelligence at last, and when the good photograph is at last secured, the and the lady, with many apologies for having given so much trouble, bows herself out. She is succeeded by two young gentlemen just returned from school, who, beyond making each other laugh, neither attempt to get into grotesque positions while the operator is attempting to focus, and assess ing that "it's no end of fun being photographed" (which the obtuse operator doesn't seem to see), conduct themselves tolerably well, and in a few minutes are dismissed. "Do you think you can take a good likeness of this child?" she inquires; "he has just learned to walk, and I should like her to be taken standing up, but if she has only just learned to walk," suggests the artist, "I don't think she will be able to stand still."5

"Oh, yes, I am sure she will," returns mamma. "Do, please, I should like to have it." The artist cannot withstand this appeal, and, against his better judgment, attempts and fails; for the sweet little cherub is unsteady on its "paws," and is much given to "fopping" unseasonable times. Mamma is at length compelled to do what the artist recommended in the first place—to take the baby on her lap.

Then there is the deac old gentleman, who can't hear when he is told to keep still; and the communicative young lady; and the funny person, who wants to be taken with his fancy, and when he has moved talks about missing his face, and factors his miss, and tells the operator he may fire away again, he is, lots of time.

It is now about four o'clock, and the artist, who has in the course of the day traveled about twenty miles, in rushing in and out of the developing-room, arranging sitter's dress, adjusting accessories, regulating the light, &c., with the thermometer standing up amongst the nineties, has not had an opportunity of taking any refreshment, or sitting down for one minute. Yet he is expected to be polite and conciliatory to all, never to lose his temper, and must attempt, at least, to strike up a cheerful conversation with each sitter, so as to get an expression.

Can you understand, then, that some of us who live in glass houses do occasionally desire to express our impatience by some strong demonstration?

GETTING MADE A BEY.

[From London Society.]

Ismail Pacha is the fifth in succession from Mehemet Ali, the founder of the dynasty in Egypt. His urbanity and intelligence during his recent visit seem to have won him the good will of the people both in Paris and London, although he somewhat amused the populace of Paris by his alarums and excursions, and fired during the performance of the operas of "Don Carlos." He evidently thought he was fired at, and speedily left the theatre. His accession to power was marked by a circumstance sufficiently curious in itself to merit narration.

Said Pacha, his predecessor, was known to be very ill, and Ismail, the heir-apparent, was hourly expecting intelligence of Said's decease. Said was in Alexandria, and Ismail in Cairo, so that the first intelligence would certainly be conveyed by telegraph. It is usual in Egypt to reward the individual who first announces the accession of the Pacha to the supreme dignity, by creating him a bey, if he be a commoner, and a pacha if he is already a bey—pachas being the highest title of nobility conferred in Egypt.

The superintendent of the telegraph at Cairo, aware of the hopeless nature of Said's complaint, and hourly expecting news of his demise, took up his abode at the telegraph office, in order that he might be the first to communicate the intelligence to the new viceroy. He arrived, and waited, but hour after hour passed away, and the expected news did not come. Said was evidently an unconsciously long time in dying.

At length, tired of waiting, after more than forty hours of vigil, Said telegraphed a young man, as assistant to the department, in whom he hoped he could confide, and told him what he was expecting. "I am about to lie down," said Bessef Bey to him. "They have made me a couch in the next room. Wake me the moment the telegram comes from Alex-
The young man promised obedience. But before laying down, Bessey Boy said further to him, "Be faithful in that, and you shall have five hundred francs' (£20), and so say the bey resigned himself without fear to his superior.

The telegraph came whilst he slept, three hours after. Said Pach's brother was dead. The young man, the bey's assistant, reflected that by communicating the news himself, to his own mother's house, and anxiously expecting it, he would get more than five hundred francs. So, leaving his master asleep, he posted off in hot haste to Choukabr, where Ismail was then residing, with the intelligence. When he arrived, he found Ismail in the night, already about to embark.

Ismail made him a bey upon the spot, but gave him no largesses, such as he expected.

In his excitement, however, Ismail had dropped the paper containing the announcement of Said's death, and the young man picked it up, and, at once, requested to be sent in to depart from the palace, he took the telegraph to his master, Beyse Boy, whom he roused from slumber. Bessey Boy was delighted at being able, as he hoped, to communicate the news first to the future vicerey, and gave the order for the five hundred francs there and then to the young man.

Hurrying off to the palace, Bessey Boy was quickly undeceived. His news was already known. The pacha received him coldly. He got no honor. He soon found out by whom the news was spread, and, at once, the office to abuse his assistant in good set terms, and to dismiss him. "Speak to me with more respect, my brother," said the young man, "for I am bey as well as you, and cannot be disposed of without his highness's sanction. Let us go to him together."

But Bessey Boy was by no means prepared for this, and, on reflection, thought he had better be quiet, and let the matter drop. The young man who exhibited so much "smarts" as he had come to have, and who got nothing out of his master, was left with his highness's sanction. Let us go to him together."

The aged castellan, who was standing at the door, raised his head, and with a kind glance seemed to thank Napoleon for the tribute he had paid to the mausoleum of the heroic dead.

The Emperor's eyes were now fixed on the large clock placed on a golden pedestal. It was a masterpiece of the period of Louis XV., and adorned in the most brilliant rococo style. The large dial, with the figures of colored enamel, rested in a white marble case, adorned with gold design. The marble case was surmounted by a portrait of the Emperor Titus, with the inscription, 'Dien perdi.'

"Is that the clock which the King caused to be purchased from the heirs of the Marquis de Vompadour?"

"Yes, sire, it is. It has always stood in this room since he purchased it. Frederick the Great prized it very highly, and consulted it exclusively until his death. And it seemed to know that he liked it, for when he closed his eyes, the clock stopped and never went again."

"Ah!" exclaimed Napoleon, quickly, "since the death of Frederick, the Government of Prussia, it seems, really did not know the time any more. And what about that ragged, old easy-chair? Did the King use it, too?"

"Sire," said the castellan, solemnly, laying stress on every word he uttered—"sire, the great King died in that chair; his head rested on the pillow lying on the seat, and he was covered with that blanket.

They were both approached; the marshall followed his example, and walked toward it on tiptoe. He stood before it; his arms folded, his lips compressed, contemplating it. Behind him stood the marshall, whose indifferent countenances and curiously gazed, the mistreated strangely with the pale face of their master. Not far from them, near the door, stood the white-hair castellan; his hands clasped, and his bowd bowed mournfully on his breast.

Suddenly the room was filled with light; the sun which had hitherto been hidden by the clouds, burst forth and shone brilliantly; golden beams fell upon the easy-chair of Frederick the Great, and surrounded it, as it were, with a halo.

"This, then, is the death-bed of the great King," said Napoleon, "no doubt, the gods did not permit it to fall on the battle-field. Disease and age vanquished the hero of the Seven Years' War, and he died not amid the triumphs of his soldiers, but solitary and alone! May Providence, in his mercy, preserve
us from such a fate!" And turning quickly to the castellan, he asked, "Were you present when the King died?"

"Yes, sir, I was; for I was his valet de chambre."

"Tell me the last words he uttered."

"He said, 'I am an innocent man; but I am stabbed thro' the heart, and I do not wish to die!'"

"I was tired of ruling over slaves!"

"I was tired of being a slave!"

"Ah! I would have done anything to prevent it, but I was too late."

"Silence, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, in an angry voice, pointing with his outstretched arm to the eye chair, "do not faster me in room soon. I wish I had known Frederick the Great, for I believe we should have understood each other."

GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

ROBERT HELLER.—The far-famed Robert Heller, who is now delighting crowds by his weird performances, cannot be satisfied with his legitimate triumphs before an audience, but occasionally does a neat trick for his own amusement, very much to the surprise of those who have to be present. On Saturday last while passing an imperious vender of cheap provisions, Mr. Heller suddenly paused and inquired:

"How do you sell your eggs, auntie?"

"Demi eggs," was the response; "dey a picayune aplece—froen to, dey one of 'em; biled 'em myself, and know dey's fast right."

"Well, I'll try 'em," said the magician, as he laid down a bit of fractional currency. "Have you pepper and salt?"

"Yes, sir, dere dey is," said the said sailewoman, watching her customer with intense interest. Leisurely drawing out a neat little penknife, Mr. Heller proceeded very quietly to cut the egg exactly in half, when suddenly a bright new twenty-five cent piece was discovered lying imbedded in the yolk, apparently as bright as when it came from the mint. Very coolly the great magician transferred the coin to his vest pocket, and taking up another egg inquired:

"How much do you ask for this egg?"

"De Lord bress my soul! Dat egg! De fact am, boss, dis egg is a dime, about."

"All right," was the response; "here's the dime; now give me the egg."

Separating it with an exact precision that the colored lady, watching eagerly, a quarter eagle was most carefully picked out of the centre of the egg, and placed in the vest pocket of the operator, as before. The old woman was thunderstruck, as well she might have been, and her customer had to ask her price for the third egg too or three times before he could obtain a reply.

"Dar's no use talkin', mar'st," said the bewildered old darky, "I can't let you hab dat egg, norhow, for less dan a quarter. I declare to the Lord can't."

"Very well," said Heller, who the imperturbable features were as solemn as an undertaker, "there is your quarter and here is the egg. All right."

As he opened the last egg, a brace of five-dollar gold pieces were discovered snugly deposited in the very heart of the yolk, and jingling them merrily together in his little palm, the savant coolly remarked:

"Very good eggs, indeed. I rather like them; and while I am about it, I believe I will buy a dozen. What is the price?"

"I say price!" screamed the amazed daughter of Ham. "You couldn't buy dem eggs mar'st, for all de money you's got. Not dat you couldn't. Ise gwine to take dem eggs all home, I se; and dat money in dem eggs all bongs to me. It don't belong to you."

Amid the roar of the spectators, the benighted African started for her domicil to "smash dem eggs," but with what success we are unable to relate.

EXTRACTING COLOR FROM BIRDS' WINGS.—Professor Church recently made a curious communication to the Chemical Society about the coloring matter of birds' plumage. A certain bird known as the Cape Lory, has upon its pinion feathers some crimson spots peculiar to the male bird, but the female Church has extracted the dye from these and analysed it; it is strangely enough, finds that it contains the metal copper—some organic form of combination. No other parts of the feathers besides the red stains gave any trace of the chemical. Perhaps, however, some other denizen of the air carries more precious gifts upon its wings. With the foregoing facts before us we may expect that as we now get the pearl from the oyster we shall some day obtain its setting from the golden plumes of a bird.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

TO TAKE FEATHERS OUT OF AN EMPTY HANDBACkHEF.

Procure four or five large plumes, such as are worn by military officers. Take off your coat, and lay the plumes along your arms, the stem being towards your hand. Now put on your coat again, and the feathers will lie quite smoothly and unsuspected. Borrow a handkerchief from one of the spectators, and wave it about to show that it is empty. Throw it over your left shoulder, and, right of the audience, take it off, making the coat-sleeve, at the same time giving it a flourish in the air, which will loosen all the fibers of the feather, and make it appear much too large to have been concealed about the person. Repeat this, using the handkerchief again, and repeat the operations as before. When you have the plumes are gone. You can carry enough plumes under the sleeve to cover a table with, and if you prepare a board or an ornamental vase full of hese, you can place the plumes upright as you take them out.

THE DANCING AUTOMATON.

Procure a piece of silk the size about six feet long, and fasten a small wire book at one end, and a fine needle at the other, then make a knot in the thread about ten inches from the end upon which the book is fastened. You also procure a small pasteboard figure about four inches long, and pierce a hole through the centre of the same just large enough to easily admit the needle. Having done this, take a convenient opportunity and fasten the book in the carpet, about five and a half feet from the chair upon which you intend to sit while performing. Attach the needle to the end of the figure, and intend to make the figure dance and keep time to any tune they may name. You then slip the needle through the hole in the figure and throw it down on the floor, with sufficient force to make it slip on the thread until it reaches the knot, being careful not to let it slip off the needle. The company may suggest, and appear to best time with your hands upon your knees. This will make the figure dance, to the great astonishment of the spectators. After you have continued this for a few minutes, again fasten the needle to pick up the figure, when the needle will again slide through the hole in the figure, and the automaton being free from the thread, you can hand it to the audience for examination. This is an excellent trick for the parlor, and, if well performed, will defy detection.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS AND TERMS USED IN TATTING

KNOTTING.—Fill the shuttle, commence a loop as in tatting, and after planting the cotton between the finger and thumb of the left hand, pass the right hand with the shuttle to the back of the left hand, and put the shuttle into the loop from the back to the front; in pass the shuttle to the back, and through the loop again to the front: do t-b a third time: holding the shuttle by the left hand, draw the thread under a few of the loops of the thread; their slipping, draw the loop close with the right hand; this makes one knot. For a second knot, commence the loop close to the last knot, and pass the shuttle through the loop from the back to the front. Repeat this method.

LAUZA W. HIESL.—With a sewing needle and fine thread, commence on the left hand, as in tatting, drawing the thread through and under the loop; as the loop is made, it is secured, and another is formed. In working the last, it should only be twisted in the centre; then work round the centre by passing the needle round one thread and bringing it under the thread, and then round the centre and under the thread: wind the loop about the needle, and make the loop as large, twist the thread round the single one, and fasten off on the sewing.
LESSON IN GEOLOGY.
HOW TO BECOME A GEOLOGIST.

There are two methods of becoming a geologist. The one is by observing geological facts, and the other by reading geological works. Both of these methods must be adopted and combined, if you wish to succeed in the study of geology.

BY OBSERVATION.

The first method of studying geology is personal observation. There is no science that teaches you to make use of your eyes more completely and handy than geology. The "sermons" need not be heard, but they are always to be read, and read with your own eyes. Personal observation is to be directed to the different geological materials around your own neighborhood, and to the geological character of any distance, on which you may be travelling.

Do you wish to become a geologist? If you do, as soon as you shall have read this article, take up the very first stone, or fragment of a stone, that you can pick up in your way. As you examine the stone, ask yourself a few questions about it. If from these questions you at first learn nothing but your own ignorance, you must not be discouraged; for that discovery is the best means for creating and whetting a keen appetite for geological knowledge.

Look at the stone again, and ask: What is it? What is the name of it? Where did it come from? How did it come here?

Perhaps it is a piece of chalk. What is chalk? How does chalk appear under the microscope? Is chalk a rock? Is chalk found in the limestone? Or the fragment in your hand may be a flint. What is flint? Was it once soft? In what kind of rock is it originally found? If it is round, what rounded it as if it were water-worn? If water-worn, when and where could water have acting upon it? Do flakes ever come from it? How came they there?—Your pebble may be a sandstone. What is sand? What is the difference between sand and clay? What has given the color to the sandstone? Is it soft or hard? How many kinds of sandstones are there?—Your pebble may be fossil. How came it to be produced? [What portions of this Territory abound with rocks of limestone?] How is it that these rocks are always in layers or beds? How came aboles to be imbedded in them? How is it that some limestone is crystalline?

You may catechise yourself by applying similar series of questions to any stone or pebble that you may meet, to gracles, to slates, to coal, and to the different ores.

This class of questions you may ask any day, within twenty yards of your own dwelling. You do not, however, always stay at home. You often take a walk or a ride. You sometimes take a long journey; or you may make a short summer excursion for business, recreation, or curiosity. If you wish to become a geologist, always take with you the same habit of personal observation, and the same system of asking questions.

On your journey from one part of the country to another you find that the color of the soil, as exhibited in the plowed fields, so, differ very much from that of your own neighborhood. How and why is this? If you ride on horseback, or travel by coach, you pass by gravel-plots, or rocks by the roadside; all of which are totally unlike those of the place whence you started. Try to account for this. What is gravel? Were the pebbles that you see in the gravel ever larger than they are now? How came they to be so small? and so round? If you travel along a valley, how is it that the pebbles in the upper part of the valley, are large, and that those in the lower part of it become gradually less and less as you approach the sea, till at last they are mere sand or mud? Remember that for all these things there are reasons, and that the science of geology furnishes these reasons.

It is possible that sometimes, in the summer, you make a long excursion. On such a journey, you not only pass over a great variety of superficial soil, but you travel through deep cuttings in different rocks; such cuttings as geologists would call "dye sections for studying geology." On these excursions, you may make proper use of your eyes, you will learn much of the alphabet of geology; which, in the course of a short time, you will, by attention and perseverance, be able to put together, in such a manner, into syllables, words, and sentences, as will attice to you the great and delightful truths of science.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESON I.—CONTINUED.

Now, if the reader will apply our rules (where we discuss the effect of the letters, when combined in words), he will be able to pronounce correctly the following examples, which may serve as the practice or exercise of this first and elementary lesson:

FRENCH.
là
le
thé
si
lof
vous
style
general
gibier
fraction
chat
roi
leur
faut
vrai
ce n’est pas
comment vous

ENGLISH.
the
the
tea
if—yes
luff (naval term)
you
style—manner
general
game, wild birds, shee-be-yai
fraction
cat
milk
king
their
false
true
it is
it is not
how do you do

PRONUNCIATION.
lah
 ler without the r
tay
sea
loof
you
steel
sheneral
shee-be-yai
frak-see-on (g)
shah
lay
roo awe
ler without the r
fo
say
sin-nap-aas
(kum-mor (g) yoo
poor tay yoo

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

In this Department, we shall not only seek to give instructions to Mechanical Arts, but to furnish hints and suggestions useful to all intending to provide themselves with durable, comfortable and economical houses.

CARPENTERS.

POINTS OF FAULTY CONSTRUCTION, ETC.

The first instance we will notice is to be seen in framed houses. Joists are laid on the foundation wall totally disconnected with the sill, instead of being framed into it, or resting upon it. The result is, the sill, owing to the greater weight resting upon it, settles and leaves the flooring. The joists should always be used so as to tie together and form one compact whole of the building.

Another point of faulty construction is that pointed out by Mr. Sloan in his architectural works. Half story buildings are constructed without suitable ridge beams, and with the collar beams so high up that they have no power to prevent the legs of the rafters from spreading and pushing out the walls. It should be understood that collar beams will not properly effect their object in tying together the feet of the rafters, unless placed below the middle of their length. Where the height of ceiling required is so great that the collar beams must go above the center of the rafters, it is recommended by Mr. Sloan that the ridge of the roof be supported by a ridge plate, say three by ten or fourteen inches in a span of from sixteen to twenty-four feet. If the span be greater than this, the bearer should be trussed and bolted.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A new boat club style their boat-house Golgotha, the place of sculls.

What is the difference between a bare head and a hair bed? The one flees for shelter, the other is a shelter for fleas.

Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a retired milkman? Because he got a profit (prophet) out of the water.

‘BRIDGET, I told you to boil the eggs soft, and they’re quite hard!’ ‘Soft is it, Mem, Why I’ve been bin’ ‘em this hour, and the water won’t get ’em soft anyhow.’

PHONETIC.—A Mr. Jones has recently revived the phonetic system in England. It is only prejudice of the eye, says Mr. Jones, that keeps us from saying: ‘Dic gave Jac a kic, when Jac gave Dic a noc on the baec with a thic stic.

A COMPLIMENT.—An Irish waiter once complimented a salmon in the following manner: ‘Faith, it’s not two hours since that salmon was walking round his real estate with his hands in his pockets, never dreaming what a pretty invitation he’d have to jine you jintlemen at dinner.

‘Who’s there?’ said Jenkins, one cold winter night, disturbed in his repose by some one knocking at the street door. ‘A friend,’ was the answer. ‘What do you want?’ ‘Want to stay here all night.’ ‘Queer taste, ain’t it? But stay there by all means,’ was the benevolent answer.

FULL ENOUGH.—Walker went to a Dutch tailor, and had his measure taken for a pair of pantaloons. He gave directions to have them made large and full.—Walker is a large and heavy man, and likes his clothes loose, and when he came to try on the new unmentionables, found they stuck tight to his legs; whereat he thus remonstrated, ‘I told you to make these pants full.’ After some obligatory expressions of a profane nature, the tailor ended the controversy by declaring, ‘I tink dese pants is full enough; if dey was any fuller dey would shlpit!

SMART BOY.—A lady was recently reading to her child, a boy of seven years, a story of a little fellow whose father was taken ill and died, whereupon the younger set himself diligently at work to assist in supporting himself and his mother. When she had finished the story, the following dialogue ensued:—Mother:—‘Now, my little man, if pa was to die, wouldn’t you work to help your mother?’ Boy:—(not relishing the idea of work) ‘Why, ma, what for? ain’t we got a good house to live in?’ Mother:—‘O yes, my child; but we can’t eat the house, you know.’—Boy:—‘Well, ain’t we got flour, and sugar, and other things in the pantry?’ Mother:—‘Certainly, my dear; but they will not last long; and what then?’ Boy:—‘Well, ma, ain’t there enough to last till you get another husband?’

An amusing incident occurred in one of our down-east churches a few years ago. The clergyman gave out the hymn: ‘I love to steal awhile away from every cumbering care, and spend the hour of setting day in humble, grateful prayer.’ The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon good old Deacon M., who commenced, ‘I love to steal,’ and then broke down. Raising his voice to a still higher pitch, he sang ‘I love to steal;’ and, as before, he concluded he had got the wrong pitch, and deploring he had not got his pitch tuner, he determined to succeed if he died in the attempt. By this time, all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, whilst the faces of the young ones were all in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration, and roared out, ‘I love to steal!’ This effort was too much; every one, but the godly and eccentric person, was laughing. He arose and, with the utmost coolness, said, ‘Seeing our brother’s propensities, let us pray.’ It is needless to say that but few of the congregation heard the prayer.

THE WRONG LEG.

A correspondent relates the following:—A distinguished member of the legislature was addressing a temperance society, and he got rather hypoty, but showed no disposition to let up, although the congregation waxed thinner. Finally, the presiding officer got excited, and repairing to a friend of the speaker’s, inquired how much longer he might reasonably be expected to speak. Whereupon the friend answered ‘he didn’t exactly know; when he got upon the subject he generally spoke for a couple of hours.’ ‘That will never do; I have a few remarks to make myself,’ said the President. ‘How shall I stave him off?’ ‘Well, I don’t know. In the first place I should pinch his left leg, and then if he shouldn’t stop, I’d stick a pin in it.’

The President returned to his seat, and his hand was visible for a moment. Soon afterwards he returned to the ‘brother’ who had prescribed the ‘pin style of treatment’ and said:—‘I pinched him, and he didn’t take the least notice at all. I stuck the pin into his leg, and he didn’t seem to care. I crooked it in, and he kept on spouting as hard as ever!’ ‘Very likely,’ said the wag, ‘the leg is cork.’ Nothing has been seen of the President since.

THE PROFFERED BOWL.

Hence with the bowl nay, tempt me not, I am not to be tempted.

Aye! from this weakness (tho’ my lot is weakness) I’m exempted.

Nay, add no sweetness to the bowl, you cannot make me love it; My soul is humble—yet that soul is far—oh, far above it!

Urg me no more!—hence, tempter, hence! Cease, cease be- seechings cruel!

For, ah, you can on no pretence persuade me to taste—gruen!

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
Office: Godbe’s Exchange Buildings.
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ...........................................$7 00
Per Half Year ....................................4 00
Per Quarter [13 weeks] ......................2 25

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS.—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons subscribing together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office, or addressed Box 197 Post Office, G. S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."
THE UTAH MAGAZINE;
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 6.] GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 16, 1868. [VOL. I.

POETRY.

EVENING.
[BY JAMES BARRON HOPKIN.

See the crimson clouds of evening,
Lattice-bars across the blue—
Where the moon in pallid beauty,
Like an angel gazes through!

Over all the winding river,
By the fading sunset kissed,
Slowly rises up the vapor,
In a cloudbank of ghostly mist.

While the eve is slowly turning
Its last grains of golden sand,
What a holy quiet hovers
Over all the drowsy land!

There is now the spell of silence—
Of a silence calm and deep—
Over all the placid water
Where the blue mist seems to sleep.

And the vessels slowly gliding
Down the river to the bay,
Show on sheets of spreading canvas
Tints which change from red to grey.

All is quiet, save the murmur
Of the tide upon the bar;—
See each little breaker playing
With the image of a star!

And 'tis thus that human creatures,
Bowed with age or fresh in youth,
Give back brokenly the image
Of each grand, celestial truth.

Now the brooding silence deepens,
And the scene is one of rest,
While the wreck'd day drifts down grandly
To be stranded in the west—

On you rugged coast of cloud-land
High above the village spire,
On its mighty purple headlands,
And its crags all tipp'd with fire.

Especially obnoxious to him, he had the consciousness of having first deeply injured the Pope in the most cruel manner, and then recently insulted him by a most audacious defiance of his authority. It was with no easy mind, therefore, that the prince presented himself at the first general reception, when all the lay and ecclesiastical notabilities of Rome went to kiss the foot of their new sovereign. He had counted on observing narrowly the Pope's manner to him when he should, in his turn, kneel before him, and say his few words of compliment, and judging thence how far Rome might be a safe home for him for the future.—Sixtus showed no signs of anger, but he made no word of answer to Orsini's address. The omen was considered rather a discouraging one. It reminds one of the showman, who, when his head was in the lion's mouth, said, "If he wags his tail, I am a lost man." Orsini thought that the Pope had for a moment glanced sternly at him; and there was an anxious consideration whether this glance was to be deemed equivalent to the wag of the lion's tail. It was decided that the omen was not sufficiently clear, and the prince determined on learning with greater certainty what he had to expect from the new pope, before he made up his mind as to his own line of conduct.

He made application, therefore, for a private audience, which was at once granted; and on an appointed day, having, as the historians tell us, learned by heart the speech he meant to address to the Pope, he presented himself for the third time before the old man whose nephew he had murdered, and who knew that he was the murderer, while on his part Orsini was perfectly aware that he knew it. The interview must have been one which a student of human character and passions would have liked (safely enounced out of harm's way behind some curtain in the audience chamber) to have witnessed. We must picture to ourselves Sixtus, upright and rigid on his seat of state, somewhat stern of eye and feature, but calm, impassible, perfectly self-possessed, and utterly inscrutable in his unimpassioned gravity. The unwieldy monster of bloated corpulence before him performs the ceremonial kiss on the sacred slipper as we may well suppose, with scarcely less physical trouble and difficulty than mental scorn and rebellious pride. The arrogant and lawless Russian noble stands cowed before the stern old man, and begins, not without visible signs of being ill at ease, his crammed speech.

He congratulated Sixtus on having attained a dignity which, etc., etc., prosperity of the time, pride of Rome, and happiness of the entire world, etc., etc.'
Sixtus sat silent and made no sign.

Orsini was forced to reconsider, and this time congratulated himself on the happiness of living under so gracious, so eloquent, and worthy a sovereign.

Still the Pope neither moved a muscle nor breathed a sound.

The culprit’s mind misgave him more and more; he became evidently disconcerted, and, as the historian writes, ‘his tongue vacillated.’ Yet it was impossible to stand silent while those cold, grave eyes were bent upon him, as waiting to hear the real business on which he had sought an audience, and he essayed to falter something about offering himself and all his power and influence to his sovereign.

Then at length Sixtus spoke: ‘What your deeds have been,’ he said, ‘to me and mine, Duke of Bracciano, your own conscience is now telling you, quite as well as I could do. But reassure yourself! That which has been done against Francesca Peretti, or against Felix, Cardinal di Montalto, I pardon you, as fully and as surely as I warn you to hope for no pardon for aught which shall henceforth be done against Sixtus. Go, clear your house and your estates of the lawless followers and bandits that you feed and give asylum to. Go! and obey!’

The last words were accompanied by one of the terrible lightning glances which all the historians of this remarkable man speak of as having had the power of making the stoutest heart quail. The haughtiest and most masterful of Rome’s lawless barons slunk from the Mendicant monk’s presence like a whipped cur.

CHAPTER VII.—A WEDDING EXCURSION.

The remark of one of the biographers of Sixtus—the monk Tempesta—on the conduct of the Pope towards Orsini, is too curiously illustrative of the moral sense and notions of the time to be passed over. The disobedience of the prince to the precept forbidding him to marry Vittoria, would have afforded, says the monk, an excellent opportunity of taking vengeance for the murder of Peretti. But, having pardoned the first offence when cardinal, Sixtus did not like immediately, to punish the second as pope. He, therefore, attempted to him the order to send away his bandits followers, so that if he disobeyed this command, ‘this fault might serve as an opportunity of punishing the first and most heinous offence. A sentiment truly worthy and princely!’

The general course of the conduct and administration of Sixtus, however, were such as to justify us in believing that his sentiments were less princely than his admiring biographer supposes on this occasion. There seems no reason to doubt that he absolutely spoke sincerely, and meant what he said, intending to let bygones be bygones, and to act no more severely towards Orsini in the matter of the bandits kept in pay by him, than he did to all the other ruffian nobles of Rome on the same subject.

It never seems, however, to have occurred to Orsini, for an instant, that the Pope meant nothing more than what he said. That glance from the eye of the man whose kinsman he had murdered seemed to him quite a sufficient assurance that Rome was no longer any place for him. Perhaps, also, he felt no desire to inhabit a city in which law and order were henceforth to be paramount. So he came from the presence of Sixtus, and told Vittoria that they must seek a home elsewhere. She, on her part, was ready enough to turn her back on Rome, for Rome was beginning, we are told, to turn its back on her. Not by any means, it must be understood, because it was felt that her conduct had been base, unwomanly, or criminal, but because it had been imprudent, and wanting in sagacity and judgment. ‘There is no telling,’ says the historian, ‘the title-tattle and gossip of the Roman ladies about her. One of them, a person of high rank, who had at first been very fond of her, could not refrain from saying, disdainfully, ‘See, now, what that silly fool has done for herself! She might have been the first princess in Rome; and she has taken for a husband a living gangrene, full of sores, and fifty years old!’

It was about the middle of June, 1665, not quite two months after the election of Sixtus, that Orsini and his wife left Rome. A pretext for their departure—for such a step could not with any decorum be taken by such a personage in those days without a false reason to hide the true one—was found in the recommendation of his physicians that he should try certain mineral waters in the neighborhood of the Lega di Garda for his health.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

MR. WINKLE’S DUEL.

Presuming that our readers have a lively remembrance of the insult offered to Dr. Slammer, at the Ball, by the erratic stranger adorned in Mr. Winkle’s coat, borrowed unknown to that gentleman, they will appreciate the following:

‘Seven o’clock had hardly ceased striking on the following morning, when Mr. Pickwick’s comprehensive mind was aroused from the state of unconsciousness, in which slumber had plunged it, by a loud knocking at his chamber door.’

‘Who’s there?’ said Mr. Pickwick, starting up in bed.

‘Boots, sir.’

‘What do you want?’

‘Please sir, can you tell me, which gentleman of your party wears a bright blue dress coat, with a gilt button with P. C. on it?’

‘It’s been given out to brush,’ thought Mr. Pickwick, and the man has forgotten whom it belongs to—Mr. Winkle,’ he called out, ‘next room but two, on the right hand.’

‘Thank’ee, sir,’ said the boots, and away he went.

‘What’s the matter?’ cried Mr. Tupman, as a loud knocking at his door roused him from his oblivion’s repose.

‘Can I speak with Mr. Winkle, sir?’ replied the boots, from the outside.

‘Winkle, Winkle,’ shouted Mr. Tupman, calling into the inner room.

‘Hallo!’ replied a faint voice from within the bedclothes.

‘You’re wanted—some one at the door—’ and having exerted himself to articulate thus much, Mr. Tracy Tupman turned round and fell fast asleep again.’
"Wanted!" said Mr. Winkle, hastily jumping out of bed, and putting on a few articles of clothing: 'wanted! at this distance from town—who on earth can want me?"

"Gentleman in the coffee-room, sir," replied the Boots, as Mr. Winkle opened the door, and confronted him; 'gentleman says he'll not detain you a moment, sir, but he can take no denial.'

"Very odd!" said Mr. Winkle; 'I'll be down directly.'

He hurriedly wrapped himself in a traveling-shawl and dressing-gown, and proceeded down stairs. An old woman and a couple of waiters were cleaning the coffee-room, and an officer in undress uniform was looking out of the window. He turned round as Mr. Winkle entered, and made a stiff inclination of the head. Having ordered the attendants to retire, and closed the door very carefully, he said, "Mr. Winkle, I presume?"

"My name is Winkle, sir."

"You will not be surprised, sir, when I inform you, that I have called here this morning, on behalf of my friend, Dr. Slammer, of the Ninety-seventh."

"Doctor Slammer!" said Mr. Winkle.

"Doctor Slammer. He begged me to express his opinion that your conduct of last evening was of a description which no gentleman could endure; and (he added) which no one gentleman would pursue towards another."

Mr. Winkle's astonishment was too real, and too evident, to escape the observation of Dr. Slammer's friend; he therefore proceeded—"My friend, Doctor Slammer, requested me to add that he is firmly persuaded you were intoxicated during a portion of the evening, and possibly unconscious of the extent of the insult you were guilty of. He commissioned me to say, that should this be pleaded as an excuse for your behavior, he will consent to accept a written apology, to be penned by you, from my dictation."

"A written apology!" repeated Mr. Winkle, in the most emphatic tone of amazement possible.

"Of course you know the alternative," replied the visitor, coolly.

"Were you entrusted with this message to me, by name?" inquired Mr. Winkle, whose intellects were hopelessly confused by this extraordinary conversation.

"I was not present myself," replied the visitor, "and in consequence of your firm refusal to give your card to Doctor Slammer, I was desired by that gentleman to identify the wearer of a very uncommon coat—a bright blue dress coat, with a gilt button, displaying a bust, and the letters P.C."

Mr. Winkle actually staggered with astonishment, as he heard his own costume thus minutely described.

Doctor Slammer's friend proceeded:

"From the inquiries I made at the bar, just now, I was convinced that the owner of the coat in question arrived here with three gentlemen, yesterday afternoon. I immediately sent up to the gentleman who was described as appearing the head of the party; and he, at once, referred me to you."

If the principal tower of Rochester Castle had suddenly walked from its foundation, and started itself opposite the coffee-room window, Mr. Winkle's surprise would have been as nothing, compared with the profound astonishment with which he had heard this address. His first impression was, that his coat had been stolen. "Will you allow me to detain you one moment?" said he.

"Certainly," replied the unwelcome visitor.

Mr. Winkle ran hastily up-stairs and, with a trembling hand, opened the bag. There was the coat in its usual place, but exhibiting, on a close inspection, evident tokens of having been worn on the preceding night.

"It must be so," said Mr. Winkle, letting the coat fall from his hands. I took too much wine after dinner, and have a very vague recollection of walking about the streets, and smoking a cigar, afterwards. The fact is, I was very drunk;—I must have changed my coat—gone somewhere—and insulted somebody—I have no doubt of it; and this message is the terrible consequence." Saying which, Mr. Winkle retraced his steps in the direction of the coffee-room, with the gloomy and dreadful resolve of accepting the challenge of the warlike Doctor Slammer, and abiding by the worst consequences that might ensue.

To this determination, Mr. Winkle was urged by a variety of considerations: the first of which was, his reputation with the club. He had always been looked up to as a high authority on all matters of amusement and dexterity, whether offensive, defensive, or inoffensive; and if, on this very first occasion of being put to the test, he shrunk back from the trial, beneath his leader's eye, his name and standing were lost for ever. Besides, he remembered to have heard it frequently surmised by the uninitated in such matters that, by an understood arrangement between the seconds, the pistols were seldom loaded with ball; and, furthermore, he reflected that if he applied to Mr. Snodgrass to act as his second, and depicted the danger in glowing terms, that gentleman might possibly communicate the intelligence to Mr. Pickwick, who would certainly lose no time in transmitting it to the local authorities, and thus prevent the killing or maiming of his follower.

Such were his thoughts when he returned to the coffee-room, and intimated his intention of accepting the doctor's challenge.

"Will you refer me to a friend, to arrange the time and place of meeting?" said the officer.

"Quite unnecessary," replied Mr. Winkle; 'name them to me, and I can procure the attendance of a friend, afterwards."

"Shall we say—sunset this evening?" inquired the officer, in a careless tone.

"Very good," replied Mr. Winkle, thinking in his heart it was very bad.

"You know Fort Pitt?"

"Yes, I saw it yesterday."

"If you will take the trouble to turn into the field which borders the trench, take the foot-path to the left, when you arrive at the angle of the fortification, and keep straight on 'till you see me; I will precede you to a secluded place, where the affair can be conducted without fear of interruption."

"Fear of interruption?" thought Mr. Winkle.

"Nothing more to arrange, I think," said the officer. "I am not aware of anything more," replied Mr. Winkle.

"Good morning!" and the officer whistled a lively air, as he strode away.
That morning's breakfast passed heavily off. Mr. Winkle eagerly watched his opportunity. It was not long wanting. Mr. Snodgrass proposed a visit to the castle, and as Mr. Winkle was the only other member of the party disposed to walk, they went out together.

'Snodgrass,' said Mr. Winkle, when they had turned out of the public street; 'Snodgrass, my dear fellow, can I rely upon your secrecy?' As he said this, he most devotedly and earnestly hoped he could not.

'You can,' replied Mr. Snodgrass. 'Hear me swear——'

'No, no,' interrupted Winkle, terrified at the idea of his companion's unconsciously pleading himself not to give information; 'don't swear, don't swear; it's quite unnecessary.'

Mr. Snodgrass dropped the hand which he had, in the spirit of poesy, raised towards the clouds, as he made the above appeal, and assumed an attitude of attention.

'I want your assistance, my dear fellow, in an affair of honor,' said Mr. Winkle.

'You shall have it,' replied Mr. Snodgrass, clasping his friend's hand.

'With a Doctor—Doctor Slammer, of the Ninety-seventh,' said Mr. Winkle, wishing to make the matter appear as solemn as possible; 'an affair with an officer, seconded by another officer, at sunset this evening, in a lonely field beyond Port Pitt.'

'I will attend you,' said Mr. Snodgrass.

He was astonished, but by no means dismayed. It is extraordinary how cool any party but the principal can be in such cases. Mr. Winkle had forgotten this. He had judged of his friend's feelings by his own.

'The consequences may be dreadful,' said Mr. Winkle.

'I hope not,' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'The Doctor, I believe, is a very good shot,' said Mr. Winkle.

'Most of the military men are,' observed Mr. Snodgrass, calmly, 'but so are you, ain't you?'

Mr. Winkle replied in the affirmative; and perceiving that he had not alarmed his companion sufficiently, changed his ground.

'Snodgrass,' he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion, 'if I fall, you will find a packet which I shall place in your hands a note for my—for my father.'

This attack was a failure also. Mr. Snodgrass was affected, but he undertook the delivery of the note, as readily as if he had been a Twopenny Postman.

'If I fall,' said Mr. Winkle, 'or if the Doctor falls, you, my dear friend, will be tried as an accessory before the fact. Shall I involve my friend in transportation—possibly for life?'

Mr. Snodgrass winced a little at this, but his heroism was invincible. 'In the cause of friendship,' he fervently exclaimed, 'I would brave all dangers.'

How Mr. Winkle cursed his companion's devoted friendship internally, as they walked silently along, side by side, for some minutes, each immersed in his own meditations! The morning was wearing away; he grew desperate.

'Snodgrass,' he said, stopping suddenly, 'do not let me be hauled in this matter—do not give information to the local authority—do not obtain the assistance of several peace officers, to take either me or Doctor Slammer of the Ninety-seventh Regiment, at present quartered in Chatham Barracks, into custody, and thus prevent this duel—I say, do not!'

'Mr. Snodgrass seized his friend's hand warmly, as he enthusiastically replied, 'Not for worlds!' A thrill passed over Mr. Winkle's frame, as the conviction, that he had nothing to hope from his friend's fears, and that he was destined to become an animated target, rushed forcibly upon him.

The state of the case having been formally explained to Mr. Snodgrass, and a case of satisfaction pistoles, with the satisfactory accompaniments of powder, ball, and caps, having been hired from a manufacturer in Rochester, the two friends returned to their inn; Mr. Winkle, to ruminate on the approaching struggle; and Mr. Snodgrass, to arrange the weapons of war, and put them into the proper order for immediate use.

It was a dull and heavy evening, when they again sat down on their awkward errand. Mr. Winkle was muffled up in a huge cloak to escape observation; and Mr. Snodgrass bore under his the instruments of destruction.

'Have you got everything?' said Mr. Winkle, in an agitated tone.

'Everything,' replied Mr. Snodgrass; 'plenty of ammunition, in case the shots don't take effect. There's a quarter of a pound of powder in the case, and I have got two newspapers in my pocket for the loadings.'

These were instances of friendship, for which any man might reasonably feel most grateful. The presumption is, that the gratitude of Mr. Winkle was too powerful for utterance, as he said nothing, but continued to walk on—rather slowly.

'We are in excellent time,' said Mr. Snodgrass, as they climbed the fence of the first field; 'the sun is just going down.' Mr. Winkle looked up at the declining orb, and painfully thought of the probability of his 'going down,' himself, before long.

'There's the officer,' exclaimed Mr. Winkle, after a few minutes' walking.

'Where?' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'There—-the gentleman in the blue cloak.' Mr. Snodgrass looked in the direction indicated by the forefinger of his friend, and observed a figure, muffled up, as he had described. The officer evinced his conscious-ness of their presence by slightly beckoning with his hand; and the two friends followed him, at a little distance, as he walked away.

The evening grew more dull every moment, and a melancholy wind sounded through the deserted fields, like a distant giant, whistling for his house-dog. The sadness of the scene imparted a sombre tinge to the feelings of Mr. Winkle. He started as they passed the angle of the trench—it looked like a colossal grave.

The officer turned suddenly from the path; and after climbing a paling and scaling a hedge, entered a secluded field. Two gentlemen were waiting in it; one was a little fat man, with black hair; and the other—a portly personage in a braided surtout—was sitting with perfect equanimity on a camp stool.

'The other party, and a surgeon, I suppose,' said Mr. Snodgrass; 'take a drop of brandy,' Mr. Winkle seized the wicker bottle, which his friend proffered, and took a lengthened pull at the exhilarating liquid.

'My friend, sir, Mr. Snodgrass,' said Mr. Winkle, as the officer approached. Doctor Slammer's friend bowed, and produced a case similar to that which Mr.
MR. WINKLE'S DUEL.

'We have nothing further to say, sir, I think,' he coldly remarked, as he opened the case; an apology has been resolutely declined.

'Nothing, sir,' said Mr. Snodgrass, who began to feel rather uncomfortable himself.

'Will you step forward!' said the officer.

'Certainly,' replied Mr. Snodgrass. The ground was measured and preliminaries arranged.

'You will find these better than your own,' said the opposite second, producing his pistols. 'You saw me load them. Do you object to use them?'

'Certainly not,' replied Mr. Snodgrass. The offer relieved him from considerable embarrassment; for his previous notions of loading a pistol were rather vague and undefined.

'We may place our men, then, I think,' observed the officer, with as much indifference as if the principals were chess-men, and the seconds players.

'I think we may,' replied Mr. Snodgrass, who would have assented to any proposition, because he knew nothing about the matter. The officer crossed to Dr. Slammer, and Mr. Snodgrass went up to Mr. Winkle.

'It's all ready,' he said, offering the pistol. 'Give me your cloak.'

'You have got the packet, my dear fellow,' said poor Winkle.

'All right,' said Mr. Snodgrass. 'Be steady, and wing him.'

It occurred to Mr. Winkle that this advice was very like that which by-standers invariably give to the smallest boy in a street fight, namely 'Go in and win: an admirable thing to recommend, if you only know how to do it.' He took off his cloak, however, in silence—it always took a long time to undo that cloak—and accepted the pistol. The seconds retired, the gentleman on the camp-stool did the same, and the belligerents approached each other.

Mr. Winkle was always remarkable for extreme humanity. It is conjectured that his unwillingness to hurt a fellow-creature intentionally, was the cause of his shutting his eyes when he arrived at the fatal spot; and that the circumstance of his eyes being closed, prevented his observing the very extraordinary and unaccountable demeanour of Doctor Slammer. That gentleman started, stared, retreated, rubbed his eyes, stared again; and finally, shouted 'Stop, stop!'

'What's all this!' said Doctor Slammer, as his friend and Mr. Snodgrass came running up—'That's not the man.'

'Not the man!' said Doctor Slammer's second.

'Not the man!' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'Not the man!' said the gentleman with the camp-stool in his hand.

'Certainly not,' replied the little doctor. 'That's not the person who insulted me last night.'

'Very extraordinary!' exclaimed the officer.

'Very,' said the gentleman with the camp-stool.—'The only question is, whether the gentleman, being on the ground, must not be considered, as a matter of form to be the individual who insulted our friend, Doctor Slammer, yesterday evening, whether he is really that individual or not; and having delivered this suggestion, with a very sage and mysterious air, the man with the camp-stool took a large pinch of snuff, and looked profoundly round, with an air of authority in such matters.

Now Mr. Winkle had opened his eyes, and his ears too, when he heard his adversary call out for a cessation of hostilities; and perceiving by what he had afterwards said, that there was, beyond all question, some mistake in the matter, he at once foresaw the increase of reputation he should inevitably acquire, by concealing the real motive of his coming out; he therefore stepped boldly forward and said—'I am not the person. I know it.'

'Then, that,' said the man with the camp-stool, 'is an affront to Doctor Slammer, and a sufficient reason for proceeding immediately.'

'Tray be quiet, Payne,' said the Doctor's second.—'Why did you not communicate this fact to me this morning, sir?'

'To be sure—to be sure,' said the man with the camp-stool, indignantly.

'I entreat you to be quiet, Payne,' said the other.

'May I repeat my question, sir?'

'Because, sir,' replied Mr. Winkle, who had had time to deliberate upon his answer—'because, sir, you described an intoxicated and ungentlemanly person as wearing a coat, which I have the honor, not only to wear, but to have invented, the proposed uniform, sir, of the Pickwick Club in London. The honor of that uniform I feel bound to maintain, and I therefore, without inquiry, accepted the challenge which you offered me.'

'My dear sir,' said the good-humored little doctor, advancing with extended hand, 'I honor your gallantry. Permit me to say, sir, that I highly admire your conduct, and extremely regret having caused you the inconvenience of this meeting to no purpose.'

'I beg you won't mention it, sir,' said Mr. Winkle.

'I shall feel proud of your acquaintance, sir,' said the little doctor.

'It will afford me the greatest pleasure to know you, sir,' replied Mr. Winkle. Thereupon the Doctor and Mr. Winkle shook hands, and then Mr. Winkle and Lieutenant Tappleton (the Doctor's second), and then Mr. Winkle and the man with the camp-stool, and, finally, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass; the last-named gentleman in an excess of admiration at the noble conduct of his heroic friend.

'I think we may adjourn,' said Lieutenant Tappleton.

'Certainly,' added the Doctor.

'Unless,' interposed the man with the camp-stool, 'unless Mr. Winkle feels himself aggrieved by the challenge; in which case, I submit, he has a right to satisfaction.'

Mr. Winkle, with great self denial, expressed himself quite satisfied already.

'Or possibly,' said the man with the camp-stool, 'the gentleman's second may feel himself affronted with some observations which fell from me at an early period of this meeting; if so, I shall be happy to give him satisfaction immediately.'

Mr. Snodgrass hastily professed himself very much obliged with the handsome offer of the gentleman who had spoken last, which he was only induced to decline by his entire contentment with the whole proceedngs. The two seconds adjuted the cases, and the whole party left the ground in a much more lively manner than they had proceeded to it.
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1868.

"ALL MOONSHINE."

We don't wish any of our readers to get exactly "moon-struck," but a little information about the man in the moon may be both curious and interesting to everybody. That neighbor of ours, the moon, lies so near that we can inspect his premises with tolerable ease. Such of our readers as have from childhood gazed wonderingly upon the appearance of a face in the moon, may like to know what causes those dark spots which gave the effect of eyes, nose and mouth to our youthful imagination. They were once considered to be lakes and seas, but are now, for pretty good reasons, believed to be huge spaces covered with rock, earth, or sand, which reflect less light than the other parts of the moon's surface. The principal reason for not considering them to be seas lies in the fact that if the moon had seas or great waters on its face, it would have an atmosphere, which would be seen like that of Venus and Mercury, when crossing the face of the sun, which is not the case. La Place, a French astronomer, long ago declared that if the moon had an atmosphere, it is more attenuated than the vacuum of an air-pump.

Now let our readers on a clear moonlight night gaze up at the face of the moon, or what is quite as good and much better, let them purchase one of those beautiful stereoscopic views of the moon sold by Messrs. Savage and Ottinger of this city. They can then inspect the moon without fear of catching cold. By reversing the picture they will observe the dark slanting masses on the upper part of the old fellow's face which constitute the eyes. There is an oval spot in the centre which has a very faint streak of light running through from north to south. This is called the Sea of Serenity, but it is a sea without water in it; the name being one of those given when such spots were supposed to be seas. On the left hand side of this so-called sea is a very small white dot supposed to be a volcanic mountain called Linné. For some time a sort of a cloud has covered this mountain, so that it is not quite so clear as formerly. The cloud can be easily detected with a telescope.

The right eye of the moon used to be called the Sea of Showers, and the left, the Sea of Tranquility. The upper part of the nose, the Sea of Vapors, while the big wide mouth is formed by what was called the Sea of Clouds.

A huge dimple on the right cheek is called the Sea of Humors—dimples are usually humorous affairs—on the northwest edge of this sea is a circular mountain called Gassendi; while, like a wart on the cheek of our ancient friend, and just under his mouth is a bright spot composed of another circular mountain, Tycho.—

All around this mountain "are lofty peaks, frightful abysses, yawning gulfs, and groups of mountains of fantastic outline thrown together in interminable confusion. The precipitons inner wall of Tycho itself rises to an altitude of 16,000 feet above the plain. The diometer of the enclosed area is nearly fifty miles."

"It is from Tycho that the curious white streaks radiate, stretching far to the left, through the Sea of Clouds, and on the right to the Sea of Nectar, a distance from the great crater of 1800 miles in this direction. These streaks will you say at once are ranges of mountains. Not so, however, for where mountains exist conspicuous by their huge shadows these streaks are not seen at all. Herschel, the elder, suggested that they were lava streams, which had filled up huge cracks in the Moon's outer shell made by its cooling rapidly—the lava reflecting light better than the surrounding surface. "The largest white spot on the Moon's disk is Copernicus, a mammoth crater fifty-six miles in diameter. It is seen as an ill-defined light patch to the left of the nose. Before and after Full Moon"—long tapering shadows from mountains skirting the deep abysses are thrown across the internal area, and by degrees shorten or lengthen according to the age of the Moon, until the crater is either a glare of light, or a circle of pitchy darkness. With a good spy-glass, this enormous mountain cannot fail to interest our friends.

There are other mountains besides. There is one range called the Apennines. This is a very precipitous range and is the loftiest in the Moon. Huygens in the centre of it rises to a greater elevation than Mt. Blanc in Europe."

It may be asked how it is possible to tell the height or shape of the mountains or rugged pinnacles of the Moon. The reply is by measuring their shadows. These shadows are seen to change from side to side and give the distinct outline of the masses from which they are cast. They can as easily be measured as shadows nearer home and of course they are in the same proportion to the object that casts them as shadows of our own mountains or anything else.

To such as are curious respecting the question as to whether the Moon is inhabited or not, it may be interesting to mention that objects not larger than forty feet—the shadow of the little mountain Linné for instance have been measured. Objects of art, then, such as lofty buildings need not be very large to be seen. St. Peter's at Rome which is about 500 feet high, if not very plain, ought to make a wart or pimple of some kind.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

BY

"OUR HIRED MAN."

Scientific Discoveries.

Our HIRED Man having read Mr. Barker's "Philosophy" in the last number, and being delighted with the ease and facility with which the universe can be turned inside out and fully accounted for, has determined to present his own "scientific views" to an amazed and an awe-struck public.

In the first place, he will explain the primal forces of the Universe, as they are the simplest things he knows anything about. They are, he has discovered, composed mostly of gases of one kind and another. He will name a few kinds: First, then, there is laughing gas; next, gasy individuals; and lastly, the gas which such scientific discoveries as these are composed of. The rest of the elements of nature—it will electrify our readers to learn—are nothing but Electricity of a Positively Electric Negative kind. Of this he is positive as he has personally analyzed them.
ad discovered that what isn't positive is negative, and the rest is positively of the most positive description.

But these are simple matters, concerning merely the elements of the Universe. Our Hired Man's deep views are yet to come. He will now astound the world with his new Theory of Rotary motion. Rotary motion (he will say parenthetically) is illustrated in the lives of many individuals. Now Rotary motion is cause in most cases, in his opinion, by the tendency of things to roll over, but in the case of the Earth and the planets, there are some grand theories which he wishes to propound. One is, that the Sun shines on one side of the Earth till it gets so hot that it can't stand it any longer, and turns round to get cool; before it has had time to complete the cooling process, it gets round to the hot side again, and is kept going at the principle upon which bears are taught to dance upon hot plates. It is wonderful that this idea is never "struck" astronomers before. Doubtless, however—the ideas of all reformers—it will meet with rich opposition from the ignorant. Our Hired Man expects persecution, but he knows what future ages will say about his theory.

The other idea is more remarkable still. It is on the newly discovered principle of weight, and is, therefore, a weighty idea. The Sun, it is known by many, keeps one side of the earth light, this causes the little imps of darkness, who are flying about—all of them, be it understood, are charged with electricity of a most negative kind, which fully accounts for the opposition which they manifest to things in general—like rushing to the dark edge of the earth, where they can exactly 26 miles beyond the centre of gravity. Their own weight and the weight of the electricity which they have imbibed makes that side of the earth the heaviest, and of course round she goes, which keeps the small gentry referred to, a hopping, and fully accounts for the motion of the earth and their inability of temper at one and the same time.

Incredible as it is, Our Hired Man believes that possibly after all, here and there may be an individual who may not believe the scientific theory he has so powerfully elucidated; and who may now ask him how he accounts for the revolution of the planets round the Sun? Simply enough. In the first place, the Sun is (so we are told) too hollow, and the inhabitants all live on the inside—the outside being much too warm. Naturally, they will go out walking like other folks, and in walking up the sides, the motion of their feet turns the Sun on the principle of a treadmill. Then, the friction caused by the rapid motion of the Sun in the "atmosphere of the upper deep," knocks off particles weighing half a million tons each. These little particles fly off on the principle of sparks from a grindstone, and hit each of the planets on the left side and drives them round. Whenever a planet feels inclined to stop it gets another whack and goes on again. What will the scientific world think, when he tells them that it is these very lumps, deposited on our earth, which cause "our continents and mountain chains."

These are but a few of the brilliant discoveries which our very philosophical and learned assistant has made during the last few years, and for which he expects to take his place in the midst of Newton, Kepler, Galileo—and Mr. Barker.

In closing, we wish to say these ideas have never been communicated to the public before, and they are only now explained, in the strictest confidence, to the Utah public. Foreign editors are requested not to mention these discoveries until the ideas are copyrighted.

CLUBS.—It should be understood that in relation to clubs, we follow the practice of all other Magazines. The club has to be made up and paid in at or about one period. A subscriber now and another then does not constitute a club. When pay for a club is promised, we are not particular to a week or two as to its coming in; but it is always supposed that the person claiming the benefit of the club, has all the names insured to him at the time.

We invite all our friends, down to little boys and girls, to get up clubs. It is an easy way to get the Magazine without any outlay beyond a little trouble. All wishing well to our enterprise, can help us very effectually by starting their young folks and acquaintances at the business.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A BOOKBINDER.—Our intention is to print the Magazine on paper of a perfectly uniform character all the way through, so as to form a Handsome Family Volume. To carry out this, we have already on hand sufficient paper of one quality to complete the volume to every subscriber. Any interested in the question of uniformity of quality can inspect our stock.

CRUSTY forwards the following:

TOO MUCH GREEN.
When up and down our Main Street,
In moving to and fro,
There's one thing always meets my gaze,
Whichever way I go;
That thing it is both weight and nice,
But it's often to be seen,
Their dresses, blue and white, and black,
Are trimmed with too much green.

Although their think it very nice—
Their taste we don't dispute,
And arguments they bring to bear
Are often very 
But when we've had and done,
It's plainly to be seen,
In fixing up their Sunday's best,
They trim with too much "green."

A right they always should enjoy,
To trim to suit their taste,
No matter how much "green" they use,
They're too apt to think it very nice,
It please them so very much,
As in their face is seen,
To find much fault 'twould be a proof
Ourselves are rather "green."

"Crazy" is evidently under the influence of the "green-earned monster," or somebody else of that color. Some young lady should pay him back in his own coin; perhaps, then, he'd look rather bare.

N., Parowan.—Details about Target Shooting, etc., shall be given as soon as possible.

"HAMLET."—The views expressed are those of a correspondent.
There was, however, a general expression of satisfaction with Mr. Lyden's performance in the character of Hamlet. It is undoubtedly a fine piece of acting, and very hard to equal—much less surpass. Still, all men have their peculiar conceptions of Shakespeare's characters, and our correspondent, who is a genius of considerable critical ability, and of much experience in such matters, bad his. We were so pleased to hear of such talent distinguishing itself, that, with a view to the encouragement of native art, we gladly gave it all the space at our command.

LIL.—We are glad to have the ladies correspond with us. Any suggestions they may have as to what would improve their department, or any other, shall be well considered and carried into effect, if deemed advisable. We intend to give Noting as well as Writing, and Object.

QUERIES.—We have on record, is the most pure and lovely of anything that can be conceived. No such a perfect model of a life has ever been described before or since his day. We do not speak anything in particular of the words 'He that hath seen me hath seen the Father;' have, in our opinion, as much reference to the kindness, love and tenderness that all saw who came in contact with him, as to his 'manifesting'—as he undoubtedly did—the 'express image of his person.' The passage, without a doubt, is equally true in both senses.
WILKINS ON CALISTHENICS.

[By John Quill.]

I was down at Old Castle, Delaware, last week, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins occupied the room in the hotel next to mine. They talked very loud, and as I could not sleep, there was nothing for me to do but lie still and listen. This is about what took place.

"I tell you, Mrs. Wilkins, you've got to put a stop to it; I won't have it. This thing has been going on long enough, and it's about played out. Here you've been going to that gymnasium now night on to six months, and you're getting to be a perfect woman; you're getting more muscle than any woman who moves in good society's got any right to have. I don't want to be married to an Amazon; I tell you; I don't want my wife going about trying how many fifty-six pound weights she can lift; I don't want to be tied to a woman who bites from the shoulder, do I? and who can knock an ox down with her fist, and smash a door panel with one lick? Not much I don't, I say I won't have it!"

"But, Mr. Wilkins, there's no use of talking, for it's got to be stopped. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, and you, mother of nine children, to be dressing yourself up in Bloomer costumes and showing your thick ankles—"

"Stop, man, I say—"

"Showing your clumsy ankles— you needn't get mad, for they are thick, and you know it—and swinging dumb bells and sticks and clubs, trying to dislocate your arms, so as to give me another doctor's bill to pay, and reduce me to bankruptcy; I'll sue for divorce, by George, if it ain't stopped; I won't put up with it any longer, if I do hang myself."

"Mr. Wilkins, do stop swearing."

"Swearing! I'll curse until daybreak if you aggravate me so. It's enough to make a man wear, and you know it. I tell you, Mr. Wilkins, if you don't go to that gymnasium, and let that booby of a teacher put his arm around you all the time he is pretending to show you how to move your elbows."

"Mr. Wilkins, this is scalding—"

"I'll scold then for you to come home and begin exercising yourself on the joists in the garret, pulling yourself up to see how many times you can touch your chin. In my opinion you'd better be down stairs practicing with a bar of soap and a washtub—a good deal better than doing anything else."

"Why, M-s-t-e-r Wilkins; I never—"

"Don't Mister Wilkins me; you can say you never did it, for I know you did. Didn't you see the other day while I was at the back part of the window? You'd better say next that you never tried to catch the dining-room chairs by the rounds and hold them out at arm's length?"

"Of course I never—"

"You're lying through, and I tell you I'm sick of it. I don't want to live all my life with a woman who can whip me. I expect you'll be practicing on me next—I expect nothing else than you'll be trying to see if you can throw me. But I don't want to have anything to do with you. If you come wrestling around me, you'll get hurt. I give fair warning; I won't stand any of your nonsense."

"Mr. Wilkins, I declare you're too bad, for—"

"I know I am, I know I don't suit you; I know you wish you were married to another man; you'd like me to have a plagiarism with you every day, and have me try to beat you at lifting, and get me to go round this community and brag on your muscularity. But I ain't proud of you; I'm mortified about it. It pains me to think that you are depraved. I know you ain't satisfied, so you must apply for a divorce and go and get married to the Belgian giant, or some prize-fighter, and spar with him, and crowd him to the ropes, and Clause him in the gob, if you know what that means, and I dare say you do, for you learn all that low slang down to that gymnasium."

"Mr. Wilkins, I won't stand this any longer; it is perfectly—"

"O, I know it is, I know you won't stand it. I expect now you will get up out of bed and try to throw me out of the window and break my legs, or upset the stove on me. I expect that this is the chance you've been laying for all this time; I know it; I'm your victim; kill me, murder me, put me out of my misery, and then go down and marry that prize-fighter, that's your misery. But there's one woman will shed some tears over my grave, you'll be glad to get rid of me, but there's one woman will be sorry."

"Mr. Wilkins, who do you mean?"

"O, never you mind; you'd hate her if you knew she liked me and maybe you'd exercise yourself on her, but I won't give you a chance."

"It's that horrid, nasty Maria Browne, I know; she never put her foot in this house again."

"Yes, there's one woman would be sorry to see me go, and if you ever die I'm going to marry her."

"You brute, how can you talk so?"

"Marry her, and see if I can have some peace of my life. She won't go to any gymnasium and behave as you do—"

"It's that Browne, I know."

"Because she didn't approve of such things I know, for she said so, and she thinks that—"

"Has she been daring to talk about me to you; the vile minx?"

"Yes, she has; and she says for her part she thinks that—"

"Well, out with it."

"O, that—that—that you—O, I guess I won't repeat it—it ain't necessary—"

"But I will know."

"Well, well, well, no, it was told me in confidence."

"Paugh! I don't care what Maria Browne thinks; she may say what she pleases; I don't care a cent."

"But it wasn't Maria, but the other woman, and she observed—but, no—"

"When I won't hear it; you don't dare to tell me; I wouldn't listen if you was to bellow it into my ears."

"Well, then, I'll tell you; she said that—"

"Shut up, or I'll stuff a pillow down your throat."

"That's a great deal I did hear of—"

"I tell you I won't listen to you."

"Ever did hear of, you were the worst, and if she were me she'd give warning to the storekeepers not to trust you, and make you wear old-fashioned bonnets for the rest of your natural life."

"I ain't listening; I don't hear a word you say."

"And she said she didn't wonder I was miserable, for any man would be who was married to such an old—"

"John Wilkins, I'll be the death of you. Take that now."

"Here there was a series of thumps upon the floor, the noise of a scrimmage, then a groan, and I turned over and went to sleep. Mrs. Wilkins came down to breakfast the next morning dressed already to go to the gymnasium, and reported that Mr. Wilkins was taken sick during the night, and couldn't leave his room. But I know it's the matter with poor Wilkins, and I sympathize with him in his misery.

A RABBIN'S LIFE.

[From the Hebrew Leader.]

It was night; silence reigned. Suddenly, the Schilkloepfer fancied he heard the tiny talbet he used morning and evening to call the faithful to prayer, rising and falling in measured cadence.

'That noise will not let me sleep,' said he to his daughter, who also heard the slight tapping.

"Some one must be dying," said the girl, shuddering; and suddenly she exclaimed, terrified, 'Schmah Israel must be the rabbi!'

Just then the hammer was motionless; but withoutsome one lost. Here there was a series of thumps, and the wife heard shouting. 'Awake; awake! and call the people to the synagogue; thilhm must be said, for the rabbi is dying!'

The silence of the night was broken by the three well-known raps that were heard at each door, and the daughter of the Schilkloepfer heard her father's sonorous steps on the hard pavement as he hastily passed, from house to house. When the sound of the last rap died away, she thought, 'Now the rabbi has expired!' And she shed bitter tears.

But the recital of the thilhm still held back the soul of the rabbi, though the shades of death that hovered around him were not dispelled. Towards dawn he was sinking fast, and his disciples were loud in their lamentations. They took wax and a wick, measured the dying man, and then made a waxen taper of his height. This taper was wrapped in a shroud and carried to the cemetery, where it was lowered into a new made
THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN IN PRISON.

The special correspondent of an American paper has furnished the following particulars of the arrival of the Princess Salm-Salm in the apartment where the Emperor and the Prince her husband were confined shortly before the execution of Maximilian, when the heroic lady returned from her mission of seeking mercy from Juarez. The description purported to be derived from an eye-witness: 'She ought to come,' said the Prince, 'and hold the baby she feels. The speaker quit not his seat and slowly walked the floor. His eye-glass dropped unnoticed from its perch. His fingers twirled nervously behind his back. He tried to hum a tune, but failed. Maximilian sat on an empty recant chair. For a few moments he was silent. Then he lifted his eyes with a pleasant smile, and spoke, 'Are you an American or a Mexican? Both. I was born in Guadalajara, and have lived in the United States.'

Still smiling, the Archduke continued: 'The Americans, I suppose, would not regret to hear of my death?'

'I think they would; they are not such a people—I hope they will not have to hear of it.'

'We shall see.' The Archduke's face became sobered, and he spoke abstractedly. 'I did what seemed for the best. They deceived me. I am afraid they will all regret it.' Here he leaned his head upon his hand and seemed to be waiting and listening. The visitor sat uneasily, regarding the two prisoners—one motionless, the other pacing to and fro. The barking of the dog near the apartment of a curious in the opposite building, the soldiers' voices on a staircase, the noise of wheels, the sound of conversation, the man who opened the window, the beheld a maiden, whose eyes, death-like shine through the veil of darkness.

'Now,' thought the rabbit, 'did she live now she might be free and glad as the birds that flutter in mid-air!' And, amid the gloom, but tears dampened the pages of the book. Once, towards midnight, loud cries of anguish resonated from without—strange exclamations, such as are wrenched from a mortally wounded being. And, a few minutes afterwards, he heard the wailing of a newborn baby. 'Come upon me!' exclaimed the rabbit, 'is it I robbed her of her joy?'

And every sight he heard the wailing of the child, ever and ever interrupted by a heavenly draddel-song; and the chant of the girl's weep and wail again. Six times heard he the cries of pain; then sounded the wail of the infant; and then the sweet-song once more, and a pause. Again was a hymn of joy wafted on the midnight breeze as the rabbit thought: 'The child now is in the army of prayer and reads his portion; and 'is it I that robbed her of her pride! Silence reigned again. Some years rolled away, and once more the glad chants resounded. The rabbit murmured: 'Now she would have led a daughter under the nuptial canopy."

When the voice was heard again, there sounded neither lament nor sobs, but over a rapturous song. And the rabbit thought: 'The child would have been a happy mother had not I destroyed her happiness!'

Thus did the rabbit live the life of the maiden. He would have given much to have beenarken, if but once, to some bitterplaints in lieu of such hymns of bliss. He might then have known that she would have learned the bitterness of earthly misfortune. But his prayer was never granted, and he whispered, drenching the 'Gemara' with his tears: 'What would she have been so happy!'

And then he longed for death, for the vision made life hideous. But death came not at his bidding, and he grew decrepit. 'I will have the privilege of being the first to see her, and the very beings whom in their childhood he had blessed came to him, sad and infirm, shaking their crutches in despair at death, but dying away at last. But he, he could not die! 'When will the hour strike, maiden?' he often exclaimed; 'how long would thou have lived?'

At length, at midnight, a cry of agony awakened the slumbering children. 'She is no more,' said the rabbit; 'God's name be praised!' And when the grey dawn put to flight the shadows of darkness, his disciples found him, with had pilled on the 'Gemara', dead!
PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ADVANTAGEOUS WAGER.

Request a lady to lend you a watch. Examine it, and give a guess as to its value; then offer to lay the owner a wager of money. If she accepts, you win the watch if you cannot answer to three questions which you will put to her consecutively. "My watch." Show her the watch, and say, "What is this which I hold in my hand?". She, of course, will not fail to reply, "My watch." Next present to her notice some other object, repeating the same question. If she name the object you present, she loses the wager; but she be on her guard and remembering her stake, she says, "My watch," she must of course, win, and you, therefore, to divert her attention should observe to her, "There is a real wish to win the stake, but supposing I lose, what will you give me?" and, if confident of success, she replies for the third time, "My watch," then takes it and leaves her wager agreed on.

THE DOUBLE MEANING.

Place a glass of any liquor upon the table, put a hat over it, and say, "I will engage to drink the liquor under that hat, and you'll not touch the hat. You then get under the table, and after giving three knocks, and the hat be tried through, anything you please, as if you were swallowing the liquor. Then getting under the table, you say, "Now, gentlemen, be pleased to look. Some one, eager to see if you drink the liquor, will raise up my hat, whereby I mean to drink the liquid, saying, "Gentlemen, I have fulfilled my promise. You are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat."

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS AND TERMS USED IN TATTING.

[Continued]

A STRAWBERRY Tart is instead of commencing a loop, and is used to connect various parts of the pattern together: two threads are always required; with a shuttle for each, or sometimes one end is left attached to the shuttle, if only a yard or two of cotton is left, the end may be threaded with a sewing needle. The easiest method to describe this will be to make a red and a white shuttle, knotting two ends together; hold the knot between the fingers and thumb of the left hand, and the thread attached to the red shuttle between the second and third fingers of the same hand about two inches from the knot; this space of thread is used instead of making a loop; then with the white shuttle in the right hand make a single stitch, as it is trip to the knot, keeping the red end of the thread attached to the shuttle, and the green will be wound by the space of thread that would be a loop; the white shuttle will now be the lower or straight thread in the section. Continue working double or single stitches according to the directions.

Cilty Edging. This edging is produced by making the purit of space of thread over the pin.

1st. Callet, Fill the shuttle, and commencing a loop work 5 double stitches, 6 double draw the loop quite close; reverse the work so that this callet is in finder the thumb and the cotton above 2d. Commences a loop close to the last; work a double, then make a single extra pur by turning the cotton twice round the pin, work 6 double; draw close, and reverse the work 3d. Commences, work 5 double, join to the last callet 5 double, draw close.

rior. Commences, work 2 double, join to the pilot of the last callet 5 double, draw close.

for. Commences, work 5 double, 1 pur and 3 double; draw close, Reverse.

The Rosettes. Commences, work 3 double, join to the extra pilot; then make a single extra pur as before; 5 double, draw close; then join the cotton to the pilot of the dot.

Reverse.

Commences again at the 5th callet, and repeat.

The Borders. —Commences at the 5th callet, and repeat.

5th. Commences, work 6 chains and 3 double, then draw the 5th callet 5 double, and plain in each part where the callets are joined together.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.

No. 1.—Continued.

Some of our readers may have visited the scenes referred to below; others have not, and perhaps never will; but as the object is to awaken the student of geology to a habit of observation, and the lessons taught in reference to London can be applied to our journeys in this Territory, or any where else.

Let me suppose that you live in London, and that, upon your holiday in the week, you make an excursion by railway to Brighton. I mention this, as it is the most common excursion by artisans and others. As you travel along, you cannot but be struck by the variety of colors, the character of the country, and the enjoyment of the charming landscapes you see on each side of you.

From the London-bridge station to New Cross, you ride over dark-looking mould which the gardeners find so well adapted to the growth of vegetables. As soon as you pass under the bridge at New Cross, you enter a very deep cutting in a high bed of clay. How is this? What is clay? What is this soil? How is it made? What is it composed of? What is the difference between the two? How is it used?

From New Cross, you now see the Kentish coast, as the Great Northern railway, you would come to the same clay? Was the clay at New Cross, and that at Havenstoke-hill, ever one continuous thing? If so, what has become of all the clays that once lay below? Was the Thames, or any other water, swept out and carried it away?

Nears Croydon, you come to beds of gravel. How did this gravel come there? What gives the tint of olive green to all gravel? What has made these beds of clay, through which you have passed? You reach a Stow's Nest, you come again into deep cuttings, not in clay before, but in chalk. In the upper part of the cutting you see a black line continuing on both sides for miles. What is this line? It is a layer of flint, looking as regular as a line of brick-colored brick placed in a white brick wall by a mason. How came flint to be formed in layers? Is this layer of flint in every cliff of chalk? Is the flint whole, or broken? Broken, what shattered it? Below this layer of flint you soon come to other lines of a dark brown color. These lines run parallel to each other, and keep about seven feet apart from each other for many miles. Do they not look like flint? What are they? They are seams of marl. What is marl? What is a marl? How came seams of marl into the chalk? As you whirl around a stone, you find that both the layer of flint and the seams of art break off suddenly, and as suddenly begin again lower down in the cutting or section. How is this? Has any portion of this rock ever sunk, or has this portion of it been worn down, so as to disturb the continuance of these layers? No, what force could have occasioned the disturbance?

As soon as you find yourself through the Merstham tunnel, you see daylight shows that you are in a completely new rock. What is that stone? Why is it called freestone? Has it any other name? Is it always found under the chalk? On leaving the tuffite station, you come to Redhill. The hill on each hand consists of different colored sands, layer upon layer. What are these sands? Why are they called Shanklin sands? How are these sands found here? Is Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, Leighstou-Buzzard, and near Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire? Before you reach Horley, you ride through flats abundantly in clays and sands, which, as the cuttings show, furnish miners' earth, and even iron ore. What is fuller's earth? What is fuller's earth? How came iron to be formed in these sands? Is it found in all sands? Why not?

At Horley you come to a perfectly new series of rocks, consisting of layers of clay and sand, and sandstones and shales. How is the rock called chalk? What is shale? How came the sandstones at Balcombe to be, some in its layers called limonite, and others in thick masses called clays? What caused these beds to dip towards the north-east? As soon as you pass the viaduct, you find that the very little dip towards the south-west. How is this? Did a river flow from below push up the beds till they snapped and fell in different directions? By the tunnel at Hayward lea, you see all these beds of clay, sand, shale, &c., exhibited as a deep cutting. In this neighborhood you find Tilgate stone, which flows from the beds of the W. Common and Hastings. How is it that the chalk here look like beds of coal? Is it likely that coal would be found here? Why so?
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A correspondent writes to ask if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled? The only information we can give him on that point is, that we have often seen it furrowed.

ARTFUL—VERY.—Mary: "Don't keep crowding me, John.—John: "Who has been crowding you, Mary?" Mary (ingeniously): "Well, you can if you like, John!"

At the general sessions four men were indicted for stealing beans. A gentleman present asked another: "What have they been doing?" "Bean-stealing," was the reply.

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied: "He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail."

An Irish fair one wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added by way of postscript, "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

"Would you like to look at the moon?" asked a professor, who had stationed his spy-glass at the street corner, of an Emeralder.

"To the divil wid ye; would I be after givin' ye a dime to look at de moon wid one eye, when I kin see it wid my two and not cost me cint?"

A good anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of a tattered coat a loaf of bread and half a dried cod-fish, and holding them up, with a triumphant look and gesture to the magistrate, exclaimed, "You don't catch me that way—I'm no vagrant! Ain't them wisible means of support, I should like to know?"

THOUGHT HE HAD HER.—An old Dutch farmer had a handsome daughter named Minnie, who lately joined the Methodist church, against which the old farmer was somewhat prejudiced. The young minister under whose influence Miss Minnie was converted, visiting her frequently, excited his suspicion that all was not right. Accordingly he visited the church on Sunday night, and seated himself unobserved among the congregation.

Soon after taking his seat, the minister, who was preaching from Daniel, 5th chap., 25th verse, repeated in a loud voice the words of his text, "Mene, mene tekel, upharsin." Upon which, the old farmer sprang to his feet, seized the affrighted girl by the arm, and hurried her out of the meeting-house. Having reached the church-yard, he gave vent to his feelings in these words: "She knows there was sometings wrongs, and now I schwears to 'em."

"Why, father, what do you mean?" replied the bewildered and innocent girl.

"Didn't I," shouted the old man, striking his fists together, and stamping with his foot, "didn't I hear de parson call out to you, 'Minnie, Minnie, tickle de parson?'"

At a religious meeting among the blacks, a colored preacher requested that some brother should pray. Thereupon half-witted Moses commenced a string of words entirely without meaning. At this the pastor raised his head and inquired: "Who dat praying? Dat you, brudder Moses? Yo' let somebody dat's better acquainted wid de Lord."

As English army officer who visited the London Zoological Gardens the other day, leaned gracefully over the chairs of his lady acquaintances—talking soft nonsense the while—and applied his magnetic head to their hair-pins till he had drawn them all out! Of course there was great tribulation, as on rising from their seats their waterfalls tumbled off. It is said the ladies called the captain a "brute;" be what else does one go the Zoological Gardens for but to see brutes?

"I LOVE SOMEBODY."

A matter-of-fact poetical genius says: "I overheard a moon struck chap the other day remark that he loved a certain young lady well enough to die for her. Now, I love somebody very much, and"

I'd swear for her—
I'd tear for her—
The Lord knows what I'd bear for her—
I'd fly for her—
I'd sigh for her—
I'd drink the Jordan dry for her;—
I'd 'come' for her—
Do 'wuss' for her—
I'd kick up a thunderin' fuss for her—
I'd wip for her—
I'd leap for her—
I'd go without my sleep for her—
I'd fight for her—
I'd bite for her—
I'd walk the streets all night for her;—
I'd plead for her—
I'd bleed for her—
I'd go without my 'food' for her;—
I'd shoot for her—
I'd boot for her—
A rival who'd come 'to suit' for her;—
I'd kneel for her—
I'd squeal for her—
Such is the love I feel for her;—
I'd slide for her—
I'd ride for her—
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for her;—
I'd dry for her—
I'd cry for her—
But—hang me if I'd die for her!—
N.B.—Or any other woman.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER


GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ........................................................................ $7 00
Per Half Year (26 weeks) ........................................ 4 00
Per Quarter (13 weeks) ........................................... 2 25

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

SUBS.—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons clubbing togethers will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be sent at the above office, or addressed Box 197 Post Office, O. S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."
POETRY.

ALLAH'S ANSWER.

[FROM THE ARABIC.]

"Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man,
Back'd with pain the long night through,
Till with prayer his heart grew tender,
Till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the tempter,
Said, "Call louder, child of pain!
See if Allah ever hear
Or answers, 'Hear am I' again.'"

Like a stab the cruel cavil
Through his burning pulses went,
To his heart an icy coldness,
To his brain a darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias,
Says, "My child, why thus dismayed?
Dost repent thy former servor—
Is thy soul of prayer afraid?"

"Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often,
Never heard the 'Here am I,'
And I thought God will not pity,
Will not turn on me His eye."

Then the grave Elias answered,
"God said, 'Rise, Elias, go
Speak to him the sorely tempted,
Lift him from his gulf of woe."

Tell him that his very longing
Is itself an answering cry,
That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!'
Is my answer, 'Here am I.'

Every inmost aspiration
Is God's angel undulled,
And in every 'O my Father,
Slumbers deep a 'Here, my child."

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;
OR,
VITTORIA ACCORAMONI.
A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER VII—CONTINUED.

Vittoria and her husband were accompanied on their journey by that Ludovico Orsini of whose dealings with the peace officers of the city the reader has already heard. He, too, as may readily be imagined, found Rome under Sixtus the Fifth no longer a desirable residence. Things were not as they had been. The good old times, when a gentleman could live like a gentleman, were gone.

This Ludovico, who had thus fallen on bad times, was a cousin of the prince; and being, as we have seen, a gentleman of high rank and nice feelings when the honor of the family was in question, had been grievously pained and offended by the misalliance made by the head of his race. The emnity arising from this circumstance was not towards the powerful and wealthy head of his house, who 'had been bewitched, poor fellow!' but wholly against Vittoria, the bewitching. So that, for her at least, this addition to the family traveling party did not promise to alleviate any of the disagreeable circumstances which necessarily attached to it.

Bearing in mind what journeys were in those days under the best circumstances, one may fancy that Vittoria, with her diseased and shockingly unwieldy husband, and the hostile kinsman, who hated her for the cause not only of disgrace to his family, but for this exile from their homes in the world's capital, did not much enjoy her 'bridal trip.' We are inclined to be decidedly of the opinion of the Roman lady of rank, and to think that there was nothing, at all events yet, to repay one for murdering a husband.

It was in the territory of Venice that Orsini had determined on seeking a safe asylum and a home.—There had been a connection of long standing between the government of the great republic and the Orsini family, more than one of the name having held command of the forces of the Queen of the Adriatic.—And when at length the travelers had arrived within a short distance of the city, the senate sent messages to offer Orsini a guard of honor, and a public entry into the city. This, however, the prince declined; and thinking, probably, that under all the circumstances the less of publicity attending his movements the better, he determined on not going to Venice at all.—

Turning his steps, therefore, towards Padua, he hired in that city a magnificent palace for his residence during the coming winter, and then moving on in the direction of the Lago di Garda, established himself for the summer at Salo, a lovely spot at the head of a little bay on the western shore of the lake, at no very great distance from Brescia.

Ludovico Orsini, in the mean time, had gone on to Venice; and shortly succeeded in obtaining from the senate the command of the Venetian troops in Corea.

Orsini and his wife remained during the rest of the summer at Salo; where, says the historian, 'he hired a superb villa, and strove by various pastimes to divert his wife, and his own profound melancholy caused by his infirmities of body, which became more
and more troublesome, and by the memories of Rome, and of his own excesses. The picture of the interior of Vittoria and her princely husband in their delicious villa in one of the loveliest spots in Europe, is not hard to imagine. Only we should be inclined to suggest, that in all probability the parts sustained in that domestic drama, as far as the efforts to amuse were concerned, were rather the reverse of the cast supposed by the historian. We cannot but suspect that these 'efforts' fell to the share of the young wife, while the all too unamusable patient was the princely husband. Perhaps, also, we might venture to infer that these sweet summer months on the beautiful shores of the lake beloved by poets, were not a period of unmixed cannibal felicity to the lady Vittoria. The reward of ambition had not come yet.—But perhaps it was coming, and that in no very distant future. That one's newly married husband should weigh twenty stone, and have a "lupa" consuming his bloated limbs, may in one point of view be unfavorable circumstances. But from a different standpoint they may be very much the reverse. After all, a well-jointed widowhood, to be made the most of while yet in the Bower of her age and the pride of her beauty, with the rank of a princess, and the revenue of one, might be a better thing than to be the wife of either a pope's nephew or a great prince. We can understand that the position of a wife may well have begun to show itself to the beautiful and accomplished Vittoria as not the most desirable in the world.

Still Vittoria could not disguise from herself that she had rather difficult cards to play. The whole of the great Orsini clan were her enemies, for the same reason that moved the enmity of Ludovico. From the Pope she had little reason to expect either favor or protection. The Duke of Florence, and the powerful Cardinal dei Medici, his brother, were hostile to her, on the grounds which have been explained. Her own eldest brother, the only one of them who had such a position as could have enabled him to afford her any support or protection, had also been estranged from her by the marriage she had contracted in despite of his prohibition. It was a dreary outlook into the future for a young beauty only a few years out of her girlishhood. And as her husband's increasing malady brought the consideration of it more closely before her, she felt that she should need all that the most cautious prudence and self-possession could effect.

Orsini, to do him justice, seems to have been anxious, when the conviction of the great precariousness of his life forced itself on him, to make the best provision he could for her who had been either the partner or the victim of his crime. About the beginning of November in that autumn of 1585, he made spontaneously, as the historians especially assure us, a will bequeathing to Vittoria a hundred thousand crowns in money, besides a very considerable property in plate, jewels, furniture, carriages, horses, etc. It was further ordered that a palace should be purchased for her in any city of Italy she might select, of the value of ten thousand crowns, and a villa of the value of six thousand. Moreover, a household of forty servants was to be maintained for her. And the Duke of Ferrara was named the executor of this will.

Having made this provision, the prince determined on a journey to Venice in search of better medical aid. But a journey in this direction did not by any means suit the plans which Vittoria had determined on. Reflecting on the dangerous amount of hostility which would surround her on every side as soon as her husband should have breathed his last, and conscious that this would be increased by the exorbitancy of the provisions of the will in her favor, she had made up her mind that her only safe course was to get her husband out of Italy while it was yet possible, over the Swiss frontier, which is at no great distance from Salo, so that at the moment of his death she and her property might be in safety under the protection of the Cantone. But the journey to Venice threatened to destroy this scheme, for it became daily more evident that the end was not far off.

Vittoria, therefore, strove to persuade him, before they had got far on their way, to return to Salo. And, as the sufferings of the invalid in traveling were greater than he had anticipated, she had not much difficulty in doing so; though the difficulty of moving, which drove him back, seemed to promise ill for the scheme of getting him to travel very far in the opposite direction.

On the twelfth of November, however, Orsini felt a little better. On the thirteenth his physicians bled him, and left him with somewhat of better hope that, by strict attention to a severe system of diet, and extreme temperance, some degree of restoration might be looked for. To Vittoria this reprieve was all-important, as promising a possibility of putting her plan for escaping into a secure asylum into execution.

The noble patient only knew that he felt better than he had for many days; and, little in the habit of suffering a denial to the demands of any of his appetites, and delighted to find that any of them were still sufficiently alive to afford him the means of a gratification, he ordered, as soon as over the doctors were out of the house, that dinner should be served him. Nobody dared to disobey or to remonstrate; so fine a thing is it to be too great a man to be contradicted.

The dinner was brought, and once again the gross body had the pleasure of swallowing. The prince, says the historian, ate and drank as usual. But, scarcely had he finished his repast, before he fell into a state of insensibility; in which condition he remained till two hours before sunset, when he expired.

CHAPTER VIII—WIDOWHOOD IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: ITS PROS AND CONS.

This sudden catastrophe was a terrible blow to Vittoria, who seems to have been perfectly well aware of all the dangers and difficulties of her position. 'As soon as she saw that the prince was dead,' writes the monk Tempesta, 'the ill-advised Vittoria fell into a swoon; and when she recovered from it, gave way to utter despair, oppressed by the tumult of thoughts which all at once rushed to her mind. She thought of the loss of her present grandeur, of the necessity of returning to an obscure life without protectors and without support, exposed to the rage of the Orsini, detected by Ludovico, by the Cardinal dei Medici, and by all that royal family. She saw vividly before her, her first murdered husband, who upbraided her with the great love he had borne her. And this painful thought was rendered more insupportable by the incomparable greatness of the Peretti family, now that Sixtus was pope.—[TO BE CONTINUED]
SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRiloquist.

SCENE I.—The Election.

We introduce our readers to the humorous adventures of Valentine Vox, who lives in the country. The curious faculty of ventriloquism—or the faculty of throwing one's voice—so that it appears to come from some person or object at a distance—was, we learn, early developed in the hero of the following sketch.

After practicing until he was fully capable of countering the questions of the audience, he pleased himself by turning his talents to the benefit of others. He immediately became the terror of the neighborhood, and was sought out for the enjoyment of his gift.

Valentine's first grand display in public was at a meeting convened at the Goulburn, for the purpose of electing a fit and proper person to fill the vacancy occasioned by the lamentable death of Mr. Paving Commissioner Cobb. Party feeling on that occasion ran high; and the hall at the appointed hour was crowded to excess by the friends of the candidates, who looked at each other as if the laws only prevented the perpetration of cannibalism on the spot.

As the mayor was about to open the important business of the day, with the expression of a lively hope that all parties 'did have a fair and impartial bearing, Valentine entered the hall. After having bowed to every person he knew, reached the steps of the rostrum from which the electors were to be addressed, prepared at once to commence operations.

The first speaker was Mr. Creedale, an extremely thin gentleman, with an elaborately-chiselled nose, who came forward on the liberal side to nominate Mr. Job Stone.

"Gentlemen!" said Mr. Creedale.

"Nonsense!" cried Valentine, in an assumed voice of course, which appeared to proceed from a remote part of the hall.

"Gentlemen!" repeated Mr. Creedale, with some additional emphasis.

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed Valentine, changing the tone.

"It may," said Mr. Creedale, "be nonsense, or it may be pooh; but, gentlemen, I address you as gentlemen, and beg that I may not be interrupted.

"O, don't mind Tibbs; go on!" cried Valentine.

"Oh, Tibbs; indeed!" observed Mr. Creedale, with a contumacious curl of the lips. "It's Mr. Tibbs, it is!"

"No, not!" cried the accused individual, who was a highly respectable grocer, and remarkable for his quiet and unassuming demeanor.

"I am surprised at Mr. Tibbs," said Mr. Creedale in continuation—"I have until now regarded him as an individual.

"No, again!" vociferated Tibbs, 'It isn't me; I don't speak a syllable.

"If Mr. Tibbs," observed the mayor, "or any other gentleman be desirous of addressing the meeting, he will have an opportunity of doing so, whenever he pleased.

"Upon my honor!" exclaimed Tibbs. 'I've—'

Here there were general cries of 'Order, order! chair!'

When Mr. Creedale continued:

"Gentlemen, without advertizing to any extraneous matter, it gives me unspeakable pleasure to propose—

"A revolutionary!" growled Valentine in a heavy bass voice.

"That's me, I suppose!" exultingly cried Tibbs, shaking his head and giving a most triumphant wink.

"I know whose voice that is," said Mr. Creedale. "That's the voice of the conservative bully. Yes, that's Mr. Brownrigg.

"What!" shouted Brownrigg, in a voice of indignant thunder.

"What!" echoed Mr. Creedale.

"Say it's me again!" shouted Brownrigg, 'just only so much as say it's me again.

"Mr. Brownrigg," observed the mayor, 'will be pleased to conduct himself here with propriety.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Brownrigg, 'Why fix upon me?

"That is not the first time," observed Mr. Creedale, "that Mr. Brownrigg has been here with the view of blustering for the conservatives; but it won't—

"I mean it, I mean it!" exclaimed Brownrigg, 'I never opened my lips. If I did—"

Loud cries of 'Order, order! Question! Chair! chair!' drowned the conclusion of the sentence, however interesting it might have been, and Mr. Creedale resumed:

"As I was about to observe, gentlemen, when disgracefully interrupted, it gives me great pleasure to propose Mr. Stone as—"

"A dicky!" screamed Valentine, assuming the shrill voice of a female. 'Don't have him! he's a dicky!"

Mr. Creedale met the accusation with 'Shame! and the candidate rose to repel the insinuation.

"Officer!" shouted the mayor, 'instantly turn that depraved woman out.

A whole corps of corporate constables entered with their staves, and rushed to the spot from which the sound appeared to proceed; but no woman was discoverable.

"Whoop!" cried Valentine, throwing his voice to another part of the hall, and the officers rushed to that part with the most pressing demonstrations of everything every voter who stood in their way; but no sooner had they reached the spot proposed than the 'depraved woman' appeared to be laughing outright in the very body of the meeting. Away went the officer's constables, following the sound, and enraged beyond measure at their failure to catch her, while another 'whoop' was heard to proceed from the spot they had just quitted. Back went the constables, knocking aside every man who they came near, and thus creating a scene of indescribable confusion.

"Turn her out!" cried the mayor, in loud tones of insulated dignity; 'turn her out!"

"Blarn me!" cried the fattest of the constables, foaming with rage, and made a dash for her.

Again the laugh was heard, in which at length the whole meeting joined on beholding the ludicrous ardor with which the constables kept up the chase.

"You abandoned creature!" cried the mayor, 'why don't you leave us!

"Let me alone! let me alone!" cried the creature, 'and I'll be quiet! and immediately a scream was heard, succeeded by sounds indicative of the 'creature's being just on the point of fainting. The constables fancied that they were sure of her then, and therefore made a greater stir, as, however, the mayor exclaimed, 'Let her be; leave her to her own conscience, when the constables with the greatest reluctance withdrew, and comparative silence was restored.

Mr. Creedale then resumed: 'A weak invention of the enemy, (No, not and loud cheers)—I repeat—

"You're a fool!" cried Valentine in a singular gruff tone, on which there were again loud cries of 'shame! and 'order!"

"I'll commit the first man," cried the mayor, with a swell of indignation, who again interrupts these important proceedings, be he whomsoever he may.

"You can't, old boy!" cried Valentine.

"Who, who is that?" said the mayor—'I demand to know instantly who that is to—"

"Dares!" exclaimed Valentine.

"Dares I say, Dares!" cried the mayor. 'I'll give five pounds to any man who will point out to me that atrocious individual.

The electors at this moment stared at each other, and all appeared equally astonished.

The mayor again rose, and assuming a more tranquil tone, said, 'Really, gentlemen, this conduct is perfectly disgraceful.

In the course of my experience I never met with anything even remotely similar to this—

"Jonathan Sprawl," cried Valentine; 'he is the man.

"If," said the mayor, 'I thought that—but no, no, I am certain Mr. Sprawl—"

"I assure you," said Jonathan, 'the interruption did not proceed from me, on your honor. He who says that it did, is a slanderer and no gentleman; and I tell him so openly to his teeth—"

"I am satisfied," said the mayor, 'quite satisfied, and therefore do trust that we shall now be permitted to proceed. Mr. Creedale, who was still in more success, the chair, again resumed:—'If I am not inclined," said he, 'to indulgo on this occasion in anything which may tend to create feelings of irritation; but I must be permitted to say that I am utterly astonished at this—

"Mr. Maxill!" said Valentine, imitating the voice of Mr. Creedale, the speaker.

"Doom!" cried Maxill, who was a short stumply man, with a remarkably raw-boshy face, 'I beg to rise to order. Doom! I claim the protection of the chair, and if so be as Mr. Creedale, who is it?—'what, why, demme, I repel the insinuation—(appliance)—I repel the insinuation, and means for to say this, that all I can say is—(bravo, Maxill)—all I can say is, demne, is this—"

"You're as much," cried Valentine, throwing his voice immediately behind Mr. Maxill, 'hold your tongue!"
THE GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

A TALE OF ST. PETERSBURG IN 1796.

St. Petersburg was in consternation; for the Czar had that morning degraded his favorite Cabinet Minister, and sentenced him to exile in the mines of Siberia. Count S— had been the Emperor's most honest adviser; and, with the exception of a few persons who detested him for his sincerity and his imperviousness to a bribe, was universally beloved by the people. His fall therefore came on them like a thunderbolt; the more so, as no assignable cause for his degradation could be hazarded.

Even the Count himself was astounded. Accustomed as he had been to the outward caprice of a despotic ruler, and knowing that in the eyes of such, even the most honest action may be construed into a treasonable design, he still felt the consciousness that he had ever served his country faithfully, and to the best of his ability, and therefore felt that his degradation was as unjust as his sentence was cruel. But it was not so much for himself that he grieved. He had been a widower for many years, and of all his children none was left to him save one daughter, Katinka, the flower of his old age. It was for her that he felt heart-broken. She was the cause that his tears flowed fast down his furrowed cheeks, and that his silvered head was bowed down to the ground.

"If I were quite alone in the world, it would matter little; there are not so many years in store for me," he muttered to himself.

"But, dear father," said a soft voice in his ear; you are not alone, and will not be alone. See there is even yet a bright spot among the dark clouds;" and with these words, his daughter placed in his hands a royal mandate which empowered the exile to take with him his daughter and a servant into banishment.

"My child! what have you done? you sacrifice your young days among those bleak and barren steppes! No; no, it cannot be."

But we will draw a veil over the out-pourings of the father's and daughter's hearts. Suffice it only to say that Katinka by her tears and entreaties at last wrung a reluctant consent from her father that she should accompany him into exile.

"But whom shall we take with us?" she asked presently, in a cheerful and confident voice.

"You may well ask, whom?" he answered, sadly; "you will not find one among all my dependants who would follow in my service. No, no," he added, with a tinge of sarcasm, "they will prefer to quaff the toky of my rival successor, to drinking the icy cold water of Jenisei."

With a confident step, Katinka sped away on her errand, feeling sure that some one at least among the numerous dependants of the family, who owed fortune, fame and, may be, life to her father, would now be willing to show his gratitude by accompanying him in his dreary exile.

In a humble cottage on the outskirts of the city an old man was kneeling before an image of his patron saint. But his devotions were disturbed by a loud knock at the door, which he arose from his bended knees to open. It was his only child—his son Feodore.

"Is it then true, my father, that our beloved master is sentenced to banishment; and that he is to set out to-morrow?" the young man inquired.

"Alas! my son—it is too true!"

"And will the city, the nobility, the townpeople, look on in silence while the benefactor of their country is cast out from home and hearth?" inquired the youth impetuously. "And what is to become of his daughter," he resumed, not waiting for any answer, "and who is to accompany him into his banishment?"

Just then the door of the cottage opened, and Katinka herself stood before them.

"Good Nicholas!" she began, addressing the old man, "are none of my father's servants here?"

"None, noble lady?"

"Alas! then we are forsaken indeed! But to think that not one of those who used to kneel down before him, and called him their savior, can be found ready and willing to offer him this last service!"

"What!" interrupted the old man, "do you mean, noble lady, to say that they could follow him but will not?"

"Even so," was the sad reply.

"Then will I!" and he knelt down before the young girl and respectfully kissed her hand. "Then will I, old as I be, with the help of my patron saint, St. Stephen, share evil and good with him. For twenty years have I lived under him in this cottage. Here I married, and hence I carried out my wife when struck down by fever. Yes! I will follow him?"

"Nay, good friend," replied Katinka, in a tone of gratitude; "you are too old—too infirm to undertake such a toilsome journey. I did not refer to you. Not your age and failing strength would prove a burden rather than a comfort to my father."

"True lady, I forgot that," interrupted the old man, "but I will go out myself and speak with the ungrateful hinds."

"It seems derogatory to my father's honor to have to ask twice," answered the lady, proudly. "Maybe I yet may be able to find one, sufficiently miserable to consider it no further addition to his misery to follow my father, though it be into exile."

"Yes—surely you will find one," now cried Feodore, emerging from the corner of the room, where he had been standing, unperceived by Katinka. "I will go!
you do not remember me, lady, but he," pointing to his father, "will be my guarantee that I speak truly from my heart!"

"I do not know you, Fedorel," exclaimed Katinka; "think you I can so readily forget him who saved my life from drowning when but a child? And you will accompany us?"

"Yes, lady, that will be," said Fedore's father, answering for him. "He will discharge his new duties as faithfully as he has his old ones."

"Then may God and all his saints bless you both!" exclaimed Katinka, as her tears fell fast down her cheek. A hectic blush passed over the young man's face as he knelt down on one knee and fervently kissed the hem of the lady's dress.

"My son," said the old man, when the two were once more alone; you have said you will go with him and you have said well and nobly."

"With him, father?" interrupted Fedore. "Did she not say 'with us'? Does not she then accompany the Count into exile?"

"Yes, truly! but it is a great sacrifice you have made; and yet my loss is ten times greater; and the old man wept bitterly."

"Us! yes, she said 'us!'" continued Fedore, heedless of his father's tears.

Just then a man entered with a request that they should at once repair to the palace of the Count; a request which they immediately obeyed.

"My children," said the Count, as they entered the apartment, "I have sent for you to learn from your own lips whether it is true what my daughter has just told me. For no one shall sacrifice himself for me against his own will. Let me then hear, good Nicholas, first from your lips, whether your son's determination to accompany me into exile meets with your sanction?"

"Yes, gracious master, the lad is but discharging his duty; and even though none are left to tend my dying bed, I bless him for it."

"And you, Fedorel," resumed the Count, turning to the young man, "pause; reflect well. You are leaving life, a good position, wealth, an aged and beloved father, for a living death, a miserable existence for slavery. Better stay with him! What, no! Then accept my thanks—my blessing—for your noble conduct. See, my friends, let us drink together, us three, a parting goblet," and with these words he filled a silver beaker with sparkling wine, and handed it to Nicholas.

"To the due fulfilment of your duties, my son," said the old man, turning towards Fedore, as he drained the goblet to the dregs.

Again the Count filled it, and handed it to Fedore; who, sinking on his knees and raising the cup aloft, said in solemn tones—

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, I swear to be a true and faithful servant to you and your daughter."

"Then to-morrow at daybreak I rob you of your dearest treasure on earth, old friend," said the Count, much moved at the affecting scene. "Till then, farewell! I have much to arrange."

When father and son had once more returned to their humble dwelling, Fedore, who had been wrapt in deep thought, suddenly exclaimed—

"You are witness, father, that I consented to follow them before she said 'us,' did I not?"

"Doubtless; but why this question? it was not the daughter, surely, you would follow?"

"Enough, enough! you are witness that I pressed the horn to my bosom before I perceived that there was a rose budding on its stem. Alas, father, I love her."

"You dream, Fedorel," replied his father, amazed; "remember, though in Siberia, she will still be a countess, and you but a goldsmith's apprentice. Beware, lest you change her father's blessing into a curse; yours she can never be."

"Mine!" answered Fedorel, amazed; "how can you think I ever presumed so far? To live for her, to die for her, will be my highest happiness."

* * * * *

A strange and awful occurrence took place that night in St. Petersburg. When the sun arose the next morning, its rays shone on the Emperor Paul's murdered body. Of course, in the tumult that ensued but little heed was given to the fulfilment or revocation of the late Czar's commands. There was a new master to please now; even Count S— forgot his own sorrows in the whirl of excitement. That very day he was summoned to appear at court: he obeyed, and to his surprise, instead of finding that his sentence of banishment was to be carried into effect, the Emperor bade him draw near, and graciously offered his hand to kiss. The Count's colorless lips trembled as they touched it, for it seemed just as if a bloodstain were upon it.

"You will remain in my service, Count?" asked Alexander, courteously.

"Gracious sire, I trust you will pardon me. Yesterday I was an old man; but the last night has added many years to my age. With one foot already in the grave, my only wish is to seek for peace. I would fain, with your royal permission, retire to my country estate, there to await the hour which cannot be far distant."

"Your wish is granted. But is there anything else I can do? you have but to ask."

"If I might venture to ask a boon," replied the Count, "I would beg your Majesty to sanction the union of my daughter with—Fedorel Solkow, the— the goldsmith's apprentice."

The Emperor raised his eyes in astonishment, as he regarded the Count, who still remained kneeling.

"A strange request, Count. Reflect on the different conditions of the young people!

"Pardon me, gracious sire," interrupted the Count; "though of humble origin, he is noble at heart, and deserves this, ay, and more than this, from me. When all the world turned their backs on me when the butterflies of fashion that had flitted in my salons, and had professed their willingness to go through fire and water to gain if it were but an approving word from my daughter's lips—when amongst all my dependants not one was willing to share their master's late, this youth came forward; he gave up all for me. What I had thought to see accomplished on the banks of the Jena, I now pray your Majesty may be celebrated in this your royal city.

"Be it so!" answered the Emperor, waving his hand.

Next day Katinka and Fedore knelt together at the altar of the Orthodox Church of Russia as man and wife.
The true use of history is not merely to preserve an exact account of the order and manner in which nations and individuals have played their part in the Great Drama of a world's life, but to trace the evidences of a Directing Hand controlling the affairs of men to some special end. To satisfy ourselves that an eye to the constant progress of our race has influenced the direction of human affairs from the beginning. This is one of the most blessed lessons of life and history is only properly studied when pursued with this end in view.

On this subject, we direct attention to some of the points of a Lecture lately delivered at the Thirteenth Ward Assembly Rooms, by Mr. Kelsey. This gentleman endeavored to deduce from sacred and profane history, evidences of special wisdom and divine purpose in the events recorded.

Commencing with sacred history, Mr. Kelsey considered that the flood sweeping the earth, as it did, of a race who existed only to perpetuate degeneracy and corruption, evidenced the Designing Hand of Providence in preparing the way for a new stock from whom could be derived a lasting and enduring race. In the dispersion of the human family at the Tower of Babel, he considered might be discovered a purpose to prevent the rise of an overwhelming and crushing despotism, and a wise measure to advance the filling up and occupation of the earth.

The leading out of Abraham from Chaldea, with its idolatries and superstitions, and the raising up through Abraham of a chosen race, who would preserve amidst the ages of darkness that were to follow, true conceptions of God and His laws; and from whom such views were, in turn, to be transmitted to European nations when they should be fitted to receive them—was referred to as marking a connected chain of purposes, and as a singular evidence of Divine preparation for the future of the world's history.

Mr. Kelsey then referred to the decree by which four hundred years were to elapse from the period of the promise to Abraham, and the time when his children would actually occupy the land. In this arrangement he thought could be discerned a double purpose: First, the fulfilment of the curse pronounced upon the descendents of Canaan. They becoming, in this case, “hewers of wood, drawers of water,” and builders of cities for the Israelitish nations; and secondly its affording an opportunity for the working out of a national experience for Israel, calculated to fit them for their destined mission as preservers of the “oracles of God,” and chief witnesses to all time of His existence and doings.

Turning to the details of the life of Abraham, with that of Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, our lecturer thought that the results of their selection for the distinguished positions they respectively occupied, were clearly to be seen in their remarkable fitness for the missions assigned them. In the first place, the wisdom in the choice of Abraham for his position as head of the chosen people, was seen in his stern inflexibility of character—the resolution with which he stepped out from his father’s home and isolated himself for life in opposition to idolatry, to say nothing of the greatness of character that could put the knife to his own heart through that of Isaac’s, in obedience to Heaven. In Isaac’s life, Mr. Kelsey considered, we had also a clear illustration of a managing Providence. Isaac was a quiet, undemonstrative man, introduced apparently to fill up the interregnum till a more marked character than himself should come along. To Isaac, by a most peculiar and special providence, Rebecca was sent as a wife, through the special influences of revelation upon whose mind, Jacob, contrary to the law of heirship, but according to the will of heaven, obtained the patriarchal authority, and the headship of the House. The superior wisdom of the Heavens in thus selecting Jacob to this position in preference to Esau, the mere hunter of the fields, was manifest, Mr. Kelsey considered, in his possession of that indomitable will that wrestled with the Heavens and prevailed, which marked him as fit to represent the Abrahamic spirit, and justified the wisdom of the inspiration which, at his birth, declared to his mother that “the elder should serve the younger.”

Another beautiful evidence of fitness and adaptation to a divine purpose, the lecturer thought, could be traced in the character of Joseph, declared by a revealing spirit, while yet a boy, to be the head of his father’s family—“the sheaf” to which the “eleven other sheaves were to bow,” his after-life demonstrated the wonderful wisdom of that preference above his brethren. While Reuben defiled his father’s bed, and Judah exhibited a lack of purity of life; while some were “truce breakers” and nearly all were weak enough to sell their own brother into slavery because of petty jealousy, Joseph developed a surpassing greatness of character. His impregnable chastity under extraordinary temptation; his constant acknowledgment of Providence and reference of all his success and wisdom to God; his incomparable tenderness of heart and sense of justice, together with his high administrative abilities all justified the wisdom of the foreseeing spirit that predicted his future greatness, and yields us additional evidence of the part which Providence plays by its selection of character in the affairs of men.

In the separation of Joseph from his father’s family, Mr. Kelsey held, we had one of those wonderful series of providences, the skill and beauty of which, after years, alone disclosed. By his captivity was brought about not only the salvation of a great nation from famine and perhaps dissolution, but a way was prepared for the protection of the then undeveloped family of Jacob till they were strong enough to take care of themselves. It introduced them at once to distinction and influence. They went to Egypt, if not as the relatives of the great Pharaoh, himself, at least of his prime minister and special favorite. The cruelties to which they were, many years afterward, subjected did not occur till just at the very time when it was necessary that they should leave that country and were even special providences themselves in their behalf, for they resulted in their resolution into a distinct national existence—and were, as Mr. Kelsey remarked, some of those peculiar ways by which the Almighty makes people "willing in the day
THEATRICAL INFLUENCES.

It has long been a settled question that the Drama is a power for good in the world, but it is yet a mooted point as to the way in which its influence should be brought to bear on society. Many conscientiously believe that the stage best effects that object, by representing deeds of vice detailed in all their horrible consequences before the eyes of an audience. This view is held much on the ground that certain religionists hold that alarmingly drawn pictures of damnation best serve the purpose of God in turning sinners off the populous road that leads below. Others, and we are of that class, believe that such exhibitions more tend to familiarize the mind with crime than create any aversion thereto.

It is held, and we think correctly, that it is only by appealing to the higher instincts of men and women, and by arousing their perceptions of what is lovely and true, that the stage ever converts any one to a higher or better course.

On this subject we quote from "Olive Logan," a writer in the Galaxy. This lady not only seems to have a horror of the production of the hateful and revolting on the stage; but she is equally at war with the opposite extreme of long drawn pious speeches, and what she calls "moral gags," put into the mouths of speculifying examples of propriety—who talk on the stage as nobody ever heard any one but a hypocrite talk off it. She says:

"There has been a deal of stupid talk in this world about the "warning influence" of plays which hold the mirror up to vice. This also is born of cant. We have heard of thriftily-inclined apprentices being "warned" from putting their fingers into their employers' cash-box by witnessing the career of George Barnwell. We have been told of terrible creatures, who were ripe for murder, being so horror-stricken over the woes of Macbeth, that they immediately put on a clean shirt and joined the church. All stuff. I contend that it is just here that we may look for the worst influence of the play-house; the "leg business" is trivial in comparison with the "moral drama," so far as its bad influence upon auditors is concerned. These horrible representations of vice ought to be banished the stage.

The first aim of even the "moral dramas" is to entertain, and if it fail in that, nobody will go to see it. But by making the amusement pure and beautiful in itself, the theatre insensibly exerts a good influence. It is not necessary to preach morality, but to exhibit amusing, refining, and agreeable phases of life—real life—that we may not be disgusted with human nature. The dramatist who goes out of his way to inculcate a moral does an unprofitable thing. It is the thing that runs through a play which renders it beneficial. It stirs to laughter or sympathetic tears; it touches the cords of sweet emotion in the spectators. When it curdles their blood with horror, makes them shiver, it is as pernicious and hateful as when it panders to vice.

These opinions are only the result of careful and thoughtful observation, not of any philosophic theory. I am neither a philosopher nor moralist, but like Mr. Emerson, I can say "what I see." I cannot prove myself right, in any logical and crushing way. But, woman-like, I can ask a question, and I will. Who most love the so-called "moral drama?" The Bowery boys. Who cheer the loudest at a melo-dramatic and high-sounding moral "gag" from an actor's tongue? The little rascals of the Old Bowery pit, who would pick your pocket without a scruple. "Ha-a-a, villain," roars the gallant young sailor in his immaculate white trousers and kid slippers, "I have unmasked ye. Begone, villain! and know—aha—that he who would lie to his wife would not hesitate to rob a bank of millions!" And "hi! hi!" shout the tiny little gallery gods. They like it—it suits their ideas exactly—but be careful they do not get too near you when you are leaving the theatre, or your pocket-book may change owners."

So much for Olive Logan. So far, however, as utter purification of the stage from all that is sensational and low is concerned we are aware that managers cannot travel much faster than public taste improves. We can in this, as in other matters, but draw attention to what we consider correct models of action to be adopted as fast as possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

K. Sanpera.—Petrifaction is caused by the deposition of stony particles in the pores of wood when exposed to any moisture undergoing the process. This is the fullest account we can give of it at present. We have now, however, commenced some studies on Geology and greater details may appear as we go along.

Epuous.—The common saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," originated in one of Gray's odes. The expression was uttered with reference to the "innocence" and "bliss" of childhood in contrast to the wisdom but greater cares of manhood. It was not intended to have the application commonly made of it. In reference to the term "Eirescence" as applied to a "female brother" of the editorial persuasion, it is correct enough.

X Y Z, 9th Ward.—"It is eternal damnation one of the doctrines of Sweedenborg?"—Sweedenborg teaches that the Lord foreordains none to hell, condoning every one the utmost aid that will help him to liberty to turn himself to heaven or to hell. Those who resist divine grace and confirm evil in themselves become damned, and the association in Swedenborgian opinion constitutes all the hell that exists. On this account it may be said that Sweedenborg does not teach an eternal hell, but the word "hell" is used in the same sense, and for the same purpose, as we have supposed, from Paul's language where he compared the burial of the body to a grain of wheat put into the ground. Paul says "that which is dead is quickened" and "that dead which is slain" is sent forth. With all possible respect to Paul, that which we now in the shape of wheat is quickened without any death beyond the necessary decomposition of the outer husk, holds captive the infant plant. Doubtless Paul used the last figures at his command, but to our minds, there is more analogy in the sowing of wheat to a bird, than there is to a resurrection.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN CHINA.

[FROM "TOWN BELL."]

The commencement of the Chinese year is varying, as they divide it in months, according to the moon's movements. It is generally in February, sometimes even in March.

The week before the "first sunrise"—as the festival is called by the Chinese—whom the inhabitants of a town make their preparations for the day, the principal part being the settlement of their accounts. The greatest desire of the Chinese, whatever his business and situation in society may be, is to see his accounts in the greatest possible order. Therefore, you have to pay him at that time; and, he, in return, accomplishes his own obligations, or, if this is impossible, be at least draws his balance sheet. Busy people of all classes are then hurrying through the streets on foot or in sedan-chairs, all carrying with them boxes and bundles, but are crowded with customers to settle their accounts, or with creditors to realize their claims.

There are a great many purchases to be made for the festival; for the Chinese—although they eat, drink, and dress themselves extremely cheap—are extravagant on great holidays, and especially on New Year's Day. Ducks, chickens, geese, pigs, and those numerous curious dainty bits, which can be invaluable only for Chinese palates, must then be bought. Furs, silk and cloth dresses, hats and shoes, are bought from the shops, or bought new. Boots, shoes, and festival caps; tapers, incense, and gold and silver paper, must be bought, the latter to scatter evil spirits and to attune the graces of relations. A very important article forms the varnished and painted lanterns for hand and table. At night they are all lighted, and on that day, a notion of which it is quite impossible to give.

Imagine, if you can, what crowds and noise are caused thereby in a populous Chinese city—the more, as the Chinese always and everywhere talk in a loud, screaming voice; all loads are carried on the shoulders of men, who deem it necessary to open a passage for themselves through the crowd by shrill cries.

Street illumination is quite unknown in China; and you therefore are obliged to take your own lantern with you when you have left the house. The best material to use in making is alighting before every temple, house, or magazine; they are made either of paper or silk, put on bamboo sticks, and varnished. Glass lanterns are also in use, but only very few. All are painted with family names. Black and red colors are most in use for coloring lanterns, and some are painted with calligraphic art. The wealthier the family, or the better the business, the more artful and solid is the lantern and its inscription. Every one walks about in this manner with his name or firm on his lantern, whilst men, women, and children all wear their best clothes. Gamblers, thieves, of course, do not want to make the police acquainted with their names, and therefore put very common names, like our Smith, etc., on their lanterns. The most common Chinese name is "Mr. Foo".

No one walks at night; in the street, without his lantern. The writer remembers a large fire in Canton, which made the night as clear as day; but, nevertheless, thousands of people were standing around with lanterns in their hands, giving the scene a magic appearance. Another peculiarity we have to mention is the hanging up of mottoes. No Chinese having a home—it may be a palace or a villa, a rich laden barge, or a poor dirty boat that he lives in—is satisfied before he has adorned it with mottoes, sentences, classical quotes, etc.: they are pasted on scarlet, red, or carmine paper. When the family is in deep mourning, they paint the mottoes on white; when in half mourning, on blue paper. In case they have more than one house, they have to put up something different in each, because the wall which is opposite the door. Those ornaments are renewed at the beginning of a year, and their fabrication occupies a good many people, who draw them with camel-hair brushes, which are in general use in that country.

All that noise, hurrying and screaming which we described above, increases the nearer the new year approaches, and reaches its highest point on the last day of the old year, when a wonderful change takes place. All business is suspended on the morning of that day, and all people, officers and common people begin and last all night. The streets are still crowded, but all are dressed in their best clothes, and every one has a package containing incense and silver paper, with which they go round from temple to temple to burn the incense.

The New Year is the time when God makes the earth to be very peculiar kind. All temples are crowded, and the smell and smoke of fireworks and incense make the heavy, sultry air still more intolerable. Enormous lanterns throw their flashing light through the low buildings; and priests stand at the altars in uninterred position, to receive the offerings of women and children who gather there to say New Year prayers. The ceremony is very original, and changes very often consisting of a certain number of bows and genuflections. About three o'clock in the morning is the most interesting point of the ceremony. All present in church begin to fill their rockets and fire-works; and in some places, as, for instance in Canton, they fire rockets not only in temples, but also in the streets which causes a tremendous noise.

All over when daylight breaks on the first day of the New Year, and it is for some time still in the streets. Nine o'clock brings some movement over this silence. Nice and fantastic dressed women and children appear in doors and windows to see the火箭es; and now and then you see gentlemen carefully dressed, making their New Year calls. All shops however, remain closed and nowhere, is business done, except perhaps, in some street corner where a higuer sells sweet cakes or a gambler puts up his faro bank.

FORESEEING—A FACT.

[FROM THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL]

Mr. Editor,—As much has been said of late in your excellent Journal about "Foreseeing" and "Foreknowing," I think I may venture the opinion that I have been interested in visions ever since I was attending school about seventy miles from home. On evening a room-mate suggested as a pastime that we about try which of us could draw the best profile of a lady. I was seated, and we commenced. I am no artist; never was, so never pretended to be; but now I seemed as though I could portray anything, any one, or whatever pleased. My friend soon finished his drawing, and spoke to me (as he afterward told me), but I made no reply, and seemed intent upon my work. He could not make me raise my eyes, move a muscle, or divert my attention in any way, so thinking I was simply "contrary," he left the room, and was away, I think about three hours. When he returned, he said I was sitting in the same position as when he left me, but I was not drawing. He thought there was an incident in my experience. In the year 18-- I was attending school about seventy miles from home. We often recollected was being lifted off my bed, two days after the occurrence just stated to bare my bed made. I was not able to go out of the house for sixteen days after that.

The portrait which I had drawn was considered by good judges as a fine one, and, although drawn upon unsuitable paper, and with a single pencil, had every feature and expression as plainly and clearly delineated as any pencil drawing. I have had many applications for drawings, and some of my friends believe I have been the original of some strange drawing.

During the remainder of my stay at school, I looked for but in every concourse of people, but in vain! On returning home I was requested to show my "sleepy drawing," and which was written so much about. The first one who saw it exclaimed, "Why, this is Miss,—our new neighbor!" (One of our neighbors, during my absence, had "sold out," and a man an his family from the East had taken possession.) Finally, a girl declared it was an exact likeness of the new-comer's daughter. The next day they (the neighbors) were all invited to spend an evening at our house. They came,—when, behold there was the very face I had been searching for, and the exact original of my pupil's love. Each one was a "first sight," neither of us ever loved before, a happier couple are not often found. The profile hangs in our parlor in a gilt frame, and is the subject of scrutiny of every visitor, and a wonder to all; but few know its true history.

K. N.

SPECIMENS OF YANKEE HUMOR.

[FROM LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW]

It has been remarked that if a Yankee was shipwrecked over night on an unknown island, he would be greatly relieved by the idea of trying to sell maps to the inhabitants. "Put him," says Lowell, "on Juan Fernandez, and he would make a spelling book first and a sextant afterwards." A loss
UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW.

Uncle Toby was a fine old general who, having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his noble profession, innocent as an infant of almost everything save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly fifty years old and his toils were, when Mr. Dan made him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eyes he began to detect something that made him feel uneasy. Here was the result of leisure.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose unpermitted out of its plans, and his course was chosen. At school he once studied "Othello's Defense," to recite at an exhibition, but made a failure; he recollected that there was something in this defense to recite very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's with Shakespeare under his arm.

"Madame," said General Uncle Toby, opening the book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleading at the bar—"Madame."

"Rude am I in my speech, And little blessed with the set phrase of peace; For since these arms of mine had seven years pith Till now some months and more, they have used Their dearest action in the tented field And little of this great world can I speak, More than pertains to feats of broil and battle; And therefore...

Here the general closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said with a spasmodic gasp, "I want to get married!"

The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch before she could utter a syllable, and then she said with precious tears of humor rolling down her good-natured cheeks, "Who am I that you want to marry, general?"

"It is you," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword arm in the air. Not having the least idea of distance, as if he expected an assault from the widow immediately.

"Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madam," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deep-toned voice, clapping to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head.

"Well then, I guess I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Uncle Toby, "but one thing I am bound to tell you,—I wear a wig."

The widow started, remained silent a moment and then went into a longer and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the general, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off and placed it on the table.

"Uncle Toby," she said, "you had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt a decided inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she would never stop, and the general was about to put his hat upon his denuded head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then raised her hand to her own head with a rapid manoeuvre, and with her finger pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the general's, remained seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her excepted neck."

As may be expected, Uncle Toby now soon laughed along with the widow, and they grew so merry over the affair that the maid-servant peeped through the key-hole at the noise, and saw the old couple dancing a jig and hobbing their bald pates at each other like a pair of Chinese mandarins. So the two very shortly laid their heads together upon the pillows of matrimonial rest.
GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

THE SULTAN AND HIS SON.—Our correspondent in Vienna states that the Sultan and his son are now in Paris, and that they have been entertained with great festivity. The Sultan is said to be particularly delighted with the food and wine of France.

GOLD DIGGER IN PARIS.—I find a profound calculation in one of the French papers. It is proposed to start a company in Paris to dig for gold in the cemeteries. What gold? That which has been used in stopping teeth. There are barrels in Paris every day more than 250 persons. It is reckoned that of these at least ten have numerous jaws, and that in these ten there may be an average of ten auriferous teeth. So the calculation proceeds, and Paris is threatened with a resurrection company. If the average of gold-filled teeth which the promoters of the company count upon seem to be too great, let me inform you of a London fact which seems to corroborate their expectations. I remember once looking into the accounts of one of the best known clubs in Pall Mall—what matters which—the Mental, the Continental, the Almiment, the Ornamental, or the Rotunda—that the club spent on gold in a single year—£10 for tooth-picks. ‘Into what a nest of hollow-toothed old fogies have I fallen,’ methought. These be the sort of jaws in which our Paris friends expect to find the gold deposits.

RAGO CURNIEE.—There is a church actually existing near Bergen, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The silvers outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of paper-mache, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, wherry, and white of egg. We have not yet reached the audacity in other use of paste which has so hardily surprised us, insomuch as we employ the same material in private houses, in steam-boats, and in some public buildings, instead of carved decorations and plaster cornices. When Frederick II., of Prussia, set up a limited paper-mache manufacturer at Berlin, in 1768, his thought was on cathedrals not on cemeteries; but perhaps he had a sense of humor, which was not then altogether unknown to the French. At present, we old-fashioned English, who haunt cathedrals and build churches, like stone better. But there is no saying what we may come to. It is not very long since it would have seemed as impossible to cover eighteen acres with glass, as to erect a pagoda with soap bubbles; yet the thing is done. When we think of a peal sung by 1,000 voices pealing through the edifice made of rags, and the universal element bound down to carry our messages with the speed of light, it would be presumptuous to say what cannot be achieved by science and art, under the training of steady old Time.

KING THEOPHILUS AND THE SPIRITS.—A correspondent of the 'Times' of India, writing from Annansea Bay, says: 'Abysinia, the land of superstition, has of course its witches of En- dor. I heard a good story the other day illustrating the popular legend of the story of King Theophilus against The fedjel who appeared to be a witch. The king, so the story said, heard the news with a troubled countenance, and determined to consult the spirits of his fathers. They were summoned, and appeared before him, and said: 'Tell us your fate.' Yes, I have always conquered! Spirits: No; thy time has come; prepare thyself. The king: Let me reign but three years more, and I will redeem the past. Spirits: No; The King: But two years; let me reign but two years. Spirits: No; not one year. Thou hast been a drunkard and found wanting. The blood of slaughtered thousands cries aloud for vengeance. But stay! There is yet one chance. Belongish sovereignty, return to the country, and again a tiller of the soil, earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow, and live! The King was very irate, and the spirits were directed to go to—,' the place from whence they came.'

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW TO TAKE A DIME OUT OF ONE'S HAND, THOUGH HE SEEMS HOLD IT FAST.

Put a little wax on your thumb and take a bystander by the finger, showing him the dime, and telling him you put it in his hand; then wring it down hard with your thumb and pronounces some Latin words, look him full in the face, and as soon as you perceive him looking in your face, on your hand, suddenly take away your thumb, and close it; and he will seem to him that the dime remains; even when you wring a dime upon one's forehead, it will seem to him stick when it is taken away, especially if it be wet; then cause him to hold his hand still, and with speed put it in your own when he opens his hand, the dime is not there, but you have it, which will not a little surprise the company. By this device, almost a hundred conceits may be shown.

SELF-BALANCED PAIL.

Lay a stick across the table, letting one-third of it project over the edge; and then take a ball of water, without either fastening the stick on the table, or letting the pail rest on any support; and thus fast the laws of gravitation will enable you literally to accomplish.

A pail of water, and hang it by the handle upon the projecting end of the stick in such a manner that the hand may rest on an inclined position, with the middle of the pail within the edge of the table. That it may be fixed in that situation, place another stick with one of its ends resting against the stick already placed in the middle of the table, and its other end against the first stick, where there should be a notch cut in it. By these means the pail will remain fixed in that situation, without being able to incline to either side, nor can the stick slide along the table, or move along its edge, without raising the centre of gravity of the pail and the water it contains.

LADIES' TABLE.

FLOWER VASE STAND.

MATERIALS.—Shaded green, shaded scarlet, and shaded crimson. 

For wool: mashes, Nos. 1, 4, and 8.

Hexed make a foundation of 26 loops on mesh No. 4; join and a

1 round on mesh No. 8; fasten on the green; 1 round on; then

1 round more with green, without increasing; fasten on the scarlet;

net 1 round on mesh No. 4, on mesh No. 9; 1 round on mesh No. 4 and 2

mesh No. 8; fasten on the green; 6 loops in every mesh in mesh No.

3 round with amber on mesh No. 8; fasten on the scarlet wood in 1

mesh No. 9; fasten on the scarlet; 6 loops in each mesh in mesh No.

4 round from edge—that is, in the same loops, that in which the 2

row of scarlet, nestled on mesh No. 4, was nestled; into this row net 1 row

net 8 more rows with scarlet on mesh No. 9; then start with

6 loops on each loop on mesh No. 1; 1 round with amber on mesh No.

6, fasten on the scarlet in the last round of green in the centre of it; then

net 1 row on mesh No. 8; then net 6 more rows on it

same mesh; 6 loops in each loop on mesh No. 1; 1 round with amber

mesh No. 8.

PRETTY PATTERN FOR A BREAD CLOTH.

Make a chain the length required, and work two rows of squares.

1st Pattern Row.—Square, 9 long, 8 squares, and repeat.

2nd Pattern Row.—4 long, 1 square, 3 long, 1 square, 3 long, 5 square

and repeat.

3rd Pattern Row.—Square, 9 long, 1 square, repeat.

4th Pattern Row.—Square, 9 long, 1 square, repeat.

Repeat first pattern from the 1st row, rows of squares between each pattern, and repeat till you have the length required.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 2.

We continue our supposed journey from the vicinry of London to Brighton, because, as we said in last number, the queries that are made by the writer are suggestive of the reflections that should occur to a student of Geology in observing the strata of the urth in any part of the world.

"At St. John's common, you pass a rock that is named with shells. This rock is called Sussex marl. Did these shells ever live? What kind of shells are they? Are they like those in the sea, or like those found in rivers? If like those of rivers, is it likely that an immense river ever flowed in this district?—While you are pondering these questions, you come to a stretch of grassland, near Hurstperiott, and you again enter the sandy sands which you left at Reigate station. How is this? Did these sands ever form one continuous bed? If so, how came they to be separated? How came the rocks of Tilgate Forest to rise between them? And now observe that, as soon as you pass through these sands, you again enter the white chalk, as if you were going back from Redhill to London, instead of being on your way to Brighton. You have now reached Brighton. Look about you.

Take a walk on the sea-shore near Kemp Town. Look towards Rottingdean. Close to the water you see a low cliff or bank of chalk. Resting on this wall of chalk you find a large and somewhat thick mass of blue clay, with a moist, shingle, and large round stones, called boulders. What are these stones? Are they flints? No. Are they granite, like the stones that pave the streets of London? If so, how came they to Brighton? Where did they come from? The granite rocks nearest to Brighton are either in Cornwall or at Aberdeen in Scotland. Did the sea bring these granite stones from Cornwall? Will their color help us to ascertain whether they come from Cornwall, or from Scotland? Did the present sea bring them? If so, how is it that they are much higher than the high water-mark? Was there once a sea higher than the present? Was this the beach of that ancient sea? How did the sea change its level? Did the sea retire and sink? Or did the land rise? How old is this bed? But look higher up. Resting upon this ancient sea-beach, you find a high cliff, consisting altogether of clay. What clay is this? Is it the same clay that you passed at New Cross? Why is it called the Elephant Bed? Did elephants ever live in this neighborhood? If so, what was the climate of this region at that time?

On your return to London, put all these questions together, and try to obtain some intelligible truths out of them. Both the journey that you have made. You have been and ended your excursion in a deep bed of clay, at New Cross, and at Kemp Town. You have passed through two rocks of chalk, one between Croydon and Merstham, and the other at Clayton-hill, near Brighton. You have crossed two beds of Shanklin sands, one at Redhill, and the other near Hurstperiott. You have traveled through two beds of what are called Wealden rocks, one near Hayward Heath, dipping to the northeast; and the other, near Balcombe, dipping to the southwest.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A grave mistake—Accidentally burying a man alive.

The Lowell Courier calls the parting of young ladies much ado about nothing.

"Pa, what is meant by raw recruits?" "It means soldiers who have not stood fire, my son."

Before marriage, a man enjoys "single-blessedness," and after marriage, he suffers "double-cussedness."

A man in this city has got so deep into debt that not one of his creditors has been able to see him for months.

A father said to his wife, when his dissipated boy had come home; "wife kill the prodigal the calf's returned."

A rock unknown to bachelor geologists—rock the cradle. (How about those who live with married sisters?)

When a man and woman are made one by a minister, the question is which is the one? Sometimes there is a long struggle between them before the matter is finally settled.

A newly-married man down east says if he had an inch more of happiness he could not possibly live. His wife is obliged to roll him on the floor and pat him with a brick-bat every day to keep him from being too happy.

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very odd. "Dere," he says, rubbing his head, which had just come in contact with a bridge, under which we were passing, "is 'look out,' which is to put out your head and see; and 'look out,' which is to haul in your head not for to see—just contrare!"

If you should ever meet with an accident at table, endeavor to be composed. A gentleman carving a tough goose, had the misfortune to send it entirely off the dish into the lap of a young lady who sat next to him, on which he looked her full in the face and said, with the utmost coolness, "Madam, I will thank you for that goose!"

"Speaking of dogs," says Thayer to his friend Warren, "can you tell me how many dog-days there are in a year?" "Yes about fifteen or sixteen, I suppose." "You are wrong; there are more than that," exclaimed Thayer; "you know Mr. Shakespeare says every dog has his day—and all the dogs haven't been counted yet; so there's no knowing exactly how many dog-days there are."

An old shoemaker in Glasgow was sitting by the bedside of his wife, who was dying. She took him by the hand. "Weel John, we're gavin to part. I hae been a guke wife, to you John." "Oh just middlin, just middlin, Jenny," said John, not disposed to commit himself 'John,' says she, ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Strav'on, beside me mither. I couldna rest in peace among unco folk, in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow. 'Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman,' said John, soothingly, 'we'll just pit ye in the Gorbals first, and gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try ye sine in Strav'on.'

TAKING A DISLIKE.—An ill-natured fellow quarrled with his sweetheart on the day they were to be married. After the ceremony had begun, he was asked: "Do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?" &c.

He replied, "No!"

"What's your reason?" asked the minister.

"I've taken a dislike to her, and that's enough," was the surly reply.

The parties retired—the bride in tears—and, after much persuasion, the groom was induced to have the marriage proceed. It was now the lady's turn, and when the minister asked the all-important question: "No!" said she, resolutely "I've taken a dislike to him."

The groom, admiring her spirit, made the matter up with her as soon as possible, and a third time they presented themselves before the minister, who began the ceremony by asking the usual questions, which were satisfactorily answered this time. But to the astonishment of the party his reverence continued:

"Well, I'm glad to hear that you are willing to take each for husband and wife, for it's a good thing to be of forgiving tempers. You can now go and get married where you will. I'll not tie the knot, for I've taken a dislike to both of you!"

A OADE TO THE STEAM FIRE-ENGINE.

Grate Inginial you have eradicated fire machines Worked by human muscle—Grate Inginial, you Skirt on tops of houses where the flames Entrade, and you immediately extinguish.

Grate Inginial!

Stupendous steam pump. You suck. You Draw up, and you skirter water on the raging And devours element commonly know as Fire, and you succed in kweeching the aforesaid. Stupendous Steam Pump!

Mity destroyer of ignited combustibulls when you Get to a sHWND, you run your suction in, Your Enjineer puts on additional steam, And you proceed forthwith to darken down enlightened matter.

Mity destroyer of Ignited combustibulls! Grand ekstarminatur of blasing material! You Must feel proud because you have plenty Of water on hand, and don't use Spiritual lickers. You don't work much, Because you have nothing to do. Grand ekstarminatur of blasing material!

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.


SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year .................................. $7 00
Per Half Year (26 weeks) ............... 4 00
Per Quarter (13 weeks) ............... 2 25

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, this paper will be mailed to any address.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office or addressed Box 197 Post Office, S. L. City.
POETRY.

AT LAST.

How peacefully the sun's broad ray
Slants from the casement to the floor,
Flooding the room with light all day,
That yesterday the shades hung o'er.

And sitting here, with folded hands,
I watch within the fairy beam,
The delicate and floating sands,
That through its radiance curl and gleam.

The tiny things are dim and dark,
Untouched by the transforming ray,
But in their borrowed brilliance, mark,
And lo, how beautiful are they!

So through the chambers of my heart
The broad light of thy love is pour'd
Dispelling, as with wizard art,
The gloom around so late that lower'd

My soul sits down in sweet content,
With his warm rapture round her thrown,
And sees no life with thine unblent,
No future separate from thine own.

But still within this new delight,
Dim, mote-like memories upward curl,
And, mote-like still, are only bright,
As through that beam of bliss they whirl.

Ahl who would guess a light like this,
One golden flood of love sublime
Could show life's piercing agonies
So beautiful in after time!

THE KEYS OF ST. PETER;
OR,
VITTORIA ACCOBAMONI.

A TRUE ITALIAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Overpowered by these bitter reflections, which thus shaped themselves to her mind, “If only I had had better judgment, I should now be a princess in the enjoyment of every happiness in Rome!—I should be waited on, courted, worshipped by all Rome, instead of being an exile, a wanderer, with treachery around me on all sides, and odious to Sixtus, whom I have so deeply outraged!” She felt so keen a pang of shame and despair, that she seized a pistol to put an end to her troubles. But her brother Flaminio (who had joined her immediately after her husband’s death) struck it from her hand.”

Her brother Marcello had also joined her at Salo, and the first step they took was to write to announce the death to her enemy Ludovico, who was still, it seems, at Venice, not having yet departed to enter on his new duties at Corfu.

Prince Paolo Giordano Orsini had left by his first wife, Isabella dei Medici, a son, Vinizio Orsini, who was at the time of his father’s death being educated at Florence, under the care of the duke, his maternal uncle. This young man was, of course, the natural heir of the deceased prince; and the will made in favor of his widow, though it in nowise touched the immense territorial possessions, nor would, according to our mode of feeling on such matters, appear an unreasonably large provision for the widow of a man of such fortune and position, was denounced by the family as monstrously unjust towards the heir. Their first step was to attempt to set the document aside, legally, on the ground of its having been made at the instigation of too violent an affection.

Vittoria, when the first violence of her despair had in some degree subsided, on looking round her to see where she might hope for aid, decided on making three applications. Her first letter was to the Duke of Ferrara, who had been named the executor of her husband’s will. And the duke if would seem, promised that he would, and did take care that any questions arising on it should be honestly and fairly determined by the proper tribunals, and that it should receive full execution. The second letter was to the senate of Venice, in which she set forth her friendless position, mentioned modestly her claims on the protection of the republic as the widow of an Orsini, and besought the senators to see that she had justice done her. This application also was favorably received; and the senate ordered their governor in Padua to see that she was put into possession of at least that valuable movable property in jewels, etc., which was then in that city. The third application was a more difficult one to make, and in it she took a totally different tone. In her letters to the Duke of Ferrara and to the Venetian Senate, she evidently had not abandoned the hope of securing the splendid position which her husband had intended to provide for her. But in the third, which was to no other than Pope Sixtus, she represents herself to stand in a very different position. She appears to take it as certain, in writing to him, that she shall fail in making good her claim to any provision whatever under her husband’s will; does not even intimate any intention of resisting the intentions of his family; talks much of her remorse, and repentance, disgust with the world and all
its vanities; and begs of his charity an alms of five hundred crowns to enable her to enter some convent either in Rome or Venice. It may be shrewdly doubted whether Vittoria intended this humble plea for the injured Pope's merciful consideration to be taken by him quite literally. Sixtus, however, either did not, or would not, see any other meaning in it.—His sister Camilla, whose agony for the loss of her son we have seen, and who found it too hard a task to pardon the false wife, who had, as she doubted not, conspired to murder him, would fain have had the Pope reject her supplication. But, 'What!' said Sixtus, 'if this wretched creature repents, and wishes to spend the remainder of her life in God's service, shall we, his Vicar, refuse to her the means of doing so?' So he gave orders that the exact sum asked, neither more nor less, should be remitted to her at Padua.

Vittoria wrote also to her brother, the Bishop of Fossombrone, acquainting him with the misfortune that had befallen her. It is likely that she had placed no great reliance on help or comfort from that quarter. But she, in all probability, hardly expected to receive a reply, in which the right reverend prelate, whose morals had by this time, it is to be supposed, reached a pitch of the most aggravating sanctity, told her, that since her present position was miserable, and there was every reason to suppose that worse was at hand, she ought to thank God for having thus shown her the vanity of all earthly hopes and pleasures, and put the passing hours to profit in preparing herself for eternity, as it was very evident that the Orsini would not be content without compassing her death.

The dramatic personage of this faithful extract from the chronicles of good old times, are, every one of them, must be admitted, far from engaging characters. But the present writer may mention, as a little bit of confidence between him and the reader, that he, for his part, would experience less repugnance in taking any one of them by the hand—even the noble twenty-stone Orsini himself—than this young man of saintly morals developed into a bishop.

In the mean time, Ludovico Orsini had arrived in Padua from Venice; and his first interview with the beautiful widow showed her only to clearly what she had to expect of justice, forbearance, or knightly bearing from so illustrious a nobleman. He came with a retinue of armed men at his heels, whom he bade to surround the house, and keep good watch that nothing left it; while he went in, and roughly calling the frightened widow to his presence, bade her give account to him of everything the late prince had left. Having no means of resistance, Vittoria had no choice but to obey. But Ludovico, finding, we are told, that certain objects of value which he knew his cousin to have had in his possession were not forthcoming, became so violent in his threats that being in dear for her life, she produced the missing articles, "and gave him good words, and behaved with so much submission, that he wrote off to the Cardinal dei Medici, that there would be no difficulty in the business, and that the whole matter was in his own hands." On learning, however, shortly afterwards, that, notwithstanding her timidity and apparent submission, the widow had already made application to powerful protectors, and had taken steps for the enforcing of her legal rights, the noble bully was all the more enraged, from having prematurely boasted to the Medici of his power to crush her and her pretensions so easily. Vittoria, moreover, immediately, as it would seem, after this scene of violence, took the prudent step of removing to the house her husband had hired in Padua. She was there more immediately under the protection of the podesta of that city, who had been charged by the Senate to see that the will in her favor was duly carried into execution as far as the goods situated within the territory of the republic were concerned; and was altogether, in such a city as Padua, less exposed to any lawless violence than at Salo.

Meanwhile the Duke of Ferrara had also been taking steps to have Vittoria's title to the chattel property duly decided by the Venetian courts. And on the twenty-third of December a decision was given on the various points raised in her favor. Whether she would ever be able to make good her claim to the remainder of the large property to which she was entitled under her husband's will, seemed exceedingly doubtful. But, as was always the case at that period, when a very much larger portion of the wealth of the rich consisted in plate, gems, tapestry, and other such moveable goods, than in these days of public funds and joint-stock companies, the property secured to her by the decision of the Venetian courts was very considerable, sufficiently so in all probability to have already worked a change in the fair widow's views as to the desirability of ending her days in a convent, and certainly not disposing her to adopt her reverend brother's pious and fraternal mode of looking at her position and prospects.

But if the sentence of the judges at Padua was of sufficient importance to make a notable difference in the prospects of Vittoria, it had unhappily a fully proportionate effect in exasperating the rage and cupidity of her enemies. And the result which followed in the powerful and populous walled city of Padua, under the strong and vigilant government of the Republic of Venice—by far the best of any then existing in Italy—was a notable and striking sample of the social life of the sixteenth century.

That same night, the night of the twenty-third of December, the house in which Vittoria was living was forcibly entered by forty armed men in disguise. The first person they met was Flaminio Accoramboni, who was immediately slain. Marcello, the other brother, had left the house but a short time previously, and thus saved his life. The assassins then proceeded to the chamber of Vittoria, and one of them, a certain Count Paganello, as it afterwards appeared, seized her by the arms, as she threw herself upon her knees, and held her, while Bartolomeo Visconti—another noble, observe—plunged a dagger into her side, and "wrenched it upwards and downwards until he found her heart."

CHAPTER IX.—THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

Had the deed thus quickly done, and quickly told, been perpetrated in those days in any other part of Italy save the territory of the Queen of the Adriatic (and, it is fair to add, save Rome, also, during the short five years of the papacy of Sixtus the Fifth), this history would probably have been all told, and have ended here. But the government of Venice, with all its faults, did perform more of the duties for which all governments are established, than that of
any of the Italian states of that day, and meted out justice with an impartiality and a vigor unknown elsewhere. How much vigor was needed for the task, and how hard a struggle law—even in the hands of the powerful and unbending oligarchy of Venice—had with lawless violence, is curiously shown by what follows.

On the morning following, the bodies of the murdered brother and sister were laid in a neighboring church, and all Padua thronged to see the pitiful sight. The excessing beauty of Vittoria moved to frenzy the pity and indignation of a people whose capacity for emotion was fostered and cultivated by every peculiarity of the social system in which they lived at the expense of their reflective powers and judgment. They "gnashed with their teeth," as the historian says, against those who could have the heart to destroy so lovely a form. Of course the news of such a murder was very rapidly spread all over Italy; and when it reached Rome, the monk biographer of Sixtus naively tells us, the Pope, who was in the act of sending off the five hundred crowns which poor Vittoria had asked of his charity, locked them up and then visited "the seven churches" to pray for her soul instead.

It required very little sagacity to guess who was the author of the audacious crime which had been committed. And the magistrates of Padua sent at once to Ludovico Orsini to summon him to an examination. He presented himself at the tribunal with forty armed men at his back. The "Captain of the City"—the head of the executive power—shut the gates of the town-hall against this band, and signified to the prince that he could bring in with him only three or four followers. He pretended to assent, but immediately on the door being opened, the whole of the band rushed in. Before the magistrate he began to bluster, affecting to consider himself exceedingly ill-treated in being thus summoned before a court of justice. Men of his rank, he said, were not wont to be questioned. As for the death of the late prince's wife, and that of her brother, he knew nothing of the matter; but he should hold the magistrates responsible for the safeguard of the property she had held in her hands, which he demanded should be delivered over to him.

In all sincerity, the noble and lawless murderer was probably no little astonished at the measures the Venetian magistrates were taking. His Roman experiences fully justified him in thinking that it was quite out of the question that a man of his name and station should be in earnest called upon to answer for his deeds. And he probably little thought, even yet, that the outrage his braves had committed would be followed by any serious results. When ordered to put his answer to the question of the tribunal into writing, he positively refused to degrade himself by doing anything of the kind. But he offered to show the magistrates a letter, which he had written to his relative, the Prince Virgilio Orsini, at Florence, in which the truth, as far as he was concerned, respecting the late occurrences, was stated, and which he demanded to be allowed to send. The magistrates consulted on the propriety of at once arresting him. But the presence of his band of armed followers, and the certainty that the arrest would not be effectual without the loss of probably many lives, induced them to temporize.

He was allowed to send the letter, which, of course, represented him as altogether ignorant of the means by which the Princess Vittoria had met her death, and to depart from the town-hall.

**LATEST GHOST TALK.**

The persuasion that the spirits of the departed occasionally revisit the scene of their earthly existence is too general to render necessary any excuse for an occasional return to the subject, whenever the occurrence of some incident of novel feature,—or the starting of new theories of explanation,—give promise of any profitable result. The object of this paper is not to advocate the doctrine that the revisitations just alluded to are permitted, but simply to narrate an addition to ghostly literature.

Very few years have passed since the occurrence, in a busy thoroughfare of busy London, of an incident which it will be better to give in the words of the narrator.

"It was an a wild stormy night in the spring of 1857, that I was sitting before the fire at my lodgings in ——— street, with an open book on my knee. The fire had burned very low, and I had not replenished it; for the weather, stormy as it was, was warm, and one of the windows had remained, since dinner, partially unclosed.

My sitting room was on the third floor—one of those queer old rooms that seem expressly adapted to the occupancy of sprites and bogies. The walls were panelled to a height of six feet from the floor, and the cornices covered with fantastic mouldings. Heavy articles of furniture, including a mighty high-backed chair, disposed in different parts of the room, were lighted up occasionally by the flickering gaseous flame in the grate, which soon abandoned them to deeper and deeper darkness as its aliment grew less.

In the center of the apartment there stood a large round table. Between this and the fire I sat, as I have mentioned, with a volume on my knee. It was upon the subject of the law of evidence, and to say truth showed small tokens of frequent consultation. I had lapsed into meditation, and thence into a state of dreamy semi-consciousness, when my attention was attracted by a movement of the door, of which, from my position, I commanded a view. I saw it, through my half-closed eyes, open slowly and noiselly, and next moment a female figure entered the room.

It was not a very alarming apparition, being nothing more than an extremely pretty woman of about twenty-five, with light brown hair, gracefully arranged under a bonnet of the ordinary fashion of the day. Her features were perfectly strange to me. They were regular, and she would have been altogether a very attractive person but for the circumstance that her eyes had a strange unearthly expression,—a look as of one who had gazed on things immortal.—perhaps to speak more familiarly, a look such as medical science has described as appearing in the eyes of criminals who have been by some strange accident, torn from the jaws of death after the hangman had, to all appearance performed his ghastly office. I myself have seen some similar expression in the faces of men who have endured awful peril, and have been by some unforeseen circumstance, rescued from destruction when the real bitterness of death had passed.
So much was I fascinated by that peculiar glance, that I sat, like one entranced, without power of movement, my heart alone reminding me, by its accelerated beat, that I lived and was cognizant of what was presented to my eyes.

My mysterious visitor advanced to the table, without taking the least notice of me, and removing her bonnet with the easy natural manner of one coming home from a walk, laid it on the table. She then took from her pocket a little book bound in crimson velvet, and, drawing a chair to the fire, seemed to become absorbed in its perusal. Sitting down, she turned her side to me; and a gleam from the dying fire suddenly revealed to me a ghostly gaping wound in the right temple, such as might have been caused by a fall against some sharp and hard substance.

It was now that the conviction rushed upon me that my silent visitor was not of this world; yet I do not remember that I experienced any feeling akin to consternation. Curiosity and interest, at all events, were predominant; and I watched her every movement with almost breathless attention.

After I knew not what time—probably some ten minutes—passed in this manner, the girl seemed to become restless and uneasy. She glanced from her book to the door, to the window, to the mantleshelf (as though a clock stood there), tried to resettle to her book, but apparently failed; and, at length, laying it down, murmured to herself: "What in the world can detain him? It is long past his time."

She remained as it were buried in thought for a few moments; then, with an audible sigh, resumed her reading. It did not answer, however. It was manifest that she could not control some anxious thought; and now, as if taking a sudden resolution, she replaced the volume in her pocket, rose, put on her bonnet, and moved towards the door. Suddenly she paused, turned, approached the window, and seeming to raise it, gazed steadfastly out.

The next moment, she gave a violent start, and appeared to gasp for breath, her clasped hands and straining eyeballs indicating that some terrible object was presented to her view. Then, with one loud, heart-broken cry, she threw her arms wildly above her head, and cast herself from the window!

That cry seemed to arouse me from my trance-like condition. I was on my feet in a second, and rushed to the window. Had my senses deceived me? No doubt; for it was barely open,—as I had left it. I flung up the sash, and leaned forth. In the streets all was as usual. The stream of human life passed uninterrupted on. A collected policeman glanced up at my opening window, and sauntered by. Two men were calmly smoking at a window fronting mine. It was plain they had heard or seen nothing amiss. Much marveling, I returned to my chair and book; but little enough of the law of evidence found its way, that evening, into my disturbed brain.

The next day I took an opportunity of speaking confidentially to my landlady. Had anything of an unusual nature been seen in that house before? The worthy woman hesitated. Why did I ask that? I told her all; and, moved by a sudden impulse, inquired if any calamity had occurred in those apartments which might, to some minds, account for the strange appearance I had witnessed.

With a little pressing the woman informed me that, just a year before, a tragical incident had occurred there. A young couple had occupied the rooms on the third floor. The lady was very pretty, with light brown hair, and was tenderly attached to her young mate, who was a clerk in some one of the large city offices.

One day she returned from her walk as usual, and fearing she was late, ran hastily up, half expecting to find her husband awaiting her. He had not arrived, however; and, having thrown aside her bonnet, and set the room in order, she sat down beside the fire, and strove to forget her impatience in the perusal of a book which George had that day presented to her. Dinner-time came, and tea-time, but no George. Dreading she knew not what, the poor girl at last ran to the window, determined to keep watch until he arrived. For some time she had been noticed leaning motionless over the window-sill. But a new object attracted the attention of those who watched her. A stretcher was borne up the street, upon which lay a crushed distorted corpse. It was the young husband. He had fallen from a steamer's deck, and been crushed and drowned between the boat and pier. As they halted at the door which he quitted in health and mirth that morning, a piercing shriek alarmed the whole street. The young widow had flung herself from the window. Her head struck the curb-stone. She was killed on the spot.

A ghostly appearance, under similar circumstances, was witnessed by the aunt of a lady now resident in London, who was at the time on a visit to Canada. She was about fifteen, healthy in body and mind, and gifted with a remarkably clear intelligence. While sitting, in broad day, beneath a cherry tree, whose branches overhung a paling at right angles to her seat, she saw a young girl come tripping along the paling. In wondering how she was enabled to keep her footing, the lady noticed that her tiny feet were encased in high-heeled red morocco slippers. Her dress was of old fashion, consisting partly of the then obsolete "neglige" and a long blue scarf. Arrived beneath the tree, the visionary figure unwound the scarf, securing one end to an overhanging bough, made a loop at the other end, and, slipping it over her head, leaped from the paling! On witnessing this, the young seer fainted away!

Subsequent inquiry proved that, at a period not less than sixty years before, a girl named Caroline Waldstein, daughter of a former proprietor of the estate, having been jilted by her lover, put an end to her life at the spot and in the manner depicted in the vision.

Instances of the warning dream, involving minutes particulars, possesses a certain interest. Here is a recent example:—

The father of a friend of the writer, an old Peninsular officer—he commanded his regiment at Waterloo—was residing, not long since, about twelve miles from London, in a direction where, strange to say, no railway passed sufficiently near to materially accelerate the journey to town. One morning the Colonel found, among the letters awaiting him on the breakfast table, an application from a friend of his, who was engaged in some business of a fluctuating and speculative character, earnestly requesting the loan of a hundred pounds. The writer resided in Win-
pole Street, where the Colonel had often partaken of his friend's hospitality. Unwilling to refuse such an appeal, he instantly transmitted by post, a check for the required amount.

On the succeeding night, his eldest daughter dreamed that the applicant had sustained a reverse of so crippling a nature, that insolvency was inevitable, and her father's money was consequently lost. So deep was the impression thus unexpectedly suggested to her mind, that the young lady left her bed, and going straight to her mother's room, communicated her dream. Her sleepy parent merely remonstrated, and sent her away. But a second time came back the disturbing dream, and with an angry force that sent her a second time to her mother's bed-side. Once more—but with soothing and gentleness—Miss Margaret was dismissed to her reposé. However, about four in the morning, the dream returned for the third time, and now the young lady fairly got up, dressed herself, and appealed to her father, declaring that she would not attempt to sleep again, until the truth of what she now believed to be a warning should be investigated. The Colonel's interest and curiosity was aroused. He ordered his carriage at half past six, and taking his daughter with him, started for Wimpole Street.

The travelers knew the habits of their friend. He never quitted his bedroom till nine o'clock, and when, a little before that hour, they were ushered into his breakfast-parlor, the morning's letters lay beside his plate. Among them the Colonel recognized his own, which, under the peculiar circumstances, and the pressing instances of his daughter, the gallant officer felt justified in abstracting, and placing in his pocket. Upon the appearance of the master of the house, the visitor explained, and with perfect truth, that he had come thus early to town purposely to express his very sincere regret that circumstances equally uncontrollable and unforeseen, rendered it impossible for him to comply with his request for a loan.

How these excuses were received, history does not state. One thing, however, is beyond all question, that the gentleman's name appeared in the next Gazette, and that owing to liabilities in regard to which the poor Colonel's loan would have been as a drop in a well! Who would deny that here was a dream fairly worth a hundred pounds?

The following has been authenticated: Mr. L. L., one of the best and boldest members of the famous Midlandshire hunt, was killed by his horse falling with him at a Leap. He left a widow and one daughter, a very lovely girl. Mr. L.'s estate, however, passed to a male heir,—a distant cousin,—and Mrs. L. and her daughter determined to take up her abode on the Continent.

After a short sojourn in Paris, they proceeded to Tours, traveling, from preference, by the posting road, until, one evening the picturesque aspect of a little hamlet, overlooked by a fine chateau, induced them to halt there for the night. They were informed by the landlord of the rustic inn, that the gray-walled mansion to the south was the property of Monsieur Gaspard, a widower, who desired to dispose of it, and, meanwhile, reside about a league from the house. Next morning Mrs. L. and her daughter passed some hours exploring the venerable mansion, and roaming in its noble but neglected gardens, until they arrived at the conclusion that nothing could please them better. A proposal was forthwith addressed to the proprietor. No difficulties ensued, and the ladies were quickly installed in their new possession, as well as, it would seem, in the good graces of Monsieur Gaspard himself, for he paid them frequent visits, and speedily established himself on the footing of an intimate friend.

He was a man of more than ordinary talents, having, moreover, the art to turn them to advantage, and it was not very long before Monsieur Gaspard became the declared suitor of Ada L.

One peculiarity he possessed, which had soon attracted Mrs. L.'s notice; a liability to sudden fits of gloom and abstraction, against which he manifestly strove in vain. These, however, it is true, were not of frequent occurrence, and, with this single exception, all went merrily as that marriage bell, which, in about a fortnight, was to celebrate the union of the affianced pair. For Monsieur Gaspard was an ardent lover, and gave his mistress no peace; until he had occupied the house two or three days, and had occurred an early day. One night, Ada, fatigued with a walk together, longer than abolution, withdrew early to her chamber, a lofty, spacious apartment, with furniture of oak and ebony, and having a large old wardrobe directly facing the bed. She was awakened by sounds like the rustling of a silk dress; and, to her amazement, saw a young lady richly attired in the fashion of a past period, cross the room, and disappear, as if seemed, into the closed wardrobe.

The vision had passed so suddenly that the young lady had no difficulty in persuading herself that it was nothing more than a dream, or one of those impressions, so real in appearance, that frequently visit us on the confines of actual sleep. When, however, on the next night, a precisely similar incident recurred, and still more, when the third night presented the same image, Miss L.'s alarm and dismay were fully aroused. On this last occasion, she had taken her maid to sleep with her, and it was the loud scream of the latter that awakened her, in time to notice the retreating figure.

Cautioning the servant to be silent on the matter, Miss L. communicated the circumstance to her mother. Workmen were sent for to examine and remove the wardrobe, when at the back was found a small door. This, being forced open, revealed a narrow flight of stairs, which conducted the searchers to a little vault-like chamber. In one corner lay a heap of moth-eaten clothes, and other objects; which a nearer scrutiny proved to be the remains of a human being, of which little more than the skeleton was left. A ring and a locket were also found, and these, at the police inquiry which succeeded, tended to the identification of the remains as those of a beautiful girl of the village, who, five years before, had, as it was supposed, quitted her home with a young soldier who had been seen in the neighborhood.

Monsieur Gaspard was placed under surveillance; but even this cautious step sufficed. His conscience had long tormented him. He acknowledged that he had seduced and murdered the girl; but under what precise circumstances was never revealed, except to his confessor. He was found guilty, but not executed,—passing the remainder of his miserable life in a condition, worse than death, of a prisoner in the galleys, without hope of pardon.
NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER ONE.

No student of human nature can doubt that surroundings and past associations have had immensely to do with the forming of national character. Those traits of character which circumstances cherish in a nation, become its national features. Nations are just what they have been moulded. The smartness, dullness, acuteness, bravery, docility, intellectual or practical character of a nation, can always be traced either to its geographical position, its climate, and scenery, or its history. There is not an exception to this rule in the features of any nation on the globe. So much is this the case, that the student of history in its enlarged sense, can almost describe the past history of a country from the present character of its inhabitants; while at the same time, if given a locality on the globe for the home of a people, he could as clearly and correctly foretell whether that nation would be a highly commercial people, or whether it would be less practical and more intellectual.

Very prominent among the causes mentioned as moulding the character of a people, are those of scenery and climate. On account of the influence of scenery, a mountain people are always hardy, heroic and unsubdulable. There is as great a difference between a lowland nation and a mountain bred people, as there is between the respective locations on which each dwells. Wild mountain scenery inspires in the soul a love of freedom and an indisposition to conform to petty mechanical routine. Such nations are never conquerable without a vast expenditure of blood and treasure, and seldom then. A love of excitement and romance, and a fondness for feats of physical daring, especially characterise the youthful portion of a mountain people. These instincts of freedom and daring are not their own altogether, they are the instincts of the scenes amid which they dwell. The flattest, tamest and most mechanical specimen of humanity that ever lived, would have been the same unconquerable being, had his birth-place been the mountains and the traditions of a mountain race his birth.

While such are the effects of wild and romantic scenery, the denizen of a valley or a wide, low, flat extent of country, is as sure to be as many degrees lower in the temperature of his feelings as is the air he breathes, and he will be as much less excitable as the uniformity of the plain he daily surveys is less inspiring than mountain wilds. Then as to climate, like an inspiration it seems to infuse its character into the very being of those born under its influence. The southerner, like the southern clime, is always warm and impetuous; while the northerner of Britain, America, Italy or France, is always as much more slow and cool in judgment and action as his climate is more frigid and less spontaneous and productive. An equal, mild and genial climate, will cherish a genial, even flow of disposition, and will stamp such characteristics on the very countenances of a community; whilst extremes of temperature will mark their influence in changing and restless dispositions.

If so much is effected by scenery and climate, geographical facilities have done as much more to make nations just what they are—detaching some from the great highways of trade, and insulating them in positions where their ideas could receive no change or addition from foreign influence. The extent of territory presenting opportunities for change-of location and personal independence, as in the case of America, has fostered and kept alive those feelings and characteristics, for which the American representative of the Anglo-Saxon race is so remarkable. His love of freedom and unbounded liberty, is as much an inspiration flowing from the immense extent of country over which he roams, as anything else. Let the subject of kingly or ducal despotism come to this country, and it does not take above one generation to produce in him or his descendants as great a specimen of freedom loving humanity as the native American himself.

Look at the mild, placid and contented Dane, descendant as he is of a wild and all-conquering race that ravaged the seas and exacted tribute on the land, what has moulded his present trait? An open seaboard in times when surrounding nations were weak, led to his predatory life in ancient times. The seaside and mighty deep dwelling on his shores, moulded him into the hardy seaman, and he took into his composition the character of the wild Baltic Sea, over which he sailed on his work of death and conquest. The rise of mighty nationalities, however, around his coast, repressed his love for such adventures and ages of seclusion and monotony have produced the quiet and gentle, but honest and enduring Dane of to-day.

Equally a character of circumstances is the German. He is a highly studious being, and pre-eminently a lover of social life. He possesses an immense love of home ties, and is never without a grand theory of universal brotherhood in his brain. His dreamy, studious nature, has partially been the result of the absence of his country from the highways of the commercial world. He has thus had time for thought and the development of abstract ideas; hence, he has worked at mental conceptions till German metaphysics have become a proverb. Again, his is a land of hill and dale and inspiring scenery, with lovely secluded groves, where his meditative nature has been fed and fostered. His climate has no extremes, but peaceful regions follow each other in mild succession, melting and cherishing a peaceful flow of ideas and the peaceful cast of character as stamped upon his face.

The want in the German of what some would call a practical cast of character, can be traced to his situation in the interior of a continent, with scarcely a single harbor or mile of sea coast to draw out his energies as a navigator or trader; hence Germany is not a nation of merchant princes or adventurers, because the facilities for commerce or enterprise are too far out of the way to be inviting. Whilst the German's love of unity and home associations has been cherished by the permanence of his family relations in one fixed locality, as a subject of permanent dynasties, developing in him an immense love of home and homestead, so his great conceptions of brotherhood have been fostered by the idea of unity expressed in the combination of the great family of States in which he lives. Yet, right on the back of the love of brotherhood and peaceful relations—so strong in the German—there slumbers in his character an independence and warlike
WHAT WE NEED.

Feb. 29, 1868.

W H A T  W E  N E E D.

1. Feeling, when that sense of independence is touched, hence the curious mixture of soldier and scholar, seen in the German student. The first to turn out in military attitude, whenever any question of national right is involved. Ready at any moment for a big fight or a big study! The warlike spirit of the youth of Germany, so strangely constrasting with their studious vocations, can be traced to the warlike origin of the race—to grand traditions of empire possessed by their family, and to the historical association of their name with every movement in behalf of independent speech and thought; in a word, the past history and geographical conditions, combined with the influence of scenery and climate, have given birth to the German of our time, as they have to the representative of any other nation. The German, like the American or the Englishman, is a reflex of his country. The Hollander, while possessed of great national virtue—as far as enterprise is concerned—is flat and stagnant as the dykes and marshes of his native country. The Austrian is warm, gushing and sunny as his climate, while the German of the Rhine is as romantic as his native scenery! In all cases, man, wherever you find him, takes into his nature the type and disposition of the land on which he dwells.

"The Finger of God in History."—As we understand a second lecture is to be delivered on this subject by Mr. Kelsey, the completion of this article is deferred for a short time.

We present the first of some articles on National Traits and their Causes, with the purpose of giving a complete series on this interesting subject.

WHAT WE NEED.

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 26, '68.

Editor Utah Magazine:

As your Magazine is devoted to the encouragement of Science, you will, perhaps, allow me sufficient space to lay before your readers the following respecting the wants of the lecture-attending portion of our community: Lectures of a certain kind have now for several winters, with more or less regularity, been given in this city. The lead in this business has been, to his credit, for a long time sustained by Pres. Joseph Young. The little Seventies’ Council Hall has been devoted by him with great earnestness and labor to the work. The managing committee, however, in adjourning the meeting to the 13th Ward Assembly Rooms, have but deferred to the wishes of the public as demonstrated by the large and respectable audiences that have since attended.

So far, I think, we have moved ahead, but all our lectures up to this point, interesting as they have been—have been illustrated only by verbal aid. On such subjects as the Lecture of Mr. Kelsey's to which you advertised last week this is all that is required. But we need instruction in Geology, Astronomy, Physiology, &c., which cannot be properly explained without the aid of Diagrams. In Geology, we need to see the order of the earth's strata; in Astronomy, the orbits of the planets; and in Physiology, the course of the blood in the system.

Now, cannot our managing committee procure these aids and give us a course of truly popular Lectures. Such illustrations can be procured through any of the gentlemen undertaking to send for books and charts. While they are about it, materials for chemical experiments could be procured, also a small cabinet of geological specimens. Once introduced, committees in the settlements would soon follow suit, and the elements of a small "Polytechnic" would be in our midst.

SUBSCRIBER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY "OUR HIRED MAN."

There is evidently a conspiracy on foot, classically speaking, "to floor" or otherwise demoralize our illustrious assistant as the following questions will show. It having been stated some weeks since that an effort was being made to discover the politics of our friend, whether he was a "southern fire-eater a northern mud-sill or a western pork-packer," a correspondent who evidently believes that our co-laborer cannot answer this question, asks in a tone of pretended good humor,—"and pray, what may happen to the politics of a pork-packer?"

"Now our hired man is not perfectly certain to an hair (or even a bristle) but he believes they are a class of politicians who believe in "going the whole hog."

Again, since the late publication of his valuable scientific discoveries and the consequent light in which he is now held as one of the great astronomers of the age, some envious person wants to know, seeing that "our hired man" knows so much,—"where might we suppose the materials of the moon were obtained from on the supposition that it was made of green cheese?"

This intricate question which would upset the brains of most learned men, is easily answered by our assistant. He replies, "where should they come from but from the milky whey?"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. G. A. wants to know, supposing a company take up a claim of a thousand acres of timber land, and not having sufficient means to make a road thereto, offer to sell the timber thereon at $60 per acre, payable in gold and after a quantity discover that they have not realized enough to construct the road, are they entitled, under the circumstances, to call upon those who have already paid up, for an increase of pay, without giving them in return a larger claim on the timber? Answer: The question would, in our opinion, turn on the exact conditions upon which the timber was sold. If the company unconditionally offered so much timber, with a road thereto, at so much per acre, it is, legally speaking, none of the business of the pur-harvers whether the payment of their individual shares enables the company to complete the road or not. The company are bound to finish the road at the price per acre stipulated, unless, in the articles of sale, a liability for an increase of price was stated.

Requaist says,—"Will you please inform me of the origin of the English Alphabet? I am prompted to ask this question by one of the learned ones stating that it originated from the first letters of the names of principal animals in Noah’s ark. Not being willing to believe this statement, I appeal to you: Our correspondent may well call any one who can trace the English Alphabet, or anything else of a literary nature, back to Noah’s ark, "a learned one." The invention of the Alphabet is buried in the depths of antiquity. No one with our present information can discover it, although some would like to have the Phonicians, while others do the same with other probable sources. The "principal animals" of Noah’s ark must have been very few to have only given names to 22 letters. The supposition that the first letters of their names gave the sounds of our Alphabet is a very amusing conceit. Which animals were selected for A B C?"
THE PICKWICKIANS AT THE SHAM FIGHT.

The whole population of Rochester and the adjoining towns rose from their beds at an early hour of the following morning, in a state of the utmost bustle and excitement. A grand review of the forces present was arranged, and the half-a-dozen regiments were to be inspected by the eagle eye of the commander-in-chief; temporary fortifications had been erected; the citadel was to be attacked and taken, and a mine was to be exploded.

Mr. Pickwick was, as our readers may have supposed, an enthusiastic admirer of the army. Nothing could have been more delightful to him—nothing could have harmonized so well with the peculiar feeling of each of his companions—as this sight. Accordingly they were soon afoot, and all the direction of the scene of action, towards which crowds of people were already pouring, from a variety of quarters.

The appearance of everything on the Lines, denoted that the approaching ceremony was one of the utmost grandeur and importance. There were sentries posted to keep the ground for the troops, and servants on the batteries keeping places for the ladies, and sergeants running to and fro, with vellum-covered books under their arms, and Colonel Bulder, in full military uniform, on horseback, galloping first to one place and then to another, and backing his horse among the people, and prancing, and curvetting, and shouting in a most alarming manner, and making himself very hoarse in the voice, and very red in the face, without any assignable cause or reason whatever, as if he were trying to adjust his speeches first, or communicate with Colonel Bulder, and then ordering the sentries, and then running away altogether; and even the very privates themselves looked from behind their glazed stocks with an air of mysterious solemnity, which sufficiently bespeaks the special nature of the proceedings.

-Mr. Pickwick and his three companions stationed themselves in the front rank of the crowd, and patiently awaited the commencement of the proceedings. The throng was increasing every moment; and the efforts they were compelled to make, to see, at the position they had gained, sufficiently occupied their attention during the two hours that ensued. At one time there was a sudden pressure from behind; and then Mr. Pickwick was jerked forward for several yards, with a degree of speed and elasticity highly inconsistent with the general gravity of the assembly. This was a request to 'keep back' from the front, and then the butt end of a musket was either dropped upon Mr. Pickwick's toe, to remind him of the demand, or thrust into his chest to ensure its being complied with. Then some facetious gentleman on the left, after prowling sideways in a body, and squeezing Mr. Snodgrass into the very last extreme of human torture, would request to know 'were he a shavin' in,' and when Mr. Winkle had done expressing his excessive indignation at witnessing this unprovoked assault, some person behind would knock his hat over his eyes, and beg the favor of his putting his head in his pocket.

At length that low roar of many voices ran through the crowd, which usually announces the arrival of whatever they are waiting for. All eyes were turned in the direction of the sally-port. A few moments of eager expectation, and colors were seen fluttering gaily in the air, arms glittered brightly in the sun; column after column poured on to the plains. The troops halted and formed; the word of command rung through the ranks, there was a general clash of muskets, as arms were presented; and the commander-in-chief, attended by Colonel Bulder and numerous officers, centered to the front. The military bands struck up a martial air, the strains were returned, and wished their thanks in all directions; the dogs barked, the mob screamed, the troops recovered, and nothing was to be seen on either side, as far as the eye could reach, but a long perspective of red coats and white plumes.

Mr. Pickwick had been so fully occupied in falling about, and disentangling himself, miraculously, from between the legs of horses, that he had not enjoyed sufficient leisure to observe the scene before him, until it assumed the appearance we have just described. When he was at last enabled to stand firmly on his legs his gratification and delight were unbounded.

"Can anything be finer and more delightful?" he inquired of Mr. Winkle.

"Nothing," replied that gentleman, who had had a short man standing on each of his feet, for the quarter of an hour immediately preceding the event, "for to see the gallant defenders of their country drawn up in brilliant array before its peaceful citizens; their faces beam with delight, their eyes sparkle with joy, and the fire of their eyes flashing—not with the rude fire of rapine or revenge, but with the soft light of humanity and intelligence."

Mr. Pickwick fully entered into the spirit of this eulogium, but could not add to its terms; for the soft light of intelligence burnt rather feebly in the eyes of the men, while shimmering in such wild and rapid effusions as much as the command 'eyes front' had been given; and all the spectactor saw before him was several thousand pair of optics, staring straight forward, wholly diverted of any expansion whatever.

"We are in a capitial situation now," said Mr. Pickwick, looking round him. The crowd had gradually dispersed from their immediate vicinity, and they were nearly alone.

"Capital!" echoed both Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle.

"What are they doing now?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, adjusting his spectacles.

"I—rather think," said Mr. Winkle, changing color—"I rather think they are going to fire."

"Now."

"I really think they are," urged Mr. Snodgrass, somewhat alarmed.

"Impossible," replied Mr. Pickwick. He had hardly uttered the word before the two half-dozen regiments levelled their muskets as if they had been told to do so; the Pickwickians; and burst forth with the most awful and tremendous discharge, that ever shook the earth to its centre, or an elderly gentleman off his.

It was a terrific scene; exposed to a galling fire of blank cartridges, and harrassed by the operations of a military, a fresh body of whom had begun to fall in, on the opposite side, that Mr. Pickwick displayed that perfect coolness and presence of mind indispensable accompaniments of a great mind. He seized Mr. Winkle to himself between that gentleman and Mr. Snodgrass, earnestly besought them to remember that, beyond the possibility of being rendered deaf by the noise, there was no immediate danger to be apprehended from the firing.

"But—but—suppose some of the men should happen to have ball cartridges by mistake," remonstrated Mr. Winkle, pallid at the supposition he was himself conjuring up. "I heard someone whistling through the air just now—so sharp; close to my ear."

"We had better throw ourselves on our faces, hadn't we?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"No; no; it's over now," said Mr. Pickwick. His lip might quiver, but not his right hand, and he expressed no fear or concern escaped the lips of that immortal man.

Mr. Pickwick was right: the firing ceased; but he had scarcely time to congratulate himself on the accuracy of his opinion, for the shout of the word of command ran along it, and before either of the party could form a guess at the meaning of this new manoeuvre, the whole of the half-dozen regiments, with fixed bayonets, charged at double quick time down upon the very spot on which Mr. Pickwick and his friends were stationed.

Man is but mortal; and there is a point beyond which human courage cannot extend. Mr. Pickwick gazed through his spectacles for an instant on the advancing mass; and then fairly gave in. "We will not say first; firstly, because it is not, Mr. Dick," he said, "an ignoble term, and secondly, because Mr. Snodgrass was by no means adapted for that mode of retreat—he trotted away, as at a quick rate as his legs would carry him; so quickly indeed, that he did not perceive the awkwardness of his situation; in the midst of the conflict, with his friends stationed.

The opposite troops, whose falling in had perplexed Mr. Pickwick a few seconds before, were drawn up to repel the mimic attack of the sham bellegers of the citadel; and the consequence was, that Mr. Pickwick and his two companions found themselves suddenly inclosed between two lines of Piccalilli length; the one advancing at a rapid pace, and the other firmly holding the collision in hostile array.

"Hallo!" shouted the officers of the advancing line—"Get out of the way," cried the officers of the stationary one. "Where are we to go to!" screamed the shocked Pickwickians.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

JOHN STRAUSS AND HIS SOPHIE WALTZ.

Straw is a second Orpheus, whose tender-moaning, spirit-stirring, love-kissing music conquers the most inveterate enemy of Terpsichore; whose magic sounds soothe hearts, still signs, dry tears, tame wild beasts, and move the stones themselves. Straw has written waltzes that are more to me than a source of health and comfort; there is often more melody than in as many heavy scores of other musicians. He is the idol of women. In every house, on every piano in Vienna, I saw Straw's waltzes. He has written over two hundred, all of which are beautiful, and written all over Europe. Cobblers and dandy hum and pipe them. We hear them in the street, at the ball, in the garden, and at the theater. The dancing Viennese carry them on their shoulders and shout—"Straw forever, Straw for this waltz, loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye was bluer than Halley's heaven and colder than the sweet light of the evening star. Grace and beauty were in every motion, and music in every tone. In a word, Straw was the perfect man. He would have gone worlds to have won but one glance of love, but she was cold and stern. Madness, indeed, for a poor musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high-born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes. Impertinence," said Sophie, and when he came to give her brother a lesson on the violin, she severely deigned him a look. Shortly afterward, Sophie was betrothed to Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who had indeed as many proud ancestors as Straw. Yet, Straw said and his titles, had nothing of which he could boast.

One day when Straw chanced to be alone with Sophie, he sat upon his knees before her, and with burning words declared his love, and besought her to give him but one look or word to show that he was worth a thing. But tears nor protestations moved her—she was cold and unfeeling as marble. "I am an advanced bride," she said haughtily, "and I do not think you would become the wife of a poor musician!" She turned sorrowfully away, and left him alone in his grief and despair. The repentance which soon awoke in the heart of Sophie, unhappily came too late. The bridegroom and her father hastened the marriage—in eight days she would be the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was in the great palace, and the whole of the Court called on Straw to request him to lead the orchestra on that occasion, and to honor his bride with the composition of a new waltz.

Straw was the most miserable man in God's universe, promised him both. "He wishes to wound me yet more deeply," said the unhappy man to himself, "but I forgive him; and may she be happy—may she never repent her choice."

He addressed himself earnestly to his work. This waltz should be the immediate fruit of his passion and his grief to Sophie. It should challenge at least her pity, if not her love. When all the great city slept, Straw took his violin, opened his window, gazed out into the cold night, and improvised and moaned forth his tale of woe, to the sweet stars above that looked kindly down on the desolate and heart-stricken. The day of the wedding came at last. This fierce agony of love had given him a waltz, every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow, a wailing woe. The ball glistered and shone with bright jewels and brighter eyes; but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than all. The richest gems lent their charms and their lustre; the pure myrtle wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly bridal veil shaded her beautiful features from the full gaze of the adoring crowd. Straw, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant piercing black eyes, sharp, strongly-marked features, and from head to foot in black, as though he had assumed this mourning livrée for the bride now dead to him, stood sad and silent in the gallery above, directing the movements of the orchestra. Sophie danced now with one, two, or three gallants; then the wedding guests, and so often as she paused, after the giddy waltz was over, Straw turned her eyes toward the pale, grief-stricken Straw, in his robes of sorrow and mourning, and met his piercing look of despairing love.

It was more than pity she felt—it was remorse, it was kindness. A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like a swelling stream, growing ever wider and deeper, threatening to overwhelm and destroy her quite. Gladly she would have wept, but she dare not. It sounded twelve o'clock, and Straw gave the signal for the performance of the new waltz. The gay dance stood still, Straw stood still, and Sophie was motionless. All stood spell-bound with the wondrous witchery of those magic sounds. They forgot to dance—they gazed wonderingly up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathed out this woe through the sounding strings of his instrument. His bow moved, with his heart went his spirit. The bridgegroom led off—they danced and dance. Straw follows the flying pair with tearful eyes, torn heart. They dance and dance and dance, and will never cease. Straw plays and plays and plays, and will never stop this wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. They dance and dance; he plays and plays—suddenly the E of his violin snaps, and in that moment, Sophie falls dead upon the floor. Violin and bow fall from his hands as Straw rushes forward with horror as he shrinks, "Sophie," and felt fainting on the floor.

Since Sophie's death the waltz is called by her name; Straw loved her till his death. He, too, is now dead, but his charming Sophie waltz lives yet.

SPECIMENS OF YANKEE HUMOR.

[CONCLUDED.]

"A complicated case was rather nicely met by an American preacher, who owned half of a negro slave, and who used in his prayers to supplicate the blessings of heaven on his house, his wife, his land, and his negro Pompy.

The following is a description of Hoses Biglow, while he was under the pangs of"poetry" poetry making:—"Hoses he come home considerbl riled, and arter I'd gone to bed I hear him mit a holler in my chamber. He holler and he holler, and he holler and he holler. The old Woman sees she to me she ses, Zhelke, ses she, our Hoses gut the chollery or sub'm another ses she, don't you Bee secked, ses I, he's oney amakin' poetry ses I, he's ollers on hand at that ere busynes like Da & martin, and shure enuf, curnin' in the mornin' I see him, he's got a holler on hand and cote tales flying, and sot right of to reed his verses to Parson Wilbur bein he hain any grate showes o' book larrin himself, timbly he cum back and sed the parson wase dreffe tickled with 'em as I hoop you will Be, and said they was True grit.

"Hoey ses he sed sublin a nuther about Simplex Mundlebe or sum such seck feller, but I gness Hoses kind o' didn't hear him, for I never heared o' nobody o' that name in this villagge, and I've lived here man and boy 76 year cum next taller diggin', and thar dint noweseth a kittin sparyr 'n I be.'"

The following is a specimen of another kind of humor—Josh Billings' philosophy:

"There are some dogs' tails which can't be got to curl noways, and some which will, and you can't stop 'em. If you beat 'em half to death, you can't get the crook out of it. Now a man's way of thinking is the crook in the dog's tail, and can't be got out; and every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace."

J. A. FOERSTER.

FR. 29, 1868.]
THE UTAH MAGAZINE. [FEB. 29, 1868.

Oliver Wendell Holmes in telling how woman's wit kills before the victim knows he's hit, instances the clever headsman who cut so clean that the poor fellow didn't know his head was off.

"Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade, alike famous for his arm and blade, One day a prisoner Justice had to kill, Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill; Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt and shaggy-bowed, Began the headsman rose to love and record, His felchion lightened with a sudden gleam, As the pike's armor flashes in the stream: He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go; The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow. "I strike from the man the mark, the set," The prisoner said—(His voice was slightly cracked, "'Friend, I have struck," the artist straightli replied, "Wait but one moment, and you'll decide."

"Who holds so saucyly, why, then, if you please, The prisoner snuffed, and, with a crashing sneeze, Off his head tumbled—bowled along the floor— Bounced down the steps; the prisoner said no more."

A Pittsburg paper states that a melancholy case of self-murder occurred on Sunday, near Titusville, Pennsylvania. The following schedule of misfortunes was found in the victim's left boot:

"I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father and his son-in-law, and my step-daughter, my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my husband had a son,—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i.e., my step-daughter, had also a son: he was of course my brother, and in the meantime, my grandchild, for he was the son of my mother. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grand-child at the same time. And as the husband of my grandmother is my grandfather, I was my own grandfather."

Artemus Ward tells us an affecting story of his courtship with Betsy Jane:

"We sat on the bench, a-swinging our feet too and fro, blue as a red as the Baldwine skylight window when was fast painted, and looking very simple, I made no doubt. My left arm was cocked in ballustin myself on the fence, while my right was wound lightly round her wrist."

"There was many affecting slick which made me bankrupt after Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our's; their cow and our's squelched their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forraders; the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same period; our, parients (Betsy's and mine) slept regularly every Sunday in the cotton house, and the nabes used to observe, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a sublime site, in the spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their cows pin'd up so they couldn't sile 'em, affectionally biling togethe and aboozing the nabes."

GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE

HENRY VINCENT AT WHITEFIELD'S GRAVE.—Mr. Henry Vincent writes from Providence, Rhode Island:—"We descended into a cellar, through a trap door behind the pulpitr, and removing a padlock from an upright door, we entered the tomb of the great preacher. The coffin of Whitefield is placed across the other two, and the upper part of the lid opens upon hinges. We opened the coffin carefully, and by the light of our lamp saw all that was mortal of the eloquent divine, who had crossed the Atlantic thirteen times to preach the gospel. The body was magnificent, as the climate of the city and the season of the year. The skull is perfect. I placed my hand upon the forehead, and thought of the time when the active brain within thrrobbed with love to God and man,—when those silent lips, moved by eloquent speech, swayed the people of England from the Churches of the hilly and vallyes of Gloucestershire to the mouths of the Cornish mines, and on through the growing colonies of America."

MARRIAGE OF A HINDOO GIRL TO AN IDOL.—The following curious account of the marriage of a Hindoo girl to an idol is given by the Oudo Gazette:—"Some time ago, a paper of the north-west provinces announced the arrival of an old Deccan Brahmin with his family in the town of Muthra, where Runga-chare, the high priest of the Ramannoojee sect, greatly patronised him. The old Brahmin has two daughters—one a grown-up girl, and the other only nine years old. While residing at Muthra the younger girl gave out that Krishnajee (one of the incarnations of Vishnu, the Hindoo god) appeared to her in a dream, and proposed a nuptial alliance with her. Next day, the girl was, with great pomp, married to an idol worshipped in a Hindoo temple, and put up at a house in the vicinity of the 'Gole Durwaza.' Every morning Hindoes of all ages and sexes congregate there to hear the melodious recitations of the dons, both the girls consider themselves as dedicated to the service of the god Krishna; and, after their daily recitations are concluded, they make no hesitation in accepting such presents of money and sweet-meats as their hearers may choose to give them. We have little doubt that they have already reaped a rich harvest from their deluded votaries."

PABLO AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

PUZZLE READINGS.

The following puzzles may amuse some of our young readers, and some may be able to puzzle their friends with them:

- Our a wro de dis and pa
- A sed end night at ease in
- Blles fri bro bre and a

By reading the middle and top line alternately, then the middle and bottom line, you will find it reads:

A cursed fond wrought death disease and pain
A blessed friend brought breath and ease again.

- Decipher the following from a schoolboy to his teacher:
  X U B, X U B,
  X, 2 X U R 2 me.
Cros you are, cross you be,
Cross too cross are to me.

- Decipher the schoolmaster's reply:
  Y U R U Y U B,
  I C U R Y for me
Too wise are you, too wise you be,
I see you are too wise for me.

THE LITTLE EASE (18).

- PRSVR Y PRFCT MN VR KP
THIS PRFTS TN.
The letter E will supply the sense:
Persevere ye perfect men
Ever keep these precepts ten.

LADIES' TABLE.

SCALLOP EDGING, SUITABLE FOR TOILET COVER, &c.

Worked backwards and forwards; square throughout the pattern, is 9 chains, 1 long, 1 square, 9 long, 1 square, 9 long, 1 square, 9 long, 1 square.

1st Row.—19 chains, on it work 10 long, 3 squares which will bring it to the end, add 3 chains, on these work 3 long, join them to the bottom of the last stitch, 5 shepherd's crochet stitches to bring the thread to the top again.

2nd Row.—Add 6 chains, on it work 6 long, and 1 long into 1st long, 4 squares 6 long.

3rd Row.—4 long, 1 square, 6 long, 4 squares, add 3 chain, on it work 3 long, join it at 1st row.

4th Row.—Add 3 chain, on it work 3 long, 1 long into first long stitch, 5 squares, 9 long, 3 squares, 8 long.

5th Row.—4 long, 1 square, 4 long, 4 squares, 9 long, 3 chains, 1 long on last long.

6th Row.—Same as 5th.

7th Row.—4 long, 2 squares; 9 long, 3 squares, 8 long.

8th Row.—4 long, 1 square, 6 long, 4 squares, 9 long, 3 chain, turn back.

9th Row.—3 shepherd's crochet to bring the thread on the last long, 7 long, 4 squares, 6 long.

11th Row.—10 long, 3 squares, 9 long, turn back.

12th Row.—3 shepherd's crochets as before, 10 long, 1 square, 3 long.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 3.

ON THE CRUST OF THE EARTH.

In reading books on Geology, you will often meet with the phrase "the "crust" of the earth," or "the earth's crust." The phrase involves in itself many important principles in theoretical geology. The very word "crust" implies a surface that has undergone some process of hardening, and that retains beneath it some materials in a condition different from itself.

We must not imagine that the hypothesis of a "crust of the earth" excludes the ideas of a Creation and a Creator. Suppose that Science could demonstrate to you that this vast body of material was formed in a gaseous form, and that, by the gasses entering into combination and evolving heat, a glowing and a fusion mass would whirl round in space, and that this was the first geenaesis by which our world was made visible and palpable. We then ask, how can these laws exist? And we learn that they must have been made by a Creator. We learn from chemistry that all gases combine according to regular and established laws. The gases did not make these laws, but received them from a living and intelligent Lawgiver.

The phrase "crust of the earth" may possibly recall to our minds the idea of either the crust of a loaf, or, perchance, that of a pie. Both these ideas will mislead us. In these cases, the crust has been hardened, not by cooling but by the influence of external heat upon the outward surface. In geology, the outer crust of the earth is one that was once in a state of fusion—that is, it was all in a melted state, glowing, burning and flaming; and that it gradually cooled until it became covered with a hardened surface.

If you have ever been in a large iron-foundry, where there are furnaces for melting iron, you will at once understand the geological meaning of the word "crust." Near the bottom of the blast furnace there is a fire, or tap, for allowing the fluid cinder, or scoria, which floats on the surface of the metal within, to flow out in burning streams. As this stream recedes from the face of the furnace, it is partly quenched with water and is covered with a blackened surface which is so hard that the workmen can safely walk upon it, though underneath it is still in a melted state. It is this kind of surface, hardened by cooling in place, with which the kindling and burning beneath, that geologists call "crust."

We can, with a little effort, conceive of the propiety of applying the word "crust" in this sense, to the surface of the globe. We have seen a red-hot coal, burning and flaming on all its sides, fall from the fire in our own graces. In a short time it will have cooled, and then the whole will be covered with a blackened surface which is so hard that the workmen can easily walk upon it, though underneath it is still in a melted state. It is this kind of surface, hardened by cooling in place, that geologists call "crust."

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON II.—CONTINUED.

The French for 'of' is de; but yet they do not say de le roi for "of the king." They say du roi. Therefore du is the genitive case of the definite article, in the masculine. In other words, du means "of the" when talking of a man, or of any other object which, for order's sake, is classed with the manly or masculine gender. de la is "of the" in the feminine, and is therefore the genitive feminine of the definite article.

It is used in speaking either of a woman or of any other object which, from a similar motive of order, the French classify with the female or feminine gender; as de la reine (of the queen).

The French for "to the" is a. Yet they do not say a le roi for "to the king," they say au roi (pronounced o roo-ave). Au is therefore the dative masculine, and is used to express "to the" when referring to a man, or to any other masculine-classed object. If you speak of a woman, or any feminine-classed object, the form is a la; as a la reine—pronounced ah lah rane (to the queen).

One important exception must be mentioned with regard to the masculine la and au. If they be followed by a vowel, even though they refer to a masculine word, they change into the feminine form, only that their own vowel is cut off. For instance, the word une (pronounced oon), and meaning a donkey (j's masculine); and yet "of and to the donkey" is not rendered in French by du une and au une, but by de l'ane and a l'ane. The reason of this is that the French are extremely careful of euphony, or smoothness and flowiness of sound, in their language, which, accordingly, is one of the sweetest and most harmonious in the world. Two vowels coming together, and belonging to separate words, are harsh to pronounce, and therefore either one of the vowels is dropped, or a consonant, otherwise mute, is sounded between them, or, if there be no consonant, why one is stuck in for the purpose. We will give one example of the last-mentioned expedient. The French for "has" is a (without an accent, but still pronounced ah): and if you wish to say he has" in French, you would express it by il a (pronounced eel ah). Now, would not any one suppose that you would get "has he?" by changing the places of the two French words, and saying a il. No such thing; a il would be harsh and hard to sound, and therefore they always say a til, which you pronounce ah eel.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

AN EXCHANGE thinks the most disagreeable age for a fine woman is the ramp-age.

That must be a foolish, rash woman, who will put tubs out doors to catch soft water, when it is raining hard.

When David slew Goliath with a sling, the latter fell stone dead, and of course was quite astonished, as such a thing had never entered his head before.

An Irishman took off his coat to show a terrible wound which he said he had received a few years before. Not being able, however, to find the wound, he suddenly remembered it was his "brother Bill's arm."

At a recent railway festival the following striking sentiment was given:—Our Mothers—the only faithful "tenders" who never misplaced a "switch."

A young ensign of a regiment, residing in a room which was very small, was visited by one of his fashionable friends, who, on taking leave, said—"Well, Charles, how much longer do you mean to stop in this nut-shell?" To which he replied—"Until I become a kernel."

"Faith," said an Irishman, who could not get into his cabin at Ballingarry, his wife having turned the key upon him, "faith its meeself that's regularly locked in."

"In," said his companion, "in where?"

"Why, in the street!"

A man was called upon to appear as witness, and could not be found. On the Sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said,—"My lord, he's gon'."

"Gone, gone!" said the Sheriff; "where is he gone?"

"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman; "but he's dead.

NOT TOO LITTLE.—Last summer an agriculturist required several reapers. A number offered themselves, and all were engaged with the exception of one—a small Irishman. "Master, won't you hire me?" inquired the man. "No," said the farmer. "Why not?"

"Because you are too little." "Too little!" exclaimed the astonished Irishman. "Does your honor reap your grain at the top?"

A HINT TO OUR ASSASORS.—"Bob, that is a fine horse you have there; how much is he worth?"

"Three hundred and fifty dollars." "Not so much as that." "Yes, every cent of it; another fifty on top of it." "Are you sure?" "Yes, I'll swear to it."

"All right." "What are you so inquisitive for?"

"merely for assessing purposes. I am the assessor, and only wanted to know what you rated your nag at."

An old miller, who in the days of old dwelt in Blaingrowie, was one night sitting in his favorite public-house, where it was his usual custom to repair nightly, when his better half entered for the purpose of getting him conveyed home. "Oh! man, John, come away, man, ye'll sit an drink there a' the coors o' the night. The drink ye ha' drunken o' your time was sail a ship. I'm sure ye ha' dranken a hoose."

(She meant as much money as would buy a house.)—"Oh, that's true, laassie," says John, "and it was a thack ane, an' the stoors no oot o' my throat yet.—Heeh! we'll hae another bit gill tae help tae wasn't doon."

A man advertised for a wife, and requested each candidate to enclose her carte de visite. A spirited young lady wrote to the advertiser in the following terms:—"Sir—I do not enclose my carte, for, though there is some authority for putting the carte before the horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

A dignified clergyman, possessor of a coal mine, about which he was likely to have a lawsuit, sent for an attorney, in order to have his advice. The lawyer was curious to see a coal-pit, and was let down by a rope. Before he was lowered, he said to the parson—"Doctor, your knowledge is not confined to the surface of the world, but you have likewise penetrated to its inmost recesses; how far may it be from this to hell?"

"I don't know exactly," answered he gravely, "but if you let go your hold you'll be there in a minute."

A LOVING WIDOW.—A very worthy fisherman by the name of Grizzle was drowned some time since, and all search for his body proved unavailing. After it had been in the water for some months, however, it was discovered floating on the surface, and taken to the shore, whereupon Mr. Smith was despatched to convey the intelligence to the much afflicted widow.—"Well, Mrs. Grizzle, we have found Mr. Grizzle's body."

"You don't say so!" "Yes, we have—the jury has set on it, and found it full of eels!"

"You don't say Mr. Grizzle's body is full of eels?"

"Yes, it is; and we wish to know what you will have done with it."

"Why, how many eels do you think there is in him?"

"Why, about a bushel." "Well, then, I think you had better send the eels up to the house, and set him again."

AN EPIC POEM.

She heaved and, and, and not a sheaved, and not.
And higher her rudder hung—
And every time she heaved and not.
A wronger leak she sprung.

The captain walked the biler deck,
The boat she sunk and shivered,
Then down she went, and if she's stopped,
The stop aint been diskerived.

The water rushed into the leak,
As hard as it could d tare—
And the captain walked the biler deck
A tarin of his bare.

The captain to the top he riz,
And as he riz he said:
"The boat can go to thunder,
But save my e hambermaid!"

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

R.L.T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.


SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year .................................. $7.00

Per Half Year ............................ 4.00

Per Quarter [13 weeks] ................. 2.25

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS.—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive a copy of this year free on receipt of the pay. Seven or more, disowning together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

For Communications to the Editor should be sent at the above office, or addressed: Box 197 Post Office. B. L. Ck.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."
POETRY.

LITTLE PLAID SUN-BONNET.

Little plaid sun-bonnet, what do you hide,
Down in the grass by the sunny wall-side?
Any short ringlets half out of curl?
Any round forehead as pure as a pearl?
Any blue eyes with a laugh bubbling over?
Any red mouth closing on a red clover?
Is it the wind makes you dance up and down,
Or is it a fairy head under your crown?

O, Earth is bright, by the glad summer kissed!
Millions of roses might scarcely be missed;
Acres of buttercups, growing so gay,
Cause not a sigh when their gold drops away.
Yet to my heart how your charm were destroyed,
All your fresh meadows how wintry and void.
Earth, should you lose from your beauty and pride
Just what a little plaid bonnet can hide.

CHEAP JACK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

I am a Cheap Jack, and my own father's name was
William Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed
by some that his name was William, but my own father
always consistently said, No, it was William.—
On which point I content myself with looking at the
argument this way—If a man is not allowed to know
his own name in a free country, how much is he
allowed to know in a land of slavery? As to looking
at the argument through the medium of the Register,
William Marigold came into the world before Registers
come up much—and went out of it too. They
would not have been greatly in his line neither, if they had
chanced to come up before him.

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the
King's at that time. A doctor was fetched to my own
mother by my own father, when it took place on a
common; and in consequence of his being a very kind
gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was
described Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him.
There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

I am at present a middle-aged man of a broadish
build, in cords, leggins, and a sleeved waistcoat the
strings of which is always gone behind. Repair them
how you will, they go like fiddle-strings. You have
been to the theatre, and you have seen one of the wio-
lin-players screw up his violon, after listening to it as
if it had been whispering the secret to him that it
feared it was out of order, and then you have heard
it snap. That's as exactly similar to my waistcoat, as
a waistcoat and a violon can be like one another.

I am partial to a white hat, and I like a shawl
round my neck wore loose and easy. Sitting down is
my favorite posture. If I have a taste in point of
personal jewelry, it is mother-of-pearl buttons. There
you have me again, as large as life.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess
that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You
are right. He was. It was a pretty tray. It rep-
resented a large lady going along a serpentine
hill gravel-walk, to attend a little church. Two
swans had likewise come astray with the same inten-
tions. When I call her a large lady, I don't mean in
point of breadth, for there she fell below my views,
but she more than made it up in height; her height
and slimness was—in short the height of both.

I often saw that tray, after I was the innocently
smiling cause (or more likely screeching one) of the
doctor's standing it up on a table against the wall in
his consulting-room. Whenever my own father and
mother were in that part of the country, I used to
put my head (I have heard my own mother say it was
flaxen curls at that time, though you wouldn't
know an old hearth-broom from it now, till you come to
the handle and found it wasn't me) in at the doctor's door,
and the doctor was always glad to see me, and said,
"Aha, my brother practitioner! Come in, little M. D.
How are your inclinations as to sixpence?"

You can't go on for ever, you'll find, nor yet could
my father nor yet my mother. If you don't go off as
a whole when you are about due, you're liable to go
off in part and two to one your head's the part.—
Gradually my father went off his, and my mother
went off hers. It was in a harmless way, but it put
out the family where I boarded them. The old cou-
ples, though retired, got to be wholly and solely devo-
ted to the Cheap Jack business, and were always
selling the family off. Whenever the cloth was laid
for dinner, my father began rattling the plates and
dishes, as we do in our line when we put up crockery
for a bid, only he had lost the trick of it, and mostly
let 'em drop and broke 'em. As the old lady had
been used to sit in the cart, and hand the articles out
one by one to the old gentleman on the footboard to
sell, just in the same she handed him every item of
the family's property, and they disposed of it in their
own imaginations from morning to night. At last the old gentleman, lying bedridden in the same room with the old lady, coughed out in the old parlor, fluster, after having been silent for two days and nights: "Now here, my jolly companions every one—which the Nightingale club in a village was held, at the sign of the Cabbage and Shears. Where the singers no doubt would have greatly excelled. But for want of taste voices and ears—now here, my jolly companions every one, is a working model of a used-up old Cheap Jack, without a tooth in his head, and with a pain in every bone: so like life that it would be just as good if it wasn't better, just as bad if it wasn't worse, and just as new if it wasn't worn out. Bid for the working model of the old Cheap Jack, who has drunk more gunpowder-tea with the ladies in his time than would blow the lid off a washerwoman's copper, and carry it as many thousands of miles higher than the moon as ought nix nought, divided by the national debt, carry nothing to the poor-rates, three under, and two over. Now my hearts of oak and men of straw, what do you say for the lot? Two shillings, a shilling, tenpence, eightpence, sixpence, fourpence. Twopence? Who said twopence? The gentleman in the scarecrow's hat! I am ashamed of the gentleman in the scarecrow's hat. I really am ashamed of him for his want of public spirit. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! I'll throw you in a working model of an old woman, that was married to the old Cheap Jack so long ago, that upon my word and honor it took place in Noah's Ark, before the Unicorn could get in to forbid the bards by blowing a tune upon his horn. There now! Come! What do you say for both? I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I don't bear you malice for being so backward. Here! If you make me a bid that'll only reflect a little credit on your town, I'll throw you in a warming-pan for nothing, and lend you a toasting-fork for life. Now come; what do you say after that splendid offer? Say two pound, say thirty shillings, say a pound, say ten shillings, say five, say two and six. You don't say even two and six! You say two and three! No. You shan't have the lot for two and three. I'd sooner give it you, if you were good looking enough. Here! Missis! Chuck the old man and woman into the cart, put the horse to, and drive 'em away and bury 'em!" Such were the last words of William Marigold, my own father, and they were carried out, by him and by his wife my own mother on one and the same day, as I ought to know, having followed as mourner.

My father had been a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work as his dying observations went to prove. But I top him. I don't say it because it's myself, but because it has been universally acknowledged by all that has had the means of comparison. I have worked at it. I have measured myself against other public speakers. Members of Parliament, Platforms, Pulpiteers, Counselors learned in the law—and where I have found 'em good, I have took a bit of imitation from 'em, and where I have found 'em bad, I have left 'em alone. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers?

Where's the difference between us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks, I don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart—I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket, a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was). "Now here my blooming English maidens, is an article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumbplings, billing over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound for it, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve table-cloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve table-spoons, and twelve tea-spoons, but my set of fingers was two short of a dozen and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever-beautiful old lady in Threadneedle-street, London city. I wouldn't tell you so if I hadn't the paper to show, or you mightn't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a hankie, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do with it. I'm not going to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." She laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "Oh dear! It's never you and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I am yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times—which, by-the-by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again—and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swapped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swap her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen years. Now my lords and ladies and gentlefolk all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a Cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses five or six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Di-
voice Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don’t undertake to decide, but in a cart it does come home to you and stick to you. Violence in a cart is so violent, and aggravation in a cart is so aggravating.

We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside, and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging shelf and cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you wouldn’t call the Emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you, and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out, he would give a howl and bolt. How he knew it, was a mystery to me, but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I’d wish I was him.

The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children, I do, all my heart. When she was in her furies, she beat the child. This got to be so shocking as the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse’s head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did. For how could I prevent it? Such a thing is not to be tried with such a temper—in a cart—without coming to a fight. It’s in the natural size and formation of a cart to bring it to a fight. And then the poor child got worse terrified than before, as well as worse hurt generally, and her mother made complaints to the next people we lighted on, and the word went round, “Here’s a wretch of a Cheap Jack been beating his wife.”

Little Sophy was such a brave child. She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now, that I didn’t go tearing mad, when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by this hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
for their exertions were really terrific. They stamped, and puffed, and tore, and shook their fists, and looked eternal dag their daggies, and the laughter was heard still; and away they went again with fresh energy, inspired by his worship's reiterated cries of "Officers, now do your duty!" At length, fairly driven to desperation, and being in a state of the most exciting mental agony, they resolved to hang some one, and accordingly collared Mr. Lynn, a highly reputable baker, whom they happily discovered in the atrocious act of smiling at the ridiculous character of their appearance. In vain Mr. Lynn proclaimed his innocence—they had caught him by the collar and hence proceeded to drag him towards the door, with all possible violence. In the space of one minute, Mr. Lynn was divested of his top coat, under coat, waistcoat and shirt;—those articles of apparel having been torn completely off by the enraged mob. The mayor had left the hall quietly enough, but the radicals would by no means suffer him to do so. They rushed to the rescue; and on Valentine shouting out "Down with the republicans!" in one voice, and "Down with the toretis!" in another, a general battle ensued, which was kept up on both sides with infinite spirit, while the mayor, duly mounted on the table, was engaged in denouncing the irregular proceedings with all the indignation of his command.

The voice of Valentine was now no longer needed. The crowd were making ample amply out, nor would they be quiet till they had won their point.—He therefore mounted the rostrum partly for safety and partly with a view to the full enjoyment of the scene, and then for the first time discovered that instead of the combatants being divided into two armed hostile parties, they were all led to believe had been, they were levelling their blows with indiscriminate fury, regardless utterly of everything, but the pleasure of conferring upon one the honor of a bit. In one corner of the hall there was a dense mass of electors, of whom the majority were extremely zealous and ample; and one, like bees when they swarm, with such remarkable tenacity, that the entire body formed a most interesting exemplification of a perfectly dead lock. In another corner there were two lines of amateurs gladling, biting out as bravely as they could at as they all, very distinctly discovered, or else preserved them and went in head foremost, their evolutions were not strictly scientific, although the hardest head did the greatest amount of execution. In a third corner of the hall, there was a phalanx of totally independent members, one half of whom were striving to protect their friends, by striking over the shoulders of the other, and the other half of whom were of the appropriate consideration in the front, to receive all the blows.

While these really delightful proceedings were being conducted, certain well-intentioned persons, who had escaped, concealed, and were by the combatants of the revolution, rushed with breathless haste to the Bull, which they knew to be the headquarters of a troop of dragoons, then temporarily stationed in the town, and at once gave the alarm, that the rebellion might be nipped in the bud. Before the awful news of a particular deed of Mr. Allred, were, it was said, the ket Hill, to horesel and in less than five minutes the entire troop, headed by a mounted magistrate, galloped to the scene of action.

"What em!" loudly shouted Mr. Allred: "What are we doing?"

The gallant captain smiled; and his men had absolutely the cold-blooded audacity to wink at each other with gleeful expression.

"Heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Allred, utterly astonished at the effect instantaneously of the news he had just individually into miscomprehension. "What, why do you fear? In the king's name, again I command you to move the traitors down!"

Captain Copeland, perceiving every eye fixed upon him, at once gracefully waved his bright sword until the point rested opposite the door, when, he rebels, viewing this as an intimation that they would all be permitted to depart unperturbed, rushed with all the alacrity at their command into the street, and in the space of five minutes the entire body of the bald was dispersed.

The soldiers smiled as they saw the rebels running; but, although Mr. Allred insisted upon the propriety of the troop giving them chase, the party proceeded with due dignity to alter, when the bottle went round merely till midnight, when the mayor and the rest of the members of the corporation, at the particular desire of Mr. Allred, were conducd to the doors of their respective residences, under a most formidable military escort.

Our readers will remember that Prince Orsiu, although suspected of the death of Vittoria, was permitted to depart unmolested.

CHAPTER IX.—CONCLUDED.

But the magistrate gave instant orders that the gates and walls of the city should be guarded, and no one permitted, without special license, to leave the town. They also caused the messenger, who was carrying Orsiu's letter to his cousin, to be stopped as soon as he was clear of the city gates; and on searching him found a second letter to the following effect:

"TO THE ILLUSTRIUS LORD, THE PRINCE VIRGINIO ORSINU.

"Most Illustrious Signor. We have executed that which was determined upon between us; and that in such sort, that we have entirely duped the noble Captain Tundini [probably the chief of the Paduan magistrates], so that I pass here for the most upright man in the world. I did the job in person. Do not fail therefore to send here with the people you know of!"

This letter was immediately sent off to Venice by the magistrates. And the same evening (say the contemporary accounts, though bearing in mind the distance, about two hundred miles, and the usual rate of locomotion at that day, this seems hardly credible) a special commissioner, Signor Luigi Bragadino, no less a man than one of the chiefs of the Council of Ten, arrived in Padua, with full powers from the senate, and orders to take, alive or dead, at any cost, Ludovico Orsiu and all his followers.

The lion of St. Mark was a different guess sort of power to have to deal with; from the imbecile and corrupt successors of St. Peter, under whose no-rule Orsini had formed his ideas of public justice. Things began to look very serious. But still he could not yet imagine that it would literally come to pass that he should be seized and brought to trial, like a common plebean. He thought, probably, that a show of resistance would be sufficient to convince the magistrates that the easiest and best course was to drop the matter, as he had so often seen to be the case. So he gathered his men into his house, barricaded doors and windows, and prepared to stand a siege.

The audacity, and to modern notions, the absurdity, of an individual thus attempting to brave the whole power of the state, and that state Venice, is to us hardly intelligible. But powerful as the senate of Venice was—far more powerful than any other Italian government of that period—and fully determined as the magistrates were to vindicate the outrage done to their authority by the perpetrators of the late crime, "at any cost," as their orders ran, the means to which they were obliged to resort for the attainment of this end are a very significant proof of the sort of difficulties the civil power had to contend with in sixteenth-century Italy.

Luigi Bragadino, chief of the dreaded Ten, immediately on his arrival proceeded to the town-hall, and sat there in council with the podesta and captain
what the result might have been? But the worthy chief of the Ten, who, in the midst of his vigorous measures “had yet a prudent mind,” and did not forget that St. Mark would have a bill to pay for the mischief done, when it was all over, was bent on un- kentilling the vermin with as little damage to property as might be.

One or two guns accordingly were directed against a colonna in front of the house, which speedily came down. This did not seem, however, to abate a jot the courage of the besieged, who kept up a brisk fire from the windows, without, however, doing other damage than wounding one townsman in the shoulder. Some cannon of heavier calibre were then directed against one corner of the main building, and at the first discharge brought down a large mass of wall, and with it one Pandolfo Lesprati, of Camerino, “a man of great courage, and a bandit of much importance. He was outlawed in the States of the Church, and the illustrious Signor Vitelli had put a price of four hundred ducats on his head for the heads of those of his enemies, Vitelli, who had been killed in his charge by swords given by Ludovico Orsini by the arm of Pandolfi. Surrounded by his fall, he could not move, and a certain man, a servant of the Lista family, advanced and very bravely cut of his head, and carried it to the magistrates at the fortress.

Another shot brought down another fragment of the house, and with it another of the chiefs of Ludovico’s band, crushed to death in the ruins. Orsini now became aware that further resistance was hopeless. It was evident that the magistrates were in earnest in their determination to have him in their power; and bidding his people not to surrender till they had orders from him, he came out and gave himself up. He, probably, still thought that the senate would not think of proceeding to extremity with “a man of his sort,” as he frequently said. And when brought before the magistrates, he behaved in this supercilious manner, “leaning against the balcony, and cutting his nails with a little pair of scissors,” while they questioned him. When told that he would be imprisoned, he desired only that it might be in some place “fit for a man of his quality;” and on that condition, he consented to send orders to his followers to surrender.

The town soldiers, therefore, entered the house, and marched off to prison, two and two, all the survivors they found in it; and “the bodies of the slain were left to the dogs!” Ludovico Orsini was strangled in his prison the same night. Two of his men were hung the next day; thirteen the day after; “and the galows,” says the contemporary chronicler, “is still standing for the execution of the remaining nineteen, on the first day that is not a festival. But the executioner is excessively fatigued, and the people are, as it were, agonized by the sight of so many deaths. So they have put off the remaining executions for a couple of days.”

And so ends the history of the marvelously beautiful Vittoria Accoramboni and her two husbands; a striking, but by no means unique or abnormal sample of a state of society produced and fashioned, according to the certain and invariable operations of God’s moral laws, by the same evil influences, lay and spiritual—absolutely the same in kind, if somewhat mitigated in intensity—from which Italy is now straining every nerve to escape.— [Abridged From All the Year Round.]
NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER TWO.

Of the effect of circumstances in the formation of national character, the Frenchman is an apt illustration. He is light and volatile in his disposition, because there has been nothing in his history to develop rugged strength of character. As a nation, France has floated smoothly down the stream of time—the magnificent nation. Except in the revolutions which in later times have rolled over it, France has had a tranquil time. It has never had to struggle for national existence like Switzerland. National greatness and prosperity have been its general lot; hence, like a child of affluence, it is without that strength and resolution of character which distinguish nations which have had to work their way to eminence, and hold every inch of their ground by hard fighting.

The great love of the Frenchman for military display and show generally, his genius for taste, etiquette and refinement, can all be distinctly traced to his surroundings; the love of military glory to his great military history, for what a man or a nation can do well, each are sure to love to do. France loves military movements because she has excelled in conquest and invasion. Equally can the gallantry and politeness of the Frenchman be traced to the history of his country. First among the surrounding nations of modern Europe, to develop kingly splendor and courtly glory, the became in these matters the school and study of the neighboring nations; hence she became the pioneer of grace, taste and refinement. The Frenchman having been, in Europe, by circumstances and general concurrence, consulted always as the arbiter of taste and etiquette, has been led to develop these qualities to immense perfection, but as these perfections belong to the lighter and more superficial qualities of our nature, the Frenchman appears light and volatile in his disposition. He excels in wit, in sprightly and salient vigor, in the glories of delicate ornamentation, in the most exquisite sense of propriety as to forms, hues, gestures and expressions; but he has not developed to the same perfection the massive, solid and enduring elements of character. Providence has led and trained his energies more eminently in another direction. He is like us all, the child of his history and surroundings.

So much we wish to say at present, for the way in which nations have acquired their present national characteristics. We do not, however, wish to it be understood that circumstances and surroundings, independent of peculiarities of race, will produce the same national features. It takes the great heavy brain of the German, the Holland, the Dane, Englishman or American, to produce the dominant race they represent. But in the same race, all the difference of characteristics—all the peculiar thoughts and tastes—the superior prominence or development given to peculiar talent by such, can be fully accounted for by the causes referred to.

Men and nations, as we have endeavored to show, are not altogether to be blamed or praised for what they are. We do not say that in moral character they could not, if they wished it, sometimes be different, but in respect to tastes, habits, excellencies, eccentricities or peculiarities of many kinds, they are much indebted to the controlling influences of a chain of circumstances, acting for ages in the formation of their national character. We have tried briefly to illustrate this in the case of the Dane, German and Frenchman; let us now refer particularly to that very characteristic representative of the Anglo-Saxon race—the Englishman—and see how far the influences of locality, climate and history can be traced in his peculiarities.

The Englishman, as all know, is the most compounded being in respect to characteristics on the globe. There is a general blending of the peculiarities of other nations in his person. He has no peculiarities so clearly his own as the Frenchman or the German possesses. He has strong peculiarities, we admit, but they are not so much his own as they are the peculiarities of other nations combined in a forcible form; hence England has great force but no very great extremes of character. You can find in her a general flavor of the predominating qualities of other nations. Like her language, her habits are a general blending of the most approved expressions of the various nationalities, whose blood and history have been combined in her own.

Much of the strength of England can of course be traced to her position as a sea-girt isle—too far away, and too difficult to approach to be easily invaded; but much more can be traced to the combined blood of the ancient warriors of Saxon, Danish, and Norman, and even Rome, which has been blended with that of her original tribes, the fighting Britons. She is an illustrious instance of the results of the cross-breeding of approved specimens.

The singular mixture of races that can be traced in English history, is remarkable, as not being merely the union with inferior or decayed specimens of the nations referred to; every addition she has received from any of these nationalities, has been from their hardiest, their most adventurous, their most daring and free thinking.

The first to associate their institutions, and in many cases, to mingle their blood with the native British race were the invincible legions of Caesar, her Roman conquerors. Here is a peculiarity of England, whenever successfully invaded, she has always ended by absorbing her conquerors. In this peculiar way the dominatling race that have built up English and American fame, have been produced by an overruling providence. The great Germanic race—the Anglo-Saxons—invaded England but to lose their national distinction and become absorbed into her population—Saxons no longer. Then the wild and hardy Dane—the sea kings of those days—conquered her but to succumb in turn to her institutions, and engrave their warlike stock upon her hardy race. Those restless spirits, the Normans, the chief representatives of disciplined warfare in those times, in turn contributed their martial prowess and their chivalric blood in the formation of English character, from which time on, English history is one continued story how daring revolutionaries against priestly or kingling despotism made England their home and became amalgamated with her people, each bringing an accession of physical and mental daring to her characteristics. The fusion of
such races as three could but result in making the
England, and from England the America, we know.
We do not need to wonder why the possessors of so
small an island should gain an empire upon which
the sun never sets. With the blood of the adventur-
ous spirits of such races combined, it would have
been more wonderful if they had succeeded less.

While we trace the hardy character of the English-
man and his supremacy to the facts of his descent,
his other peculiarities are as clearly derivable. His
love of law and order are clearly from Roman blood
and tutorage—his honesty and simplicity from the
Bavon race—he’s semblance from the Danes—his
chivalrous and aristocratic notions from the Norman
race, while for his commercial character he is doubt-
less indebted to his geographical position on the
high-
way of commerce. In fact, nothing but a fighting
tradition, mechanical people could have been produced
on such shores, with such a history. The English-
man is not so gentle as the German, not so polished
as the Frenchman, because raised in a more rugged
land, with a more rugged history, and with a less
genial clime. There has been nothing in his history or
circumstances to cultivate, on a large scale, German
abstraction or French delicacy; too much in the fight
of the trading world to have time for abstract inquiry;
too much jesting and struggling to get and hold, to
perfect French exquisiteness. Solidity is, therefore,
of necessity the Englishman’s characteristic—orna-
tmental but strong. “Granite all,” said Emerson,
when he stepped upon Liverpool quay, and such is
English character—rugged, enduring, granite-like—
susceptible only of small ornamentation, but calcula-
ted to stand. It is no accident that has made the Eng-
lishman what he is. God of course has done it by
moulding in his character the elements of strength—
There has been more to call out the energies of stabili-
ity, and less to feed the taste for show—hence he is
less an artist but more a mechanic. “Great” on solid
construction, but comparatively unfertile in design.—
Utility is the Englishman’s forte; this can be seen in
his pictures, his sculpture, his architecture, his music,
his oratory, and even his very furniture, the chief
feature in all plainness and strength. It takes a sun-
ny clime like Italy to feed the imagination and pro-
duce those glorious artists of music and song—it took
Germany and France to make German and French
characteristics, and it took the rugged shores of Brit-
ain, and her more rugged experience, to produce the
Englishman of past and present time.

A Polytechnic for Utah.—The great strides lately
made in educational matters in our midst, points to the
necessity for the institution of a Polytechnic, or
museum, for the collection and exhibition of all mat-
ters connected with the illustration of Science and
Art. Chemical and Astronomical apparatus—or
indeed Scientific apparatus of any kind—if on a scale
large enough to be useful, are too expensive to be had
everywhere. Some suitable place where such things
can be collected and displayed is therefore essential.
Our progressing students, whether male or female,
need when passing from theory to practical experi-
ment, some place where they can at their leisure in-
spect the cabinet of Geological specimens, the Orrery
with its miniature globes, the Diving Bell (in miniature
if nothing else) or the Air Pump—a place where ma-
achinery can be explained by suitable models, and the
application of Electrical apparatus be demonstrated
before their eyes. Such a place is the one where lec-
tures can be delivered with real effect; and where as
much can be taught in an hour as can be obtained by
a month of mere abstract study. An institution of
this kind could be commenced by small or large dona-
tions of money or specimens from the lovers of intel-
lectual progress. A Parent Institution in this city
would soon lead to the formation of representative
branches in all our settlements.

As our business, as a magazine, is the promotion of
all that is truly educational, we submit these sugges-
tions to all interested.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
NOTE.—Correspondence is lavished from our friends.
The following, forwarded by “H. M.” will, we trust, be a consolat-
to many a love-torn soul:

“HIS SWEET TO HAVE SOME ONE TO LOVE,
*“Tell me of a sweet passion to woo;
And tell me of a sweet lover too;
To know the love I long desire you;
Each word of love I have to sacrifice;
Though doubtsless, the trial is grand.
For such an office ’s divine;
That love she shuld be born to hate.
* Do charms which attracted before
All vanish or cease to exist?
When you propose to adore
Not one of the former list,
If not, then continue to love,
You own to herself a charm,
And, though hope delusive may prove,
True love can do nobody harm.”

METEOROLOGICAL.—The qualities of an individual appear to be very greatly
influenced by the condition of the mother’s mind previous to birth. More or less of her character and feelings at that period seem to be constandy
operating upon children through life. Wonderful instances of the effect of strong
impulses acting upon the maternal mind are before the eyes of the public. The situa-
tion of the mother of Napoleon previous to his birth, calls up in her the exercise of the qualities for which he was afterwards so distinguished.
Celebrate mathematicians and others remarkable for extraordinary calcul-
lating powers, have been able to trace the possession of their peculiar faculties to the fact that the mind of their respective mothers were, at the period referred to, deeply exercised upon such subjects. If the mothers of the future race could be surrounded with objects of beauty and refine-
ment, placed under the influence of a healthy and hedonistic life, there is no doubt that a tendency to all that is tasteful and exquisite in
many of the arts would, to a great extent, come within the world. In the same way, the arts and sciences would seem to be more or less im-
parted of course on the same principle, animal, brutal, and degrading pro-
cesses would be less and less. The future might be a time when we should present
our readers with Louis-xv on these and skidder matters in our Educational
Quarterly.

Mr. Woodmansee’s lecture was on the History and resources of the Val-
ley of the Mississippi, a region particularly interesting to the majority of our citizens, by the connection with their early history. Mr. Woodman-
see drew attention to its first discovery by De Soto. His exploration of the country impaired by a thirst for gold, which led many to seek
the river armoured with the sandbanks of that expedition which
resulted so disastrously that one hundred and sixty years elapsed before
an, Eux-pean, crossed the river, and even the Anglo-Americ-
neans themselves living one hundred years in ignorance of its character,
while only separated by the Alleghany mountains. The late occupation of
this vast region, the slaughtering of the natives on whom the graces of
these lands was bestowed, is the best form of government cursed by God.
As a illustration of its disease for the starting soul of the history of man
kind and the world. Mr. W. referred to its amazing fruit-
fulness. In the article of corn alone, in 1806, six hundred million of bush-
els being raised. As to proportion, he supposed, this year it would reach
the amazing number of twenty-two million bushels, covering afoot seven
hundred and fifty million square miles of the richest soil on earth, the whole
having been settled within the memory of man now living.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE QUEEN'S BOOK.

[FROM THE "ATHENIUM"].

The following extracts are from Queen Victoria's Book, which is made up from a Journal of her Life in the Highlands. They are interesting on account of the references to her private life and experience. Not having been yet published here we present them for the first time.

IN THE HIGHLANDS—THE QUEEN'S LUCKY FOOT.

"We scrambled up an almost perpendicular place to where there was a little box, made of hurdles, and interspersed with branches of fir and heather, about five feet in height. There we seated ourselves with Bertie, Macdonald lying in the heather near us, while the others went round to beat, and others again were at a little distance. We sat quite still, and sketched a little; I do the landscape and some trees, Albert drawing Macdonald as he lay there. This lasted for near an hour, when Albert fancied he heard a dis- tant sound, and, in a few minutes, Macdonald whispered that he saw stag's, and that Albert should wait and take a steady aim. We then heard them coming past. Albert did not look over the box, but through it, and fired through the branches, and then again over the box. The deer retreated; but Albert felt certain he had shot one. He then sprang to his feet, and in a moment they called from below that they 'had got him,' and Albert ran on to see. I walked for a bit; but soon scrambled on with Bertie and Macdonald's help; and Albert joined me directly, as he did not like the appearance of the stag. They had dropped, soon after Albert had hit him, at one of the men's feet. The sport was successful, and every one was delighted—Macdonald and the keepers in particular—the form- er saying, that it was her Majesty's coming out that had brought the good luck. They all went to find the stag, and to find of which the Highlanders 'think a great deal.' We walked down to the place we last came up, got into the carriage, and were home by half past two o'clock."

SALMON LEISURING.

"We walked with Charles, the boys, and Vicky to the river-side above the bridge, where all our tenants were assembled with poles and spears, or rather 'leisters' for catching salmon. They all went into the river, walking up it, and then back again, poking about under all the stones to fetch fish up to where the men stood with the net. It had a very pretty effect; about one hundred men wading through the river, some in kilts with poles and, giving his directions as to the planting in Caled Muich, he said to Grant—'You and I may be dead and gone before that.' In less than three months, alas! his words were verified as regards himself! He was ever cheerful, but over ready and prepared."

An extract from this volume of familiar journalizing the public will only serve to give me a knowledge of those little details of family life which show how like the royal house is to other English houses. Thus we will learn that nearly all members of the royal family are known among each other by pet names. The Crown Princess of Prussia is called Vicky, the yesterday, of the Prince of Wales, and giving his directions as to the planting in Caled Muich, he said to Grant—'You and I may be dead and gone before that.' In less than three months, alas! his words were verified as regards himself! He was ever cheerful, but over ready and prepared."

SWEDENBORG'S CURIOUS POWERS.

[FROM THE HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN SECTS.]

"Madame Hartville, the widow of a Dutch envoy at Stockholm, was, some time after the death of her husband, asked by a Dutch friend, for money, which her husband had ordered to be made by him. The wid- ow was indeed convinced that her deceased husband had ordered it to be made and particular in his affairs, not to have settled anything, and only to make a receipt to the money paid. To respect the demand of the payment for the set of silver plates. Swedenborg was very affable, and promised to serve her in the affair. Three days afterwards, the same lady had company when M. de Swedenborg came, and told her in his cool man- ner that he had spoken with her husband. The debt had been paid seven months before his death, and the receipt had been put in a bureau which was in an upper apartment. The lady replied that this bureau had been cleared out, and that the receipt could be found. Swedenborg returned, that her husband had told him that, if a drawer was on the left side of the bureau was pulled out, a board would be observed, which must be put-bed away, and then a second drawer would be discovered, in which he used to keep his great eye. Then they went to the room and opened the bureau, when the drawer was found. After some, the lady opened the drawer, when Swedenborg was asked for the is to the greatest weight of proof, and to set the assertion respecting
A MUSICAL DOG.

Poodle fidgetted on his bench; if the kettle-drummer broke the tone, Poodle would emit a querulous moan. In fact, no piece was considered properly executed unless the canine connoisseur remained quiet on his seat.

Nor must it be supposed that Poodle's instinct was limited to forming a judgment of the execution only. His intelligence, trained by hearing classical works, seemed to have penetrated some of the secrets of composition. An abrupt modulation, a false resolution, would produce symptoms of doubt on Poodle's muzzle; consecutive fits made him shudder, and a halting melody set his teeth on edge. Sometimes Herr Schwartz and his intimate friends, in the privacy of a snug little quarter, party, would amuse themselves by producing discordant sounds, for the sake of tormenting the sensitive animal.

On such occasions Poodle lost all self-command; his hair stood on end, his eyes became bloodshot, and frightful howlings answered to the discord produced by the fiddles of the musicologists. Moreover, they were obliged to keep within certain bounds. Poodle possessed only a limited stock of forbearance. If the cacophony was too intense or too prolonged, Poodle, carrying out his sense of duty, upset everything. Music-stands, music-stools, and instruments were strewn in confusion about the room.

Finally, negotiations are in progress for the engagement of Poodle, or, more accurately, the supernanniated and retired on half-pay, of one of his descendants—to attend the musical entertainments to be given in London during the current winter. We shall see how many the four-footed critic will listen with placid and unobtrusive attention.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

FRANKLIN'S WIFE.

To promote her husband's interests, Mrs. Benj. Franklin attended shop, where she bought rags, sewed pamphlets, folded newspapers, and sold the few articles in which he dealt, such as ink, papers, lampblack, blanks, and other stationers' wares.

At the same time she was an excellent housekeeper, and besides being economical herself, taught her somewhat careless, disorderly husband to be economical also. Sometimes, Franklin was cloathed from head to foot in garments which his wife had both woven and made, and for a long time he performed all the work of the house without the assistance of a servant.

Nevertheless, she knew how to be liberal at proper times. Franklin tells us that for some years after his marriage, his breakfast was bread and milk and a cup of coffee and water spoon; but one morning, on going down to breakfast, he found upon the table a beautiful china bowl, from which his bread and milk was steaming, with a silver spoon by its side, which had cost a sum equal in our currency to $10. When he expressed his astonishment at this unwonted splendor, Mrs. Franklin only remarked that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as much as any of his neighbors. Franklin prospered in his business until he became the most famous editor and most flourishing printer in America, which gave him the pleasure of relieving his wife from the cares of business, and enabled him to provide for her a spacious and well furnished abode. She adorned a high station as well as she had borne a lowly one, and presided over her household as a true lady. He gave her a breakfast of bread and milk from a two-penny bowl.

CHARLES DICKENS AND SER. E. B. LYTTON.

The foreign correspondent of the "Boston Post" says: "He does not recall the early portraits where he shone with beautiful black eyes, splendid hair and the complexion of healthly youth. He has not fallen off indeed as Lord Lytton has done. If you stand in Knebworth Hall, as I have stood, and look at the portrait of Sir Walter Scott in the Rotunda, you will find it difficult to believe that the elderly gentleman in an old-fashioned blue coat, with a stoop in his shoulders, high collar and stiff neckerchief round his throat, and who puts his hand behind his ear when you speak to him—was the original Sir Walter Scott of Montrose."

He has escaped the ill-health which has shattered the author of 'Pelham.' But his hair is iron-gray, and scanty; he wears a mustache and pointed beard, and his face has a red-brown tinge which sometimes reminds one of the complexion of Louis Napoleon.
GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

The Two Charlottes.—A gentleman narrates the following information respecting the unfortunate Empress of Mexico, which was communicated to him personally by the late King Leopold of Belgium, the Empress's father. Speaking of her beauty, the king said, "I think she will be the handsomest princess in Europe; if that could bring happiness." Then, after a pause, and with the grave smile so peculiar to him, he added, "You know I cannot flatter myself my queen wished to marry me; and for myself also I'll say nothing; we both had other views. But every day since our union has taught me more and more what an excellent and amiable person she is; and about our children she has said many amiable things. It was her wish that the name of Charlotte should be given to our daughter. She said, 'I know your heart was given to Princess Charlotte of England; it is a love with many sad and touching memories attached to it. I would like that our child also should bear that name of Charlotte; and I pray God she may have nothing of the destiny of her whose name it was, except your affection.'"

GRIMALDI AND HIS PORTER.—Pantomimes are extinct. The craft to construct this ancient kind of drama is lost. To afford some idea of what the "comic business" used to be, hear how Grimaldi treated a scene. The prompter in dismay informed the great mimic that certain tricks were not ready, nor would be so for at least five minutes. Grimaldi reflected a moment, looked around, and said: "All right," said he, send on a boy with that tipple." On went the clown, and following him the boy. Grimaldi soon stole the liquor, and despatched the bearer. He proposed to drink it. Conscience arrested him. A discussion ensued in great glee between the two. The discussion grew hot. They quarrelled. He proposed to fight Conscience for the porter. Down he put the pot on one side, and the fight began. At the end of the second round, he took a pull at the liquor. At the end of the third, another refresher. Conscience put in "a nasty one" in the wind. He recovered himself by another application, and so on, until at last Conscience was declared winner. The pot had been emptied. By this time, the prompter signalled that the next scene was ready, and Grimaldi limped out of eight, drunk, but repentant.—Where be your clowns now?

WATER-COLORED BIRDS.—A correspondent writes about the plumage feathers of the Cape Lory, spoken of as spotted with crimson. He says there are no spots; "There are thirteen or fourteen feathers in each wing, deep crimson; the last four or five taper off to deep green. I have shot these birds on the Banks of the Frith of Forth, and they are always found with tightly closed wings, securely sheltered from the wet. And why? Water will extract the crimson color! a fact I have proved; for, on placing a feather in a glass, the water becomes tinged a beautiful rose color. I believe this fact is but little known."

COXTY BISHOPS'S SOCIAL DIPLOMACY.—The "Dabelm," tells a story of Count Bisnarch which amusingly illustrates the well-known fondness of the great minister for a practical joke. One day, while he was dining in his hotel at Frankfort on the table d'hote, he observed two young ladies sitting opposite to him who were talking and laughing in a very loud tone. He soon perceived that they were making fun of the company, and that their remarks were especially directed against himself; but he could not understand a word of what they were saying, as they spoke in the Lutish language, evidently making sure that no one at the table was acquainted with it. Although the count was conversant of the language, he had, however, learnt two or three Lutish words during a recent tour in Courland, and he determined to use his knowledge so as to disconcert his fair assailants. Turning to a friend who sat near him, he whispered, "If you know any Lutish, I will give you a watch key." Meanwhile the ladies went on talking more loudly than ever, and by the time the dessert was put on the table their hilarity had reached its climax. At length, during a pause after a somewhat heartier burst of laughter than usual, Count Bisnarch raised his glass, and exclaimed, "Give me the key!" ("Give me the key!") The effect was instantaneous; the ladies started as if they were shot, and with their faces covered with blushing rushed out of the room.

A THEATRICAL INCIDENT.—Rather an unusual incident occurred in the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, the other night, while "Perfection" was in performance, prior to the commencement of the pantomime. Miss Leclercq as "The Lady of Munster," has occasion to say something of her Corkagian origin in the closing scene. No sooner had she uttered the words than a silly yowl in the gallery shouted "She's a Peasant!" The leaden term exploded at once the anger of the house, and a tempest of groans and yells surged up. which would not be appeased short of the expulsion of the offender—an operation which was summarily performed. A boy being on en masse, the audience gave vent to their loyalty and satisfaction in a ringing shout, and resumed their seats, quietly permitting the performance to proceed.

PAOLER AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MAGIC BREATH.

Half fill a glass tumbler with lime-water; breathe into it frequently, at the same time stirring with a piece of glass. The fluid, which before was perfectly transparent, will presently become quite white, if allowed to remain at rest, chalk will be deposited.

TWO BITTERS MAKE A SWEET.

It has been discovered that a mixture of nitrate of silver will supersaturate of the salt, and a remarkably bitter will produce the sweetest known substance.

TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF THE ROSE.

Hold a red rose over the blue flame of a common match, and the color will be discharged wherever the fume touches the leaves of the flower, so as to render it beautifully variegated or entirely white. If it be then dipped into water, the redness after a time, will be restored.

TO HOLD A HOT KETTLE ON THE HAND.

Be sure that the bottom of the kettle is well covered with snot; when the water boils in the kettle, remove it from the fire, and place it upon the palm of the hand; no inconvenience will be felt, as the snot will prevent the heat being transmitted from the water within and the heated metal, to the hand.

LADIES' TABLE.

FLOWER-PATTERN EDGING.

Materials.—Get as near as possible what is known in England as a Roses's Head crochet cotton, No. 10 or 12, and Penelope crochethook, No. 11.

1st Pattern.—1st Flower.—Make a chain of 12, and work 1 single in the first stitch to make it round, and through the round loop of 12 w.r.c. double, 4 chain, 4 long, 4 chain, and 1 double 6 r.p.m. Then 24 chain for the 2d flower, turn, miss 11, and work 1 single in the commencement of the stem of 12, and through the loop of 13 work 1 double, 4 chain, 2 long John to the last 4 long of the flower, and through the same loop work 2 long, 4 chain, and 1 double; then 1 double, 4 chain, 4 long, 4 chain, 4 double; repeat from * times more, and end with 1 single and fasten off.

2d Pattern.—Work as 1st pattern only joining the centre of the 9d. long of it to the 6th, 4 long of the 2d flower of the 1st pattern; repeat as 2d pattern to the length required and fasten off. For the heading also the top work a long double in the 1st, then chain, and through the 12 chain between the flowers work 5 long, the 4 chain, and 1 treble of the 2d flower, 3 chain, 1 long on the long last stitch of the next division of the next flower, 4 chain, 4 chain in the 4 long of the flower, repeat from * to * and fasten off. Then work a double row as a finish. This edging work also look very pretty worked in No. 86 cotton for little children's under garments.

CARPETS.

May be cleaned thus.—After having been taken up and thoroughly beat, they should be laid down again on the floor which in the meantime should have been well dusted, and then brushed from the bottom; brushed well on both sides with a hand-brush; scour it on the right side with as a duster, to which a little ox gill has been added until bright and then brush with linseed cloth, and hang it in the wind to dry, or lay it on the grass if handy.

FEATHER BEDS.

Should be shaken every day, and turned; let the bedding window be wide open while you perform this operation; turn mattresses once or twice a week—not later than once a month. Wash brooms and brushes once a week; have them up to dry by hanging them from the room by properly draining the water from the hair.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 4.

I have said that the comparisons which I have introduced will probably assist your conceptions of the geological crust; yet they, like most analogies, do not represent the whole case. The examples mentioned, the processes of cooling and hardening of the earth until the whole mass—cinder, cinder, lava, and drop—are all perfectly cooled down. This is not the geological theory about the earth's crust; for, if the process of cooling continued, the earth would be refrigerated for a million of years or to any extent desired. The process of cooling to the centre would take myriads of ages. Some geological chemists have endeavored to calculate that, from the known laws of radiation of heat, the complete cooling of the globe would take about two hundred and forty thousand years.

Though the above instances of incrustations be imperfect, I insist you to keep in mind the ideas of the cinder, the cavity, and the molten globe. Examine them; find any objections you can against them; but keep them in your mind. The principal difficulty in the above illustrations is that they will not account for the continuance of the heat under the crust. You must, therefore, try to imagine that the molten globe has some power of perpetuating its burning heat, though the crust above the cavity continues hard and cool. How can this be done? You must suppose that solid, fluid, or gaseous elements form compound bodies, and that when these different elements pass into new combinations, the process is always accompanied with heat, and that the heat becomes in such a state as to keep it in the cavity with the combination as formed.

Take an instance. Chemists inform us that if you take clean iron filings, and mix them with a larger quantity of sulphur, you will have a body of the whole in a kind of paste; and then bury the paste in the earth, and press the earth firmly on it; in a few hours the whole mass will swell. In consequence of this swelling, the earth will be raised up into a hillock, sulphurous vapors will make their way through the crust, and the heat will cause the forces of the earth in a certain point to be exploding. You sometimes flames will appear. Now, suppose that this mixture of sulphur and iron could be introduced into the cavity which we have imagined, and that the crust above it was so thick and hard and heavy, that the heat could not push through it. Still there would be heat in the cavity, or in the globe. You see, then, that it is possible for elements or gases to exist in the cavity, which will continue the heat and keep the surrounding solids in a state of burning and boiling. As it continues to burn, it will consume the sides of the cavity, and wear away the roof. It will, in time, enlarge the cavern, till the drop has become an immense molten lake. This molten lake or sea will, by growth of heat, acquire also intensity of power for action, which will be such as to melt the crust, and though sometimes caves and lakes, and sometimes flames will appear. Now, suppose that this mixture of sulphur and iron could be introduced into the cavity which we have imagined, and that the crust above it was so thick and hard and heavy, that the heat could not push through it. Still there would be heat in the cavity, or in the globe. You see, then, that it is possible for elements or gases to exist in the cavity, which will continue the heat and keep the surrounding solids in a state of burning and boiling. As it continues to burn, it will consume the sides of the cavity, and wear away the roof. It will, in time, enlarge the cavern, till the drop has become an immense molten lake.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS: FOR MARCH.

Prepare for spring operations, in the field, in the kitchen garden and in the orchard. Let the necessary implements for agricultural labor be put in order, and save valuable time in good weather. As soon as the frost is out of the manure, pile it up to drain, and scrape up every pound ready to be put to use: for the manure heap is the richest gold mine. Let the ground where large trees grow be mulched with long manure to the extent of their outside twigs, to answer three purposes: First, to retard too early blooming; secondly, to obstruct rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil; and, thirdly, to enrich and pulverize the surface soil and check the growth of weeds. If it has not been done in the fall, sow salt upon asparagus beds, and cover three or four inches thick with fine manure. Look at rhubarb; manure and prepare to force. Do not dig strawberry beds until after the fruit is gathered. Gather water cress, and eat it freely; and let those who are of a cold habit indulge in a little horse-radish. Cut back peach, plum, apricot, and cherry, and thin out apple and pear trees. Cut scions, and lay them away for grafting and budding when the sap flows. Plant young trees, and root-graft grape vines. Turn and manure lucerne and clover-beds. Manure and dig for kitchen-garden where the ground is not too wet. Secure good seeds from reliable seedsmen, and do not trust those seeds of which you are doubtful. In warm land, sow onion seed for early table use, and eat them freely.

Plant carrots, parsnips, turnips, and peas for an early crop; and sow cabbage seed that you can rely upon; also radish, lettuce and cress. Sow mulberry seeds, and plant cuttings of mulberry trees which have a large and unbroken leaf; also fruit seeds of all kinds. Plow, and sow wheat as early as possible, do not let a grasshopper frighten you; and upon all your doings, ask the blessing of God.

INSTRUCTIONS TO BRICKLAYERS: ON HOLLOW WALLS.

INSTRUCTIONS TO BRICKLAYERS: ON HOLLOW WALLS.

In various parts of Europe, it has long been the practice to build hollow walls, and it is now admitted to be the best mode of building brick houses. It gives a greater amount of strength with an equal quantity of brick and mortar; as a preventive of dampness, dispenses with the necessity of the usual practice of firring-off with wood; saves the cost of lathing the interior walls, the plaster being laid directly on the inner face of the brick-work. It is alleged, however, and perhaps with some foundation in truth, that in warm, southern climates, the wood-firring is the best preventive. Whatever theories may be advanced on the subject, experience must be admitted as the most satisfactory test.

There are different ways of building these hollow walls. In some cases, a double course of brick is built on the outside, then a space equal to the width of a brick is left for the hollow portion of the wall, and a single course of brickwork is built for the inside wall. These two walls—the outer and the inner—are then connected by tie bricks thrown across the opening about every two bricks in the length of the wall. These tie bricks of course are lapped alternately first on the inner and then on the outer wall.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

WHAT TO DO IN CERTAIN CASES.—When you receive an offer and wish to show that you decline—Slope. When the only door that is left open for you is retreat—Bolt it.

When an idea strikes you—Try and make it a hit with other people.

When a friend tries to do you—Bid him ado for ever.

When you have read these hints—Get upon hint-imate terms with them, and put them hint-o-practice.

WHAT was the earliest tubular bridge?—The bridge of the nose.

WHY is an overworked horse like an umbrella?—Because it is used up.

A LITTLE boy being asked, “What is the chief end of men?” replied: “The end what’s got the head on.”

WHAT word is that which is always pronounced wrong?—Wrong of course.

A CURIOUS FACT.—A ball struck a boy in the eye last week. Strange to say the ball immediately came out of his mouth.

Why should you suppose that Job suffered from sore throat?—Because he had three comforters, and they were all worsted.

What young woman named in the Bible treated her sweetheart the worst?—Ruth—she pulled his ears and trod on his corn.

MR. JUSTICE PAGE was renowned for his ferocity upon the bench. While going in a circuit a facetious lawyer named Crowle was asked if “the judge was not just behind.”

“I don’t know,” said Crowle, “but if he is, I am sure he was never just before.”

“SIR,” said an indignant husband to a restless friend, “you have abused my hospitality, you have kicked me down stairs, and you have kissed my wife before my face. Beware, sir! A few more such outrages and you will rue the lion!”

“INDIA, my boy,” said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, “is jist the finest climate under the sun; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they drink and they die; and then they write home to their friends a pack o’ lies, and says it’s the climate as has killed them.”

ONE FOR SAWNEY.—A traveler was once telling a Scotchman about a wonderful Bashaw whom he had seen in Turkey, “with three tails that come out of his hat,” when the Caledonian with a shrug of contempt, interrupted him with the exclamation, “Hoot man, and ha’ we no Sir Walter (Scott) right here amang us wi’ forty tales all direct frae his head!”

The traveler was silenced.

COOLING HIS PASSION.

One Sunday evening a young man whom, for the sake of convenience, we will call John, went to visit the girl whom he would call his own. The girl resides near the canal. During the evening the young man of the name of John was unable to conceal the wish of his heart, and in tender accents declared his desire that the young lady should consent to be his. He met with a flat refusal. The ardent John still pressed her further, declaring that if she would not accept him he would then and there drown himself in the briny waters of the canal. As his threat did not affect the desired purpose, he proceeded to carry it out. He plunged fearlessly into the murky flood and waded out until the chilly waters reached over his shoulders. The evening on which this occurred was one of the warmest. Retreating before finally carrying out his purpose, John cried out, shivering with the cold—

“W-w-will you marry me now?”

“No.”

In he plunged again, this time until the water reached his neck, and again he halted before the last plunge.

“W-w-will you marry me now?”

“No.”

Again he went in, this time going fairly under water, so far that only the top of his head could be discovered above the surface. But he emerged and staggered out of the canal, and shivering worse than ever, spluttered out—

“N-n-now w-w-will you marry me?”

“No.”

“Well, I don’t care a rap whether you marry me or not. You won’t get me into that canal again.”

Nor did he again essay his fortune in the uncertain deep. Shivering and chattering with his teeth he quickly departed, and returned to his home, a wetter and a wiser man.

THE POET.

[TO BE READ FEELINGLY.] He sat upon the lone sea-beach, Beside the ocean’s brink; He saw the ships, each after each, Beneath the horizon sink.

He saw the gray gull slowly slide Above the waters dun; He saw the herrings in the tide Leap slivery to the sun.

He watched the stars peep out o’erhead, Reflected in the wave; He watched the foam-fringed breaker spread Across the distant care.

But, rapt in his poetic dream, Himself he all forgot; Nor noted how had risen the stream Around him where he sat.

There was no watcher on the shore— None from the cliff looked down To see how that brave spirit bore Death’s cruel, crafty frown.

He gave one glance at sky and sea, And at the distant strand, Then rolled his trousers to his knee, And waved back to land.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Office: Godbe’s Exchange Buildings.
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ...................................... $7 00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] ...................... 4 00
Per Quarter [18 weeks] ....................... 2 25

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESERET NEWS."
POETRY.

WHY THE STARS TWINKLE.

[Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddenning dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discoverers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers.

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink for ever.

CHEAP JACK.

(CONTINUED.)

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"Don't you mind next time, father dear," she would whisper to me, with her little face still flushed, and her bright eyes still wet; "if I don't cry out, you may know I am not much hurt. And even if I do cry out, it will only be to get mother to let go and leave off." What I have seen the little spirit bear—for me—without crying out.

Yet in other respects her mother took great care of her. Her clothes were always clean and neat, and her mother was never tired of working at 'em. Such is the inconsistency of things. Our being down in the marsh country in unhealthy weather, I consider

the cause of Sophy's taking bad low fever; but however she took it, once she got it she turned away from her mother for evermore, and nothing would persuade her to be touched by her mother's hand. She would shiver and say "No, no, no," when it was offered at, and would hide her face on my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, what with one thing and what with another (and not least what with railroad tracks, which will cut it all to pieces, I expect at last), and I was run dry of money. For which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a dead-lock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart as I did.

I couldn't get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me, and indeed I hadn't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the footboard with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us, and one chuckle-headed Josiah (that I hated for it) made the bidding, "tuppence for her!"

"Now, you country boobbies," says I, feeling as if my heart was a heavy weight at the end of a broken sash-line, "I give you notice that I am going to charm the money out of your pockets, and to give you so much more than your money's worth that you'll only persuade yourselves to draw your Saturday night's wages ever again afterwards, by the hopes of meeting me to lay 'em out with, which you never will, and why not? Because I've made my fortune by selling my goods on a large scale for seventy-five per cent less than I give for 'em, and I am consequently to be elevated to the House of Peers next week, by the title of the Duke of Cheap and Markis Jackalooorul. Now let's know what you want to-night, and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I tell you why I have got this little girl round my neck? You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the Fairies. She's a fortune-teller. She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether you're going to buy a lot or leave it—Now do you want a saw? No, she says you don't, because you're too clumsy to use one. Else here's a saw which would be a lifelong blessing to a handy man, at four shillings, at three and six, at three, at two and six, at two, at eighteenpence. But none of you shall have it at any price, on account of your well-known awkwardness which would make it manslaughter. The same objection applies to this set of three planes which I won't let you have neither, so don't bid for 'em. Now I am going to ask her what
The head burns so, that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet," and she answered, without opening her heavy eyes, "Just a little, father." Oh! This little fortune-teller says it's a memorandum-book you want. Then why didn't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine hot-pressed wire-wove papers—if you don't believe me, count 'em—ready ruled for your expenses, an everlasting pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double-bladed pencilknife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a camp-stool to sit down upon while you give your mind to it! Stop! And an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch fork, a night's work. I wouldn't ask you how much for the lot, but how little? How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it, because my fortune-teller knows already. (Then making believe to whisper, I kissed her, and she kissed me.) Why, she says you're thinking of as little as three and threepence! I couldn't have believed it, even of you, unless she told me. Three and threepence! And a set of printed tables in the lot that'll calculate your income up to forty thousand a year!—With an income of forty thousand a year, you grudge three and sixpence. Well then, I'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the threepence, that I'd sooner take three shillings there. For three shillings, three shillings, three shillings! Gone. Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

As there had been no bid at all, everybody looked about and grinned at everybody, while I touched little Sophy's face and asked her if she felt faint or giddy. "Not very, father. It will soon be over." Then turning from the pretty patient eyes, which were opened now, and seeing nothing but grins across my lighted grease-pot, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style.

"Where's the butcher?" (my sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the crowd. She says the good luck is the butcher's. "Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt himself obliged to put his hand in his pocket and take the lot. The party so picked out, in general does feel obliged to take the lot—good four times out of six. Then we had another lot the counterpart of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which is always very much enjoyed. Then we had the spectacles. It ain't a special profitable lot, but I put 'em on, and I see what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to take off the taxes, and I see what the sweetheart of the young woman in the shawl is doing at home, and I see what the Bishop has got for dinner, and a deal more that seldom fails to fetch 'em up in their spirits; and the better their spirits, the better their bids. Then we had the ladies' lot— the teapot, tea-caddy, glass sugar basin, half a dozen spoons, and candlewick—and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look or two and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchain'd that I felt her lift herself a little on my shoulder, to look across the dark street. "What troubles you, darling?" "Nothing troubles me, father. I am not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty churchyard over there?" —"Yes, my dear." "Kiss me twice, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that churchyard grass so soft and green." I staggered back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I said to her mother, "Quick. Shut the door! Don't let those laughing people see!" "What's the matter?" she cries. "O, woman, woman," I tells her, "you'll never catch my little Sophy by her hair again, for she has flown away from you!"

Maybe these were harder words than I meant 'em, but from that time forth my wife took to brooding, and would sit in the cart or walk beside it, hours at a stretch, with her arms crossed and her eyes looking on the ground. When her furies took her—which was rather seldom than before—they took her in a new way, and she banded herself about to that extent that I was forced to hold her. She got none the better for a little drink now and then, and through some years I used to wonder as I plodded along at the old horse's head whether there was many carts upon the road that held so much dreariness as mine, for all my being looked up to as the King of the Cheap Jacks. So our days went on till one summer evening, when as we were coming into Exeter out of the further West of England, we saw a woman beating a child in a cruel manner, who screamed, "Don't beat me! O, mother, mother, mother!" Then my wife stopped her ears and ran away like a wild thing, and next day she was found in the river.

Me and my dog were all the company left in the cart now, and the dog learned to give a short bark when they wouldn't bid, and to give another and a nod of his head when I asked him; "Who said half-a-crown? Are you the gentleman, sir, that offered half-a-crown?" He attained to an immense height of popularity, and I shall always believe taught himself entirely out of his own head to growl at any person in the crowd that bid as low as sixpence. But he got to be well on in years, and one night when I was conversing York with the spectators, he took a convulsion on his own account upon the very footboard by me, and it finished him.

Being naturally of a tender turn, I had dreadful lonely feelings on me after this. I conquered 'em at selling times, having a reputation to keep—not to mention keeping myself—but they got me down in private and rolled upon me. That's often the way with us public characters. See us on the footboard and you'd give pretty well anything you possessed to be us. See us off the footboard, and you'd add a trifle to be off your bargain. It was under those circumstances that I come acquainted with a giant. I might have been too high to fall into conversation with him, had it not been for my lonely feeling. For the general rule is, going round the country, to draw the line at dressing up. When a man can't trust his getting a living to his undisguised abilities, you consider him below your sort. And this giant when on view figured as a Roman.

He was a languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities. He had a little head and less in it, he had weak eyes and weak knees, and altogether you couldn't look at him without feeling that there was greatly too much of him both for his joints and his mind. But he was an amiable though timid young man—his mother let him out, and spent the money—and we come acquainted when he was walking to ease the horse betwixt two fairs. He was called Rinaldo di Velasco, his name being Pickelson.
THE PICKWICKIANS AT THE SHAM FIGHT.

This giant otherwise Picklelemon mentioned to me under the seal of confidence, that besides being a burden to himself, his life was made a burden to him, by the cruelty of his master towards a step-daughter who was deaf and dumb. Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard. She traveled with his master's caravan only because there was nowhere to leave her, and this giant otherwise Picklelemon did go so far as to believe that his master often tried to lose her. He was not a long-young man, that didn't know how long it didn't take him to get this story out, but it passed through his defective circulation to his top extremity in course of time.

When I heard this account from the giant otherwise Picklelemon, and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long dark hair, and was often pulled down by it and beaten, I couldn't see the giant through what stood in my eyes. Having wiped 'em, I give him sixpence (for he was kept as short as he was long) and he laid it out in two three-pennorths of gin-and-water, which so brisked him up, that he sang the Favorite Comic of Shivery Shakey, isn't it cool. A popular effect which his master had tried every other means to get out of him as a Roman, wholly in vain.

His master's name was Mim, a waky hoarse man and I knew him to speak to. I went to that Fair as a mere civilian, leaving the cart outside the town, and I looked about the back of the Vans while the performing was going on, and at last sitting dozing against a muddy carthwheel, I come upon the poor girl who was deaf and dumb. At the first look I might almost have judged that she had escaped from the Wild Beast Show, but at the second I thought better of her, and thought that if she was more cared for and more kindly used, she would be like my child—She was just the same age that my own daughter would have been, if her pretty head had not fell down upon my shoulder that unfortunate night.

To cut it short, I spoke confidential to Mim while he was beating the goings outside betwixt two lots of Picklelemon's publics, and I put it to him. "She lies heavy on your own hands; what'll you take for her?" Mim was a most fierce swearer. Suppressing that part of his reply, which was much the longest part, his reply was, "A pair of braces." "Now I'll tell you," says I, "what I'm a going to do with you. I'm going to fetch you half a dozen pair of the primest braces in the cart, and then to take her away with me." Says Mim—again fierce—"I'll believe it when I've got the goods, and no sooner." I made all the haste I could, lest he should think twice of it, and the bargain was completed, which Picklelemon he was thereby so relieved in his mind that he come out at his little back door, longways like a serpent, and give us Shivery Shakey in a whisper among the wheels at parting.

It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart. I at once give her the name of Sophy, to put her ever towards me in the attitude of my own daughter. We soon made out to begin to understand one another through the goodness of the Heavens, when she knew that I meant true and kind by her. In a very little time she was wonderful fond of me. You have no idea what it is to have any body wonderful fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by the lonely feelings that I have mentioned as having once got the better of me.

You'd have laughed—or the rerearse—it's according to your disposition—if you could have seen me trying to teach Sophy. At first I was helped—you'd never guess by what—milestones. I got some large alphabets in a box, all the letters separate on bits of bone, and say we was going to Wimson, I give her those letters in that order, and then at every milestone I showed her those same letters in that same order again, and pointed towards the abode of royalty. Another time I give her the CART, and then chalked the same upon the cart. Another time I give her—DOCTOR MARIGOLD, and hung a corresponding inscription outside my waistcoat. People that met us might stare a bit and laugh, but what did I care if she caught the idea? She caught it after long patience and trouble, and then we did begin to get on swimmingly, I believe you! At first she was a little given to consider me the cart, and the cart: the abode of royalty, but that soon wore off.

We had our signs, too, and they was hundreds in number. Sometimes, she would sit looking at me and considering hard how to communicate with me about something fresh—how to ask me what she wanted explained—and then she was for I thought she was: what does it signify? so like my child with those years added to her, that I half believed it was herself, trying to tell me where she had been up in the skies, and what she had seen since that unhappy night when she fled away. She had a pretty face, and now that there was no one to drag at her bright dark hair and it was all in order, there was something touching in her looks that made the cart most peaceful and most quiet, though not at all melancholy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICKIANS AT THE SHAM FIGHT.

There are very few moments in a man's existence, when he experiences so much ludicrous distress, or meets with so little charitable commiseration, as when he is in pursuit of his own hat. A vast deal of coolness, and a peculiar degree of judgment, are requisite in catching a hat. A man must not be precipitate, or he runs over it; he must not rush into the opposite extreme, or he loses it altogether. The best way is to keep gently up with the object of pursuit, to be wary and cautious, to watch your opportunity well, get gradually before it, then make a rapid dive, seize it by the crown, and stick it firmly on your head;—smiling pleasantly all the time, as if you thought it as good a joke as anybody else.

There was a fine gentle wind, and Mr. Pickwick's hat rolled sportively before it. The wind puffed, and Mr. Pickwick puffed, and the hat rolled over and over as merrily as a lively porpoise in a strong tide; and on it might have rolled, far beyond Mr. Pickwick's reach, had not its course been providentially stopped, just as that gentleman was on the point of resigning it to its fate.

Mr. Pickwick, we say, was completely exhausted, and about to give up the chase, when the hat was blown with some violence against the wheel of a carriage, which was drawn up in a line with half a dozen
other vehicles, on the spot to which his steps had been directed. Mr. Pickwick, perceiving his advantage, darted briskly forward, secured his property, planted it on his head, and paused to take breath.

He had not been stationary half a minute, when he heard his own name eagerly pronounced by a voice, which he at once recognised as that of Mr. Tupman's, and, looking upwards, he beheld a sight which filled him with surprise and pleasure.

In an open barouche, the horses of which had been taken out, the better to accommodate it to the crowded place, stood a stout old gentleman, in a blue coat and bright buttons, cordery breeches and top boots, two young ladies in scarfs and feathers, a young gentleman apparently enamored of one of the young ladies in scarfs and feathers, a lady of doubtful age, probably the aunt of the aforesaid, and Mr. Tupman, as easy and unconcerned as if he had belonged to the family from the first moments of his infancy. Fastened up behind the barouche was a hamper of spacious dimensions—one of those hampers which always awakens in a contemplative mind, associations connected with cold fowls, tongues, and bottles of wine—and on the box sat a fat and red-faced boy, in a state of somnolency, whom no speculative observer could have regarded for an instant without setting down as the official dispenser of the contents of the beforementioned hamper, when the proper time for their consumption should arrive.

Mr. Pickwick had bestowed a hasty glance on these interesting objects when he was again greeted by his faithful disciple.

"Pickwick—Pickwick," said Mr. Tupman; "come up here. Make haste."

"Come along, sir. Pray, come up," said the stout gentleman. "Joe!—damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again. Joe, let down the steps."
The fat boy rolled slowly off the box, let down the steps, and held the carriage door invitingly open. Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle came up at the moment.

"Room for you all, gentlemen," said the stout man. "Two inside, and one out. Joe, make room for one of these gentlemen on the box. Now, sir, come along;" and the stout gentleman extended his arm, and pulled first Mr. Pickwick, and then Mr. Snodgrass, into the barouche by main force. Mr. Winkle mounted to the box, the fat boy waddled to the same perch, and fell fast asleep instantly.

"Well, gentlemen," said the stout man, "very glad to see you. Know you very well, gentlemen, though you mayn't remember me. I spent some evenings at your club last winter—picked up my friend Mr. Tupman here this morning, and very glad I was to see him. Well, sir, and how are you? You do look uncommon well, to be sure."

Mr. Pickwick acknowledged the compliment, and cordially shook hands with the stout gentleman in the top boots.

"Well, and how are you, sir?" said the stout gentleman, addressing Mr. Snodgrass with paternal anxiety. "Charming, eh? Well, that's right—that's right. And how are you, sir (to Mr. Winkle). Well, I am glad to hear you say you are well; very glad I am, to be sure. My daughters, gentlemen—my gals these are; and that's my sister, Miss Rachael Wardle. She's a Miss, she is; and yet she ain't a Miss—eh, sir—eh?" And the stout gentleman playfully inserted his elbow between the ribs of Mr. Pickwick, and laughed very heartily.

"Lor, brother?" said Miss Wardle, with a deprecating smile.

"True, true," said the stout gentleman; "no one can deny it. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon; this is my friend Mr. Trundle. And now you all know each other, let's be comfortable and happy, and see what's going forward; that's what I say. See the stout gentleman put on his spectacles, and Mr. Pickwick pulled out his glass, and everybody stood up in the carriage and looked over somebody else's shoulder at the evolutions of the military.

Astounding evolutions they were, one rank firing over the heads of another rank, and running away; and then the other rank firing over the heads of another rank, and running away in their turn; and then forming squares, with officers in the center; and then descending the trench on one side with scaling ladders, and ascending it on the other side again by the same means; and knocking down barricades of baskets, and behaving in the most gallant manner possible. Then there was such a ramming down of the contents of enormous guns on the battery, with instruments like magnified mops; such a preparation before they were let off and such an awful noise when they did go, that the air resounded with the screams of ladies. The young Miss Wardles were so frightened that Mr. Trundle was actually obliged to hold one of them up in the carriage, while Mr. Snodgrass supported the other, and Mr. Wardle's sister suffered under such a dreadfull state of nervous alarm, that Mr. Tupman found it indispensably necessary to put his arm round her waist, to keep her up at all. Everybody was excited, except the fat boy, and he slept as soundly as if the roaring of cannon were his ordinary lullaby.

"Joe, Joe!" said the stout gentleman, when the citadel was taken, and the besiegers and besieged sat down to dinner. "Damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again. Be good enough to pinch him, sir—in the leg, if you please; nothing else wakes him—thank you. Undo the hamper, Joe."

The fat boy, who had been effectually roused by the compression of a portion of his leg between the finger and thumb of Mr. Winkle, rolled off the box once again, and proceeded to unpack the hamper, with more expedition than could have been expected from his previous inactivity.

"Now, we must sit close," said the stout gentleman. After a great many jokes about squeezing the ladies' sleeves, and a vast quantity of blushing at sundry jocose proposals, that the ladies should sit in the gentlemen's laps, the whole party were stowed down in the barouche; and the stout gentleman proceeded to hand the things from the fat boy (who had mounted up behind for the purpose) into the carriage.

"Now, Joe, knives and forks." The knives and forks were handed in, and the ladies and gentlemen inside, and Mr. Winkle on the box, were each furnished with those useful implements.

"Plates, Joe, plates." A similar process employed in the distribution of the crockery.

"Now, Joe, the fowles. Damn that boy; he's gone to sleep again. Joe! Joe!" (Sundry taps on the head with a stick, and the fat boy, with some difficulty, roused from his lethargy). "Come, hand in the cattables."
There was something in the sound of the last word which roused the uncouth boy. He jumped up; and the leaden eyes, which twinkled behind his mountainous cheeks, leered horribly upon the food as he unpacked it from the basket.

"Now, make haste," said Mr. Wardle; for the fat boy was hanging fondly over a capon, which he seemed wholly unable to part with. The boy sighed deeply, and, bestowing an ardent gaze upon its plumpness, unwillingly consigned it to his master.

"That's right—look sharp. Now the tongue—now the pigeon-pie. Take care of that veal and ham—mind the lobsters—take the salad out of the cloth—give me the dressing." Such were the hurried orders which issued from the lips of Mr. Wardle, as he handled in the different articles described, and placed dishes in everybody's hands, and on everybody's knees, in endless number.

"How dear Emily is flirtling with the strange gentleman," whispered the spinster aunt, with true spinster-aunt-like envy, to her brother Mr. Wardle.

"Oh! I don't know," said the jolly old gentleman; "all very natural, I dare say—nothing unusual. Mr. Pickwick, some wine, sir?" Mr. Pickwick, who had been deeply investigating the interior of the pigeon-pie, readily assented.

"Emily, my dear," said the spinster aunt, with a patronizing air, "don't talk so loud, love."

"Lor, aunt!"

"Aunt and the little old gentleman want to have it all to themselves, I think," whispered Miss Isabella Wardle to her sister Emily. The young ladies laughed very heartily, and the old one tried to look amiable, but couldn't manage it.

"Young girls have such spirits," said Miss Wardle to Mr. Tupman, with an air of gentle commineration, as if animal spirits were contraband, and their possession without a permit, a high crime and misdemeanor.

"Oh, they have," replied Mr. Tupman, not exactly making the sort of reply that was expected from him. "It's quite delightful."

"He!" said Miss Wardle, rather dubiously.

"Will you permit me," said Mr. Tupman, in his blandest manner, touching the enchanting Rachael's wrist with one hand, and gently elevating the bottle with the other. "Will you permit me?"

"Oh, sir!" Mr. Tupman looked most impressive; and Rachael expressed her fear that more guns were going off, in which case, of course, she would have required support again.

"Do you think my dear nieces pretty?" whispered their affectionate aunt to Mr. Tupman.

"I should, if their aunt wasn't here," replied the ready Pickwickian, with a passionate glance.

"Oh, you naughty man—but really, if their complexes were a little better, don't you think they would be nice-looking girls—by candle-light?"

"Yes; I think they would," said Mr. Tupman, with an air of indifference.

"Oh, you quiz—I know what you were going to say."

"What?" inquired Mr. Tupman, who had not precisely made up his mind to say anything at all.

"You were going to say, that Isabella stoops—I know you were—you men are such observers. Well, so she does; it can't be denied; and, certainly, if there is one thing more than another that makes a girl look ugly, it is stooping. I often tell her, that when she gets a little older, she'll be quite frightful. Well, you are a quiz!"

Mr. Tupman had no objection to earning the reputation at so cheap a rate; so he looked very knowing and smiled mysteriously.

"I'm sure aunt's talking about us," whispered Miss Emily Wardle to her sister—"I'm quite certain of it—she looks so malicious."

"Is she?" replied Isabella. "Hem! aunt dear!"

"Yes, my dear love!"

"I'm so afraid you'll catch cold, aunt—have a silk handkerchief to tie round your dear old head—you really should take care of yourself—consider your age!"

However well deserved this piece of retaliation might have been, it was as vindictive a one as could well have been resorted to. There is no guessing in what form of reply the aunt's indignation would have vented itself, had not Mr. Wardle unconsciously changed the subject, by calling emphatically for Joe.

"Darn that boy," said the old gentleman, "he's gone to sleep again."

"Very extraordinary boy, that," said Mr. Pickwick, "does he always sleep in this way?"

"Sleep!" said the old gentleman, he's always asleep. Goes on errands fast asleep, and snores as he waits at table."

"How very odd!" said Mr. Pickwick. "Ah! odd indeed," returned the old gentleman. "I'm proud of that boy—wouldn't part with him on any account—he's a natural curiosity! Here, Joe—Joe—take these things away, and open another bottle—d'ye hear?"

The fat boy rose, opened his eyes, swallowed the huge piece of pie he had been in the act of masticating when he last fell asleep, and slowly obeyed his master's orders—gloating languidly over the remains of the feast, as he removed the plates, and deposited them in the hamper. The fresh bottle was produced, and speedily emptied; the hamper was made fast in its old place—the fat boy once more mounted the box—the spectacles and pocket-glass were again adjusted—and the evolutions of the military recommenced. There was a great fissing and banging of guns, and starting of ladies—and then a mine was sprung, to the gratification of every body—and when the mine had gone off, the military and the company followed its example, and went off too.

"Now, mind," said the old gentleman, "we shall see you all to-morrow."

"Most certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"You have got the address?"

"Manor Farm, Dingley Dell," said Mr. Pickwick, consulting the pocket-book.

"That's it," said the old gentleman. Joe—damn that boy, he's gone to sleep again—Joe, help Tom put in the horses."

The horses were put in—the driver mounted—the fat boy clambered up by his side—farewells were exchanged—and the carriage rattled off. As the Pickwickians turned round to take a last glimpse of it, the setting sun cast a rich glow on the faces of their entertainers, and fell upon the form of the fat boy. His head was sunk upon his bosom; and he slumbered again.
TANE TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER THREE.
Before leaving the Englishman, we must glance at his half-brother—the Scotchman—and notice the effects of circumstances in his peculiarieties: The Scotch, in their early history, were noted for hardihood and an unconquerable will. Many a bloody battle between them and the English attested this. Whether opposed on political or religious grounds, they were alike unyielding. In their stern and invincible character, they were but reflections of their country, with its rugged mountains and barren heaths. There was no land of fruity groves or Italian cypresses, but one of bracing breezes and the mountain mist. It yielded barely to toil, hence there was nothing of luxury or wealth to weaken. Born as they were, amidst inspiring mountain scenes; surrounded by martial associations, and held together by warlike ties; every condition of their life a natural incentive to bravery and daring; with the tendencies of emulation to keep them from deterioration by intermarriage with other races, is it to be wondered at that the Scotchman of those times was heroic after the fighting kind, or that in these peculiarities, Scotchmen repeated Scotchmen, century after century?

It may be said the Lowlander of Scotland, even in fighting times, did not present all these characteristics. He did not. He failed of them just as much as his associates were less romantic and exciting. His character was as much softer and gentler than that of the Highland clansman as the scenes of his daily life were softer and less inspiring.

So much for the Scotchman of history. His representative to-day, with fresh conditions around him, has taken a new set of elements into his composition. He has retained the energy and resolution of ancient times, but his martial traits have died out with the associations which developed them.

But now as to that prominent characteristic of the modern Scotchman, his hard logical mind. Historically speaking, the hard facts of life have been around him all the time and left no room for the cultivation of the imaginative. It takes easy and plenty to foster the ideal. Of course, the Scotchman owes something to race for his thinking brain, but the cultivation of its powers in the direction of reason, instead of that of luxurious imagery or sprightly wit, can be traced, to a great extent, to the constant necessity for close thought and consideration demanded by a life abounding with hard questions and stern facts.

Scotchmen have long been noted for another quality, that of prudence and economy. Although there have been many illustrious exhibitions of generosity furnished by individual Scotchmen, nationally they have manifested a circumspection, which by the less calculating and providing, has been sometimes incorrectly put down as closeness and meanness of disposition. The reason of this characteristic is obvious:

In the first place, being born in a colder climate than any other division of the British Islands, they have less than any other of that dominion, manifested spon-

taneousness or demonstrativeness of character. They possess all the purpose of kindness and the enduringness of affection in a superlative degree, but it takes a slower form of manifestation. The Scotchman never mistakes recklessness for generosity. By his circumstances, he has been led to look at generosity, as he does at everything else, from a logical stand-point. To him, justice and wisdom are the greatest of the attributes, and to be just and wise before he is generous or lavish, appears to him the truest liberality. This stopping to consider what is proper in generosity flows from a cool, calculating, and unimpassive habit of mind, which in turn, as we have shown, has been induced to a great extent, by his circumstances.

Economy and forethought have been a matter of necessity with him for ages. A scantily-yielding soil with limited mercantile opportunities—a land more of heather and blue bells than cattle or wheat—have made habits of rigid economy a necessity, until they have become a part of his nature and furnished a national trait. But experience has shown that the Scotchman, located where the elements and conditions of society abound with wealth, although the remnants of his old self may manifest themselves in his accumulating disposition and persevering will, soon exhibits a character in harmony with his new situation, and one as diverse from the penurious as the representative of any nation under heaven.

LITERARY SOCIETIES AND DEBATING CLUBS.

We are pleased to note the rise of Literary Societies in our settlements. If carried out with energy, many a young man will yet, doubtless, trace his first thirst for knowledge back to these institutions. So far as Debating Clubs are concerned, we do not favor the principle of debate for the purpose of mastery or display, but where the object is to obtain confidence and system in the presentation of ideas, we think they may often be usefully employed. The questions which are raised necessitate a reference to history and many other sources of information, and often lead to study and development.

So far as we can, we shall be proud to work in harmony with the efforts of any of these societies. Any questions from their members individually or from the societies to which they belong, shall have our best attention, and we shall be happy, as fast as possible, to present such subjects through our columns as they may most desire to be informed upon. We shall endeavor to become the magazine of the Literary Societies of Utah. We invite correspondence from the secretaries or other members of these institutions and will give them all the aid in our power.

LECTURERS AND LECTURES.—We shall be pleased to publish a brief synopsis of such points in the lectures delivered in any of our settlements as may be calculated to instruct the general reader. Send them.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.—Owing to lack of space, we were prevented in our last issue from calling attention to this new division of practical information given in that number. These instructions are prepared for us by a gentleman of considerable experience in such matters, and who is one of our
most energetic citizens in the matter of home development. They will be given monthly. Our subscribers will oblige by calling the attention of their friends to this useful addition to our columns.

NOTES AND COMMENTS
BY "OUR HIRED MAN."

Our Hired Man's political views doubtless will never be fully known until fifty or a hundred years after his retirement from public life, when, probably, his son or some other "Hired man" will collate his scattered manuscripts and publish them with a biography of eight hundred pages; at which period it is painful to consider what will become of the fame of Cobden, Sir Robert Peel, Daniel Webster and other small luminaries.

For a long time—two weeks at least—he has been endeavoring to resolve himself into a committee of the whole on the state of the nation.

As an effort in solving the consideration of affairs, he undertook to decide Gen. Grant's views with regard to the Presidency. Did he want to be President or didn't he? First, Our Hired Man thought he did, then he thought he didn't. Then again he was sure he did, and finally, he was quite sure he didn't, but thought that after all he might want to a little.

The final settlement of this question being political and not philosophical [which is his forte] had to be postponed as it became necessary for him to turn his great energies on the impeachment question.

The articles of impeachment therefore next became his study. He will here say confidentially those articles are a study. If the chief object of life be to make a little go a great way, they are a study. If the chief object of life be to make a great deal go no way at all, then they are a study. There are 10 of them in all, and they are prepared on the exact principles recommended by old Cobbett in learning grammar:

Every time you learn a fresh lesson, always repeat the last, and never add too much to the last lessons at a time. This excellent advice is faithfully followed in the preparation of these articles. No. 2 article beautifully embodies No. 1, and carries on the subject exactly a sixteenth of an inch farther. No. 3 is No. 2 after a good meal—the same thing a little bigger. No. 4 has a wonderful family likeness to No. 3,—some people would swear they were twins; while No. 5 might be mistaken for either. The affectionate way in which all the latter accusations stand by, and allow themselves to get mixed up with the former ones is truly a lesson to brothers in difficulties.

Knowing the anxiety with which the world waits for our Hired Man to explain the condition of political affairs to their less enlightened judgment, in a hasty moment he conceived the rash idea of detaching these affectionate accusals from the loving embrace of each other, and presenting them separately and singly to the gaze of an inquiring world. He can now bear testimony that these inestimable articles are inseparable; and that they realize for the first time in this world, the beautiful idea of something "one and indivisible." In fact, so much so that persons of limited intellect would conceive them to be one accusation split up into a lot instead of ten grand independent accusation as they really are.

At last in a fortunate moment of inspiration our associate got off the following clear idea of the substance of these articles, which he hastes to present before the eager gaze of his numerous admirers. He considers them the clearest exposition of the case yet out.

Some befogged individuals, he is aware, may deny their startling lucidity, but who doesn't know that it takes genius to interpret or understand genius properly. He is content to be under-rated like all other great men.

In the first place, it must be understood then, that President Johnson not having the fear of anybody particularly before his eyes, did remove Stanton.—Secondly, not satisfied with this enormity, he did remove him with the still more rebellious idea of putting some one else in his place. Thirdly, he did worse still, for he did plan and conspire to put some one else in his place. Fourthly, he went from bad to worse, for he did put some one else in his place. Fifthly, he acted more outrageously still, for he did conspire to keep Stanton from coming back into his place. Sixthly, he conspired to get the property of Stanton's place so, that he might not be able to get back again. The Fifth and Sixth degrees of criminosity not being yet full, he did all this in violation of a certain act. Being still wicked, he did all this in violation of another act, and finally, being wickeder still, he did it in violation of both acts together!!

President Johnson has indeed something to answer for. Should he be impeached? Certainly he should, if it is only for the risk he has run of dethroning the brilliant intellect of Our Hired Man in the great labor he has been under in presenting his complicated case in such a masterly manner before the world.

Should President Johnson be convicted, our Hired Man looks to Wade, or Colfax, or Grant—he isn't particular which—for the governorship of some small state—New York for instance. He mentions New York as "the smallest donations are thankfully received." Should the President succeed in upsetting Boutwell or Colfax, he wishes it understood distinctly that he always said how it would be. He never did expect anything from such men, should Colfax, succeed however, he may as well say here, the case might be different. In which case he wishes it remembered he always admired Mr. Colfax's oratory especially in that speech in which from "the top of fame's ladder he stept to the skies," without in the least injuring his health or getting out of breath. He need not add that in the latter event a Postmaster Generalship would be acceptable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A. A. and A. T.'s of the 59th Ward refer to us for decision as to the actual daughter of the Great Eastern Steamship. One of them (we do not know which) maintain that it was planned by Sir Mark Isambert Brunel, the engineer of the Thames Tunnel; while the other insists that Mr. Isambert designed the Thames Tunnel, but that he son planned the Great Eastern. The latter is right; the senior Brunel died in 1849. His son, Sir Marc Isambart, planned the Great Western and the Great Eastern steam-ships as well as the Leviathan or Great Eastern. We hope the decision will be satisfactory to both parties.

J. P. S.—The population of London in 1882 was over two and a half millions, and the population of the United States over three million. The population of New York in 1880 was 996,661. Sir Marc Isambard Brunel composed a hollow cylinder or tube, exhuberating to two rows between fifteen and eighteen feet broad. There is a cylindrical shaft at each end with 100 steps by which foot passengers ascend and descend, but there is no access for vessels of any kind at present; although the ultimater design was to construct an inc loured or stopping roadway for carriages of all kinds. In which case those going one way would take one road, and those returning the other.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

(From Punch.)

ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

There, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning! There—you needn't begin to whistle; people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say, you were the best creature living; now, you get quite a fiend. Yet, I'm to say, not quite! No; I won't let you rest. It's the only way I have to talk to you, and you shall hear me. I'm put upon all day long; it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

Because once in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house! You didn't swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wren't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd some wives, you would, I know. One button off your shirt, and I'd be telling you out of my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry "oh" at? I say once. Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure Caudle, I can't bear there's no knowing which of you are your's. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

But, now, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves; a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

And when you have a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle? Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that that button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

But, after all, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm singing every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle; nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? Nobody ever knew so much of me? That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Caudle, for mine of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are;—one nice house there'd be between you and me. You'd had a wife that would have talked to you then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

And a pretty example you set as a father; you'll make your boys use your buttons, and care nothing about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say of you when they grow up? And all about a paltry button off one of your waistbands; a decent man wouldn't have minded it. Because I won't hold my tongue! I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh but that's just like you, men!

But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you'd make a pretty sight to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to bolt out to a wife. And do you think I'd let a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle; no; not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to do—there'll be no nothing left than when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to sore at! You're not snoring! Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh, no! I should be surprised at nothing, now. Not till the world himself has told you. People have always told me it would come to, and—now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I have been to you, and that you'll take care to make me fall in love with. I'm no longer to be mistress in my own house! Ha, Mr. Caudle! I shall have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button—

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle, in his MS., "for here naturally relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep.

THE POWER OF THE WILL.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

The dervish of the east somehow or other manages to make the theology of the Koran harmonize with the following pantheistic notions: that the outward forms are symbols of the inner, that the name is not the essence, but the essence is the names; and that the sublunary world is to be treated with the greatest indifference; that paradise, hell, and the positive dogmas of religion are allegories; that God and nature are identical, that all beings are emanations from the Divinity, that there is no real difference, between good and evil; that the soul is as much a part of Being as the body; and that all beings are capable of annihilation in the Deity by the process called death, it must undergo metempsychosis without sufficient purification; and that the great object of the dervish is intense meditation on the Unity, which he calls "Zikr," and which he aids and cultivates in every possible way. This meditation must be so profound and continuous that, even in the midst of a crowd, the meditator shall hear no disturbing sound, and that every word spoken, no matter by whom, shall appear as though it were in the midst of the silence. The incessant practice of this Zikr, the soul, even in this life, may assimilate itself with God in power as well as in perfection. This state is called "Kuvveh vill roohee banoon," which attained, the dervish exercises the most extraordinary powers,—prophecy and miraculous. Mr. Browne gives many anecdotes illustrative of this power, which occasionally conspire to produce very ordinary results. "In my youth," writes a dervish, "I was the inseparable companion of the Said Molana at Herat. It happened one day as we were walking out together, that we fell in with a company who were engaged in wrestling match. As an experiment, we agreed to aid with our powers of the will one of the wrestlers so that he should overcome the other, and after doing so to change our design in favor of the less fit, the tired, and inured to violence; the party's, gave the full influence of our united wills to one, and immediately he was able to subdue his opponent. As we chose, each in turn conquered the other,—whichever we wills, he becomes stronger, and thus the power of our wills was clearly manifested."

On another occasion a similiar pair came upon a mob gathered around a prize fight. "To prevent any of the crowd passing between and separating us," writes one, "we joined our hands together. One of the combatants was a powerful fellow, whose blow had already laid out three of the weaker men, who had bad it all his own way. Seeing this, I proposed to my companion to overthrow the stronger by the force of our wills. He agreed, and accordingly we concentrated our powers upon the weaker party. Immediately a wonderful occurrence took place. The thicker man seized the grapple and threw him to the ground with surprising force. The crowd cried out in astonishment as he turned him over on his back and held him down with apparent ease. Nor did any one present except ourselves know the cause. Seeing that my
A NEW USE FOR VENTRILIOQUISM.

(From "Forney's Press.")

Mr. H. D. Torrey, the artist, writes from the Highlands of Scotland:

The following curious bit of actual occurrence will, I trust, if not embellished, interest many of your readers acquainted with the writer's early eccentricities in amateur ventriloquism. Not long since I left Garloch head, a water landing place at the extreme southern limit of the Saltwater Garloch, to travel on foot the wild ness road from that head to Loch Long, when the following little episode in an artist's life occurred. I had turned from the main road to inspect an old ruined sheep fold, when in the retirement of the path I discovered what might, under other circumstances, have formed a picturesque subject for my sketch book. It was a very small cottage; and it might be the wife of one "villainous-looking a wretch." A youth of about eighteen, a boy of nine, and a small box, apparently "licker's tools," completed the group. I saw at once they were not entire strangers, as I had offended the man on board of a steamer, on which we were making an excursion through the "Kyles of Bute," but not thinking to be recognized I was walking past, when in a fine, clear, unmistakable English voice, he pleasantly asked if I thought the reports we had heard of the head were those of thunders, to which I returned the negative reply, "I believe they are not made by a whirlwind, but I always had within easy reach, but the joke of his suspecting the presence of the former almost brought a wrinkle to my gravity, and his ignorance of human nature is still inex- plicable. Sioung over my shoulder on a cane, umbrella, and stick, was a "cabbage" and traveling ease, and under my left arm a large Academy board, and I was just the least bit taken aback as he quickly remarked, by way of reminder, "You know what I mean?" but I felt the Yankee coming into as all over, and in less time than it took to tell I replied, "I guess not; wait a minute; I have two friends shooting grouse down here." My tone of voice, and my manner of uttering it, staggered him, for permitting me to pass to the lower side of the path, with my back to him, I was enabled to sing out, "Charlie, here; this way immediately." To which I replied, for my imaginary friend (in, I believe, my best ventrilouquis- ef), "Aye, aye; what's up?" This proved more potent than a revoler, or even a squad of policemen, for upon hearing the "trill," and, one way, his hopeful wife and children another, and I was left mid road. I commenced re- tracing the more frequented road, and went on to sketch in Loch Long. A glimpse answering precisely to my friend in description was committed in Glasgow a few days since for deeply interesting and, I believe, a fresh case, no further trouble. If this comes to the notice of Capt. James McK—4, Dr. B—r, and others in the city of Reading, who went with the author on a "fish" to Harvey's Lake, by the way of usual packet from Rupert to Wilkesbarre, they will be in mind this last is a much more "practical" joke than stopping said packet to take on passengers along the route, who were heard but never seen, although the commodore, helmsman, and even the driver, then and there did some talk swearing.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

ROSA BONHEUR AND GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

A Paris correspondent furnishes the Star with some pleasant gossip concerning Rosa Bonheur. "She has," he says, "been unhorsed."" An expert Bohemian art critic had his mane shorn, and his whole frame was covered into an electric chair. Occasionally he exerted his powers in such a manner as to throw individuals into a fit ofronesse, which deprived them of memory; nor could they emerge from that state until he thought fit to release them.

A PARIS correspondent furnishes the Star with some pleasant gossip concerning Rosa Bonheur. "She has," he says, "been unhorsed."" An expert Bohemian art critic had his mane shorn, and his whole frame was covered into an electric chair. Occasionally he exerted his powers in such a manner as to throw individuals into a fit of roneness, which deprived them of memory; nor could they emerge from that state until he thought fit to release them.
The Austrians have lately made experiments at Flume with a new species of torpedo, the peculiarity of which is, that it can be set in motion under water, and directed against the object to be destroyed. Its use, therefore, if successful, will by no means be confined to the defence of coasts and harbours, as it may be equally well employed in the open sea.

A Paris letter-writer is responsible for the following statement: A spectacle, which draws a crowd daily to the Tuileries gardens, is that of a lady who does not make a profession of her powers of charming, but who, in her daily walk, attracts around her, flights of the wild pigeons who lodge in the old trees, and scores of sparrows and other birds, who perch on her shoulder, and even have the audacity to peck at her mouth. Her toilet is daily encored to her home by a perfect squadron of her feathered friends, who then return to their quarters.

**PARlor AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**

*THE FAMOUS FORTY-FIVE.*

How can number 45 be divided into four such parts that, if to the first part you add 2, from the second part you subtract 2, the third part you multiply by 2, and the fourth part you divide by 2, the sum of the addition, the remainder of the subtraction, the product of the multiplication, and the quotient of the division be all equal?

The 1st is 8; to which add 2, the sum is 10
The 2d is 12; subtract 2, the remainder is 10
The 3d is 5; multiplied by 2, the product is 10
The 4th is 20; divided by 2, the quotient is 10

45

**THE TWO DROVERS.**

Two drovers, A and B, meeting on the road, began discussing about the number of sheep they each had. Says B to A, "Pray give me one of your sheep and I will have as many as you." "Nay," replied A, "but give me one of your sheep and I will have as many as you again." Required to know the number of sheep they each had.

A had seven and B had five sheep.

**ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.**

If from 6 you take 9, and from 9 you take 10; and if 50 from 40 be taken, there will just half a dozen remain.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Answer</th>
<th>From XI</th>
<th>From IX</th>
<th>From X</th>
<th>Take L</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>S I x</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**LADIES' TABLE.**

*VENICE CROCHET LACE.*

Make a chain the length required.

1st Row. Double crochet.

2d Row. Chain of 4, 1 treble in the third stitch, chain of 2, 1 treble in the next loop, *1 treble in the next loop, repeat from star.*

2d Row. Chain of 4, 3 trebles in the second loop, chain of 2, 1 treble in the next loop, *2 treble stitches, 3 treble stitches over the 2 treble of last row, repeat.*

4th Row. 3 trebles, chain of 3, 3, 3 trebles, chain of 3, chain of 2, 1 treble in the next loop, *1 treble in the next loop, 1 treble in 2 twices in next loop, 1 treble in next loop, chain of 2, 1 treble, and chain of 3 twices in next loop, repeat.*

5th Row. 1 treble, chain of 2, 1 treble and chain of 2 twices to next loop, *1 treble in next loop, 1 treble in next loop, 1 treble in 2 twices in next loop, repeat.*

APPLE PUDDING.

Eighteen fine sour apples stewed with very little water with half a nutmeg, sweeten to taste, and pass the whole through a sieve; add, while the pulp is warm, one-quarter of a pound of butter, flavor with essence of lemon, and beat to a smooth paste; beat fifteen minutes together; add; line a shallow pudding baker with half puffs, set in the oven until baked, pour in the custard and bake half an hour; while baking which takes half an hour, beat the whites of two eggs stiff, allow a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, and beat thoroughly; spread the sugar and egg over the top of the custard, and set it in the oven until browned; no sauce is needed. But claim each would be an addition.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 5.

The argument of Mr. Hopkins is only intended to show that, if the fusible nucleus, or kernel, of the earth be melted in fluidity, it must be at the depth of from 400 to 500 miles beneath the surface, and that, consequently, such a thickness is far too deep to account for volcanoes and earthquakes. Hence we are led to the inference that the fluid matter which fills the pores of the earth is not a molten ocean all round the centre of the earth, but large subterranean reservoirs, forming a kind of lakes or seas. This hypothesis has the double advantage of accounting chemically for the supply of volatiles and mechanically for the phenomena of the elevation of mountains in past geological time, and for the laws which such elevations follow.

Various observations, and various experiments with the pendulum, have proved that our planet is not an empty sphere, but contains such a fluid as the molten ocean or seas in the hypothetical specific gravity than the materials of the crust. From the same experiments it has just been inferred, that there is a gradual and regular increase in its density from the surface down to the centre.

You are now concerned to know whether it can be proved that there is any heat under the crust of the earth. You will learn, in the course of these lessons, that the action of volcanoes, and the rise of hot springs, or thermal springs, to the surface, prove that there are subterranean sources of heat above the level of the ocean. The temperature of the crust of the earth increases the deeper you descend into it. In the Northumberland coal pile, the heat of the rocks increases by one degree of Fahrenheit's scale for every 4 feet in descent. In the lead mines of Saxony, the increase is one degree for every 45 feet. At Dolcoath mine, in Cornwall, it is one degree for every 75 feet. There is, therefore, great variety in the increase. A French geologist, M. Cordier, has paid much attention to this subject.

His conclusions are—I. That the heat increases more rapidly the deeper you go. 2. That the increase is not equal at equal depths, but varies in different countries. 3. That the average increase, over the whole earth, is one degree for every 45 feet in descent. These profound depths of some mines, springs of fresh water, bubble up, which are of high temperature. In the Cornish mines there are considerable streams of water at the temperature of from 80 to 90 degrees, which is about 30 or 40 degrees warmer than the water on the surface. In one of these mines, the water, after nearly two millions of gallons of water are pumped up every day, from a depth of 352 yards, which is 90 or 100 degrees in temperature. Some have conjectured that this increase of heat in the descent of mines is owing to the condensation of the air. But it is not so. A Cornish geologist, Mr. Fox, has shown that the increase of heat is not produced by the air ascending into the mine, but by the air descending in some shafts and ascending in others. In all cases, the upward currents are warmer than the descending ones. This proves that the descending air, instead of imparting heat to the mine, actually cools it, by carrying off a large quantity of heat every hour.

These facts show not only that the earth has been for ages cooling down, but that even at this day it continues in the process of cooling. It cools not only by the general radiation of its heat, but also by the activity of volcanoes and its accompaniments. Every stream of lava that issues from volcanic depths carries away with it some small quantity of heat from the crust. Every hot well, or thermal spring, is continually bringing up heat, and, to the surface, some amount of heat from the deep. Also, as we have seen, ascending currents of air from mines must carry off portions of heat. These constant losses of heat can never be replaced from above; for the heat of the sun, according to the most accurate observations, never penetrates to the depth of 10 feet, and there is no light to drive away the gases of extinct volcanoes also show that the power of gaseous elements to perpetuate and engender heat may be exhausted and spent.

I have now, for the present, done with the influence of heat in the formation of the crust of the globe. The earth's crust, as now found and examined by geology, has been formed, not by cooling, or the abstraction of heat only, but also by the influence of the atmosphere and of water. When the process of cooling first commenced, the earth was not as yet, in theoretical geology, any water. According to chemical science water could not be formed, until the cooling of the surface had so far advanced as to be below the boiling point, under the very great pressure of the atmosphere at that time. As soon, however, as it was practicable, according to the laws fixed by the great Architect of the Universe, for the gaseous elements of water to combine and to form this liquid, it also began immediately to act destructively upon the outward surface of the earth's crust. It began to wear away the rugged surface of the globe, either by dissolving it chemically, or by carrying it away mechanically, and depositing in one place what it brought from another.

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON II.—CONTINUED.

We now come to the indefinite article a or an. The French for it is un in the masculine (pronounced with a sort of groaning or prolonged sound—the nearest approach to the u in this case is our o in "come") and une in the feminine (pronounced according to the remark we have already quoted from Aliferi, as if you were going to be sea-sick;—imagine there is a hidden u in the word eun, and you will produce the very sound.) Un roi (a King), une reine (a Queen). With regard to the "of a king," and "of a queen," the rule we have mentioned respecting the avoidance of two vowels together must be born in mind. The French do not say "de un roi," or "de une reine," but "d'un roi," and "d'une reine." In the dative case, "to a king," and "to a queen," there is no help for the harsh combination, and they are, per force, content to say, "a un roi," and "a une reine."

Un and une of course have no plurals as articles, though the French say, "the ones" and "the others," where we say "the one party, or set," and "the other party," &c.

Les and la have the same plural, les. Les rois (the kings), les reines [the queens], pronounced lay roo-cho and lay rane. "Of the," in the plural, is given by des, pronounced day—as des rois [of the kings], des reines [of the queens]. "To the," in the plural, is expressed by aux, pronounced oh—as aux rois [to the kings], aux reines [to the queens].

The observations we have just made are of much greater importance than might at first sight be imagined. Whoever thoroughly understands the use of articles in French has already mastered no mean part of the language. We must beg our readers to observe here a peculiarity with which they cannot be to familiar. Even in English the articles are in constant use, but in English they are by no means in such requisition as in French. Thousands of words before which we never employ the articles at all, would be nonsense in French without it. We talk of virtue, reputation, courage, probity, &c. The French never speak in this way; they say "the virtue," "the reputation," &c.; and our form appears quite as uncouth and strange to them as theirs can appear to us.

Another necessary thing to know and remember is this: in English we have three genders—masculine, feminine, and neuter. A male is masculine, a female is feminine, and all other objects [some rather whimsical exceptions] are among the neuter.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

Why are a shoemaker's plans always frustrated?—Because his attempts always end in de-feet.

What liquid should a lover be? Be side-her.

A laborer in an ice-house down East, was killed by a large lump of ice falling on his head. Verdict of the jury—Died of hard drink.

A down-east paper says that an India-rubber omnibus is about to be invented, which, when cram full, will hold a couple more.

Always bequeath to your wife as much money as you can, her second husband, poor fellow, may not have a cent in his pocket.

Old gent. (disgusted)— “Here, waiter, here's a—here's a—a—cateterpillar on this chop!” Waiter (flip-pantly)— “Yes, sir; about the time o' year for 'em just now, sir!”

MECHANICAL.—An ugly young lady is always anxious to marry, and young gentlemen are seldom anxious to marry her. This is a resultant of two mechanical powers—the inclined plain, and leave her.

EQUALITY.—Some one was praising our public schools to Charles Landseer, and said—“All our best men were public school men. Look at our poets. There's Byron—he was a Harrow Boy.” “Yes,” interrupted Charles, “and there's Burns—he was a plowboy.”

Our good minister has a new born baby, and all the “women folks” want it to be named “Eliza.” To this he objects, because there will always be conundrums made about it—thus: “Why is Mr. M. like the devil? Because he is the father of Lizal!”

A captain who had a sound-sleeping mate, caught an Irish boy in the middle watch, frying some pork and eggs he had stolen from the ship's stores, to whom the captain called out: “You lubber, you, I'll have none of that!” “Faith, captain, I haven't any for ye,” replied the lad.

Two Irishmen were going to fire off a cannon just for fun, but being of an economical turn of mind, they did not wish to lose the ball, so one of them took an iron kettle in his hand to catch it in, and stationing himself in front of the piece, he exclaimed to his companion, who stood behind holding a lighted torch, “Touch it aisy, Pat.”

Too Polite.—Old Duffin having advertised for a traveling companion for a trip through Switzerland, was awakened at three o'clock a.m. by Larkins, who remarked: “I observe, sir, you have advertised for a traveling companion.” “I have, sir,” said Duffin. “Ah, then, I thought as I was passing on my way from the club, I'd just call and tell you that I can't go with you.”

A SMART GIRL.—One of the judges of the assizes, some time ago, happened to call on a friend at some distance from Reading, where the assize was held, and not knowing his way back, was quietly jogging along, when he fell in with a buxom girl on horseback, and inquired of her if she knew where he should turn off to go to Reading.

“Certainly,” said she “I know every inch of the way, and can guide you.”

“Well,” said the judge, who was not a little eccentric, and withal somewhat renowned for his gruffness and coarse manners, “if you are going that way, I will even jog on with you, for poor company is better than none.”

They did jog on, entered into conversation, and had a pleasant time of it, which had the effect of destroying the consciousness of distance. At length the judge felt that it was time to have arrived at the point where she said he must turn off, which, at the time of his inquiry, she had stated to be about two miles.

“Madam,” said he, “have we got near the place I am to turn off?”

“La, yea,” she said, “we passed it about a mile and a half back.”

“You hussy,” said the judge, “why didn't you tell me?”

“La, sir, the reason I didn't was, that I thought with you, that poor company was better than none.”

GLIMPSES OF THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

I've seen a hand, so fine in mould
'Twould bring a Stoic on his knees,
Clasping a lump of pudding (cold),
Deliant of “the unities.”

I've seen a charming classic nose,
To chisel which were vain to try,
(My Kate could to the fact depose;)
Upholding a blue-bottle fly.

I've seen a "swell," so vast in mien
You'd take him for a duke—quite that;
The hero of a comic scene,
Pursuing down the street his hat.

I've seen a booby, prone to grin,
Who couldn't "matrimony" spell,
("Twas said he had "a lot of tin,"
United to a gifted belle.

I've seen a maiden (do not scorn her)
Shocked at what "vulgar people" eat;
I've seen the seraph in a corner
Attacking half a pound of meat.

I've seen a bean, superb in dress,
Who could the softest "nothing" utter,
Arie, excited, in "a mess."
From Bacchus's domain—the gutter.

Such little incidents terrify
May "point a moral" with the wise,
While all may see, as I have seen,
Life teems with incongruities.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Office: Godbe's Exchange Buildings
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ........................................ $7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] .................. 4.00
Per Quarter [13 weeks] .................. 2.25

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any, and
to any.

CLUBS—Any person obtaining six subscribers will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons dubbing together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office,
or addressed Box 397 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."
POETRY.
MOTHER'S EYES.

What are the songs the mother sings?
Of birds, and flowers, and pretty things;
Baby lies in her arms, and spies
All his world in the mother's eyes.

What are the tales the mother tells?
Of gems, and jewels, and silver bells;
Baby lies in her arms, and spies
All his wealth in the mother's eyes.

What are the thoughts in the mother's mind?
Of the gentle Savior, loving and kind;
Baby lies in her arms, and spies
All his heaven in the mother's eyes.

CHEAP JACK.
BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[CONCLUDED.]

The way she learnt to understand any look of mine was truly surprising. When I sold off a night, she would sit in the cart unseen by them outside, and would give me an eager look into my eyes when I looked in, and would hand me the precise article or articles I wanted. And then she would clap her hands and laugh for joy. And as for me, seeing her so bright, and remembering what she was when I first lighted on her, starved and beaten and ragged, leaning asleep against the muddy cart-wheel, it gave me such heart that I gained a greater height of reputation than ever, and I put Pickleson down (by the name of M'ms Traveling Giant otherwise Pickleson) for a by Extension in my will.

This happiness went on in the cart till she was sixteen year old. By which time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give her. It drew a many tears on both sides when I commenced explaining my views to her, but what's right is right and you can't neither by tears nor laughter do away with its character.

So I took her hand in mine; and I went with her one day to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment in London, and when the gentleman come to speak to us, I says to him, "Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you sir. I am nothing but a Cheap Jack, but of late years I have laid by for a rainy day notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted) and you can't produce a dearer or a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her, in the shortest separation that can be named—state the figure for it—and I am game to put the money down. I won't bate you a single farthing air, but I'll put down the money here and now, and I'll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it. There!" The gentleman smiled, and then, "Well, well," says he, "I must first know what she has learnt already. How do you communicate with her?" Then I showed him, and she wrote in printed writing many names of things and so forth, and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her and which she was able to read. "This is most extraordinary," says the gentleman; "is it possible that you have been her only teacher?" "I have been her only teacher, sir," I says, "besides herself." "Then," says the gentleman, and more acceptable words were never spoke to me, "you're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, clasps her own, and laughs and cries upon it.

We saw the gentleman four times in all, and when he took down my name and asked how in the world it ever chanced to be Doctor, it come out that he was now nephew by the sister's side, if you'll believe me, to the very Doctor that I was called after. This made our footing still easier, and he says to me:

"Now Marigold, tell me what more do you want your adopted daughter to know?"

"I want her sir to be cut off from the world as little as can be, considering her deprivations, and therefore to be able to read whatever is wrote, with perfect ease and pleasure."

"My good fellow," urges the gentleman, opening his eyes wide, "why I can't do that myself!"

I took his joke and give him a laugh—knowing by experience how flat you fall without it—and I managed my words accordingly.

"What do you mean to do with her afterwards?" asked the gentleman, with a sort of a doubtful eye.—
To take her about the country?"

"In the cart, sir, but only in the cart. She will live a private life, you understand, in the cart. I should never think of bringing her infirmities before the public. I wouldn't make a show of her, for any money."

The gentleman nodded and seemed to approve.—
"Well," says he, "can you part with her for two years?"
To do her that good—yes, sir!"

"There's another question," says the gentleman, looking towards her: "Can she part with you for two years?"

I don't know that it was a harder matter of itself (for the other was hard enough to me), but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation between us was settled.

How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her at the door, in the dark of an evening, I don't tell. But I know this,—remembering that night, I shall never pass that same establishment without a heart-ache and a swelling in the throat, and I couldn't put you up the best of lots in sight of it with my usual spirit—no, not even the gun, nor the pair of spectacles—for five hundred pound reward from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and throw in the honor of putting my legs under his mahogany afterwards.

Still the loneliness that followed in the cart was not the old loneliness, because there was a term put to it however long to look forward to, and because I could think, when I was anyways down, that she belonged to me and I belonged to her. Always planning for her coming back, I bought in a few months' time another cart, and what do you think I planned to do with it? I'll tell you. I planned to fit it up with shelves, and books for her reading, and to have a seat in it where I could sit and see her read, and think that I had been her first teacher. Not hurrying over the job, I had the fittings knocked together in contriving ways under my own inspection, and here was her bed in a berth with curtains, and there was her reading-table, and here was her writing desk, and elsewhere was her books in rows upon rows, pictures and no pictures, bindings and no bindings, gilt-edged and plain, just as I could pick 'em up for her in lots up and down the country, North and South and East and West, Winds liked least, and winds liked best, Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away, until I had got together pretty well as many books as the cart would neatly hold.

At last the two years' time was gone after all the other time before it, and where it's all gone to, who knows? The new cart was finished—yellow outside, relieved with wermillion and brass fittings—the old horse was put in it, a new 'un and a boy being laid on for the Cheap Jack cart—and I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her. Bright cold weather it was, car-chimneys smoking, carts pitched private on a piece of waste ground over at Wadsworth where you may see 'em from the Sou' Western Railway when not upon the road. (Look out on the right-hand window going down.)

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand hearty, "I am very glad to see you."

"Yet, I have my doubts, sir," says I, "if you can be half as glad to see me, as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long; has it, Marigold?"

"I won't say that, sir, considering its real length; but"

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! Grown such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she must be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman in a kindly manner.

"I feel, sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"I feel," says the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone together, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she is such a graceful woman, and she stands so quiet at the door!"

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together o' purpose to please me! For when I give her the old sign, she rushed to my feet, and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouring tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her, she clasped me round the neck and lay there; and I don't know what a fool I didn't make of myself, until we all three settled down into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

Every item of my plan was crowned with success, and I was as pleased and as proud as a Pug-dog, with his muzzle black-lead for an evening piece, and his tail extra curled by machinery. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to—Content and joy went with us as the wheels of the two carts went round, and the same stopped with us when the two carts stopped.

We were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights' more than fair average business (though I cannot in honor recommend them as a quick audience) in the open square there, near the end of the street where Mr. Sly's King's Arms and Royal Hotel stands. Min's traveling giant otherwise Pickleson happened at the self-same time to be a trying it on in the town. The genteel lay was adopted with him. No hint of a van. 'Green baize above leading up to Pickleson in an Auction Room. Printed poster 'Free list suspended, with the exception of that proud beast of an enlightened country, a free press. Schools admitted by private arrangement. Nothing to raise a blush in the cheek of youth or shock the most fastidious.'—Min swearing most horrible and terrific in a pink calico pay-place, at the slackness of the public. Serious hand-bill in the shops, importing that it was all but impossible to come to a right understanding of the history of David, without seeing Pickleson.

I went to the Auction Room in question, and I found it entirely empty of everything but echoes and mouldiness, with the single exception of Pickleson on a piece of red druggot. This suited my purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was: "Pickleson. Owing much happiness to you, I put you in my will for a fypunnote; but, to save trouble here's fourpunts down, which may equally suit your views, and let us so conclude the transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the dejected appearance of a long Roman rushlight that couldn't anyhow get lighted, brightened up at his top extremity and made his acknowledgements in a way which (for him) was parliamentary eloquence. He likewise did add, that, having ceased to draw as a Roman, Min had made proposals for his going in as a converted Indian Giant worked upon by The Dairy
man's Daughter. This, Pickleson, having no acquaintance with the tract named after that young woman, and not being willing to couple gage with his serious views, had declined to do, thereby leading to words and the total stoppage of the unfortunate young man's beer. All of which, during the whole of the interview, was confirmed by the ferocious growling of Morn down below in the pay-place, which shook the giant like a leaf.

But what was to the present point in the remarks of the traveling giant otherwise Pickleson, was this: “Doctor Marigold”—I give his words without a hope of conveying their feebleness—“who is the strange young man that hangs about your carts?”

“That strange young man?” I gives him back, thinking that he meant her, and his languid circulation had dropped a syllable. “Doctor,” he returns, with a pæthos calculated to draw a tear from even a manly eye, “I am weak, but not so weak yet as that I don’t know your words. I repeat them, Doctor. The strange young man.” It then appeared that Pickleson had twice seen hanging about my carts, in that same town of Lancaster, where I had been only two nights, this same unknown young man. Howsoever, I made light of it to Pickleson, and I took leave of Pickleson advising him to spend his legacy in getting up his stamina, and to continue to stand by his religion.

Towards morning I kept a look-out for the strange young man, and what was more—I saw the strange young man. He was well drest and well looking. He loitered very nigh my cart, watching them like as if he was taking care of them, and soon after daybreak turned and went away. I sent a hail after him, but he never started or looked round, or took the smallest notice. I watched him in different manners and at different times not necessary to enter into, till I found that this strange young man was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I knew that a part of that establishment where she had been, was allotted to young men (some of them well off), and I thought to myself, “If she favors him, where am I, and where is all that I have worked and planned for?” Hoping—I must confess to the selfishness—that she might not favor him. I set myself to find out. At last I was by accident present at a meeting between them in the open air, looking on leaning behind a fir-tree without their knowing of it. It was a moving meeting for all the three parties concerned. I knew every syllable that passed between them, as well as they did. I listened with my eyes, which had come to be as quick and true with deaf and dumb conversation, as my ears with the talk of people that can speak. He was a going out to China as clerk in a merchant's house, which his father had been before him. He was in circumstances to keep a wife, and he wanted her to marry him and go along with him. She persisted, no. He asked if she didn't love him? Yes, she loved him dearly, dearly, but she could never disappoint her beloved good noble generous and I don't know what-all father—meaning me, the Cheap Jack in the sleeve waistcoat—and she would stay with him, Heaven bless him, though it was to break her heart! Then she cried most bitterly, and that made up my mind.

While my mind had been in an unsettled state about her favoring this young man, I had felt that unreasonably towards Pickleson, that it was well for him he had got his legacy down. For I often thought, “If it hadn't been for this same weak-minded giant, I might never have come to trouble my head and vex my soul about the young man.”

She had left the young man by that time—for it took a few minutes to get me thoroughly well shook together—and the young man was leaning against another of the fir-trees—of which there was a cluster—with his face upon his arm. I touched him on the back. Looking up and seeing me, says, in our deaf and dumb talk: “Do not be angry.”

“I am not angry, good boy. I am your friend.—Come with me!”

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Library Cart, and I went up alone. She was drying her eyes.

“You have been crying, my dear.” “Yes, father.”

“Why?”

“A head-ache.”

“Not a heart-ache?”

“I said a head-ache, father.”

“Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that head-ache.”

“What is it?”

“Here, my dear.”

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and my only further words to both of them were these: “Doctor Marigold's last prescription. To be taken for life.” After which I bolted.

When the wedding come off, I mounted a coat—blue, and bright buttons—for the first and last time in all my days, and I give Sophy away with my own hand. There were only us three and the gentleman who had had charge of her for those two years, I give the wedding dinner of four in the Library Cart. Pig-on-pie, a leg of pickled pork, a pair of fouls, and suitable garden-stuff. The best of drinks. I give them a speech, and the gentleman give us a speech, and all our jokes told, and the whole went off like a sky-rocket. In the course of the entertainment I explained to Sophy that I should keep the Library Cart as my living cart when not upon the road; and that I should keep all her books for her just as they stood, till she come back to claim them. So she went to China with her young husband, and it was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got the boy that I had another service, and so as of old when my child and wife were gone, I went plodding along alone, with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote her many letters. About the end of the first year she sent me one in an unsteady hand: “Dearest father, not a week ago I had a darling little daughter, but I am so well that they let me write these words to you. Dearest and best father, I hope my child may not be deaf and dumb, but I do not yet know.” When I wrote back, I hinted the question; but as Sophy never answered that question, I felt it to be a sad one, and I never repeated it. For a long time our letters were regular, but then they got irregular through Sophy's husband being moved to another station, and through my being always on the move. But we were in one another's thoughts, I was equally sure, letters or no letters.

Five years, odd months, had gone since Sophy went away. I was still the King of the Cheap Jacks, and at a greater height of popularity than ever. I had had a first-rate autumn of it, and on the twenty-third
of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, I found myself at Utbridge, Middlesex, clean sold out. So I jogged up to London with the old horse, light and easy, to have my Christmas-Eve and Christmas-Day alone by the fire in the Library Cart, and then to buy a regular new stock of goods all round, to sell 'em again and get the money.

I am a neat hand at cookery, and I'll tell you what I got up for my Christmas-Eve dinner in the Library Cart. I got up a beefsteak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms, thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good humor with everything, except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. Having relished that pudding and cleared away, I turned the lamp low, and sat down by the light of the fire, watching it as it shone upon the backs of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought up Sophy's self, that I saw her touching face quite plainly, before I dropped off dozing by the fire. This may be a reason why Sophy, with her deaf and dumb child in her arms, seemed to stand silent by me all through my nap. I was on the road, off the road, in all sorts of places, North and South, and West and East, Winds liked best and winds liked least. Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away, and still she good silent by me, her silent child in her arms. Even when I woke with a start, she seemed to vanish, as if she had stood by me in that very place only a single instant before.

I had started at a real sound, and the sounds was on the steps of the cart. It was the light hurried tread of a child, coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me, that for half a moment I believed I was going to see a little ghost.

But the torch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in.

A bright little comely girl with large dark eyes. Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said in a pretty voice:

"Grandfather!"

"Ah my God!" I cries out. "She can speak!"

"Yes, dear grandfather. And I am to ask you whether there was ever any one that I remind you of?"

In a moment, Sophy was round my neck as well as the child, and her husband was a wringing my hand with her face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRiloquist.

his journey to london.

Valentine's tricks at the election being privately rehearsed to his Uncle John and his mother, it occurred to them that should the facts come to the knowledge of the authorities the result might be anything but pleasant. It was accordingly resolved to despatch 'the young dog,' as his Uncle called him, to Mr. Goodman, an old friend of Uncle John's in London, on the Wednesday morning following.

After dreaming all night of the glories of London, Wednesday morning and Valentine safely perched on the top of the coach that was to convey him thither, in the greatest state of excitement about the wondrous scenes he was about to behold. All the usual preliminaries being through, 'Whit, whit,' went the driver, and off went the horses in fine style. Valentine's seat was so full at parting with his mother and uncle to allow him to feel anything but sad; but after stopping to change horses and all hands getting down from the coach for refreshment, including Valentine (whose place was then taken by the driver) he was so much recovered that, on re-taking his seat, he began seriously to think of the exercise of his power.

'Whit, whit,' said the driver, between a whisper and a whistle, as the fresh horses galloped up the hill.

'Bow, bow,' shouted Valentine, getting a voice, the sound of which appeared to have traveled some distance.

'You have lost one behind,' observed a gentleman in black, who had secured the box-seat.

'O let un run a bit. Whit,' said the driver, bringing his whip up to the latter's head.

'Yo! Stop! Stop! stop!' reiterated Valentine in the voice of a man preparing to go into a fit.

'Yo! Stop! Stop! Stop!' exclaimed the gentleman in black, with indignation.

'Yo! Stop! Stop! stop!' replied Valentine, throwing up his voice behind.

'In the ditch?' asked the gentleman in black.

'In the ditch?' asked Valentine.

'In the ditch?' exclaimed the gentleman in black.

'Yes, there,' said Valentine.

'God bless my soul,' exclaimed the gentleman in black, who was a tradesman from a neighboring village clergyman. 'The poor person's body has sunk down in an absolute state of exhaustion! How very, very wrong of you, coachman, not to stop.'

'Tooler, apprehensive of some serious occurrence, got down with the view of dragging the exhausted passenger out of the ditch, but although he ran several hundred yards down the hill, no person of course could be found.

'Who saw un?' shouted Toller, as he panting up the hill again.

'I saw nothing,' said a passenger behind, 'but a boy jumping over the hedge.'

'Who saw un?' shouted Toller, as he panting up the hill again.

'Yo! Stop! Stop! stop!' reiterated Valentine in the voice of a man preparing to go into a fit.

'Yo! Stop! Stop! Stop!' exclaimed the gentleman in black, with indignation.

'Yo! Stop! Stop! stop!' replied Valentine, throwing up his voice behind.

'In the ditch?' asked the gentleman in black.

'In the ditch?' asked Valentine.

'In the ditch?' exclaimed the gentleman in black.

'Yes, there,' said Valentine.

'God bless my soul,' exclaimed the gentleman in black, who was a tradesman from a neighboring village clergyman. 'The poor person's body has sunk down in an absolute state of exhaustion! How very, very wrong of you, coachman, not to stop.'

'Tooler, apprehensive of some serious occurrence, got down with the view of dragging the exhausted passenger out of the ditch, but although he ran several hundred yards down the hill, no person of course could be found.

'Who saw un?' shouted Toller, as he panting up the hill again.

'I saw nothing,' said a passenger behind, 'but a boy jumping over the hedge.'

'Tooler looked at his way-bill, counted the passengers, found them all right and remounting the box, got the horses again into a gallop, in the perfect conviction that some villainous young scarecrow had raised the false alarm.

'Whit! blaim them 'ere boys!' said Toller, 'stead o' mindin' their crews they are all up to suffer. I only wish I had them here, I'd p'ay out to their limned bodies; if I wouldn't.'

At this interesting moment, and as if to give a practical illustration of what he would have done in that case, he gave the off-wheeler so telling a cut round the reins, that the animal without any ceremony kicked over the trace. Of course, Toller was so startled that he pulled up again immediately; and after having adjusted the trace, and looking the animal solemnly what it meant, at the same time enforcing the question by giving him a blow on the bony part of his nose, he prepared to make the most of it just as he got his left foot on the move on the wheel, Valentine so admirably imitated the sharp snapping growl of a dog in the front boot, that Toller started back as quickly as if he had been shot, while the gentlemen in black dropped the reins and almost jumped into the road.

'Good gracious!' exclaimed the gentleman in black, trembling to the utmost degree; 'how strange, how very horribly wrong of you, coachman, not to tell me that a dog had been placed beneath my feet.'

'Blaim their carcasses!' cried Toller, 'they never told me a dog was there. Lay down. We'll soon have you out there toger.'

'Not for the world!' cried the gentleman in black, as he approached the foot-board in order to open it, 'Not for the world! un-un-un-less you le-le-let me get down first. I have no desire to pe-pe-perish of hydrophobia.'
'Well, what shall we do with th' warmart?' said Tooler.

'Shoot him! shoot him!' cried the gentleman in black.

'O, I've got a blunderbuss, Bob!' said Tom, 'yow run for it, gentleman, before I get to you!'[

Bob started at once, and Tom kept on the bar, while Tooler, Sam, Harry, and Bob held the heads of the horses.

'He's got un; all right! cried Tom Titus, as Bob neared the hitching post by his shoulder. 'Yow'll be doon for in noo time,' he added, as he felt to as certain with his rod in which corner of the boot the bull-terminier lay.

'Is she loaded?' asked Bob, as he handed Tom the instrument of death.

'Mind you make the shot come out at bottom,' shouted Tooler.

'Shoot!' said Tom, putting the weapon to his shoulder. 'Now I'll be as marcy on yar soul, so jooge says sizes, and instantly let fly.

The horses of course plunged considerably, but still did no mischief; and before the smoke had evaporated, Valentine introduced into the boot a low melancholy howl, which convinced Tom Titus that the shot had taken effect.

'He's giv oop the goost, darin his carkus!' cried Tom, as he poked his dead body into the corner.

'Well, let's have a look at un,' said Tooler, 'let's see what warmart is like.'

The gentleman in black at once leaped out of the wagon, and every present drew near, when Tom, guided by the rod which he had kept upon the body, put his hand into the boot, and drew forth a fine hare that had been shattered by the shot all to pieces.

'He ain't a bull-terminier,' cried Bob.

'But that ain't he,' said Tom Titus. 'He's some'-er about here as dead as a darn'd nailing; I know he's a corpse.

'Are you sure on it?' asked Tooler.

'There ain't no bullock deader,' cried Tom. 'Here, I'll lug him out an' show yer.

'No, no!' shouted Tooler, as Tom proceeded to pull out the luggage. 'I marnt stay for that; I'm an hour behind now, warmart!'

Tom Titus and his companions, who wanted the bull-terminier as a trophy, entreated Tooler to allow them to have it, and having at length gained his consent, Tom proceeded to empty the boot. Every eye was, of course, directed to everything drawn out, and any bairn door deader, and Tom made a solemn declaration that the boot was empty, they were all, at once, struck with amazement, and each looked at the other with astounding incredulity, and overhauled the luggage again and again.

'Do you mean to say,' said Tooler, 'that there, ain't nuffin else in the boot?'

'Dargned a thing!' cried Tom Titus, 'comon an' look.' And Tooler did look, and the gentleman in black looked, and Bob looked, and Harry looked, and Bill looked, and Sam looked, and nobody looked, and everybody was empty.

'Well, blame me!' cried Tooler—but darin it all, he must be somewhere!

'I'll take my colon davy,' said Bill, 'that he was there.'

'I used um myself,' exclaimed Bob, 'w'ry oar eyes, an' didn't look the books on um at all.'

'There cannot,' said the gentleman in black, 'be the smallest possible doubt about his having been there; but the question for our mature consideration is, where is he now?'

'I'll bet a pint,' said Harry, 'you blown um away.'

'Blowed um away, you fool!—how could I ha blown um away!' said Tom Titus, in tones of contempt.

'Why, he was there,' said Bob, 'and he baint there now, an' he baint here nither, so you mus ha blown um o' th' boot; aite, aite, aite, aite, aite, aite, aite, aite; aite, aite, aite blunderbust!'

'Well, of all the rummest goes as ever happened,' said the driver, thrusting his hands to the very bottom of his pocket,—

'tis ere fogs 'em all int' nuffin.

'It's not!' exclaimed the gentleman in black, looking again into the boot, while the men stood and stared at each other with their mouths as wide open as human mouths could be.

'Well, in w' em agision, cried Tooler, 'in w' em!'—blame me if this here army a queer 'un to get over.'

The luggage was accordingly replaced, and Tooler, mounting into the box, and turning to the men to get a gallon of beer, when the gentleman in black generously gave them half-a-crown, and the horses started off, leaving Tom with his blunderbuss, Harry, Bill, Sam, and their companions, bewildered with the mystery which the whole day spent in the ale-house by no means enabled them to solve.
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER FOUR.

We have not yet glanced at the Irishman, the representative of very remarkable peculiarities. The Irishman proper and unadulterated is as unique a person as is to be found on the globe. He stands solidly out from the common run of national qualities with a shape peculiarly his own. The original Irishman is a specimen of an unmixed race. He presents none of that mixture of the characteristics of other nations which mark the Englishman; because he has not like him derived his blood and habits from a mixture of races. The Celt he was and the Celt he is, but a Celt laboring under the most untoward circumstances that ever afflicted that race.

There are, however, small parts of Ireland where this Celtic blood has been invaded in the past periods mixed with that of their conquerors, and Anglo-Saxonized to a degree. In those parts the Irishman in his character differs materially from the Irishman pure. There are other parts where Scotch colonies have—in times of difficulty between that people and England—been settled, and there, in the midst of a nation distinguished—as the Irish are—for impulsiveness, demonstration and profusion of expression, you can find the reticence, slowness, caution, and hard-thinking of the Scotch clashed with just a breath of the wit, humor, and joyous freedom of the happy Celt—a remarkable instance of the blending of characteristics produced by the intermixture of circumstances in national life.

It is, however, of the unadulterated Irishman of whom we speak at present; the apparently careless, thoughtless, happy-go-lucky being, famed the world over. Allowing that the race from whom he is derived were hot, impulsive and inconsiderate in the start, there has been nothing in his history to change the qualities to thought, reflection or ambition for a future. Like the Scotch, he has known poverty for generations. With the Scotch, however, that poverty has arisen from the scantiness of natural supplies which, pressing on men given to free thought and action, has but stimulated their faith and enterprise, but the poverty of the Irishman has been produced by the crushing and hopeless influences of a bad social system, which has limited his opportunities and destroyed his energies. Finding that care and thought have availed him nothing, he has fallen back upon the condition in which he found himself as the natural limit to all that was possible in life. On the top of his other difficulties, a priestly system, whose chief glory is that it has crushed out the spirit of progress wherever it has found it—has sat like a nightmare upon his remaining energies, and preached poverty and submission, to th’s evils, as well as “the powers that be,” as the will of God. Is it a matter of surprise that the Irishman of past times thus hemmed in by oppressive masters on the one side, with content-preaching priests on the other, without education to develope, or scenes of enterprise to inspire him, and finding that his little garden patch would produce as much as he was likely to get, should become stationary and unenterprising? Is it remarkable that a warm, lively, volatile people, surrounded by circumstances like these, should develop the bog-trotting, hod-carrying race, whose highest ambition has been a mud cabin with a few potatoes, and whose paradise “a drap of the creythur” and a fight at Donnybrook Fair?

But it must be understood that it is the Irish villager that has furnished the world with its ideal Irishman. The Irishman of the big cities where education has traveled and commerce prevailed is another person. Perhaps no country in the world has furnished such extremes of human face and character as Ireland—the extreme of ignorance and abandonment, and the highest pitch of refinement—the most brutalized countenances the European world has produced and the most exquisitely-cut and delicately-defined. What education and favorable surroundings can do in elevating and developing a people, and what want, ignorance, and a false creed can do in degrading them, have been seen in Ireland to perfection. Educated Irishmen are famed the world over for eloquence, and perhaps in no country in the world are men more open to the influence of eloquence than the Irish. In this they are the reverse of the Scotch. Eloquence or warmth of speech never inflames them. They will stand and look on with an air of mixed curiosity and commiseration; but a proof—a bit of cold reasoning, like that of two and two making four, will touch them to the soul. Naturally, therefore, the educated Irishman develops a cultivated imagination; the educated Scotchman, a cultivated reason. The cause of this is, a warm-blooded race are always quicker in conception, but less correct in judgment; a colder temperament, while it produces slowness of mental effort, at the same time leads to greater soundness of conclusion.

Another feature peculiar to the lower order of Irishman is that he is a totally unconvertible creature. Catholicism boasts with reason that her Irish believers are safe from the influences of every creed. The untaught and unreasoning always are safe in the respect. Any race unenlightened by free thought and unperturbed by reason, will make splendid hereditary believers. But the Irish Protestant is a deadlier hater of the papacy than the world can furnish elsewhere. It is true that many of the highest and most intellectual families of Ireland are Catholic; but with that other portion of the intelligence of Ireland, which has preserved its Catholicism it has been on the same principle that men preserve their estates—as a family heirloom. To turn Protestant would be a reflection on their ancestry. But as to the masses, in past ages they emerged from heathenism into Catholicism and ignorance and undevelopment—coupled to some extent with this family feeling—have kept them so ever since. Looking at things naturally, one could say in advance concerning a people crushed as they have been intellectually, but possessing so much of the imaginative and devotional, that they ought to be Catholics, if they are not. The pompous ceremonies of that church, with its demands for devout unhinking submission is the natural food of such minds. The nation that did not become Catholic under such circumstances when the opportunity offered would be untrue to its natural instincts.
to evince Protestant tendencies or produce in abundance, Quakers, Universalists, or radicals in religion generally, would be as unnatural as for birds to swim or fish to fly. No people become fearless seekers after truth, except where the influences of education and enterprise abound around them. Probably emigration, and its natural consequence—intermarriage, alone can break the chains which bind this warm-hearted race. So far as it has already gone, it has led to such results. The Irishman under favorable circumstances develops, as we have said, a brilliant imagination, rare powers of eloquence, and all requisites of a polished mind. Ireland has given birth, under its best conditions, to poets, orators and many of the world's most distinguished military men. She adds another link to the chain of evidence that surroundings and conditions of life make or unmake a people.

OLD-FOGY SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

The grandfathers of the present generation were profoundly impressed with the idea that there was but one way to make the young idea and knowledge mutually acquainted, and that was to chain the two together and guard them by a sentry commonly called a schoolmaster. The business of this schoolmaster was simply to "stand guard," and deal out from time to time portions of certain dry unexplanatory works on grammar, geography, etc., and see that they were regularly swallowed. The chief beauty of these works generally consisting in the fact that they were prepared on the supposition that the reader knew all about them before he began to study.

A glance at the first sentence in any one of these ancient grammars will show their extraordinary adaptation to the youthful mind. They begin by a learned statement that Grammar is composed of Orthography, Etymology, Syntax and Prosody—four fearful things to contemplate in the first place; this is followed by a dive into the perplexities of Vowels, Consonants, Dipthongs, Triphongs, Nouns, Pronouns, Adjectives and mysteries without end. All this is introduced to the boyish comprehension in language suitable for Doctors of Divinity. Never an illustration is given to show the young martyr to learning what purpose all this is to serve, or wherein life will be the better for hammering these hard words into his memory. Such writers and teachers apparently forgetting that the minds of little boys, as well as bigger ones, are eternally asking the question in reference to hard work of any kind "what good is it?" and "what's it all for?" and that unless this point is made more or less plain at the start, there will be no natural opening of the intellect to the science-knocking for admission.

In the old-fashioned lesson system, to which we refer, a number of such books, all equally adapted to look mysterious and useless to a youthful judgment were handed out to the pupil who was simply asked to memorize their contents so many inches per day. Providing he did this, it was generally understood that the object of his being upon the earth was accomplished and his parents might be contented. By dint of pounding—much on the principle that people drive nails—a vast amount of such parrot-schooling has been given to thousands, the pupil generally acquiring about ten years after the process a distant idea where some of it could be usefully applied.

Of late years, however, a new spirit has come over the instructors of youth. It has been discovered that they have eyes, hands, and a whole mass of sensibilities that can be appealed to as much as their memories. It has been found out that most people have imaginations that can be worked into service and made to assist the work of education; and finally, that one day of experiments and demonstration in the presence of the learner does more to assist the understanding and develop it than months of dry application shut up in schools.

What the pupil needs, then, is to be taught by the aid of models, pictures, and experiments. In fact, to handle and see as well as remember. If he is being taught Grammar, he needs familiar illustration. For instance, instead of trying to swallow those hard lumps, the parts of speech, whole, it should be explained that they are merely the names of the different kind of bricks with which he is to build his house of words; and that syntax consists simply of directions how to lay those bricks one upon another. If he is learning chemistry, he requires to see the action of acids and alkalis, or the method of collecting gases, etc., before his eyes. In rhetoric, he wants a model, or picture at least, of the various steps with bits of the different rocks to knock to pieces. If geography, he should be made in imagination to sail up the rivers, climb over the mountains, with stories by the way how Napoleon fought here, or Paul got wrecked there; or he may be requested to stop to notice that the Italian peninsular is like a boot with a lame man's heel. From these illustrations he can return with renewed zest to books. The key has been turned, he sees inside of the hidden chambers of knowledge, and some of its hidden beauties and utilities have been disclosed.

Such is a rough outline of the educational process we need. The practical system of book-keeping and mercantile instruction now being imparted in this city is all in harmony with this. Hereafter we may refer to the Educators we require.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A HOME-MADE BEDSTEAD.—In our estimation a foot wall bounded every other brace about a foot apart to tie the brace to, is as good as any that can be had for every fifth or sixth course. As walls are generally built here, they consist of two distinct walls held together by a very frail bond indeed. Very little mortar finds its way, except accidentally, between the inner and outer courses. All our good masons or bricklayers—and we have many—would prefer to build with proper bond than otherwise. If suitably paid.

A SYM WARDER wishes to express his indignation at the long dresses worn by the ladies. He's a heartless fellow. He says it puts him in mind of a certain kind of merchandise to some parts of Africa, the wool on whose tail is so valuable that the sheep-raisers provide little carriages to carry them upon, lest they should be spoiled by getting into the mud or grass. This, and the few inches a day he advances them, are not only expensive, but carry with small success and profit for a similar purpose. We wonder where our correspondent expects to go to—be certainly can't believe in any hereafter. We don't care to publish his name, lest he should be annihilated.

T. It is on dangerous ground. Do not meddle with the rights of women. A lady never would be so silly as to write a letter to her hus bian or even love the opposite sex, and if she should make an offer, we don't see why the following answer should have been sent. Our fighting editor is out, or he be a certain kind of mercenary to some parts of Africa, the wool on whose tail is so valuable that the sheep raisers provide little carriages to carry them upon, lest they should be spoiled by getting into the mud or grass. This, and the few inches a day he advances them, are not only expensive, but carry with small success and profit for a similar purpose. We wonder where our correspondent expects to go to—be certainly can't believe in any hereafter. We don't care to publish his name, lest he should be annihilated.

For the fruit that falls without picking, of which he speaks, I cannot agree with him.

There's a specimen of poetry and narrow-mindedness. What can be expected of a man that calls an offer from a confiding and delicate young female "mewling fruit." It is: must keep his head, out of the hands of the phonologists, or they may discover something too mellow there.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY LIFE.

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

The pious care of good, poor parents, Abraham certainly never had. His step-mother—a woman far superior to any whom Thomas Lincoln could have hoped to win in any state of society—was no more devoted to every woman—seems to have been his first and best friend. To her he was always grateful, and to the last stood between her and trouble. Among the most touching relics which I saw at Springfield, Abraham Lincoln had taught himself to write and cipher. Scratched in his boyish hand on the first page were these lines:

"'Tis Abraham Lincoln holds the pen,
He will be good, but God knows why.
I am not ashamed of the tears that started in my head, with interest I say it, when Lincoln one day darted up the office stairs, and said, 'I am sorry, sir, would you like to be my partner?"
PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

[From London Journal]

Princess Alexandra of Denmark is the fifth, and present Princess of Wales. Happy is it for her that her lot is cast in such a time—a time when her husband, the prince, instead of cutting throats in Gulenne or Cassile, goes quietly to Paris, the capital of great France, to dine with the emperor and empress, and lend his countenance to the very opposite of war, an exhibition of the arts of industry to all nations—a time when the British irregularities of George II. and a Ferdinand would be thought hideous, and the blackguardism of a Prince George impossible.

We are sure that she is grateful that her lot has been cast in such an auspicious time as the present, contrasting as it so splendidly does, with the two short preceding reigns, that brought to a close a period of English history which had not been more charged with ruinous wars abroad than disgraces at home, by general conrsoneness of manners among all ranks, and the most prodigal of the higher orders.

For the brilliant progress in morals and social condition of the present day, the Prince of Wales is more largely indebted to its own unfettered and indomitable self, than to any other cause, but it is unquestionable that it is to the example of Queen Victoria, and her good husband, may be attributed a very large share of that improved tone, that dignity of bearing, in the royal family. We cannot but appreciate the more refined influences that govern human conduct, which so manifestly distinguish and adorn the England of our day.

The "bad days" of the Georges have forever departed; and the country boasts with pleasure a Prince of Wales taking his ease, like any other gentleman, without violating any of the courtesies, much less the decencies, of society; and always presenting himself as a husband devoted to a beautiful wife, and a prince who is certain one of the most attractive and lovable woman who have ever graced the palaces of England.

But not that our fair princess has had her trials. The superstitious would say, she would not be a Princess of Wales if she had not. Royalty does not, more than any other portion of mortality, repose on a bed of roses; and, if Princess Alexandra has been spared one kind of infection, she has been sorely visited with another—even to the peril of her life.

That terrible disease, rheumatism, in its most acute form seized upon her at a very critical time, and for weeks she lay in a very serious condition. But her good constitution and fortitude, although bitterly tried by the most agonizing tortures, aided by skilful medical treatment, carried her through, to the great joy not only of her own relations, but of the whole nation. She has been able to enjoy a pleasurable change of air, and the sunshine of the South, in the country road near her residence, which confined her indoors for months; but now, we are happy to learn, that, since her return from the trip which she and the Prince of Wales took to Wurttemberg in the autumn, her health has so far improved, that her restoration to court convalescence is almost a certainty; and with it comes the assurance that she will resume that place in society which so well becomes her youth, beauty and position. There is a likelihood also of the Queen, this next season, emerging from her long retirement, and multiplying all the amusements of the British court, which only would have the sanction of Queen Victoria. So that 1868 promises to be a gayer year than its predecessor; and let us hope, in addition, it will be a brighter one for the country at large.

The Princess is now in her twenty-fourth year. Her eldest son, the Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, was born on the 8th of January, 1864, and is as healthy and blooming a boy as the most doting and partial of parents could desire.

We cannot close without noticing one of the most interesting events of the British empi re is an object on which much interesting speculation might dwell; but, in all human probability, it will be long before his now baby brow will be called upon to bear the "massive weight" of the "golden round and top of sovereignty." The people of the British Empire are not, as is the case in many kingdoms, ruled by a rule; so that an actuary would calculate, in his cold way, that it will be at least forty years before this little child-prince will be called upon to assume the splendour and cares of royalty. Forty years! What sort of an England will it be if he ever should become king, inherit? Who could prophesy on such a subject?
GOSSIP OF THE DAY:

PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

Theodosus, king of Abyssinia, is a man of wit and some, if he is a tyrant. It is said of him: He had subdued the country, and issued an edict whereby he commanded all those who had fought in the rebellion to lay down their arms and return to the employment of their fathers. Shortly after the publication of the edict he was walking on a hill of rocks, when he beheld two of the rebels, in command, to return to the calling of their fathers. "And when, then, were your fathers?" asked the king, unexpectingly,— "Robbers," was the reply. The king assured them that they would do better to read and write, and offered to give them plows and oxen. But they insisted on the privilege of the edict. "Be it so," said the king, and dismissed them. But as they went their way rejoicing, a band of cavemen overtook them, with the words: Your father being seventeen years was in disgrace, we then, we have a right to follow their calling, and thus cut you to pieces in the name of our master the king."

M. Blondes asserts that, after many experiments, he has found the action of an induction current on seeds, before planting, produces very beneficial results; noticeable in their subsequent growth. In experimenting with beans, peas, and corn grains, the seeds were soaked in water for a day, then submitted to the action of a current for several minutes. After this they were planted in pots filled with good garden earth, and at the same time other unelectric seeds were planted and kept under the same conditions for comparison. The former grew faster and more rapidly, and gave much more vigorous and fruitful plants than the latter. "But," says M. Blondes, "one very singular fact is that many of the electric seeds obstinately persisted in growing with their true root pointing up in the air, while the pluney was directed downward;" which gives a little shade of incredulity to the whole statement, but the experiment is an easy one for any interested person to try for his own satisfaction.

The party comprising the Russian American Telegraph Expedition, on their return from the northern region, have brought home many interesting relics. An ivory task twelve feet long, is said to have been found on the banks of the Kilet, and is called a vise with cotton, silk, or other material. A stirrup is useful for holding the arms, and a strap of leather is of the same material. The corn has not been without a little stick of every sort, which ought to be long enough to come within a pleasant range of sight. But, though not so neat and pretty, a fine cord passed round the foot answers all the purposes; and still better is a small cushion screwed firmly to the edge of the table.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Hen and Egg-Bag.

You must provide two or three yards of calico, or printed linen, and make you a double bag. On the mouth of the bag, on that side next to you, make four or five little purses, putting two or three eggs in each purse, and do so till you have filled that side next to you and have a hole at one end of it, then make another side and fill it with the same. By this means having another bag exactly like the former, that the one may not be known from the other, and then put a living hen into that bag, and hang it on a hook near where you stand. The manner of performing it is this:—Take the egg bag and put both your hands in it, and turn it inside out and say, "Gentlemen, you see there is nothing in my bag; and in turning it again you must slip some of the eggs out of the purse, as many as you think fit, and then turn your bag again, and show the person a purse with eggs in it, and another with none; and then more eggs to come out, and when all are come out but one, you must take that egg and show it to the company, and then drop away your egg-bag and take up your hen-bag, shaking out your hen, pigeon, or other fowl. This is a noble fancy if well handled.

The Dancing Egg.

Send for some eggs, and take care to place among them one which has been emptied of its contents, and to which is fastened a long string. The end of which is tied to a crooked pin. Bon ton! On a small stick from one of the other eggs take up the egg by the string, and let it hang below your table, contrary to the backbone pin into your coat, and pass it over the stick. Then place the egg on an inverted hat, and ask for some music, and it directly begins to sound, a most amusing impression on the ears. The stick will cause the egg to twist and roll about upon itself as if it had life. You must be careful to turn gently round now and then, so as apparently to vary the distance of the egg from the body.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN NETTING.

[From Mrs. Pullen's Manual of Fancy Work.]

The implements used are a netting-needle, which is a bar of steel or ivory, open at both ends, and with a small round hole in which to pass the string. Next the thread, a place for the stick, and a thread held, which is called a string or cotton, silk, or other material. A stick is useful for holding the arms, and a strap of leather is of the same material. The corn has not been without a little stick of every sort, which ought to be long enough to come within a pleasant range of sight. But, though not so neat and pretty, a fine cord passed round the foot answers all the purposes; and still better is a small cushion screwed firmly to the edge of the table.

TYRANT.

The end of your thread is a knot to the stirrup, or to a thread fastened to it, if it be a ribbon. Take the means in your left hand, and hold it between the finger and thumb, parallel with the former, and close under the ring. The hand poised that the other may turn inwards, towards you. Pass the thread over the forefinger, and under the middle and third fingers, round the last, and again over the others, and under the middle. Catch it with the hands as it leaves the string, hold it softly under all the fingers, and insert the needle an- to the upper part of the former loop, over the second part of it, and in the stitch to be worked, or under the foundation of it. Draw out the needle towards you, first dropping off the first loop, and then gradually tightening the plies retaining it, however, on the little finger as long as possible, to prevent it from knotting. When as many stitch as can be made, do one more, work backwards on them, for a fine place, but for a round you must close it by twining the last row as the first of this: after which work round and round. The finished work is finally drawn out. Common netting stitch forms a diamond. Take care that every stitch is drawn through the loop, and irregular stitches spoil the beauty of the work. You always increase in inserting by doing more stitches in one hole.

SQUARE NETTING.

Square netting is the simple stitch done so as to have the shape of a square instead of a diamond. Begin on one stitch, and, working backward and forward, always do two in the last stitch that you have one hole less—counting from the point one less—than the design requires. This forms a half square, when needed. Do one row without decreasing, then make the next two rows as one. This work always requires to be slightly slighstened, and planned out straight to dry, to give it its proper shape.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 6.

When you look at a correct picture of the outline of the earth, you see that the outer lines of the crust are not even, but rugged. The outer line of the circle is full of dents and hollows, and of swellings and points. You must imagine every one of these indentations to be a deep hollow, or extensive valley some miles deep, and sufficient to form the bed of a gulf or inland sea. As the rain would wear away the upper parts of the curves, the water would run towards the bottom, and there settle and deposit the sand or mud which it had dissolved from the rocks of the crust above. With every shower there would be a fresh flood, which would carry down more sand, or pebbles, or silt. From the repetition of this process two results would follow: at first, the lake or sea thus formed in one hollow, would become deeper and deeper; and then, with every fresh stratum of sand deposited, the bottom would come up higher and higher.

In this manner a new covering would be made on the crust of the earth. These strata of sand would rise higher and higher, and with every fresh layer deposited by the flood, until they would become visible as dry land. In the process of growth they would elevate the water of the lake or sea, and eventually drive it off to other hollows or curves of lower level, until at last sea would join sea, and form an ocean.

This, in geological theory, was the beginning of what are called sometimes sedimentary rocks, and sometimes stratified rocks. It is, therefore, no wonder that the most ancient of these rocks have much of a uniform composition, since, at this early epoch in geological time, the water had but one kind of material to work upon. It is necessary to mention the sedimentary rocks now, for you will find that these also have been acted upon by heat from under the earth's crust. According to Hutton's theory, different parts of the crust of the earth have been successively fused by heat in different epochs; and the progress of geology strengthens the evidence, that local variations in heat have melted one part of the crust after another, and have also much altered the superincumbent rocks deposited upon it.

EXPLANATION OF SOME HARD WORDS IN THE PRECEDING LESSONS.

Geology is derived from two Greek words, ge and logos, which signify the earth, and an account or description; it therefore means an account of the earth as regards its structure, and the different changes which it has undergone in the course of its formation.

Fossil is derived from a Latin word fossilis, which signifies that can be dug out of the ground; it is now restricted to organic remains; that is, the petrified remains of beings that were once possessed of life.

Crystallized is derived from a Greek word crystallos, which signifies ice; it is applied to the regular forms which bodies assume when they are cooled after having been in a liquid state from the action of heat.

Granite is derived from a Latin word granatus, which signifies having many grains; it is applied to the hardest known stone, which is composed of quartz, felspar, and mica or hornblende.

Calciferous is derived from two Latin words, calx and fero, which signify chalk or lime and to carry; it therefore means chalk-bearing or lime-bearing.

Grit, from the Saxon grita, meaning rough, hard, particles; it is applied to stones adapted for grinding, paving, and building purposes.

Boulders, detached stones rounded by travelling in water, and deposited in hollows formed by water.

Quartz is a crystalline substance composed of oxygen and silicon.

Felspar is a crystalline substance composed of sand, clay, lime, and potash.

Mica is a substance which glitters like silver, and is divisible into very thin plates or leaves; it is composed of flint, clay, magnesia, and oxide of iron.

Hornblende, a dark, crystalline substance, composed of alumina, flint, magnesia, and oxide of iron.

Geognosy, though it does not occur in the lessons, is a name formerly applied to the science of geology; it comes from two Greek words, ge and gnosis, which signify the earth and knowledge; it therefore means a knowledge of the earth as regards its structure, and the changes which have taken place in its formation, until it arrived at its present state. Of the two it is better to be a geognostic than a geologist.

INSTRUCTIONS TO PAINTERS.

COLORS FOR INTERIOR DECORATIONS.

In a drawing-room, brilliant colors, with a considerable degree of contrast and gilding; the lightest colors and strongest contrast should be upon the furniture. A dining-room should be warm, rich and substantial, without vivid contrast; gilding, unless in very small quantities, should be avoided. Breakfast Parlors ought to be painted in a medial style, between that of a drawing-room and Dining-Room. The coloring for Libraries should be rich and grave, and no higher coloring should be employed than is necessary to give the effect of grandeur, and unite the painting with the richness produced by the book-binder's art. This can scarcely be done by neutral hues; but care should be taken not to disturb the quietness which ought to characterize the coloring of all apart ments of this description by any masses of vivid color. In Bed-Rooms, a light, clean, and cheerful style of coloring is the most appropriate. Stair-cases, Lobbies, and Vestibules should all be rather of a cool tone, and the style of the color should be simple and free of contrast.

IMITATION DRAGON'S BLOOD.

Shellac, 4 lbs; melt, remove from the fire, and add Canada balsam, 5 oz; and coarsely powdered gum benzoin, 2 oz; when well mixed, stir in red sanders wood and Venetian red—both in fine powder—of each 1 lb.; blend well together, and form into sticks. The above preparation may be distinguished from genuine dragon's blood by its partial solubility in alcohol. It makes, however, a very fine-colored powder, but for varnishes is better without the Venetian red.

Mercury, rubbed on true gilding produces a white spot, while it has no action on spurious gold. A solution of mercury: in nitric acid leaves untouched real gold, and produces a white spot on the spurious.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

Well Matched.—An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied—Yes, they are matched first-rate; one of them is willing to do all the work; and the other is willing he should.

Three Degrees of Comparison.—'Arry:—'Oh am I gettin' on? Hawful. I've 'ad to keep my bed these six months!'

Jack:—'Vell, that's luck! I could never keep a bed 'alf that time. Could you, Bill?'

Bill:—'Karn't say; I never 'ad no bed to keep!'

Chaff.—Bus-driver, to conductor of opposition bus, 'Ve've known yer ever since yer was born. I knowed yer poor mother; she had two on yer that time. One was a werry nice little boy—ruther was half a hidiot—a sort of brown paper feller. The werry nice little boy die werry young, he did.'

Learning.—'Ah,' said old Mrs. Doosenbury, larning is a great thing; I've often felt the need of it! Why, would you believe it, I'm now sixty years old, and only know the names of three months in the year; and them's spring, fall and autumn! I larned the names of them when I was a little bit of a girl!'

Gentle Extension.—'Is your horse gentle, Mr. Dabster?' 'Perfectly gentle, sir; the only fault he has got (if that be a fault) is a playful habit of extending his binder hoofs now and then.' By extending his binder hoofs you don't mean kicking, I hope?' 'Some people called it kicking. Mr. Green, but it's only a slight reaction of the muscles; a disease rather than a vice.'

A Swallow out of Season.—Scene: Crowd in front of Theatre.—Gentleman in front (bawling):—'Arry!'

'Arry, at back:—'Ullo!'

Gent, in front, as before:—'Where's Bill-lee.'

'Arry:—'Why, the young beggar's been and swallowed his sixpence in the crowd, and they won't let 'im in!'

Outflanked.—'Stop pounding that mule,' said Gen. Sherman to a soldier, who was unmeritously beating the beast. The soldier, unacquainted with the General, told him to mind his own business, 'I tell you again to stop. I am Gen. Sherman.' That's played out,' said the soldier, 'every man who comes along here with an old brown coat and a stovepipe hat, claims to be Gen. Sherman.' For once the General considered himself outflanked.

Western Etiquette.—The Yankee traveler who saw the live Hoosier, has again written to his mother, telling her his experience as follows:—'Western people are death on etiquette. You can't tell a man here that he lies without fighting. A few days ago, a man was telling one of his neighbors, in my hearing, a pretty large story, Says I, 'Stranger, that's a whopper.' Says he, 'Lay there, stranger,' and in the twinkling of an eye I found myself in the ditch, a perfect quadruped. On another occasion, says I to a man I never saw before, as a woman passed, 'That isn't a specimen of your Western women, is it?' Says she, 'You're afraid of fever and ague, ain't you?' Very much, says I, 'Well,' replied he, 'that lady is my wife, and if you don't apologize in two minutes, by the honor of a gentleman, I swear that these two pistols (which he held cocked in his hands) shall cure you of that disorder entirely.' So I knelt down and politely apologized. I admire the Western country much; but darn me if I can stand so much etiquette, it always takes me unawares.'

Two in a Bed.—Ned and Charley are two roommates, but they occupy different beds. Ned's sleeping apparatus was so situated that there were two fore-sides, which Ned found very convenient. One night, Ned and Charley had been out and, on returning, which they did near morning, both were considerably elevated. However, they walked to their room with an air that seemed to say, 'not so drunk after all,' and sought long and patiently for matches and lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the wash-stand and smashing the looking-glass, they finally gave up the search and went to bed.

Went to bed, you see, that is the word, but owing to the darkness and confusion of their senses, they made a slight mistake. In short, Ned's bed had the honor of receiving the two friends—Charley getting in on one side, and his friend on the other.

'I say, Ned,' cried Charley, hitting somebody's calf, 'there's a fellow in my bed.'

'Wonderful coincidence,' exclaimed Ned, feeling a strange elbow in the neighborhood of his ribs; 'there's one in my bed, too.'

'Is there?' cried Charley; 'let's kick 'em out.'

'Agreed,' said Ned.

And accordingly the two friends began to kick.

It lasted about a minute and a half, and Ned was sprawling on the floor. Charley was left in possession of the bed.

For a minute all was silent.

'I say, Ned,' cried Charley.

'What?' asked Ned, sulkyly.

'I've kicked my fellow out.'

'You are luckier than I am,' said Ned, 'for mine has kicked me out.'

WANTED—A HEART.

I want—a, me! I want a heart,
But not a heart for love,
To feel the smart of Cupid's dart,
And also rhyme with dove.

I do not want a manly heart,
With high desires to glow,
Or feel what friendship can impart,
And sympathy bestow.

The heart for which I long is none
Of man's, nor yet of maid's.
I only want a little one,
To trump that trick in spades.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER


SALINE LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ........................................... 7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] ........................... 4.00

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "UPPER NEWS."
POETRY.

THE PAIR-O-AIR.

Comrade mine, as we row along
By the fresh green banks where the willows grow,
Let the pulse of our stroke be true and strong
From the bent blades flicking to and fro.

Sharp the prow as it cuts away
In a wedge-like furrow the level stream,
And the wrinkles run from the dropping spray
As our bright spruce pinion dart and gleam.

Bubbles swell from the shining track
Of our keel and the oar strokes, faring wide;
And the wake of foam sweeps merrily back
With its tiny eddies on either side.

"Now, avast!" and we lightly float
Into shadow and coolness, where the trees
Are a mighty arbor above our boat;
And the oars hang gently and drift at ease.

Then once more through the open strait
Of the fresh green banks where the willows grow,
On the homeward stretch, with a glance elate
At the bent blades flicking to and fro.

Comrade mine of the old pair-oar,
Are there days of a better joy than this,
When we alip so swiftly beside the shore
With our stroke as true as our friendship is?

Never long will the daylight last
Or the spring of the happy year endure—
Let us catch the pleasures which hury past
While our arms are strong and our stroke is sure.

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRiloquist.

His Journey to London.—Continued.

Valentine chuckled so desperately over his scheme,
that he dared not, for fear of being suspected, commence another for some considerable time. The absurd surmises of the puzzled Tooler, and the inferences of the gentleman in black, which were scarcely less ridiculous, kept him in a perpetual fever while they met the "down coach."

"You leave us here, of course? observed the gentleman in black.

"Noo," said Tooler, "worse look, I'm ageing right through. I've made a 'rangement wi' Waddle, tother coachman. He wants to goo darr and I wants to goo up. It taint often I doo too, but when'sever I do, suggin's sure to be the matter. I've got a 'pointment at seve to goo wi' moi gals to the play, an' noo you see, blarm it—phit! phit!—I'm a cupple o' hours behind.'

"Hallo, my cherry bounce!" shouted Waddle, as he and Tooler pulled up. "What's the natur o' the game now? Here a matter o' sixteen mile out!"—Tooler shook his head thoughtfully. "A spill, my old wegritabell! Anything broke?"—continued Waddle—"any haccident?"

"About the rumest goe," replied Tooler, "as yow ever had any notion on yet. But I marnt stop noo. I'll tell yow ool about it to-morrow—phit, phit."

"Well, ta, ta, my turnip," observed Mr. Waddle, and away the coaches rattled in opposite directions, Tooler lashing his leaders with unparalleled severity.

Valentine, having regained full command over his muscles, and perceiving that the coachman's nerves were so perfectly unstrung, that the slightest thing would seriously annoy him, now began to indulge in his favorite imitations of a fretful child, upon the exactness of which he prided himself especially. He sobbed, and squalled, and coughed, and hooped, and strained, and held his breath, and then struggled convulsively with his voice again, with all the vehemence of which he was capable, while the coachman was whipping, and shuffling, and fretting himself into a fever of excitement.

"Blarm that 'ere child," exclaimed Tooler, looking round, "if yow'd keep that 'ere lectle un o' yourn quiet, marm, I'd thank yar." Valentine, however, still continued to persevere in his interesting imitations, until Tooler, having worked himself up to such a pitch of excitement that he could scarcely hold the reins, shouted angrily, "Marm, yow must keep that 'ere child o' yourn a lectle matter still. My horses can't stand it; they can't get along. Phit! Darng me, if it beant snow to drive a man mad."

"I dare say it's after its teeth, poor thing," observed the gentleman in black.

"Its teath," cried Tooler, "it ony wants the breast. Jist listen to it! Blarm my body."

"I can't keep it quiet?" cried Valentine, assuming the voice of a female. "It ain't no use; I must throw it away," and he immediately uttered a piercing shriek, and exclaimed, "the child, the child, the child's off."

Tooler, of course, stopped on the instant, and having given the reins to the gentleman in black, got down with the view of rescuing the infant from its perilous position, and of pointing out to his mother in
Terms of just indignation the extreme inhumanity of her conduct:

'Where is it, yow baggage?' cried Tooler, looking anxiously along the road.

'Ha yow dropped anythin', cooarchman?' inquired a countryman, sitting behind.

'Drapped anythin? ' angrily echoed Tooler. 'Where, where is the child?'

'Woot chold?' inquired the countryman.

'Why that wumnun's child as she just throw'd away,' shouted Tooler.

'We arnt had noo chold here,' said the countryman—a fact to which all who sat behind bore instant testimony.

'What?' exclaimed Tooler, 'do yow mean to say? do yow mean to tell me you beant had a child there that's been cryin' the last hour, an' puttin' my horses into this ere darin'g sweat?'

'I tell yow,' replied the countryman, 'we arnt had no chold; we arnt seen mullin like a chold here.'

'Well, may I be darin', exclaimed Tooler, scratching his head very violently, and swinging his right arm with great force through the air.

'This beats all as I ever did hear' on afore. It doant siggerfry tawking,' added he, on remounting the box; 'the devil's ather an inside or an outside passenger. I've got un, to-day, sure enow.' And Tooler drew out his way-bill with the view of ascertaining which was likely to be his Satanic Majesty incoy, while the gentleman in black, the three passengers who sat on the same seat with Valentine, and Valentine himself, were expressing to each other their utter astonishment at the extraordinary character of the occurrence, with great eloquence and warmth.

'That's it—I have it,' said Tooler to himself, as a countrywoman passed with a basket on her arm. 'She said so—she said she would. Blarm her old body.'

It was easy to perceive that at that moment something had flitted across Tooler's mind, which had proved to him a source of fresh annoyance, for he appeared to be in a state of extreme agitation, and continued to be so, muttering short and bitter sentences, scratching his head, striking the crown of his hat, and violently grinding his teeth, until he arrived at the end of the stage, when he ran into the stable with breathless haste, and returned before a second idea of his object could be conceived, with a box of tools in one hand and a horse-shoe in the other.

'Hold hard a bit, Bill,' said he, kneeling upon the pole and nailing the horse-shoe to the footboard.

'There, now do your worst. Blarm yer carkus. I defy yar.' While horses were being put in, Tooler shook his head most triumphant, and smiled at the horse-shoe with intense satisfaction.

'What, in the name of goodness,' said the gentleman in black, when Tooler had remounted, 'have you nailed to the foot-board?'

'Hold hard, Phib, a horse-shoe,' cried Tooler, 'the cooarch is bewitched, sir,—least ways it was; but I've cured it now—that's a settler.'

'Awful,' exclaimed the gentleman in black, with due solemnity. 'How can you, coachman, entertain so impious a thought?'

'I know it,' said Tooler; 'that wumnun as we passed with a basket then brought it my mind. She's for all the word, like her.'

'Like whom?' inquired the gentleman in black.

'Why, like the witch,' replied Tooler. 'I'll tell yow ool about it. 'Tother day, when I war comin' along the road, I see this ere warmint a settin' on the path, with a basket by her side. Young Harry, the nevy of our proprietor, was on the box wi' me, and so says he, Tooler, says he, I'll bet you a crown bowl o'punch, yow doant hook that 'ere basket up here. Done, says I. It's a bet, says he, done. So I makes my whip ready, and jist as we come along side o' the warmint, I winds it round the handle of the basket, and, sartin enough, up it comes, when Harry catches it jist by the middle o' the handle, and I spose it mought ha' had in it a cupple o' score of eggs, wi' the ylks of which, in course, we was smothered. Well, I pulls up at once, for I couldn't see my horses until I wiped some on it off; and while Harry and me was laughing at aich other, fit to split, up comes the old warmint, and, praps, she didn't go it a good un. Well, as soon as I could get through the mess, to my pocket I dropped her half-a-crown, and Harry dropped her another; but even this didn't satisfy the nasty old frump; she wanted them 'ere eggs, pitchick, it seemed, and no others would do; and she swore that I should rue the day I broke 'em. So says Harry do yow know who she is? Noo, says I, I can't say as I do. Why, says he, that's the famous old witch. The devil it is, says I, and so it was; and then he told me how she's been a savrin' me out. But I've fixed her wi' the horse-shoe; there, durng her old carkus she cant do no more mischief now.'

'Are you sure of that? Beware,' said Valentine, in an awful hollow whisper, sufficiently loud only to reach Tooler's ear.

'Tooler trembled for an instant; but, his faith in the virtue of the horse-shoe being fixed, he soon regained his self-possession, and giving his head a knowing, devil-may-care twist, sat firmly in his seat, fully determined to take no heed of anything that might threaten.

'Ho! coachman!' exclaimed one of the passengers at this moment; 'only look at this wheel.'

'Tooler sat like a statue. He did not deign to move a muscle.

'Coachman, coachman,' shouted the countryman who was sitting behind; 'look how this off-wheel's a wadding.'

'Blarm un,' cried Tooler, 'let un waddle. Phil, phit, and away went the horses down the hill; but in an instant Tooler saw the wheel whizzing a-head, at the rate of full thirty miles an hour.

'Lean all to the left,' shouted Tooler, and the pas-

passengers obeyed him, but he also pulled the horses to the left so violently that the coach, coming in contact with the jutting bank, turned over and deposited him and the passengers upon a newly-formed bed of manure.

Witchcraft was, in Tooler's view, again triumphant. His faith in the efficacy of horse-shoes vanished. He felt himself perfectly beaten, and, therefore, after having, with considerable difficulty, managed to get his insides out, he left his horses, coach, and luggage in the care of the persons who had fortunately witnessed the accident, and waddled, with the fragments of the whip in his hand, toward a roadside inn a few hundred yards distant. On reaching the house, of course, a thousand questions were asked in a breath;
not one of them, however, did Tooker deign to answer. He threw himself carelessly into a large armchair, and, declaring that he would not drive that day another step, drank with infinite gusto, in a rummer of raw brandy, "Eternal perdition to the witch."

**Anecdote of Mr. Abernethy.**

Mr. Abernethy was a man of genius, but very eccentric. However he had no real moroseness of disposition; his impatience of loquacity and superfluous details arose from a great degree of sagacity, clearness of judgment, and a feeling of independence. He seemed to feel as if he mentally expressed himself thus:—"Here I am, ready to give my advice if you want it; but you must take it as you find it, and if you don't like it, egad [his favorite word] you may go about your business, I don't want to have anything to do with you; hold your tongue and be off."

In some such mood as this he received a visit from a lady one day who was well acquainted with his invariable repugnance to her sex's predominant disposition, and who therefore forbore speaking but simply in reply to his laconic queries. The consultation was conducted during three visits in the following manner:—First day—Lady enters and holds out her finger—Abernethy. "Cut?" Lady. "Bite." A. "Dog!" L. "Parrot." A. "Go home and politely it." Second day—finger held out again—A. "Better?" L. "Worse." A. "Go home and politely it again." Third day—finger held out as before—A. "Better?" L. "Well." A. "You're the most sensible woman I ever met with—Good-bye—Get out!"

Another lady having scolded her arm, called at the usual hour to show it three successive days, when similar laconic conversations took place. First day—Patient, exposing the arm, says—"Burnt." A. "I see it," and having prescribed a lotion, she departs. Second day—Patient shows the arm, and says—"Better." A. "I know it." Third day—Again showing the arm, Patient. "Well." A. "Any fool can tell what d'ye come again for?—Get away!"

A patient consulted Mr. Abernethy for a pain of the arm, and, holding it up in the air, said, "It always gives me pain when I hold it up so." A. "Then why the devil do you hold it up so?"

A young lady was brought one morning by her mamma, complaining of difficulty of breathing when taking exercise and after her meals. Perceiving her to be tightly dressed around the waist, Mr. Abernethy seized a pair of scissors, and without saying a word, nipped up the stays from top to bottom, and then desiring her to walk about for ten minutes. The injunction being complied with accordingly, he demanded how she felt. "Better," was the reply. The mandate was repeated, and the walk being finished, he asked "How now?" "Quite well," was the answer. Abernethy. "That will do. —Take her away,—and don't let her wear tight stays." In such a case a common physician would probably prescribe to oblige the apothecary and to please the patient. The eccentric professor went directly to the cause at once, and removed it, without caring who was pleased or who not so, having no sinister object in view.

**Letter G.**

"Madge, you are an angel!"

"Oh, Peter!" exclaimed the angel, blushing like the rosy dawn.

It was summer-time. The two were sitting in a honey-suckle-scented bower, out of which they walked, engaged to be married.

"Very well, my dear," the angel's step-mother observed to her husband, "very well. You have permitted that boy, not yet out of college and not worth a cent, to come here, day after day, hanging round Madge, the consequence of which is that he and she walked in from the bower last evening all joy and blushes, evidently having exchanged mutual vows of everlasting love."

"Bless my soul! Is it possible!"

"Yes, indeed. They are two children, and don't know any better; at least, Madge don't. As to that boy, you know he has only the eight hundred dollars which his grandfather left him, unless his uncle chooses to give him something—a very brilliant assurance for your heiress. I dare say he does not love her; he is after your money."

"After my money! A dart of indignation flamed out of the good man's eyes. 'Not love my precious little girl! What if she loves him, and breaks her heart about him!'

"Break her heart! she won't break her little finger. She will sigh for six hours, and forget all about him in six days."

Next evening, when Master Peter Brooks, sumptuously attired for the occasion, asked Mr. Bolton, with whom he was a great favorite, for the hand of his daughter, the old gentleman received him with tremendous stiffness, pooh-pooed his hand and heart, and showed his handsome person the door.

I shall not harrow up my readers' feelings with an account of the unspeakable anguish which the lovers endured for some days after this, because worse is coming. We will hasten on to the miserably blissful day, late in August, when Madge ran away to the city, New York, with a carpet-bag and Peter. They arrived in the dusk of evening and made instant search for a clergyman. They found one who united them in five minutes, and wrote a certificate in two more; and behold 'man and wife' walked forth in the sweet moonlit night, Peter strutting like a warlike, bantam in his pride and happiness.

Love's young dream. For six weeks it was like a story out of an annual. The regulation penitential letter had been written to the obdurate parents, and the regulation no answer had been returned; for Mrs. Bolton took care to have an unfailing supply of caus- tic on the end of her tongue, which kept Mr. Bolton's rage up to burning heat.

Peter had engaged apartments in the Byron House, Fifth Avenue—not too expensive, for they were going to be very economical, as the ensuing conversation show which took place a week after the marriage. The two had written letters again—he to his uncle and guardian, for Peter was an orphan; and Madge to her father, giving their present address.

They were eating dinner—soup, a partridge, macaroni, salad, and meringues—glazed—perfectly plain, and of course cheap.
Ah! cried Peter, laying down his knife and fork, and rubbing his hands gleefully, 'isn’t it gorgeous—a cozy little parlor, a capital little dinner, and a lovely little wife. I would not change with the king on his throne.'

'Nor I—we shall get along so beautifully. We must be very careful, though. Now, let’s calculate expenses. How much did your grandpapa leave you?’

'Eight hundred dollars.'

'Eight—hundred—dollars! Goodness! why papa never gave me more than twenty dollars at a time—Now let's count. How much do we pay here?'

'Fifty dollars a week—that's rent, you know.'

'Yes, fifty dollars; four weeks, one month; four times fifty, two hundred. Well, rooms two hundred dollars a month. There, we've got that down. Now what else, Peter?'

'Meals.'

'Oh yes, meals. They will cost hardly anything, we eat so little. I only want chicken, and meringue, and such things.'

'Say fifty dollars a month.'

'Yes. Oh, how nicely we are getting on! Then my dress.—Let me see—I saw mamma's bill at Stewart's last year. It was twenty-two hundred dollars. But, bless your dear heart, I shan't spend a cent hardly; say fifty dollars a month for me; and another for you. You don't have to give more than fifty dollars for a pair of trousers, do you?'

'No, you little goose! not half of fifty. My uncle did not allow me as much for a month for my whole wardrobe.'

'Well, then, that will do splendidly. And we must have some nice books.'

'And go to the opera sometimes.'

'And have a carriage to make visits.'

'And a good cigar or two. George! what a long column!' ejaculated Peter, stopping short. 'I think we had better count up.' He made a hasty calculation, and the result stood as follows:—

| Rent of rooms | $200 |
| Meals | $50 |
| Dress (Madge) | $50 |
| Dress (Peter) | $50 |
| Opera | $20 |
| Books | $20 |
| Carriage | $20 |
| Cigars | $10 |

= 420

Madge looked perfectly blank at the sum total, and could not help a little tremble in her voice as she said, 'But, you know, dear, we cannot do without these things; can we?'

'No, darling, though it makes my grandfather's besquest melt away like snow under the sun.'

At this moment, a servant entered and said, some trunks and a small parcel had come for Mrs. Brooks.

'For Mrs. Brooks?' repeated Peter; 'send them up.'

Two large trunks were brought into the room, and a package handed to Madge.

'Why, how heavy it is! What can it be—a brace—let? Yes, it feels like one, and from dear papa! He has forgiven us!' and she gave a little skip and crow of exultation.

Her color went and came, and she held the brace—let still sealed, a vague dread creeping through her joy.

'Open it, darling,' said her husband.

Madge did so with trembling fingers, and took out the keys of her trunks and her last letter unopened.

The reaction and disappointment were so bitter that she burst into tears just as the servant had knocked, entered, and had handed a letter to Peter.

'Never mind, darling;' he said, kissing her tenderly. 'It is all the doings of that horrid old step-mother. Hollo! here is a letter from my uncle; he couldn't hold out any longer. I told you he was a regular brick; we’re all right, never you fear.'

Inclosed he found his own appeal unopened, and a short pithy note from his uncle, stating that, as his hopeful nephew had chosen to go and make a donkey of himself before he was twenty years old, he might run through his little property as fast as he pleased, and break his wife’s heart in the bargain; but he was not to expect any assistance by word or deed from, etc., etc.

'What a thundering old flirt!' ejaculated Peter

'What a deuce of a fix!'

'Fix! There’s the eight hundred dollars, dear, and we shall be so very, very economical. I'll go and unpack my trunks; perhaps papa has put some money in them.'

She ran into the next room, radiant with this hope, just as the servant entered and handed a note to Peter. It read thus—

BYRON HOUSE, August 31, 1868.

Rest of rooms, one week $20
Meals in private parlor 35
Gas 2
Sundries 10

= 97

'Whew! George! Jupiter—here goes a hundred dollars a week's board!' exclaimed Peter, the picture of dismay. I had no idea it cost such a prodigious amount to live! How could we eat up thirty-five dollars in one week! We must be two regular orgies! This is a fix and no mistake.'

'My darling Peter, what are you saying all those dreadful words about? What is the matter?' cried Madge, running in from her trunks. 'What has happened to give you such a terrible long face?' and she put up her mouth for a kiss.

'A clincher!' answered Peter, giving the kiss. 'Our letters are sent back, and here is a bill for nearly a hundred dollars for one week's board.'

'One hundred dollars? It's perfectly monstrous!—Let's go somewhere else, dear; the Saint Romnalld or the Coleridge. I'm sure they can't charge such wicked prices! We boarded at the Coleridge last winter. I don't know what papa paid, but he had a great big parlor with the loveliest curtains, and such a splendid mantle glass, and a perfectly elegant Wilton carpet; and I remember papa said the charge was very reasonable.'

'Was it, darling? Let's go and try.'

They set off in high glee to get cheaper accommodations at the Romnalld, but found upon inquiry, to their unspeakable astonishment, that the same style of rooms would cost them still more.

This wouldn't do the Coleridge was very little better; and our two children went back to the Byron, not knowing where else to go, and staid five weeks longer, to the tune of five hundred dollars more, and there was just two hundred left in the bank.

They had had such a delightful time! Peter could not resist bringing home, once in a while, a basket of
fragrant flowers to his darling. They had given two little recherché dinners to friends of Peter's who had happened in town, and his friends had slapped him on the back and volubly envied him the possession of such an angel; and he loved her.

But now another guest came; a scarcely defined shadow of Care began to sit at the table unbidden.

It was now October. People were beginning to come into the city for winter quarters. It was plain that they must leave. The poor boy looked at the beautiful, innocent face of his wife, and thought how much curtains, chickens, and other bare necessities (?) cost, and how very little money was left, and how soon they might come to utter destitution, he groaned aloud and wrung his hands.

'Darling what is the matter?' cried Madge, running to him and kissing him. 'What made you utter that dreadful groan?'

'We are beggars!' moaned Peter.

'What? You don't mean it! Can't we get some more money somewhere?'

'Yes, we can beg, borrow or steal.'

'Oh, Peter!'—the little hands went up in dismay, and the piteous eyes became dim with big tears, then a small arm went curling round his neck. 'We have each other, darling!' said her loving, pleading voice.

'We can work. I know how to crochet very well, and you write such heavenly poetry! I am sure somebody will give you loads of money for it. Just think of that sweet thing you wrote about me! I'll tell you what,' she continued, suddenly brightening up, 'let's go to house-keeping—not in a whole house, you know, but in two rooms, as mamma's seamstress when she married the carpenter. That will be the very thing. I'll go to market and cook. I know how to stir a pudding—I did it once for fun! Yes, I am certain I shall be a capital poor man's wife, and we shall get on famously. Will you, dear?'

Good little wife! precious little soul! sly little woman! cheating him out of his heart-ache to hide it with her own. Oh, what an artful witch every good wife must learn to be. And so this extra-designing one got her husband to do her bidding with tolerable philosophy; for in two days the last hotel bill was paid, and our young couple settled in three small, plainly-furnished rooms, in the third story of a shabby house in a retired street—where, with a little cooking-stove, a large cookery-book, just one hundred and fifty dollars, and undiminished affection for each other, they began this new phase of their married life.

Peter went vaguely about in search of employment, and Madge did the marketing. The first day she sailed forth with a small basket on her arm—bought a chicken, which she put in her basket; then went to a grocer's and asked for butter. She must taste it, of course, for 'Peter was very particular indeed about butter.'

'Yes, mum, I keep the primest butter in market; and this is only thirty-eight cents.'

'Thirty-eight cents, is it? Well, it is excellent! You may send it home.'

'Send the tub, mum?'

Madge thought an instant, and decided that, as he was so kind as to offer, the tub might be a good thing to have in the house; so she said,

'Oh, thank you; yes; send the tub, if you please; and I want some macaroni—Peter is so fond of it.'

'How much, mum?'

'How much do you usually sell to private families?'

'The gentlest customers take a box, mum.'

'Oh, do they? Well, send it. If there is too much for once, you know—will it keep?'

'Lo!' bless you, mum, keep a year,' said the grocer, shaking with inward laughter.

'Well, then, send the butter and macaroni with the bill,' and she gave her address, and went joyfully home.

She busied herself making the little rooms look as inviting as she could; and just before Peter came home, she had popped the chicken in the oven, and was clapping her tiny hands, and laughing, and declaring to herself that, 'after all, lace curtains and Wilton carpets were no great things.'

When Peter came in, he was followed up the stairs and into the room by a man with a large, heavy tub on his shoulder. He set this down, went out, and returned with a box about two feet square, marked 'Macaroni.' This he also set down, and taking a bill of off his hat, handed it to Peter.

'What is this?' he cried. '40 pounds of butter, at 38 cents per pound, $15.20; and 30 pounds of macaroni, at 20 cents a pound, $6.00. Who told you to bring this here?'

'Fifteen dollars for butter!' exclaimed Madge. 'Why, the dreadful man told me it was only thirty-eight cents, and I didn't think there was more than two or three pounds.'

'Forty pounds, ma'am, in the tub; forty times thirty-eight, fifteen twenty; all right, you see,' said the man.

'Oh Peter, what shall I do?' sobbed the poor child.

'I was going to have everything so nice; and there is such a lovely chicken cooking in the oven.'

'Never mind, darling; we must pay for these things, I suppose; they will last the rest of our lives; and we will have the chicken, if it is done, for I am as hungry as a hawk.'

The bill was paid, and Madge dried her tears. Peter and she sat the table together, and were soon screaming with laughter over their own awkwardness, as man and maid of all work. A loaf of bread was placed on one corner, and some of the butter on another. Then the chicken was taken out of the oven. It was brown enough for one thing; and Peter, thrusting his fork on either side of the breast-bone, prepared to cut it. It was a momentous crisis. Madge's eyes grew wide with expectant pride and happiness in the success of this her first step in the majestic science of cooking. The knife fell, and rattle, rattle, like small shot, went about half a pint of corn all over the dish.

Madge grew glibly pale—nothing of this kind was ever in the chickens at her papa's table. What sort of strange monster was it?

Peter gave one cut more, dropped his knife and fork, and fell back in his chair, the image of consternation and despair. Suddenly he darted up, clapping his hands, and tore round the room, screaming with laughter. 'Oh, oh, hold me!' he cried, 'I shall burst. She forgot to take the insides out—the dear little innocent kitten. She has cooked insides, crop, and all. Ha! ha! Oh, what a brute I am!'

[To be continued.]
NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER FIVE.

We turn now to the Welshman.

For generations such an intermixture and association of English and Welsh have been going on, that in the counties bordering each country, it is hard to say, as to location, where the Englishman begins or the Welshman leaves off. In these parts the two peoples have by intermarriage been so mixed up that as to characteristics, like as to their names, it is difficult to say how much of Welsh or English there is in the composition of either, but the pure-blooded Welshman wherever you find him, is as distinct in his nature from the Englishman to-day as he was two centuries ago.

The principal difference between the two nations lies in the fact that the English partake more of the nature of their Anglo-Saxon progenitors, than they do that of such of the Celtic race as they have also descended from; while the Welshman is all Celt—nearly as pure as to blood to-day, as he was before the Saxons arrived in England. The German (or Anglo-Saxon) character is slow, steady and scientific; that of the Celt impetuous, sentimental, and poetical. The Englishman unites the blood of both these races, hence he inherits the German sureness and his plodding nature associated with a degree of the poetic and ideal temperament—the Anglo-Saxon quality however preponderating. The Welshman betrays no such drawback upon his imaginative and emotional qualities there being no such opposing natures combined in his ancestry.

As to the Welsh and Irish they appear to have sprung from different families of a common race. The ancient languages of each have their resemblances. Both are Celts, but they manifest a different side of the same impulsive ardent character. The Celtic Irishman is rollicking and unabashable, the Welshman retiring and sensitive of observation.

The Welsh like the Irish are open to the charms of eloquence, like them they are more touched and aroused by appeals to the heart and imagination than by logical display, Welsh oratory is full of metaphors and comparisons, and the language itself, which is an out-growth of the Welsh character, is adapted thereto. This tendency in the Welsh to the ideal is to be accounted for by their Celtic nature, which abounds with vigor, spiritiveness, and pathos, and partially by the propitious effects of a history replete with phases of heroism, as well as by the exhilarating effects of a mountain life. There is a sort of altitude of feeling engendered by a life in the mountains, calculated to develop the imagination and foster romance. All these facts taken together account for the poetical temperament of the Welshman—for Wales is a nation of poets. The humblest artisan of Wales, the hardest grubber of the soil, tries his hand at poetry, simply because his soul is full of it. It was this national love for poetry which sustained as a profession in ancient times the minstrel bards, who harp in hand wandered from county to county awakening tradition and romance as they passed along.

Allied to the poetic character of the Welsh is their love of music. Welsh choirs sing with peculiar melody and soul. The whole of their emotional nature finds a natural expression in song, which, of course, is harmony and sentiment combined. In respect to this twin-love of music and poetry the Welsh nature singularly resembles the Judaic type. In fact the Welshman can sing and talk of Zion with the fervor of a Hebrew prophet. As to religion the Welsh are—as they should naturally be with their descent and associations—intensely devotional. Methodism with its raptures and fervor has therefore obtained a great ascendency in Wales. The Welsh are not adapted for hair-splitters of dogmas—they are by nature worshippers. Unlike the Germans they indulge in no metaphysical inquiries into the origin and relationship of all things before they can trust themselves to a creed. They worship from the heart out, and not from the brain in.

Let us now refer to that strong trait of the Welshman, his nationality of feeling. He is strong in national impulses because he is strong in everything that relates to feeling. His non-mixture with other races has given him something to cherish as to nationality. A people made up from half a dozen other nations do not know particularly which one to be proud of, hence, they become enthusiastic over their country instead. Welsh history is replete with grand traditions. A people with such memories are always national. If the Welshman believes in anything it is in the antiquity of his race. He believes his language originated no farther back than the Garden of Eden, simply because he does not know the exact name of a previous world on which to locate it—or he would certainly derive it thence. He has records which—

*to his satisfaction—show that he was at Troy before the siege, and at Rome before the Cæsars. To him the ancient Irish and Scotch are babes in history—degenerate Welshmen, or colonies from his parent stock at best. When he and his arrived in England to become the ancient Britons they brought with them an aged history whose remote periods were even then lost in the depth of a hoary antiquity. The imagination of a romantic and fervid people has of course done much to fill in and embellish these traditions, but as traditions, they are not inappropriate to a race whose past is interlocked with the remotest periods of European history.

Much more might be said of the Welshman, but as far as we have gone, we think his geographical position, climate, origin, and past conditions of life, fully account for his national peculiarities. The Welsh are of course more distinct individually than nationally. Their association with England has absorbed and incorporated with that nation much of their strength; hence they have not so distinctively made their national mark. The process of connection now going on will, doubtless, result in fusing them and the English into a mass indistinguishable from each other, in process of time, but it will be centuries before the influence of their warm and rich natures will cease to be distinctly visible in the future of Great Britain or the character of her people.
SEVENTIES' LECTURES.

The concluding lecture of this course was given on Wednesday evening last, by Mr. John Nicholson, on Phrenology and Physiology. The lecturer endeavored more to give an idea of the general groupings of the varied organs of the brain, and of the principal facial distinctions, than anything of a detailed nature. In this we think he was wise; the organs are so numerous and the spaces they occupy relatively so small, that it is useless in a rapid lecture to endeavor to fix them in the memory of an audience. Let people understand, as Mr. Nicholson explained, that the intellectual faculties lie on the front of the head, the moral and spiritual on the top, the animal at the sides, and the social at the back, and they will soon find the places of each particular organ in the group to which it naturally belongs.

That particular phase of Phrenology—principally evolved, we believe, by Meers. Fowler & Wells—and which was unknown in the earlier days of the science, that size of brain, apart from texture and quality, does not indicate power, was effectively explained; as also that important doctrine emphatically enforced by the gentlemen referred to, that the physiognomy and temperament of an individual, as well as his phrenological development, are absolutely necessary to be considered before a true reading of character can be obtained. It was too much the case at one time that phrenological lecturers pushed forward the pretensions of that branch of the science of human character, as capable by itself of settling the extent of one's mental calibre. It has been reserved to the developments of late years to construct one grand science out of the sciences of Phrenology, Physiognomy, and Physiology combined, and we were glad to see them so enforced by Mr. Nicholson.

Another point suggested by the lecturer's remarks was the wondrous agreement between external features and mental qualities. The narrow, tall aspiring head, and the spiritual upward tendency of feeling that accompanies it. The broad, lesser head and wide generalizing mind. The full lips and the strong passionate soul. The "bullet head" and the pugnastic nature. The lion's face and the lion's heart, etc.

There is in these and kindred points a rich field of thought for the student, and we invite our young men especially to the study. We do not vouch for the mathematical accuracy of Phrenology, or accompanying sciences, but its general grouping of faculties corresponds with our experience; anyway, it can be tested daily. If in these points, or in the details of the science, there are errors, let our young men think, so that in future years they may assist in correcting and adjusting the science to greater truthfulness. If there be after all no truth about it, thinking will do nobody harm, but be a very useful as well as novel employment to many persons.

"OUR HIRED MAN" AT THE PHRENOLOGICAL LECTURE.

"Our Hired Man" is not only a profound astronomer, but he is a most astounding Phrenologist. Indeed he has a new theory of Phrenology which he intends to propound some day, but as it will take exactly nine volumes to explain it, it will not be ready for some time yet. Early in life he began a course of phrenological examinations. On one occasion in early years he was ignominiously dragged from the frantic embrace of another boy—he was only a 'Hired Boy' in those days—whom he was affectionately 'manipulating' with his knuckles. He has since learned that the fingers only are necessary to the operation; and that where bumps are sensitive, it is not necessary to promote their too rapid development in that sort of way.

This one point that has struck him as very remarkable on the subject of Phrenology, and that is, that all people with large heads and bumpy foreheads believe in it vigorously, while all small-headed individuals don't. "Our Hired Man," who has a forehead bumpy to a fault, and which evinces 'causality' to such an alarming degree that he cannot wear a hat except on the back of his head, believes in it with all his soul. Inspired by his ancient love for the sciences and, furthermore, stimulated by the benevolent idea of seeing all small-headed individuals in a state of utter despair, he went to the lecture and narrates his experience.

When the Lecturer remarked that young ladies with flat back heads—as though they had 'parted with a slice' or two—were not much to speak of, he noticed that all young ladies having the organ of waterfall largely developed, looked around with conscious satisfaction on the poor creatures whose 'back heads' were open to investigation.

"Our Hired Man" considers it remarkable that when destructive and other amiable qualities were shown to exist at the side of the head, at least twenty-four individuals felt it necessary to examine the nature of their ears in a furtive and concealed manner. One man pretended he was only feeling his beard, but from some unaccountable cause felt for it three inches under his hair.

He also noticed as a curious fact, that when intellectual superiority was demonstrated to be only evinced by a broad forehead, etc., that certain narrow-headed individuals looked very doubtful as to the sanity of the Lecturer; but brightened up immediately on his observing that people with broad heads in the region of the ears, were as a class very dangerous individuals.

He was also delighted to notice that when the Lecturer explained that thin or pointed-chinned ladies were generally scolds, all the round-chinned ladies smiled a pleasant smile as though they thought the meeting was going off good.

"Our Hired Man" has since discovered that the sentiment that high crowns are generally accompanied by a muleish disposition, receives the full assent of all individuals of his acquaintance whose heads are gracefully depressed in that region.

It will also be interesting for him to state that he has conversed with a number of young ladies all remarkable for belligerence at the back of the head, [waterfalls not counted] who wish it distinctly understood that they fully endorse the idea that a preponderance in that direction indicates materials for excellent wives and most splendid housekeepers; and they are ready to prove it true to any suitable young man who may be interested in the solution of the question. In fact, should he be worthy of the trouble, they are willing—merely for the advancement of science—to give him such a practical illustration as will last him his life.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

MRS. CAULEY'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

[From Punch.]

MRS. CAULEY HAS LENT AN ACQUISITION THE FAMILY UMBRELLA.

MRS. CAULEY LECTURES THEREON.

Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why let him go home in the rain, to spoil your new dress, and have no umbrella to keep the rain from spoiling it? Of course, he couldn't spoil, Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides he'd have better taken cold than take one only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Cauley? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm going, too, and no staring all the time out of the house. Poh! Don't think I'm a fool, Mr. Cauley. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella! I should like to know how the children are to get to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather. I'm determined. No; they shall stop at home and never learn anything about the blessed creatures! sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father! People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers. But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I've seen you. I've seen you! You know that; and did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Cauley. No, sir; if it comes in buckets full, I'll go all the more. Come, say 'cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours! A cab, indeed! Cost me sixpence at least—sixpence—two-and-eightpence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know what you come toICAL for! And if you don't see you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggar your children—buying umbrellas! Do you hear the rain, Mr. Cauley? I say do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow; I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that shall give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman—it you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with an umbrella, that's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But I'm going to take care that I don't. That's all. And I may sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggar your children—buying umbrellas! Of course.

Nicer clothes, I shall get too, trampling through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Cauley, I shall wear 'em. No, sir. I'm not going out a dowry to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Cauley, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the window.

Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How am I to go to mother's, I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you and sir, I won't bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella or none at all.

He, and it was only last week I had a new node put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it wouldn't have cost me so many guineas, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep.

Men, indeed!—Call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty long-suffering, I suppose. Mr. Cauley, I know that what to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you've neither have lent the umbrella! You have to go on Thursday about that sumnow and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

Mr. Cauley, I'm going to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have here at all—becouse I've no umbrella. The children, too! Don't tell them they'll be spoiling wet; for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating a Cauley. They shall go to school; mark that. And if after their deaths of cold, it's not my fault,—I didn't lend the umbrella.

"Here," says Cauley in his MS., "I tell asleep; and dreamt that the house was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world revolved under a tremendous umbrella!"

FRENCH BARBERS.

[From Bow Bells.]

A gentleman traveling on the Continent gives his experience of French barbers, saying they doubly share their customers in the following description:

"Here, in Paris, as I presume in every other part of the world, the individuals with whom you are brought in contact will take advantage, if they can, of the stranger. Shortly after my arrival, I was introduced into a fashionable salon. He had gone to a barber's shop to get shaved. While the operation was being performed, the artist kept asking whether he would not have this cosmetic on his head, and that oil on his back and shoulders. My friend replied in the affirmative to every question which he was asked, not through a desire to comply to a demand as to the charge, he was informed it was only twenty-six francs—£1 0s. 10d.

Warned by my friend's experience, my correspondent enquired about the usual cost of a shave in Paris, with the determination not to be fleeced. A gentleman, who had seen, to the best of his knowledge, rushed forward to meet him, with the enthusiasm of an old and very dear acquaintance. Monsieur, he presumed, desired to be shaved; and being answered in the affirmative, set about to work with an ardor that showed there was more of friendship and deep respect than mere business considerations in his actions. Monsieur must have been to sea; his face was very much sun-burnt. They both related how it would restore the skin to its usual color in an incredibly short time, and was Monsieur like to see it? 'Yes,' was the response, and the precious fluid was placed on the dressing-table before him for his admiration. Monsieur's bait is beginning to turn gray; it was an established fact that he had been in the country for an extraneous and delightful compagnon which they manufactured. That house, the change would be instantly arrested, and grayness and baldness kept at bay. It only costs twelve francs a bottle. Would not monsieur like to see it? 'Yes,' and this wonderful mixture was placed beside the other, the dressing-table. It was very strange, but one side of monsieur's moustache grew more heavily than the other. The difficulty could only be removed by an application to the sterile spot. It would and did turn to go, when the barber, with his hands every time. After a great and laborious search they had found a green vegetable which would make hair grow upon the mosaic floor; it only costs fifteen francs. Would not monsieur like to see it? 'Yes,' and this sort of thing he knew how to do. In short, the table was literally piled up with pomades, lotions, fluids, extracts, and I do not know what, to the value of at least one hundred francs—£15 As soon as the shaving was over, I inquired what was the cost, and was informed a franc (tenpence), which I, of course, cheerfully paid and turned to go, when the barber, with his hands every time. I do not know what, to the value of at least one hundred francs—£15 As soon as the shaving was over, I inquired what was the cost, and was informed a franc (tenpence), which I, of course, cheerfully paid and turned to go, when the barber, with his hands every time. I do not know what, to the value of at least one hundred francs—£15 As soon as the shaving was over, I inquired what was the cost, and was informed a franc (tenpence), which I, of course, cheerfully paid and turned to go, when the barber, with his hands every time.
GENERAL GRANT.

The Washington correspondent of the Lowell Journal furnishes the following account of an interview with General Grant's Father:

Last week I had a very pleasant and interesting conversation with the father of Gen. Grant. He is a very genial, social, amiable old gentleman, and I was very much pleased with my own son it was most pleasant to witness. During a conversation of nearly two hours, I learned from him many interesting facts relative to his son's early life and education, and I should like to correct one or two misstatements which I have previously heard. I am sure he will not take offense that I make this correction. A story that while at West Point, General Grant whipped one of the officers. This, said his father, was not true; he was never known to have a quarrel with anyone, either as boy or man; and also that he was never known to use a profane word. This, I think, can be said of very few army officers.

Another is the widely-circulated report that it was only after great difficulty and strenuous exertions on his part that General Grant succeeded in obtaining a commission in the army. His father's statement is that, after eleven years' service in the regular army, Ulysses had resigned his commission, and come home to live. In the spring of 1861 he was employed in his father's store at Galena, at a salary of $500 a year. One morning he came to the store early, and while he was sweeping it out, the morning edition of the newspaper was thrown in. He picked it up, and read the account of Fort Sumter, walked around the corner, put on his coat, and, in his usual calm, deliberate manner, said, "Boys, I owe my education to Uncle Sam, and although I have served eleven years in the army, I still feel in his debt, and I am going to offer him my services."

He at once left the store, and assisted in raising a company. They wished to elect him captain, but he refused, knowing that his long experience would be of more use in staff appointments. General Grant's story of Governor Yates, who at first thought there was no place for him, but in a few days considered the subject, sent for him, was well known conversation occurred, in which the Governor asked him if he knew how many men it took to form a company, and he told him he was very well placed upon the Governor's staff, and was employed in mustering the Illinois regiments into service. While he was so engaged, Governor Yates met an old book-keeper, formerly employed in the store of General Grant's father, and which his courtesy still of what sort of a man Grant was, said he had offered him a colonel's commission in various regiments, but Grant had declined them; also, a brigadier-general's commission, which he also declined. The book-keeper, who knew Grant very well, replied, with this regard for Grant's services, you must appoint him without consulting him at all.

Acting upon this information regarding Grant's peculiar character, Governor Yates took advantage of his absence from Springfield, on a visit to his family, to appoint him colonel in the very next regiment ready for mustering in, and sent a copy of the bill to the fact. Grant at once came back, quietly accepted the appointment, and promptly and quickly commenced his work there and then. How he has carried that work on, the country and the world knows. How he will finish the work when, in the past, he has had time to do, we must judge by his past. But I, for one, think General Grant has paid "Uncle Sam for his education," and may honestly consider himself free from that debt.

and intellectual eminence are not so widely known; but there are very many who know that her statement needs no confirmation whatever.

By the way, Mr. Simmons was in the Senate for another term after that writing, and he was looked up to as one of the ablest, most venturesome and most upright of its members. But to Mr. Greeley's letter:

"Dear Sir: I have had no conversation with Mr. Simmons on the subject of your note until to-day. I took an early opportunity of acquainting him with its contents, and this morning he asked me in my presence whether he had not perfectly lost sight of you, and to you the particulars of his experience in relation to the mysterious writing performed under his very eyes, in broad daylight, by an invisible agent.

The following letters came by messenger to Mr. Simmons through the electric sounds, purporting to come from his sispion. James D. Simmons, who died some weeks before in California. The messages were calculated to stimulate curiosity and lead to an observation of the phenomena. Mr. Simmons, having heard that members of the deceased persons were sometimes written through the same medium, asked if her son would give her this evidence. She was informed (through the sounds) that the attempt should be made, and was directed to place a slip of paper in a certain drawer at the house of the medium, and to lay beside it her own pencil, which had been given her by the deceased. Weeks passed and although frequent inquiries were made, no writing was found on the paper.

Mr. Simmons, happening to call at the house one day, accompanied by her husband, made the usual inquiry and received the usual answer. The drawer had been opened not two hours before and nothing was seen in it but the pencil lying on the paper. The chair and seat of the medium was removed, another investigation was made, and on the paper were found a few pencilled lines, resembling the handwriting of the deceased, but not so closely as to satisfy the medium's double. Mr. Simmons handed the paper to her husband; he thought there was a slip somewhere, but wished not to be so remarkably. It had the writing been casually presented to him. Had the signature been given him, he should at once have decided on the resemblance. He proposed, if the spirit of his son were indeed present, and as an alphabetical communication received through the sounds affirmed him to be, that he should, then, and there, affix his signature to the suspicious document.

In order to facilitate the operation, Mrs. Simmons placed the closed points of a pair of scissors in the hand of the medium and dropped her pencil through one of the rings or bows, the paper being placed beneath. The hand presently began to tremble, and it was with difficulty it could retain its hold of the scissors. Mr. Simmons then took the scissors into his own hand and dropped the pencil through the rings of the bow, as a means of confirming in this position. After a few moments, however, it stood as if firmly poised and perfectly still. It then began slowly to move. Mr. Simmons saw the letters traced beneath his eye—the words, James D. Simmons, were distinctly and deliberately written, and the handwriting was a fac-simile of his son's signature.

But what Mr. Simmons regards as the most astonishing part of this seeming miracle is yet to be told. Bending down to scrutinize the writing when the closest, he observed, just as the last word was finished, that the tip of the pencil leaned to the right. He thought it was about to slip through the ring; but, to his infinite surprise, he saw the point slowly slide back along the word 'Simmons' till it rested over the letter i, when it imprison a dot. This was a punnicillo utterly unhithought of by him; he had not noticed the omission and was therefore entirely unprepared for the amendment. He suggested the experiment and he thinks it had kept pace only with his will or desire; but how will those who deny the agency of disembodied spirits in these matters, account for all the unusual happenings in the human will, or to the blind action of Electricity—how will they dispose of this last significant and curious fact.

The only peculiarity observable in the writing was that the lines seemed sometimes slightly broken, as if the pencil had been nudged, but not much.

One other circumstance I am permitted to note which is not readily to be accounted for on any other than spiritual agency. Mr. Simmons; who received no particulars of his son's death until several months after his decease, purporting to send for his remains, questioned the spirit as to the manner in which they were conveyed and obtruded upon him. The spirit replied in a way and circumstantial account of the means which had been restored to its preservation, it being at the time unburdened. Improbable as some of these statements seemed, they were,

CURIOSITY SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATION.

(FROM ROUND TABLE.)

The following is an extract from a letter written in the autumn of 1852, by Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman, of Providence, R. I., to Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley heads this letter thus: "The following letter was received the following letter from Mrs. Sarah H. Whitman in reply to one of inquiry from him to her own experience in 'spiritualism,' and especially with regard to a remarkable 'experience' currently reported as having occurred in a town on the Rhode Island, and widely known as one of the keystone and clearest observers, most likely to be the dupe of mystery or the slave of hallucination. Mrs. Whitman's social
after an interval of four mouths, confirmed as literally true by a gentleman then recently returned from California who was with young Simmons at the period of his death. Intending some time to return to California, he called on Mr. Simmons to know his wishes in relation to the final disposition of his son's remains. The above particulars I took down in writing, by the permission of Mr. Simmons, during his relation of the facts.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI AND JOHN BRIGHT.

[From Phrenological Journal.]

Mr. D'Israeli is one of the finest instances of the power of industry and perseverance in conquering the obstacles in the path of an aspirant for political honor and distinction. Four successive attempts to enter parliament were failures, but on the fifth he achieved the great object of his ambition. His first speech called forth only laughter and ridicule in the house. He closed it with these famous words: "I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." For two years he was silent, and when he again opened his mouth to return to California, he listened with attention, and warmly applauded for its ability.

In person, Mr. D'Israeli is of medium size, with intensely black eyes and glossy raven hair. He dresses with artistic elegance and perfection in the style of the Vest and Broadcloth; this style of dress is in accordance with his person, and he never appears but in exquisite toilette. In public, the air of solemnity ever hangs about him. He always sits alone, stands alone; other members may be seen chatting together pleasantly and familiarly, but with Mr. D'Israeli, never.

Mr. D'Israeli never forgets—never allows others to forget—that he is of that race whence all our prophets came and Jesus Christ himself was born. If we can imagine that face glowing with divine inspiration, it is in intellectual power, we may almost say, as if Yasiah with lips touched by burning coals from God's altar. On one occasion, when taunted with being a descendant of the chief of the cross, he replied, in proud and soul-stirring words, "My blood shrills with the traditions of my race. My ancestors were lords of the tabernacle and princes in Israel when his were naked savages in the woods of Northern Germany."

In person, Mr. Bright is stoutly built, with light complexion, blue eyes, brown hair and silky skin and fine, reddish, preserving in all these points as marked a contrast to the Prime Minister as is found between their aims and characters. Mr. Bright is eminently a social man and of warm domestic instincts, but so ardently devoted to the interests of the people that he seldom indulges himself in the delights of home. "Mother," said his little daughter, "who is that pleasant gentleman that sometimes comes to see you and stays all night?" "That, my daughter," was the reply, "is your father.

Such as we may admire the sheer force of ability by which D'Israeli has risen once and again and again to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Prime Minister of England, when we see John Bright unsucessfullydevoting himself soul and body, not to his own aggrandizement and the achievement of ambitious personal designs, but to the happiness of his people, our hearts are touched, and in our innocence souls do we feel reverence. The Israeltite is a brilliant, splendid, successful man but the Englishman is a glorious philanthropist; and that he should be succeeded and by his death, which we should most admire, which most earnestly strive to imitate! In these two beheld the contrast between Judaism and Christianity; the one shut up in itself, exclusive, aristocratic, stationary; the other diffusive, all-embracing, general, progressive.

Though liberally educated, Mr. Bright is not at all a literary man. His successes are not with the pen, but in the line of business activity, promotion of great reforming measures, and public speaking. He is noted for force and earnestness rather than rhetorical finish and abstract elegance. He has written novels, and is a popular and delightful the esthetic reader as D'Israeli has, but he has stirred the English heart to its depths and carved his name thereon in ever-during capitals.

GOSSIP OF THE DAY: PERSONAL, SCIENTIFIC, AND OTHERWISE.

There is at the village of Decorah, near the northern boundary of the State of Iowa, a case in which the laws of nature are reversed. In this cave it is cold in summer and warm in winter. The ice begins to form the fore-part of June and disappears again the latter part of August, the coldest period being about the middle of July. On the fourth day of June the ice is six inches thick and from four to eight feet long, affording fine sport for the boys who take them into the market for sale. In this cave no ice is found nor sun from September to June, but June, July and August are the coldest months so that a man can only stay in it about a month. The cave has been known about twenty years and the above facts appear every year. Thousands of persons have been into this cave to see icicles in summer.

The Japanese have a singular custom of exchanging clothes with persons to whom they wish to be friendly. A farewell supper was given to the Japanese embassy at New York a few years ago. The American gentlemen present were attired in the usual evening dress. Supper over; everybody was pleased; the Americans had eaten with chop-sticks; the Japanese had partaken of pork and beans; all were about to separate in the best of humor, when suddenly the interpreter announced the Japanese custom above mentioned, and suggested its adoption. There was no help for it. Of came the black dress-coats, and on went the tiny silk garments of the Japanese. The transfixed look of humanity met Major W. L., a fat good-natured old gentleman showed himself in a yellow spangled gown, and gave his arm to a tiny little bare-legged Japanese, extinguished under the blue swallow-tailed coat and brass buttons of the rotund warrior.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SIMPLE ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

1. Lay a watch down upon a table, and on its face balance a tobacco-pipe very carefully. Next take a wine-glass, rub it quickly with a silk handkerchief, and hold it for half a minute before the fire; then apply it near to the end of the pipe, and observe the glass raised up on the top of the pipe. The experiment is not only very amusing but is done by the friction and warmth in the former, will immediately follow it; and by carrying the glass around, always in front of the pipe, the latter will continue its rotary motion; the watch-glass being the center or pivot on which it acts.

2. Warm a glass tube, rub it with a warm flannel, and then bring a downy feather near it. On the first moment of contact, the feather will adhere to the glass, but soon after will fly rapidly from it, and you may drive it about the room by a strong current of air; but if the experiment is not repeated, you should, however, come in contact with anything not under the influence of electricity, it will instantly fly back to the glass.

A stick of sealing-wax rubbed against a warm piece of flannel or cloth, acquires the property of attracting light substances, such as small pieces of paper, lint, etc., if instantly applied at the distance of about an inch.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN NETTING.

[Continued]

AN OBLONG PICH OF SQUARE NETTING.

Do the half square and plain row as described last week; then decrease at the end of every alternative row only; increasing one at the end of the last. When you have worked the long square, do another plain row, and decrease as in square netting. Must be washed like the last.

ROUND NETTING.

Begin with an even number of stitches. 1st Row — Miss the first, set the next. Draw the first through it, and set the next. 2nd and 4th Rows — Plain rows. 3rd Row—Not the same. Work exactly like the first row to the end, when you will have an odd stitch, which set. Repeat these four rows. Some people use, for the plain row a five space larger than the others. It makes a more open stitch.

BOUND NETTING.

Like plain netting; but that after passing the needle through the loop of the last stitch, instead of inserting it downwards and towards you, to the stitch was to be worked. Draw it up like an ordinary stitch. It contracts very much, for which allowance of nearly a fourth must be made if you desire to work in bound netting any article for which the directions are in common netting.
HOW TO BUILD CONCRETE HOUSES.

The following excellent practical directions are from the pen of Mr. D. Redmond of Castalia, Ohio, and were received recently.

1. LOCATION, ETC.—Select, if possible, a dry situation, and get all heavy materials, such as rock, sand, lime, gravel, etc., on the spot as early in the season as possible, in order that they may be dry and ready for use when the average daily temperature of the sun be from 70° to 80°; but, if not, allow them to dry until they be hard, or harden thoroughly when dry; the sand should be sharp, and as free from clay, loam, and other earthy matter as possible; and the gravel and rock may be of any size, from that of a boy's marble up to eighteen inches or two feet square, according to the size of the building.

2. FOUNDATION.—Having fixed on your plan, lay off the foundation, and dig a trench two feet deep the area or full size of your outer wall. With a heavy piece of hard wood, squared or rounded at the lower end, pound or ram down the earth in the bottom of this trench, giving it several strokes, until it is solid and compact. A layer of hydraulic cement mortar (where procurable) two inches thick, spread evenly over the bottom of the trenches thus compacted, gives you a base on which a wall will feel the mortar quite hard. If you intend carrying up inside division walls of concrete, the foundation for these should be laid in the same way.

3. FORM AND BOXING.—Cut common 3 x 4 scantling two feet longer than you wish your highest story to be; set up a double row, with the lower end resting firmly upon the foundation in such a way as to ensure their truth; before the setting of this frame, give them a good coat of oil and "pitch" the mortar on the inside of the two rows of scantling and form two sides of a box. Moveable pieces the thickness of the wall are dropped in between, at intervals, to keep the box of the proper width, and wedges driven in between the boxing and the scantling, on the outside, to maintain its required thickness. Wooden "clamps," to slip down here and there, over the upper edges of the boxing, will also be found very serviceable.

5. MIXING CONCRETE; LAYING UP, ETC.—It will be well to have at least four large mortar beds, one on each side of the frame, in which to mix the concrete, not necessary to raise all the materials to a high point; they will be surrounded by casks of water (oil casks in use are excellent), piles of rock, sand, gravel, etc.—the lime of course, to be kept under cover, and used as wanted. Stack up your lime until it forms a thin, smooth, creamy mass, then add four to five parts (by volume) of water so as to make the mixture thick enough to be lifted on a common shovel. (The proper and thorough mixing of the sand with the lime, and the gravel with the mortar afterward, is very important, and should only be intrusted to your most careful hands.) Having one or two "beds" full of this mixture, you can begin your work. Fill the foundation to the common railroad wheelbarrows, letting the common hands shovel it into the bottom of the trenches, while the superintendents or "boss" workman spreads it evenly with his trowel. When the bottom layer of mortar, three inches thick, is thoroughly spread and level, and the second layer is sprinkled with water, to the wall, and press it into the soft mortar at every available point leaving a small space between each piece of rock, and working the soft mortar against the place of the stone, until a smooth surface of the wall. When the concrete can press no more rock into the mortar, pour another layer of the latter over and through the rock, then add a layer of rock, as before, and so on, until your boxing all around is full. You have now ten inches of a foot of wall, all around, wall; and full line of the long, warm, rainy weather, it will be hard enough in twenty-four hours to raise your boxes another tier. This is readily done by knocking out the wedges between the plank and the scantling, raising up the plank and

LESSONS IN FRENCH.

LESSON II.—CONTINUED.

With one remark more, closing our cautions on this subject, we will proceed to give an exercise in French with a literal translation interlined. We have said enough to give a thorough understanding of le and la, and en, in all their cases, when they are articles and when they mean the in English. But le and la do not mean the except when they precede a noun adjective or a noun substantive—that is, a wordsignifying some positive object or thing, or the quality of that object or thing. For example, "The king—the bad king," Le roi le mauvais (pronounced movay) roi. Here you have the article. But if le and la precede not a noun but a verb—that is, a word signifying any kind of doing or of enduring, then le and la are not articles, do not mean the, and must be rendered in English by he or him, she or her, they or them, or it. For example, La dame le pense, "The lady it thinks, (or) thinks it, (or) thinks so." Here the first la, coming before a noun (dame, lady) means the; the second le, coming before a verb (pense, thinks) means it. Apply these various rules towards the mastering of the exercises which we will now subjoin:

Sir, have you been formerly in England?

Monsieur, avez vous été autrefois en Angleterre? (pronounced Mos-yew, avee voo-zetay otrorfwa, en Omgleterra?)

No sir, never.

Non monsieur, jamais je nai voyagé (pronounced noang, mos-yew, shannay).

What's the price of this?

Combien vendez vous ceci? (literally, "at how much do you sell this?" and pronounced Koambwong vonday vou seeve?)

Which is the way to the Exhibition?

Quelle[fig] est la route a l'Exposition? (kell la tah root ah lexposeesoung?)
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A Dutchman's Character.—A Dutchman was desirous of becoming a citizen of the great country, and therefore called Hans to testify as to his character. The judge asked the latter—
'How long have you known the applicant?'
'Vell, I knows him six year.'
'Is he a man of good moral character?'
'Yaw, he ish no thief.'
'True; but is his character good in a moral point of view?'
'Yaw; he will not steal nothing.'
'But what do the people generally say about his character?'
'Vell, I never hear anybody say dat Shon steal nothing.'
'But what do you know about him yourself, as a good or bad man?'
'Vell, so far as I knows, he never takes anything vat does not belong to him.'
The court weakened. The applicant was admitted, and the witnesses was heard to mutter, as he left the court-room—
'Vell, I makes Shon vote. Yaw, is moral character, dat ish good. Shon will not steal, but he does vip his frau, and chet people, and lie like de very tyril.'

BY GOLLY.

You ne'er saw Yankee, far or near,
Who, when his plans got out of gear,
Said not, "Wal, now then, I don't keer,
By golly!"

And should he stub his toe and fall,
Don't want to swear, but great or small,
Will vent his ire in "Darn it all,
By golly!"

The Yankee boy, with open eyes,
When first the elephant he spies,
With wonder stares, and swors, and cries,
"By golly!"

And when with jack-knife sharp and stout,
He tries a trade to whittle out,
He, whittling, queries, "What are you 'bout,
By golly!"

And if ill luck attends him, and he makes
A miss or two, he swaps the stakes,
With, "Arter all, taint no great shakes,
By golly!"

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ........................................... $7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] ......................... 4.00

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons clubbing together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office, or addressed Box 197 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "Danestert News"
THE
UTAH MAGAZINE;
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 13.] SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 4, 1868. [Vol. I.

POETRY.

THE VOICELESS.

[BY O. W. HOLMES.]

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet waiting singers slumber,—
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading treasures,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing press,——
If singing breath or sobbing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

LETTER G.

[CONCLUDED.]

With this sudden change of tone he ran to his wife, who sat, white and miserable, staring through fast-dropping tears at the unfortunate families. If she had bought it with the feathers on, it would have gone into the oven all the same, with undoubting faith that it would come out ready for the table; and now to be so laughed at, and to deserve it!—she was ready to die with distress.

But Peter comforted her with the maxim that "accidents would occur in the best regulated families," and then went out and bought some oysters, and they had a nice time after all.

Poor things! they were devoted to each other. Grim, gaunt Poverty had not planted herself quite yet on their hearthstone, and love bravely held his own.

But the time did come.

In vain had Peter tried to sell his poetry, and his wife's crock-work; the newspapers and fancy stores declined speculating in amateur performances. Then the poor fellow, unknown to his wife, had answered two advertisements, one of which directed the anxious inquirer to send four postage stamps, and receive in return an infallible receipt for making a fortune—no capital required. Peter got liberal directions how to make waffles, pouring the mixture out of an oil-can, cooking, and afterwards carrying them round for sale, kept hot on a portable stove. The other proved to be an invitation, if he was "small and spry" to join a negro minstrel band, in the capacity of female dancer.

It was now November, and Mr. Bolton had come to the city with his wife. Madam had kept the whip hand over him in splendid style; for he had not dared to write to his little Madge, and forgive her, as he longed to do.

"Wait a while," said she, "Master Brookes' money will certainly last six months. When it is gone, and they have felt the consequences of their disobedience, it will be time enough for forgiveness."

And so the poor old man, with his gray hair a shade whiter, and one or two additional furrows in his kind, weak face, put his hands in his pockets, and went brooding up and down the house like a heavy old ghost.

He took rooms at the Coleridge, and the very next day went wandering, in an anxious, stupid way, past the Byron House, staring at the windows, hoping to catch a glimpse of the sweet face he loved so dearly. Not succeeding, he took courage, buttoned up his coat tight, and gave a desperate ring at the bell.

"What? gone away?" he echoed after the servant.

"Gone where?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Don't know, you scoundrel! You do know. Tell me instantly, instantly, you rascal."

"You had better ask at the office," said the man.

The office did not know either; and the poor old chap went home with a big lump behind his left waistcoat pocket, and a smaller one in his throat, which would not go away.

Some weeks after this, Mr. Bolton heard a lady who sat next him at dinner telling her neighbor on the other side, of such an interesting young person who had applied at their Society for work.

"She could bring no references," the lady continued, "but her sweet face and modest, trembling manner moved my pity, and I gave her some coarse sewing. She brought it back this morning, spotted here and
there with tiny red dots of blood, which had come
from her poor little pricked fingers. She is evidently
not used to needlework, for the stitches are seven
ways for Sunday, and by no means presentable; but
I gave the poor thing more work, and shall take
out some of the first and say it properly. She refused
to tell me where she lived; but I am certain there are
some romantic or sad circumstances connected with
her present destitution.”

Mr. Bolton listened with his lips apart and a
blanched face.

He began counting on his fingers, “September, Oc-
tober, November; not quite three months. No, no,”
he thought, “it cannot be my darling! God forbid
it.” My wife said his money would last six months.”

The same evening he met the lady in the hall.
“Madam,” he said, his voice trembling, “I heard you
telling at the dinner-table to-day about a poor young
creature who was trying to earn bread. Give her
this, and God bless you!” He put a fifty dollar note
in her hand, and almost ran away. The lady looked
extremely astonished, then extremely thankful; for
she had taken a singular interest in this case.

But it was Madge who had come to this pitiful
pass! Day after day had her husband rushed desper-
ately out, determined to saw wood if he could do
no better, while the weeping little wife sat alone
brooding and brooding, thinking how to escape utter
destitution. They owed for rent, and starvation was
close at hand.

At last she thought of applying to her
landlady, who seemed kind-hearted in her rough way;
and the hapless little woman went down, timidly
knocked at her door, and, when hidden to enter, told
her wishes.

“Can you do braiding on merino? I can get you
lots of that.”

“Not well, I am afraid,” answered Madge, sadly.
“I would rather try some very plain sewing.”

“Why can’t you do fine sewing?” said the woman,
with a shade of contempt in her voice. “If you can’t
sew well, why don’t you get a machine? You can’t
help making nice work with that.”

She might as well have asked why she didn’t leave
this sorrowful world, and fly up to the moon on a
broomstick. Madge simply said she could not buy a
machine; whereupon the good soul twisted her brows,
and bit her thumb, and having thus refreshed her
memory, said: “Well, I believe the ladies in Trans-
figuration Church give out work to poor folks. You
might try there, and to-day is the day.”

Poor little Madge thanked her; and lest her cour-
age should fail, hurried on her bonnet and shawl, and
almost ran to the church, with what success the reader
has already learned.

Meanwhile Peter had got copying to do for a law-
ner; and thus the two barely managed to keep the
wolf from the door. More they could not do, except
love one another; and this love melted, like electricity,
the iron chains of despair as fast as the cruel links
were forged, and kept their hearts from breaking.

They began to look gaunt and hungry. They were
wretchedly shabby in their dress, for the best of their
wardrobe had gone, long since, to the pawnbrokers.
Yes, they had learned the way to that dreadful tomb,
where, laid away like corpses, are myriad tokens of
better days.

One day when Madge took back her work, she looked
so unusually wan, almost wild, that her kind friend,
with delicate questioning begged once more to know
her history. It was the first time the Society had
met after Mr. Bolton had given the fifty-dollar note,
and Mrs. Easton was anxious to bestow it immediately;
but at the first inquiry Madge’s trembling lips closed,
after one little deep sob, and she froze into a white
statue.

The Mrs. Easton tried pretended harshness. “Your
sewing is very badly done, Mrs. King” (she had given
this name), I can help you, perhaps, in a better way.
I can assist you with money, and—”

“Madame!” Up the blood rushed to her face, forth
flashed a dart from her eyes, and trembling all over
she cried: “I do not want your money! I want
work!” Then nature resenting the fierce struggle
with her pride, gave way suddenly, and she sank
down, fainting, on the floor, one hand pressed against
her crushed and bleeding heart, which that offer
of money had torn like a barbed arrow.

Mrs. Easton hastened to call assistance and unloose
the dress of the poor little creature. A faint color
came creeping back to her lips, and she made a feebie
attempt to rise. But she was powerless, and she lay
there uttering half unconscious farewells to her hus-
band, who would go back to his uncle and be for-
given; she was quite broken down; her friends,
putting their arms tenderly around her, raised her to
her feet and assisted her into Mrs. Easton’s own carri-
age at the door, and conveyed her to her poor home.

When she had been gently laid upon her own bed,
and Mrs. Easton had smoothed back her hair, and kis-
ed her, Madge opened her heart, and, with stormy,
scaling tears, told all her story except her name.

“Sixteen and nineteen! two mere children, and strug-
-gling for bread!” murmured Mrs. Easton. “Some-
thing must be done, and instantly.” She looked
around the room. It was as neat as hands could
make it, but cold and dreary, for the small fire in the
little stove made poor resistance against a gloomy
December day. She did not dare to buy food and
send it to Madge, whose resolute words, “I want
work!” still rang in her ear, and defied her to make a
pensioner on charity of this young thing, at once so
frail and so indomitable. Suddenly a thought struck
her, and affectionately patting Madge’s check, she
said: “Take courage, dear—take hope to your heart.
The worst has passed. Since you will not take mon-
ney for your bitter needs, I will send you that which
will make money for you, this evening if I can.
Good-by: Keep up a brave heart, better times are
coming.”

She replenished the fire, and went away; while
Madge, still too weak to rise, lay, with closed eyes,
wondering over her words, and soon after fell into a
dreamless sleep.

Towards evening it grew stormy. Peter had writ-
ten all day, until the characters danced on the page,
yet he had a thick roll of MSS. which must be copied
that evening. Desolate and desperate, mortally tired,
he fought his way against the sharp, blinding sleet,
which the subbing gusts of wind drove into his face.
Gaining his home, he paused a moment at his room-
door to call into his haggard countenance a hopeful
look, for these two loving hearts wore masks, when
in each other’s presence.
He opened the door; he glanced at the bed; a shudder shook his frame, and a black veil seemed to come down over his eyes. She lay there so still, her face so white in such a death-like hush. Was it sheer or absurd which covered her?

"Madge!" How strange his voice sounded, like a far away hoarse whisper. Mastering his awful terror with a strong effort he advanced to the bed; leaned over, straining his eyes blinded with fear, and saw the gentle rise and fall of her breathing. "Thank God, it is not death but sleep!" he almost screamed. He flung himself on his knees at the foot of the bed, and buried his face in the clothes. Great sobs burst from his laboring, heaving breast; the veins in his temples stood out tense like cords; then a hot rain of tears poured from his eyes, and his cry was "My little wife, my poor, little wife! I thought I had killed her."

In vain Madge, who had started up in a fright at his first exclamation, implored him to look at her; to speak to her, to stop those dreadful tears. His passionate anguish would have way, and remorse was tagging at his heart-strings; he had deliberately robbed his darling of every earthly comfort—so it seemed now to him; his selfish love confronted him, and, pointing at the wan face and emaciated figure of his wife, held him to the rack and kept him there.

"Madge, Madge!" he said, in a tone of such bitter sadness that it brought great wistful tears in her eyes—"I wonder you do not curse the day you ever saw my face. Let me take you back to your father and go my way alone. I will kneel to him! I will kiss his feet!" he cried, frantically; "but you shall no longer die by inches. I have been cruel. I am a wretch. O God! help me to save my darling, my little, little wife."

"You don't love me, then; you want to send me away; and her cheek grew livid, her breast heaved, and her woeful eyes grew more hollow and shadowy.

"Oh, Madge, you know better! you know how wholly, entirely, my heart is yours. It is because I have loved you so selfishly, and stolen from you all the bloom, and light, and bliss of youth that I wish to save you. Why were you lying in that death-like sleep? Was it not exhaustion from overwork?"

"Why no, dear, nothing of the kind;" and with changing color she recounted the adventures of the morning, and the strange hopeful language of her friend Mrs. Easton.

Then she rose and steadying herself so her husband should not see how weak she still was, hastened to make tea. If she had dared she would have brought out two tiny mutton chops, put away for the next day's dinner; but there was "the next day" sitting on the chops, like a gobelin keeping guard, and she shut the cupboard door with a sigh.

They had just set down to the tea and some dry toast; for the last of the butter had been eaten the day before. It had lasted three months; and had been a capital purchase after all; but to have any more of such a luxury was not to be thought of. Madge had poured out one cup of tea, when some one knocked at the door. Being bidden to enter, a man came in with a small table on his shoulder. He set it down, went out, returned with a bundle, set that down, said there was nothing to pay, and vanished.

"Some amiable lunatic seems to have sent us a piece of furniture," said Peter.

"I haven't the slightest idea what it can mean, dear. What an odd little table, isn't it, with such a strange ornament in the middle of it? I declare it looks like a big letter G. How funny. What can that mean?"

"Bring it sent to you, it stands for little goose, darling," said Peter, getting up from his untasted tea, and going round to the mysterious table to examine it. "Don't you see what it is? It's a sewing-machine. Here's the wheel, and here's the place for the foot. Listen."

Hegently moved the treadle, and in a moment an almost imperceptible tiny "tick, tick" was heard, like the faint echo of a cheery little cricket on the hearth.

Then Peter opened a small drawer; in it were three or four strange-looking little instruments, some needles, and a pamphlet. He took the last out and turned over the leaves. "Oh," he said, "these odd looking steel customers are hammers, fellers, etc., are they? And here are some jolly directions for using it. I tell you what, Madge, it will be just next to nothing to turn out a dress with twenty-nine flourishes. Gorgeous letter G."

But what was that foolish little Madge doing standing there so absorbed and silent?

Oh, was this blessed relief meant for her? With a pale face and clasped hands she listened to her husband, her gaze fastened on the magical letter which had the power to bring such unutterable comfort to their home—debts paid, sufficient food, bright fires. All at once Mrs Easton's words—"I will send you that which will make money for you"—flashed into her mind. She understood. Her heart beat loud and fast, and then tide upon tide of rosy color overspread her face until, at length, the tears bursting from her uplifted eyes, she sobbed out, "Thank God, oh, thank God, it is for me. Now we need not starve."

The next instant she was clasped in her husband's arms, and these two poor lonely children had a good cry together.

"You want think now of sending me home, darling, will you?" murmured Madge, nestling close to his heart. "Here is my home." And she pressed her soft cheek against him—she was "just as high as his heart."

She got a tight hug for answer, and then they found out that they were very hungry, and the tea was quite cold. Madge flew round and made more tea, although it was the very last drawing bat one, declaring she didn't care a fig for the extravagance; and then getting more excited, she whipped the mutton chops out of the cupboard in a trice, and broiled them without the slightest compunction about the next day's dinner, and made toast brown and crisp, and said, laughing, "Oh, never mind the butter."

After tea Peter helped to wash the dishes, and the clumsy fellow broke a plate, and Madge laughed at it—such a blithe little laugh, and all because there stood in the room a small table—with the letter G upon it. They had quite forgotten the bundle all this time; but now Madge opened it, and found a note inside. It read thus:

"DEAR MRS. KING. A kind old gentleman accidentally heard me tell a friend of your painful situation, and it was he who gave me the money for you, which you refused. I have therefore purchased with it this sewing-machine.

December 22."
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

[April 4, 1868.

She very nearly got crying again over this note, thankful, grateful tears, and not trusting herself to speak, she handed it to her husband, and sat down at the machine with the little book of directions in her hand. It would almost go of itself! She adjusted her work, put her foot on the treadle, and began. Absorbed, fascinated, now pale, now flushed, her lips apart, her eyes shining like stars, she watched the white seam gliding swiftly away.

The letter G was a magical living thing to her, and its gentle little "tick, tick," was like the joyous songs of the lark to her upward-lifted, praying, grateful heart.

One hour and a half, two, and the shirt was finished; with a radiant, gladness smile, Madge, threw it to her husband, who had been watching the work with almost breathless interest.

"Oh, darling letter G!" cried Madge. "Seventy-five cents! It would have taken me three days to have earned so much money with my fingers; and here you sing a dear old song, and, presto! the seventy-five cents are mine!"

"It has brought back hope and life to my darling," said Peter; "and I say long life and happiness to the good old one whose money bought this. Bless his spectacles, wig and whiskers! he is worth an army of such as your cruel old father, and my snarling old uncle."

"Don't say so. But really I think I ought to thank him."""

"Do you? Well, write a pretty little note, and tell him he's a darling and you're another."

"I shall do no such thing; I shall thank him with all my heart for my letter G."

And so she did.

Before two days were over she had finished and taken to the Society rooms the dozen shirts, and nine dollars were handed to her. She sat as one entranced, believing that she must be a second Danse, with the golden shower falling around her.

She gave her note to Mrs. Easton with a blue and smile, and begged her to hand it to her kind unknown friend, and hurried home with a new supply of work. At the door she met her landlady.

"Was it a sewing-machine, ma'am," she inquired, "which came to you the other night?"

"Yes," answered Madge.

"Lovely, ma'am! my Jane's almost crazy with the work they want her to do for Christmas. She's got all of a dozen children's dresses to braid, which ain't possible to do half. If you could help her ma'am, of course you'd get the money for all you do. Is there a braider to your machine?"

"Come up and I'll see," said Madge.

The landlady only waited to run into her room and bring out a bundle when the two ascended the stairs. Madge hurried to the little drawer and took out her book of directions.

"Yes, yes!" she said, joyfully, "here it is! The braid is to pass through a hole in the foot. Yes I can do it and thank you a thousand times!"

"Well here's a little merino dress, all stamped, and here is the braid; and that's the machine, is it? an odd one, any how," and off went the good soul quite relieved.

In the afternoon, just before the sun set, Peter came in. She could hardly stop to give him welcome with a kiss. Her dress was nearly done.

"Madge, do you know it is Christmas-eve?" asked Peter.

"Yes darling." And a little flattering sigh escaped her.

"What an unkind, unforgiving, uncharitable old blunderbuss your father is!"

"Hush, dear! Poor papa! I'm sure he'll be lonesome to-night. I wish—oh, how I wish he could have forgiven me! I should be glad and thankful to live here just as we do if papa would forgive me and love me again."

Fast-coming tears blinded her. She had to stop working and hide her pale face on her husband's shoulder. They were so absorbed in each other that they had not heard the door open. They did not see standing there in the dusky gloom, as if transfixed, an old man, with remorse and grief convulsing every feature. His lips moved but no sound came from them; it seemed as if this remorse and grief had swelled in his throat and closed it. His eyes were strained upon the wan, tearful face of the young wife. He wildly pressed his hands upon his head, and uttered a hollow groan.

"What's that?"

With a piercing, sudden scream which rang through the room, Madge was in his arms, crying, sobbing, laughing with her lips against his cheek, and murmuring, "Father, dear father, thank God! thank God!"

"Oh, Madge, darling," he cried, "forgive me, try to forgive me! I know you do; but oh! say it, my little Madge, whom I have treated so cruelly. And you my son, you will not refuse my hand? Oh! God bless you both and forgive me. She said I must wait six months; she said I must punish you for your disobedience. But oh, my darling, will God ever forgive me for bringing you to this?"

He held her tight, and great scalding tears fell from his eyes upon her face. His very heart was torn by the sight of that pale, patient face, so unlike his blooming dimpled Madge.

"Never mind, papa," she said at last; "don't be so grieved; it is all right now; and I would not have had it different."

"Oh, my little Madge, when I gave the money to Mrs. Easton for the poor suffering creature, little did I dream it was for my own darling. As I sat down to dinner to-day Mrs. Easton handed me your precious note. Your handwriting! I jumped up, upset my chair, and rushed out of the room. I suppose they thought me mad. But I have you once more, my pet. You shall never leave me again. You and Peter must come away immediately. She shall give way. She shall forgive you. She ought to ask your forgiveness. And we shall all be happy again."

They told him of all that had happened. They softened the bitterest part of the sad narrative, for his poor old heart was so grieved and remorseful.

Then they made a little feast for him; for he had lost his dinner in the mingled joy and anguish of find-
ing his child, and they too had appetites sharpened and quickened by their happiness.

Peter ran out and bought a capital steak with the appropriate "fixings." It took all his money, but we won't mention it; and when he returned he sat the table, while Madge broiled, and turned; and tossed the steak in a manner to reflect undying honor on her skill as a cook; while her father first pulled the corners of his mouth down to cry, then suddenly twisted them up to laugh, winking very hard between misery and amusement that his little girl should have been brought to such a pass.

But oh! wasn't it jolly? wasn't it gorgeous?—these are Peter's vulgarexpressions, not mine. Madge with her blue eyes fixed upon her venerable parent, her husband with his adoring eyes fixed upon her, and the kind old father burying his face every other minute in his pocket-handkerchief. Everybody was forgiven, and all the sad past was forgotten; and a sweet, fresh look of joyful peace came into Madge's eyes.

They could not go away that night, but next morning, Peter went to that awful place, the pawnbroker's, and redeemed their wardrobe with some of the money which Mr. Bolton had given to his darling.

Then the good landlady was paid, and presented with such little articles of furniture as they had bought; and a half sad, and half happy farewell look was taken at the poor, little rooms, which had witnessed so much suffering, and so much happiness.

"Peter, we must take my precious letter G. Do you ever think I shall part with that, my dear?"

Madge did not dream of relinquishing her dearly-bought self-reliance, and becoming once more a useless fine lady. No indeed! She and her letter G, both singing, made almost everything she wore, with no end of tucking and hemming; and many of her dresses sprouted out in "curly-cues and whirligigs" of the most intricate and beautiful patterns of braiding and embroidery. Oh yes! and better than this, many another letter G made music in the wretched homes where hitherto Hood's "Song of the Shirt" had been sobbed out by fainting, starving souls. Madge picked her father's pocket with impunity for this purpose. With every gift of one of his poor old heart grew lighter. It seemed like expiating for his unkindness to his darling, and soothing his bitter memory of his troubles.

And when, nearly a year after, little babe Madge came, and lay nestling soft on her happy young mother's breast, seeming like a tiny child-angel which had floated down to her out of heaven, the snow-white robes in which the wee thing was tenderly wrapped owed their dainty grace to the letter G.

The Boudoir.

(From Flag of Our Union.)

The Marquis de C, a French nobleman of large property, possesses a handsome mansion in the Champs Elysées, Paris. It was his fortune to espouse a very beautiful woman, to whom he was fondly attached, and a chateau of the marquis's, some forty miles from the capital, became their constant residence. Here, however, the marchioness was at length attacked with severe illness, and, although her life was saved, continued to suffer from agonizing pains in the head, the sole alleviation of which seemed to consist in having her beautiful hair, which touched the ground, combed for several hours a day, the marquis himself, when her maid was tired, frequently taking his turn in this occupation.

The seeds of disease were, however, too deeply sown, and, after many alternations of sickness and amendment, the poor young wife ultimately died.

In despair at her loss, the marquis left the chateau, and, returning to Paris, shut himself up in his house, refusing all comfort and all society excepting that of one intimate friend, Monsieur Alphonse F., who had been a frequent visitor at the chateau.

It happened that a process rendered it incumbent on the widower to produce certain papers essential to the case, which had been placed in a cabinet at the chateau. But the bereaved husband positively refused to revisit the scene of his former happiness, and despite the arguments of his legal adviser, remained inexorable, when Alphonse F., entering while the discourse continued, volunteered to spare his friend's feelings by visiting the chateau and obtaining the required papers.

The marquis thanked him cordially, adding, "You will find the papers in my escritoire beside the door.

They are tied with red tape, and are deposited in the second pigeon-hole at the end furthest from the door."

With these instructions, Alphonse F., started on his journey, and, on reaching the chateau, reached the apartment he sought.

A cold, damp vapor seemed to pervade the room and he hastened to complete his task and begone. Recalling, in spite of himself, the image of the fair and blissful being he had met there, he slowly opened the escritoire, and at once descried the papers, described by his friend. Carefully removing them, he was in the act of reclosing the escritoire, when he felt or fancied he felt, a light pressure on his shoulder. He turned and beheld—the marchionesses!

She was dressed in white, her face was deadly pale, and her beautiful black silken tresses were, as he had often seen them in later days, flowing unconstrained to her very feet. He let fall the papers, and rushing through the deserted rooms, never stopped till he reached the courtyard, where his horse awaited him.

He was about to mount and gallop from the haunted spot, when the reflection of his friend's disappointment, and the incredulity with which his explanation would certainly be met, induced him to make an effort to recover what he began to consider superstitious weakness. He re-ascended the stairs, traversed the rooms without glancing to the right or left, entered the boudoir, seized the papers and was departing, when again a touch was laid upon his shoulder. The figure he had before seen stood close beside him, holding what seemed to be a comb in its hand, and offering it to him, as if inviting him to use it on the black tresses that covered her like a shroud.

Hardly knowing what he did, A. seized the comb, made an attempt to pass it through the flowing hair, failed, and felt back innsensible. How long he remained in that state he never knew. The moment he regained consciousness he tottered from the room, mounted his horse, and made his way to Paris, where he lay for weeks, prostrated with brain fever.

Monsieur Alphonse F. still lives, and himself related this anecdote to the narrator.
NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

Number Six.—Part 1.

An examination of the American character will conclude our present series.

The most distinguished colonists of America being English, the American may be said in general terms, to be an Englishman existing under new conditions. All that has been said of the English character, so far as it has been influenced by a mixture of the blood of the daring and energetic of all ages, can therefore be said of the American; and yet, as now developed, the American presents some strong characteristics entirely unknown to his English progenitor.

So far as the independent nature of the American is concerned, it was brought with him to this continent. Oppressive circumstances but stimulated and called it into exercise. This feature he owes more to his descent than to any influence of location. Both ancestry and surroundings, however, had their influence in this particular. While all the tendencies of his race led him to resist aggression, the propitious facts of a rich and expansive country, inspiring in its extent and productiveness, invited him to independence.

The Declaration of Independence did not spring alone from the depths of feeling possessed by a manly race—under less favoring circumstances they might never have given birth to—it was inspired by mountain, river, lake and teeming fields, as well as by a greater influence still. God does not make a nation out of a single quality or a solitary favoring condition; but from the combination of a series of multiplied and carefully conducted providences all leading up to the general end.

As to those qualities which now so much distinguish the American from the Englishman, they have been gradually induced by the necessities of his situation. The first few generations were English in tone and habit. Take, for instance, the statesmen of the Revolution, they were English in their formalities, their love of decorum, and their moderation of language. They clung tenaciously to many of the customs and most of the etiquette of the old world—simply excepting its right to control their liberties. By slow degrees these habits induced by descent and sustained by tradition died out, and the influences of nature as felt in scenery and climate; of enterprise as inspired by an almost untraveled country; of boldness and hardihood as promoted by exploration; of unlimited ambition as developed by a new world far vaster than their hopes, began to make their own peculiar and distinct impression, and a new type of character—the Anglo-American—was presented before the world.

Among the characteristics which have been developed since the days of the Revolution, and which now distinguish the American, is a certain bigness—or as some deem it an extravagance of speech and conception. This is seen more particularly in American orators of the modern school, as well as in much of the literature of the present period,—not but that, there are many illustrations and remarkable exceptions to this rule. Speaking, however, in general terms, the national mind seems striving to express itself in hyperbole as though ordinary language was too tame for its purpose. This has furnished in the estimation of foreigners, who always observe salient points, a national trait. American humor possesses also this quality of huggeness. The case of the man whose foot was so large that he had to repair to a fork of the road to find a boot jack of sufficient size is an illustration of this, desire for extreme proportions even in matters of fun. This tendency to extravagance in conception, we take it, has been fostered by the opening presented for speculative thought by constantly enlarging scenes of national and individual greatness—for extravagant as has been the American mind, it has hardly kept pace with the facts of American progress. Even the half humorous, half earnest boast of “whipping all creation” may be traced to that vast opening for unlimited domain which spread before the nation like a mist hiding a glory too great for comprehension.

PROFESSOR TULLIDGE’S BENEFIT CONCERT.

This concert came off on Saturday evening last at the 13th Ward Assembly Rooms.

Among many excellent points, both vocal and instrumental, we notice the following:

Danby’s splendid old glee, “Awake, Eolian Lyre,” was rendered by the company with excellent precision; several fine points of expression were well brought out by Professor Tullidge.

The execution of Mrs. Tompson in the songs “Thou art lovelier” and “Blanche Alpen” proved her practical acquaintance with the florid and expressive school of vocal music.

The rendition of the comic duetto, “The Cousins,” by Miss Nunn and Mrs. Tompson, was highly appreciated by the audience and was loudly encored.

That vocal and instrumental master-piece of Sir H. R. Bishop, “The Chough and the Crow,” from the semi-opera of Gay Manning, was a gem of choral and solo vocalization, by both principals and company.

Miss Nunn’s “Sweet Spirit, Hear my Prayer” was a choice bit of vocal expression.

Calcott’s spirited glee the “Red Cross Knight” sung by Messrs. Williams, Tullidge and Daynes, reminded us of the superiority of English authors over those of all other nations in this style of composition, “Come to the Greenwood” by Miss Evans, a young lady who made her debut on this occasion, showed her possessed of a good voice and a fine intonation.

The principal soprano Mrs. Lindsay proved her excellence as a choral leader. Her songs “Sunny Day’s” and “Floating in the Wind” were very creditably rendered.

Our young artist Mr. Dayne, Jun., gave us some choice organ execution. Mrs. Cook exhibited her usual skill as an accompanist.

“The Ticking Trio,” which was loudly encored sent the audience home in a good humor.
SALT LAKE CITY, March 31, 1868.

EDITOR UTAH MAGAZINE:
I think it but due to the readers of your articles on "National Traits and their Causes," that you should enlighten them as to the correctness of certain dissenting views on the above subject, published in the Daily Telegraph on Friday last and signed "RESURGAM."

W. S. G.

We are under obligation to our correspondent for his interest in the subject, but we never treat seriously articles of the kind referred to. We have, however, handed over the matter for the amusement and edification of "Our Hired Man."

"OUR HIRED MAN" ON THE RESURRECTION MAN.

[AN EXPLANATION.]

Our Hired Man comes to the relief of an unhappy individual, a countryman of a very "low" order, whose mind has been laboring against seas of affliction at disconvenience from some of the leading articles of this paper that a mountain-bred people as a general thing possess some qualities uncommon to lowlanders. This individual signs his name RESURGAM, which means "I shall rise again," and is a neat reference to his present deprested condition. Our assistant's Latin pronunciation having been neglected in his youth, he calls him the "Resurrection Man" for shortness.

The first plaintive utterances of this "depressed" individual are as follows:

I wish to ask you a question, which I consider of some importance to the people of this Territory. I wish to know whether, as a public journalist, you do not see in the acts of those known to be individuals, to allow an individual, without remonstrance, is perhaps the ignorant and the unwise of this Territory, by statements such as follows: The denizens of a valley, or a wide, low, flat extent of country, and is it not that he is often in the temperature of his feelings, as he is often in the air he breathes, and he will be as much less available as the uniformity of the plains he breezes is less inspiring than mountain winds.

Here "Our Hired Man" flies to the aid of the resurrection man. Bennigent individuals will wonder where the "importance of the people of this Territory" lies. "Our Hired Man" is able to explain. The "importance of the people of this Territory" is twofold. The Editor of this Magazine has been guilty of enleving a mountain bred people. It is important that this should be stopped because the Utonians live in the mountains. The "Resurrection man" holding that a mountain bred people are sometimes disposed to be afflicted with goitre which makes them semi-idiot it is important that this should be known, it being to the "inhabitants of this Territory" a very cheering and interesting fact for contemplation.

Having assisted our "rising" friend so far "Our Hired Man" will still further expend his energies in his behalf, regardless of expense. It "strikes" the "Resurrection Man" that there are "low countries wherein this trait of excitability is developed to a certain extent" he instances the boys of Ireland "Irishmen have been known to become excited." It is very strange but "Our Hired man" has discovered the same phenomenon. He has known whiskey to have a very "elevating" effect even in a "flat low country," and even where—in addition to the general flatness of the country—there was superadded a very interesting "flatness" of the individual himself. For the time being, whiskey has, in his opinion, an effect very similar to living in a mountains region. But as it happens that "excitability" of temperament is not imparted by the Utah Magazine to a mountain life alone, but hardihood, boldness and such like qualities instead, neither the Irishman nor the whiskey particularly to do with the case.

Not only does it "strike" the "Resurrection Man" that Irishmen are excitable, but profound observation has enabled him to discover that the inhabitants of France's fertile plan are mercurial. That the lehmelitie of the plains is sometimes a Tartar; and that the southern American is often a "fire eater," all of which facts our mountain bred "Hired Man"—whose ancestors of the eighteenth degree made a point of never speaking anything but mountain gallic of the most guttural and unpronounceable kind—is very reluctantly compelled to admit. But as it happens again and such things will happen—that the Utah Magazine traces temperature and fiery warmth of nature to climate and peculiarities of race as well as to a mountain life—and only traces them to the kind of existence all other things being equal, the admission only proves one thing, and that is, that the "Resurrection Man" is of that order of philosophers who believe they can construct a chart of man's character from the nature of a wart on the end of his nose; or tell all his instincts from seeing one corner of his eye—or what is the same thing, understand the whole theory of half a dozen chapters from an intense study of one side of an idea.

In closing, "Our Hired Man" will say, he was so interested in the original idea that the Swiss do not sustain the mountain theory, that he almost resolved to abolish William Tell for ever from his mind; and place under the severest ban all Geographies which tell how the "little brave Swiss nation" has preserved its independence in the midst of the Lions of Europe.

Reflection has of course shown him how the spightfully Hollanders prove the "Resurrection Man's" case to a hair. How unlike the flat, dead level of their country they are! How swift of foot! How gay and energetic! And then that a mountain life does not dispense with untameableness and unconquerability of character is clear because everybody knows, the Scott and the Welsh were so easily subdued by the English; and the Circassians of the mountains—those poor, weak little fellows—who some ridiculous people imagine fought for a generation—laid down their arms at the very first whisper of command by the Russians, just like an oppressed mountain people always do!

Our "lowland" friend must be comforted. If the nature of a country will influence itself in all cases into its inhabitants, it is pleasing to reflect that the brains of such as live in flat regions ought at least to be "level." These mountainers won't always have it all their own way. As the poet says "Resurgam, may not live to see the day. But perhaps his little bubbles may. Behold the good time coming."
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

(From Temple Bar.)

There is Franklin's famous epitaph for himself:

"The Body of

Benjamin Franklin,

Painter,

Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out,

And stripped of its lettering and gliding,

Lies here, food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost.

For it will (as he believed) appear once more,

In a new and more beautiful edition,

Corrected and amended

by

The Author."

Or this on a bellows maker:

"Here lies John Melicaw,

The Prince of Good Fellows,

Chief of All bellows,

And maker of bellows,

He bellows did mend till the day of his death;

But he who made bellows could never make breath."

Or this, at Manchester, on an old man:

"Here lies John Hill,

A man of skill,

His age was five times ten;

He ne'er did good,

Nor ever would,

Had he lived as long again."

Or this on a dyer:

"Beneath this turf a man doth lie,

Who dyed to live, and lived to die."

As for the unintentionally grotesque epitaphs, they may be found in almost every churchyard in England. Now and then, when we hear of them, we have a suspicion that they are "too good to be true," but he who has had any experience of British monumental stupidity, will hesitate to put limits to the absurdity it may display.

The following are a few which we recall to mind, omitting such as we happen to have elsewhere seen in print. Can anything be more simply touching than the second line of this couplet:

"In Memory of John Dally, Etc.

He died of a Quinsy,

And was buried at Buxton!"

Or the third of this triplet:

"Here lieth wretched in clay,

The body of William Wray—

I have no more to say."

There is certainly no lack of faith displayed in the following, which is, we believe, to be found in Sunbury churchyard:

"A—E

Left Sunbury
And started for Paradise, June 25, 19—."

Very different is the sceptical, not to say rollicking, tone of the inscription over a certain Gabriel John:

"Here lies the body of Gabriel John,

Who died in the year eighteen hundred and one,

Pray for his soul, or let it alone,

For it is all one to Gabriel John,

Who died in the year eighteen hundred and one."

There is a fearful weight of inuendo conveyed in this stern, brief notice in the churchyard of Cotton Hackett, Worcestershire:

"Here lieth the body of John Galey, in expectation of the Last Day.

What sort of a man was that day will discover."

Here is a cruel remark on a doctor:

"Here lie the corpse of Dr. Chard,

Who filled the half of this churchyard;"
HOW THE GERMANS MAKE LOVE.

(Philadelphia.)

Oh you American lovers, rejoicing in your secret walks, rosy visits, your escort's from evening prayer meetings, your established rendezvous for lovers; you who can indulge in secret sighs, billet-doux, and poetry, little do you realize the inconvenience with which a German counterpart is charged. I have never seen interviews and smuggled letters inspire the heart of an amorous German. If he has anything to say, he says it before anybody and everybody who happens to be in the room. If he calls upon the mistress of his affection, he beholds her sitting knitting a stocking in the midst of the family circle; with all this array of spectators must he unbosom his heart to his bride. Unbosoming his heart I do not mean speaking. Unless he can catch a second behind a door in a street, or in the car or omnibus, his affections are doubled as withers of her fancy, and make them the mediators. When all is arranged, the engagement announced, and the romance entirely over, then the lady alone, take her occasionally to the theatre, then he wishes to do this before the engagement he must include the mother or the aforementioned withered relation, (as in the case of a walk in a week a week.)

This extreme reserve seems at first glance the more unnatural from the fact that Germans are essentially a romantic and ideal people. Their literature, their love of music and art all their private manners, and especially their civil and romantic sports at chivalry among the students, and the tenderness of kindness one meets among them: their politeness, make it sometimes is, and the interest, almost curiously, which takes up your visit. But Germans have to look beyond mere flirtation and love-making. They are usually poor, and must choose a wife as the lady of Wakefield did, "for wealth." A flashy, brilliant girl, who lacked the usual domestic instruction, would never do for a German, and a lady who should believe of her reserve and openly keep the attentions of gentlemen would, if she succeeded in keeping her character, never win a husband.

Germans are not easily caught by appearances. There are some sad stories connected with German engagements, viz: the excessive poverty of the men, and the necessity of almost every one to work his way from the bottom of the ladder. Frau Dr. S. told me, with tears in her eyes, of an elderly lady living near here who has been engaged fifteen years, as she has her lover earned enough to marry upon, and now both are gray-haired, and approaching the grave, and though their hopes of marriage in life are over, yet they keep their vows sacred for another world.

In America, if a lady consents to deliver up her own precious self, the sacrifice is considered by the enraptured lover quite suited him to the dignity of being down all the furniture, linen, and household utensils in fact, anything necessary to housekeeping. The absolute dross of an honest German, with eight charming daughters and five hundred thalers' income, can be conceived where such a custom is nugatory.

Perhaps this is one reason why the mothers do not spend their lives like the English dowagers, in constant endeavors to knock their daughters off to the lowest bidder (I fear that "low" bidder was never a Yankee) — I mean to the man who will take the smallest amount of money with them, for Englishmen never think of making the incurrence of a wife without the jointure.

BRUNEL'S MISFORTUNE.

(From Bow Belle.)

Although Brunel, the celebrated engineer, who built the Great Eastern, died at the comparatively early age of fifty-three, it is even matter of surprise that he lived so long. He had more perilous escapes from violent death than fall to the lot of most men. At the outset of his career, when acting as assistant engineer to his father, in making the Thames Tunnel, he had two narrow escapes from drowning by the river bursting in upon the works.

Some time after, when inspecting the shafts of the railway tunnel under Box Hill, he was one day riding a shaggy pony at a rapid pace down the hill, when the animal stumbled and fell, pitching the engineer on his head with great violence; he was taken up for dead, but eventually recovered. When the Great Eastern was completed and put to work, he used frequently to ride upon the engine with the driver, and occasionally he drove it himself. One day when passing through the Box Tunnel upon the engine at considerable speed, Brunel thought he discerned between him and the light some object standing on the same line of road along which his engine was traveling. He instantly turned on the full steam and dashed at the object, which was driven into a thousand pieces. It afterwards turned out to be a contractor's truck, which had broken loose from a ballast train on its way through the tunnel. Another narrow escape which he had was on board the Great Western steamship, where he fell down a hatchway into the hold, and was nearly killed.

But the most extraordinary accident which befell him was that which occurred while one day playing with his children. Like his father, Sir Isambard, he was fond of astonishing them with sleight-of-hand tricks, in which he displayed considerable dexterity; and the feat which he proposed to them on this occasion was that he should change the coin behind his ear. He placed himself in a prone position on his face upon some chairs, and bending his head and neck downwards, he distinctly felt the coin drop towards the gorilla. A violent cough ensued, and on resuming the erect position, he felt as if the object again moved downwards into the chest.

Here was an engineering difficulty, the like of which Mr. Brunel had never before encountered. The mischief was purely mechanical; a foreign body had gone into his breathing apparatus. And no medical man could discover any-thing ex- ellent. Mr. Brunel was, however, equal to the occasion. He had an apparatus constructed, consisting of a platform which moved upon a hinge in the centre. Upon this he had himself placed; and away the coin might drop downward by its own weight, and so be expelled. At the first experiment the coin again slipped towards the gorilla, but it caused such an alarming fit of convulsive coughing and appearance of choking that danger was apprehended, and the experiment was discontinued.
Two days after, on the 25th, the operation of tracheotomy was performed by Sir Benjamin Brodie, assisted by Mr. Key, with the intention of extracting the coin by forceps, if possible. Two attempts to do so were made without success. The introduction of the forceps into the windpipe, on the second occasion, was attended with so excessive a degree of irritation that it was felt the experiment could not be continued without imminent danger to life. The incision in the windpipe was, however, made, and allowed him to breathe while the throat was stopped by the coin, and it thus had the effect to prevent the spasmodic action of the glottis. After a few coughs the coin dropped into his mouth. Mr. Brunel used afterwards to say that the moment when he heard the gold piece strike against his upper front teeth was perhaps the most exquisite in his whole life. The half-sovereign had been in his windpipe for not less than six weeks.

Annesley Bay, which are fls themselves a perfect revolution through the African mind. Piers, houses, streets have sprung up upon the ground where the English forces have landed, and from a few of the regions within reach of Annesley Bay the natives are flocking in hundreds and thousands, and only with the name of the English—that is, the word 'bazaar'—where they can familiarize themselves with the English habits. If, as is most probable, our occupation should not terminate with the present season, it is inevitable that results more important than those which are represented by the rude and temporary structures which are the beginning works of our armament expedition will arise out of this new contact of the English with the African mind.

The Paris Exhibition building, which so lately housed not only the art products of the world but its principal potentiates, and which cost eleven million Francs, has been sold for one million ten thousand. The Emperor Napoleon III had willingly lowered it to stand, but Marshal Niérot wanted the ground for the reviewing of troops, and the building is to be taken down.

PARLORE AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To take a feather bed out of a hat.

Yes, actually to pull and shake out enough feathers to make a respectable large bed. Is this the way? Hanging down from the back of a table is a small bag full of packed tight with fine down. Enough of the down to make a great show when picked out and spread about with the fingers. Carrying the bag, bag enough to go inside of a hat. Having the bag already, the next thing is to get it into the hat without being seen. This is effected thus. Take the bag in your left hand, keeping it down behind the table, and the hat in your right hand. Bring your left hand and the bag even with the edge of the table, and immediately place the hat over both, and begin brushing it with your right hand. This movement is such a natural one, that it will not be suspected. After the brushing is completed, withdraw the left hand and show the ring of the hat with it. Take the hat to the owner, as if you were about to give it to him, when you suddenly stop, affect surprise, and putting the fingers of your right hand in the hat, loose the drawing string of the bag and begin to pull out the feathers; work your fingers down into them, and bring up a handful and spread them out, so that they will seem to be thrown up, as if coming from a spring. This you continue until the supply is exhausted, by which time you will have seemingly such a quantity as to astonish not only the audience, but yourself, the first time you perform the trick.

The bag which held the feathers was taken out of the hat at any time, by rolling it up and concealing it in your pocket. Brush all the feathers from both inside and outside of the hat, return it to the owner with thanks, and bow your acknowledgments of the appliance which you are sure to obtain.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN NETTING.

(Continued)

GRECIAN NETTING

Take two meshes, one being seven sizes larger than the other. Plow in row with the large mesh. Now take the small one, and begin the stitch as usual, but when putting the needle in the loop in row 15, take the second, which draw through the first. Through this angle draw the first and finish it.

The 5th row has a very small loop, at the side, which is not usual. Repeat the 3rd row.

3rd row.—Plain, with large mesh, using the first stitch; then the pattern like the second row, and end with plain stitch.

LONG TWIST STITCH.

Do alternately three rows or round netting, with a small mesh, and end the row with a mesh double the size.

FRENCH GROUND NETTING.

Have an even number of stitches.

1st row.—With the large mesh: one with the thread twice round the needle (usually called a double-stitch, and always trusted as one of the finest in the trade).

2nd row.—Plain netting, one double-stitch, and the next short.

3rd row.—Have a double-stitch, and draw the needle entirely through under the mesh and insert it in the right-hand hole of last row, but not which is part of the line of holes before last made. Take two stitches in the line of last row and draw it through that of lower row, set it; the 2nd double-stitch of the last row, then put the needle, which is a very small stitch, in the ordinary way. Repeat these two stitches, except that a plain stitch is done at the beginning and end of the row.

4th row.—Short stitch a row not made in the following row.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 7.

You will now refresh your recollection of what has been in the third and fourth lessons about the cooling cinder, or lava, inside, and the melted globule floating at the bot-
toms of it.

This melted globule is supposed to have in it, or about it, means of perpetuating, and even of increasing its burning it. You can imagine that the materials of which the cinder is composed, and which lie the nearest the bottom, the sides, or the crust of the cavity, are more fusible, or more easily melted than the other component parts of it. The consequence of this easier fusibility will be that the dimensions of the cavity will widen and open, and that the quantity of melted matter will be greatly increase.

It would depend on the intensity of the heat and the thick-
ess of the crust, whether the roof above would be worn down or not; or, whether the entire roof would be cracked through by fissures, or melted matter has a tendency to expand and to rise; according to its elevated forces, which will cause the masses to rise and then flow out on its surface to swell in the form of a curve.

The process of elevation the heat will produce in the super-
crustal layers and increase the fissures. These cracks are more likely to be regular in lines, or in perpendicular lines, parallel to each other, but they will be rather in directions which continued would join in points or angles.

Sometimes the crust of the earth were cut through so that one could see the face of it, just as you can see the lines in the action of a divided lemon. You could then mark the cracks, which were made by the intense heat in the first instance before a fused matter had acted upon them. The contact of the different masses something like wedges the sharp points of which had been cut off.

The burning heat which has produced these fissures will now apply its elevating force to the different masses, which are affected by these fissures present a larger surface to the fire than before. The consequence is, that the elevating force of the heat will be greater upon those which present the smallest surface; and will therefore push them up, it may be that those which have their smaller ends towards, will also rise a little, until they become jammed between the others and then will descend low enough for the heat to act upon them with sufficient force to keep them up.

The consequence is, that by some means, the elevating power of the heat on the other the other masses will be withdrawn, or somewhat suspended, you will understand that the mass thus heated and cracked, will rise again fall into their first position in reference to the new mass.

The roof of the cavity will be formed by the different masses of different sizes, all of them, and a very small support of itself, if the abutments of the walls are strong enough. As soon as the arch would be thus made the heat would begin to melt portions of these wedge-shaped masses which were below the rest, this supply of melted lake would be additional bulk, so that the entire shape will be, still maintained in a state of fusion or cohesion.

When you make further progress in the knowledge of geological phenomena, you will hear our imaginary arch has also many instances, been able to support itself. It is possible that at the body of the arch was so near the lake of fused matter to miss being on its surface, to float upon it, and to be kept up it; or it is possible that certain portions of the arch may have been (as it were) at the bottom of the lake, and no new support has been necessary. The consequence of this breaking down of certain masses is that, instead of one large lake, we shall now have a number of lakes formed which will be connected with each other by narrow channels, running between the waves.

Then you will see that they will mutually assist you when you come to examine what geologists call "faults" in the strata, or to account for the displacement of the opposite side of a fault. These beds, or strata, are said to be unequal depth.

In earlier suppose that the heat under the crust of the arch becomes more intense; that, consequently, the quantity of melted matter becomes greatly increased, and that the ex-

one of the fissures already made, though partially closed, or it will form a fresh one. By means of this vent formed through the entire crust, the expanding force will throw up the melted matter to the surface, where, upon cooling, it will form a hill or mountain. By the same elevating power, it will also fill any of the crevices or fissures which the previous action of heat may have left in the crust.

In cases, where vents are opened from the matter in fusion, the melted rock is thrown up into mountains. In other cases where the mass of molten rock is not forced completely through the crust but is injected into the fissures it forms what geologists and miners call "dikes."

As the melted matter was heaved up to the arched roof of the cavity, and as the roof above was cooler than the fused mass below, the first denser, in contact with the roof while partly adhering to it, in the process of cooling, crystallized, or perhaps vitrified into a hardened rock, and would thus gradually form a new roof over the matter in fusion. It is probable that at this day there may be masses of fused matter in the process of cooling, at the depth of several miles, in some immense cavities around the vents of volcanoes and that they are forming beds below beds, which increase downwards, as they cool and crystallize. These deep formations will remain invisible and unknown till either some mighty changes in the Earth's crust, or elevating power from below shall snap the crust, and throw up the rocks into the open air.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

FOR APRIL.

On bench lands, and when bottom lands are dry enough, trim and clean flower beds. Prune suckers from roses, except those wanted for rearing, and carefully fork in well rotted manure, leaving the ground in a prepared state for thorough watering when needed.

Mend stone walls, and other fences, and underpin adobe houses where the wet and splash of winter have worn them. Sow peas freely, they are good when bread is scarce. Continue to transplant trees of every kind and finish up pruning. The spring is early, have sage brush, old straw or hay, or shavings convenient, that in case of a frosty night, material may be on hand to create a smoke around trees in blossom. Trim strawberry beds and set out new ones if good plants can be obtained. See to silk worm eggs in warm weather, and put them in a cool place until the mulberry leaves are ready to feed them. If you have none already, buy good manure, and apply it to your soil, it is means well spent; and prepare necessary convenience for saving a supply for the next year.

Sow beet and carrot seed plentifully, and cultivate the plants faithfully for they contain an abundance of fattening matter. Prepare lime with old brine and dirty salt to be applied on potato, asparagus and onion grounds. Continue to mulch orchards with long or short manure, and also with chips and saw dust from the wood yard. Empty vats of their contents, deodorize and prepare to use as a top dressing for onions. Sow good onion seed on the best soil. Gather up ashes, bones, old boots and shoes, and scrap of leather and raw hide and bury in the vicinity of the roots of trees. Carry away and apply the soil as a top dressing, where the slope of the house have been thrown, and replace it with new soil.

White wash kitchens and bedrooms, and also cellars, especially those under living and sleeping rooms. Flow deep, and hard row to an even surface farming the land with skill and judgment and listen not to the man who says "it won't pay."

G. D. WATT.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

The likeliest bird to see a joke.—The chaffinch.

A stupid witness being asked what a certain person died of, said, “He died of a Tuesday.”

“I’m a broken man,” exclaimed a poet. “So I should think,” was the answer, “for I have seen your pieces.”

To economise is to draw in as much as possible. The ladies apply this art to their persons, and the result is a very small waist.

An old lady, when she heard the minister say that there was to be a nave in the new church, observed that she knew well who the party was.

A little four-year-old having heard her father call her younger brother ‘a little shaver,’ and desiring afterwards to use the expression, could come no nearer to it than “Oh, you little barber shop.”

A little girl was told to spell “ferment,” and give its meaning in a sentence in which it is used. The following was literally her answer: “F-e-r-m-e-n-t: signifying work. I love to ferment in the garden.”

A person visiting the London Museum of Curiosities, was shown the skull of Oliver Cromwell: “It is extremely small,” said the visitor. “Bless you, sir,” replied the cicerone, “it was his skull when he was a little boy.”

An Angler’s Patience.—A person late on a Saturday afternoon, hailed an elderly gentleman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman’s art for trout, with “Hallo, there! Got anything?” “Got anything?” “Of course not; I only came here last Wednesday!”

Didn’t Understand Him.—A story is told of a certain colonel. The colonel aforesaid was riding in a stage coach, with several other passengers, when he accidentally dropped his hat out of the coach window, and exclaimed in a stentorian voice, “Charioteer, pause! I have lost my chapeau.” The driver paid no heed to the demand. Again the bombastic fellow authoritatively spoke, “Charioteer, pause! I have lost my chapeau.” No attention being paid by the driver to this last command, a plain, blunt man, who had become disgusted with his fellow-traveler’s silliness and pomposity, put his head out of the window, and said, “Driver, hold on, this fool has lost his hat.” This was perfectly intelligible to the driver, expletive and all, and the hat was secured.

No Other Certificate Needed.—It became necessary lately in a criminal court at Newport, U. S., in order to render a boy witness competent, to prove that he had reached the age of ten years, and his mother, an Irishwoman, was called for that purpose.

“How old is your son John?” yeth the lawyer.

“Inclade, sir, I dunno, but I think he’s not tin yit,” was the reply.

“Did you make no record of the birth?”

“The priest did, in the od number, where he was born.”

“How long after your marriage was that?”

“About a year; may be less.”

“When were you married?”

“Dade, sir, I dunno.”

“Did you not bring a certificate of your marriage with you from the old country?”

“Hey, sir. And what should I need with a certificate when I had the old man himself along with me?”

JUDICIAL FRANKNESS.—An eastern paper says the a Texas judge was recently called upon to pass sentence in a capital case. After dwelling upon the enormity of the offence, the solemnity of the prisoner’s position, and kindred topics, he concluded his address as follows:—“The fact is, Jones, the court did not intend to order you to be executed before next spring but the weather is very cold, and our jail, unfortunately, is in a very bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to keep your apartment comfortable; besides, owing to the great number of prisoners, not more than one blanket can be allowed to each; to sleep sound and comfortably, therefore, is out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of its humane compassion, hereby orders you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and to you.”

LOVE IN STUTTERS.

A gentleman, troubled with an unfortunate stuttering impediment, in the following poetic strain ‘popped the question’ to the fair idol of his heart:

‘Oh, boo-boo-beautiful Mary say, When shish-ahh-ahh-wee wedded be; Nin-name the ha-ha-ha-happy That will us marr-married see.

Nay, did-did-darkest, though thy cheek A crick-crick-crimson blush bath dyed I could not wait a wee- wee week Without my jo-jo-joyful bride.

Then Mary, let us sit sit sit To For To To-Tuesday next the day, When in the morn at six-six-six, I’ll fy fy fy-fetch thee hence away.

Then to some bub-bub-bloosful spot To pass the mum-mum-month we’ll go, A coo coo-coach I’see see-go, Thou could’st not say nin-nin-ny-noo!”

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
Office: Godbe’s Exchange Buildings.
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year .................................... $7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] .................. $4.00

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, 6 copies in paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive one for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons clubbing together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

© Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office or addressed Box 197 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE “DESSERT NEWS.”
POETRY.

FAIRY LORE.

Glad were the children when their glowing faces
Gathered about us in the winter night,
And now, with gleaming hearts in verdant places,
We see them leaping in the summer light:

For they remember yet the tales we told them
Around the hearth, of faries long ago,
When they could only look out to behold them,
Quick dancing, earthward, in the feathery snow.

But now the young and fresh imagination
Finds traces of their presence everywhere,
And peoples with a new and bright creation
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air.

For them the gate of many a fairy palace
Opens to the ringing bangle of the bee,
And every flower-cup is a golden chalice,
Wine-dilled, in some grand elfin revelry.

Quaint little eyes from grassy nooks are peering;
Each dewy leaf is rich in magic lore;
The foam-bells, down the merry brooklet steaming,
Are fairy-dressed to some happier shore.

 Stern theorists, with wisdom overreaching
The aim of wisdom, in your precepts cold,
And with a painful stress of callous teaching,
That withers the young heart into the old.

What is the gain if all their flowers were perished,
Their vision fields for ever shorn and bare,
The mirror shattered that their young faith cherished,
Shewing the face of things so very fair?

Time hath enough of ills to deceive them,
And cares will crowd where dreams have dwelt before;
Oh, therefore, while the heart is trusting, leave them
Their happy childhood and their fairy lore!

HUNTED DOWN.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE FIRST.

Most of us see some romance in life. In my capacity as Chief Magistrate of a Life Assurance Office, I think I have within the last thirty years, seen more romances than the generality of men, however unpromising the opportunity may at first sight seem.

As I have retired, and live at my ease, I possess the means that I used to want, of considering what I have seen, at leisure. My experiences have a more remark-

able aspect, so reviewed, than they had when in progress. I have come home from the Play now, and can recall the scenes of the Drama upon which the curtain has fallen, free from the glare, bewilderment and bustle of the Theatre.

Let me recall one of these Romances of the real world.

There is nothing truer (I believe) than physiognomy, taken in connexion with manner. The art of reading that book of which Eternal Wisdom obliges every human creature to present his or her own page with the individual character written on it, is a difficult one, perhaps, and is little studied. It may require some natural aptitude, and it must require (cf. everything else) some patience and some pains. That these are not usually given to it—that numbers of people accept a few stock common-place expressions of face as the whole list of characteristics, and neither seek nor recognize the refinements that are true—that you, for instance, give a great deal of time and attention to the reading of music, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Hebrew, if you please, and do not qualify yourself to read the face of the master or mistress looking over your shoulder teaching it to you—I assume to be five hundred times more probable than improbable. Perhaps some little self-sufficiency may be at the bottom of this; facial expression requires no study from you, you think; it comes by nature to you to know enough about it, and you are not to be taken in.

I confess, for my part, that I have been taken in, over and over and over again. I have been taken in by acquaintances, and I have been taken in (of course) by friends: far oftener by friends than by any other class of persons. How came I to be so deceived? Had I quite mistaken their faces? No. Believe me, my first impression of those people, founded on face and manner alone, was invariably true. My mistake was, in suffering them to come nearer to me, and explain themselves away.

The partition which separated my own office from our general outer office, in the City, was of thick plate glass. I could see through it what passed in the outer office, without hearing a word. I had had it put up in place of a wall that had been there for years—ever since the house was built. It was no matter whether I did or did not make the change, in order that I might derive my first impressions of strangers who came to us on business from their faces alone, without being influenced by anything they said. Enough to mention that I turned my glass partition
to that account, and that a life assurance office is at all times exposed to be practised upon by the most crafty and ornial of the human race.

It was through my glass partition that I first saw the gentleman whose story I am going to tell.

He had come in without my observing it, and had put his hat and umbrella on the broad counter, and was bending over it to take some papers from one of the clerks. He was about forty or so, dark, exceedingly well dressed in black—being in mourning—and the hand he extended with a polite air had a particularly well-fitting black kid glove upon it. His hair, which was elaborately brushed and oiled, was parted straight up the middle; and he presented this parting to the clerk, exactly (to my thinking) as if he had said, in so many words: “You must take me, if you please, my friend, just as I show myself. Come straight up here, follow the gravel path, keep off the grass, I allow no trespassing.”

I conceived a very great aversion to that man, the moment I thus saw him.

He had asked for some of our printed forms, and the clerk was giving them to him, and explaining them. An obliged and agreeable smile was on his face, and his eyes met those of the clerk with a sprightly look. (I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Don’t trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance, any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.)

I saw, in the corner of his eyelash, that he became aware of my looking at him. Immediately, he turned the parting in his hair towards the glass partition, as if he said to me with a sweet smile, “Straight up here, if you please. Off the grass!”

In a few moments he had put on his hat and taken up his umbrella, and was gone.

I beckoned the clerk into my room, and asked, “Who was that?”

He had the gentleman’s card in his hand. “Mr. Julius Slinkton, Middle Temple.”

“A barrister, Mr. Adams?”

“I think not, sir.”

“I should have thought him a clergyman, but for his having no Reverend here,” said I.

“Probably, from his appearance,” Mr. Adams replied, “he is reading for orders.”

I should mention that he wore a dainty white cravat, and dainty linen altogether.

“What did he want, Mr. Adams?”

“Merely a form of proposal, sir, and a form of reference.”

“Recommended here? Did he say?”

“Well; he said he was recommended here by a friend of yours. He noticed you, but said that as he had not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, he would not trouble you.”

“Did he know my name?”

“Oh, yes, sir! He said, ‘There is Mr. Sampson, I see.’”

“A well-spoken gentleman, apparently?”

“Remarkably so, sir.”

“Insulating manners, apparently?”

“Very much so, indeed, sir.”

“Ha!” said I. “I want nothing at present, Mr. Adams.”

Within a fortnight of that day, I went to dine with a friend of mine—a merchant, a man of taste, who buys pictures and books; and the first person I saw among the company was Mr. Julius Slinkton. There he was, standing before the fire, with good large eyes and an open expression of face; but still (I thought) requiring everybody to come at him by the prepared way he offered, and by no other.

I noticed him ask my friend to introduce him to Mr. Sampson, and my friend did so. Mr. Slinkton was very happy to see me. Not too happy; there was no overdoing of the matter; happy, in a thoroughly well-bred, perfectly unmeaning way.

“I thought you had met,” our host observed.

“No,” said Mr. Slinkton. “I did look in at Mr. Sampson’s office, on your recommendation; but I really did not feel justified in troubling Mr. Sampson himself, on a point within the every-day routine of an ordinary clerk.”

I said I should have been glad to show him any attention on our friend’s introduction.

“I am sure of that,” said he, “and am much obliged. At another time, perhaps, I may be less delicate. Only, however, if I have real business; for I know, Mr. Sampson, how precious business time is, and what a vast number of important people there are in the world.”

I acknowledged his consideration with a slight bow.

“You were thinking,” said I, “of effecting a policy on your life?”

“Oh, dear no! I am afraid I am not so prudent as you pay me the compliment of supposing me to be, Mr. Sampson. I merely inquired for a friend. But you know what friends are, in such matters. Nothing may ever come of it. I have the greatest reluctance to trouble men of business with inquiries for friends, knowing the probabilities to be a thousand to one that the friends will never follow them up. People are so fickle, so selfish, so inconsiderate. Don’t you, in your business, find them so every day, Mr. Sampson?”

I was going to give a qualified answer; but, he turned his smooth, white parting on me, with its “Straight up here, if you please!” and I answered, “Yes.”

“I hear, Mr. Sampson,” he resumed, presently, for our friend had a new cook, and dinner was not so punctual as usual, “that your profession has recently suffered a great loss.”

“In money?” said I.

He laughed at my ready association of loss with money, and replied, “No, in talent and vigor.”

Not at once following out his allusion, I considered for a moment. “Has it sustained a loss of that kind?” said I. “I was not aware of it.”

“Understand me, Mr. Sampson. I don’t imagine that you have retired. It is not so bad as that. But Mr. Meltham—”

“Oh, to be sure!” said I. “Yes! Mr. Meltham, the young actuary of the Indescribable!”

“Just so,” he returned, in a consoling way.

“He is a great loss. He was at once the most profound, the most original, and the most energetic man I have ever known connected with Life Assurance.”

I spoke strongly; for I had a high esteem and admiration for Meltham, and my gentleman had indefinitely
THE PICKWICK CLUB.

conveyed to me some suspicion that he wanted to sneer at him. He recalled me to my guard by presenting that trim pathway up his head, with its inferior, "Not on the grass, if you please—the gravel."

"You knew him, Mr. Slinkton?"

"Only by reputation. To have known him as an acquaintance, or as a friend, is an honor I should have sought, if he had remained in society; though I might never have had the good fortune to attain it, being a man of far inferior mark. He was scarcely above thirty, I suppose?"

"About thirty."

"Ah!" He sighed, in his former consoling way. "What creatures we are! To break up, Mr. Sampson, and become incapable of business at that time of life—Any reason assigned for the melancholy fact?"

("Humph!" thought I, as I looked at him. But I won’t go up the track, and I will go on the grass."

"What reason have you heard assigned, Mr. Slinkton?" I asked point blank.

"Most likely a false one. You know what Rumor is, Mr. Sampson. I never repeat what I hear; it is the only way of paring the nails and shaving the head of Rumor. But, when you ask me what reason I have heard assigned for Mr. Meltham’s passing away from among men, it is another thing. I am not gratifying idle gossip then. I was told, Mr. Sampson, that Mr. Meltham had relinquished all his avocations and all his prospects because he was, in fact, broken-hearted. A disappointed attachment—I heard—though it hardly seems probable, in the case of a man so distinguished and so attractive."

"Attractions and distinctions are no armor against death," said I.

"Oh, she died? Pray pardon me. I did not hear that. That, indeed, makes it very sad. Poor Mr. Meltham! She died? Ah, dear me! Lamentable, lamentable!"

I still thought his pity not quite genuine, and I still suspected an unaccountable sneer under all this, until he said, as we parted, like the other knots of talkers, by the announcement of dinner:

"Mr. Sampson, you are surprised to see me so moved, on behalf of a man whom I have never known. I am not so disinterested as you may suppose. I myself have suffered, and recently too, from death. I have lost one of two charming nieces, who were my constant companions. She died young—barely three-and-twenty—and even her remaining sister is far from strong. The world is a grave!"

He said this with deep feeling, and I felt reproached for the coldness of my manner.

And he talked and talked. I became quite angry with myself. I took his face to pieces in my mind, like a watch, and examined it in detail. I could not say much against any of his features separately; I could say even less against them when they were put together. "Then is it not monstrous," I asked myself, "that because a man happens to part his hair straight up the middle of his head, I should permit myself to suspect, and even to detest him."

(I may stop to remark that this was no proof of my good sense. An observer of men who finds himself steadily repelled by some apparently trifling thing in a stranger, is right to give it great weight. It may be the clue to the whole mystery. A hair or two will show where a lion is hidden. A very little key will open a very heavy door.)

I took my part in the conversation with him after a time, and we got on remarkably well. In the drawing-room, I asked the host how long he had known Mr. Slinkton? He answered, not many months; he had met him at the house of a celebrated painter then present, who had known him well when he was traveling with his nieces in Italy for their health. His plans in life being broken by the death of one of them, he was reading, with the intention of going back to college as a matter of form, taking his degree, and going into orders. I could not but argue with myself that here was the true explanation of his interest in poor Meltham, and that I had been almost brutal in my distrust on that simple head.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

THE PICKWICK CLUB.

SHOWING HOW MR. PICKWICK UNDERTOOK TO DRIVE, AND MR. WINKLE TO RIDE; AND HOW THEY BOTH DID IT.

Our readers will remember that when we parted with Mr. Pickwick and his friends in our last extract, they had promised to visit Mr. Wardle at the Manor Farm.

‘Now, about Manor Farm,’ said Mr. Pickwick. ‘How shall we go?’

‘We had better consult the waiter, perhaps,’ said Mr. Topman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

‘Dingley Dell, genti-men—fifteen miles, gentlemen—cross road—postchase, sir?’

‘Post-chaise won’t hold more than two,’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘True, sir—beg your pardon, sir—seat for two behind—one in front for the gentleman that drives—oh! beg your pardon, sir—that’ll only hold three.’

‘What is to be done?’ said Mr. Sudograss.

‘Perhaps one of the gentlemen like to ride, sir,’ suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; ‘very good saddle horses, sir—any of Mr. Wardle’s men coming to Rother-street, bring ‘em back, sir.’

‘The very thing,’ said Mr. Pickwick. ‘Winkle, will you go on horseback?’

Now, Mr. Winkle did entertain considerable misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his own heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, ‘Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things.’

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. ‘Let them be at the door by eleven,’ said Mr. Pickwick.

‘Very well, sir,’ replied the waiter.

The waiter retired; the breakfast concluded; and the travellers ascended to their respective bed rooms.
to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the warden entered, and announced that the chassis was ready—an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse, displaying great symmetry of bone. An hostler stood near, holding by the bridle another immense horse—apparently a near relative of the animal in the chaise—ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

'Bless my soul!' said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood upon the pavement while the coats were being put in. 'Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that.'

'Oh! you, of course,' said Mr. Tupman.

'Of course,' said Mr. Snodgrass.

'I!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

'Not the slightest fear, sir,' interposed the hostler.

'Warrant him quiet, sir; a hinfant in arms might drive him.'

'He don't shy does he?' inquired Mr. Pickwick.

'Shy, sir?—He wouldn't shy if he was to meet a vaggain-load of monkeys, with their tails burnt off.'

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

'Now, shiny Villiam,' said the hostler to the deputy hostler, 'giv'n 'em the ribs.' 'Shiny Villiam'—so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance—placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand; and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

'Wo—ol!' cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

'Wo—ol!' echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

'Only his playfulness, gen'l'mn,' said the head hostler encouragingly, 'jist kitch hold on him, Villiam.' The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

'Tother side, sir, if you please.'

'Blow'd if the gen'l'mn won't a gettin' up on the wrong side,' whispered a grinning post-boy, to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle thus instructed, climbed into his saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in getting up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

'All right?' inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

'All right,' replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

'Let'em go,' cried the hostler,—'Hold him in, sir,' and away went the chaise and the saddle-horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

'What makes him go sideways?' said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin, to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

'I can't imagine,' replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner—side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a by-stander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated beside him. Besides constantly jerking his head up in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting suddenly every now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

'What can he mean by this?' said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this manoeuvre for the twentieth time.

'I don't know,' replied Mr. Tupman; 'it looks very like shying, don't it?' Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

'Woo,' said that gentleman, 'I have dropped my whip.'

'Winkle,' cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears; and shaking all over as if he would shake to pieces, with the violence of the exercise. 'Pick up the whip, there's a good fellow.' Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which, of course, we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that Mr. Winkle had no sooner touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head and darted backwards to their full length.

'Poor fellow,' said Mr. Winkle, soothingly,—'poor fellow—good old horse.' The 'poor fellow' was proof against flattery; the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the horse going round and round each other for ten minutes, at the end of which time each was at precisely the same distance from the other as when they first commenced—an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

'What am I to do?' shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a considerable time.

'What am I to do? I can't get on him?'

'You had better lead him till we come to a turnpike,' replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.
But he won't come," roared Mr. Winkle. 'Do come, and hold him.'

Mr. Pickwick was the very personification of kindness and humanity: he threw the reins on the horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stopped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner beheld Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory motion in which he had previously indulged, for a retrograde movement of so very determined a character, that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridge, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which he had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward. There was great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse passed, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazin on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

'Bless my soul!' exclaimed the agonised Mr. Pickwick, 'there's the other horse running away!'

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unsplint friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset—a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been effected, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

An hour's walking brought the travellers to a little road-side public house, with two elm trees, a horse trough, and a sign post, in front; one or two deformed hay ricks behind, a kitchen garden at the side, and rotten sheds and mouldering out-houses jumbled in strange confusion, all about it. A red-headed man was working in the garden; and to him Mr. Pickwick called lustily—'Hallo there!'

The red-headed man raised his body, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared, long and coolly, at Mr. Pickwick and his companions.

'Hallo there!' repeated Mr. Pickwick.

'Hal! was the red-headed man's reply.

'How far is it to Dingley Dell?'

'Better er seven mile.

'Do it a good road?'

No, t'ant.' Having uttered this brief reply, and apparently satisfied himself with another scrutiny, the red-headed man resumed his work.

'We want to put this horse up here,' said Mr. Pickwick; 'I suppose we can, can't we?'

'Want to put that ere horse up, do ee?' repeated the red haired man, leaning on his spade.

'Of course,' replied Mr. Pickwick, who had by this time advanced, horse in hand, to the garden rails.

'Missus'—roared the man with the red head, emerging from the garden, and looking very hard at the horse—'Missus.'

A tall bony woman—straight all the way down—in a coarse blue pelisse, with the waist an inch or two below her arm-pits, responded to the call.

'Can we put this horse up here, my good woman?' said Mr. Tupman, advancing, and speaking in his most seductive tones. The woman looked very hard at the whole party; and the red-headed man whispered something in her ear.

'No,' replied the woman, after a little consideration, 'I'm afeard on it'

'Afraid!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, 'what's the woman afraid of?

'It got us into trouble last time,' said the woman, turning into the house; 'I'll have nothin' to say to un.'

'Most extraordinary thing I ever met with in my life,' said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

'I—I—really believe,' whispered Mr. Winkle, as his friends gathered round him, 'that they think we have come by this horse in some dishonest manner.'

'What!' exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, in a storm of indignation. Mr. Winkle modestly repeated his suggestion.

'Hallo, you fellow!' said the angry Mr. Pickwick, 'do you think we stole this horse?'

'I'm sure ye did,' replied the red-headed man, with a grin which agitated his countenance from one auricular organ to the other. Saying which, he turned into the house, and banged the door after him.

'It's like a dream—' ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, 'a hideous dream. The idea of a man's walking about all day, with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of!' The depressed Pickwickians turned moody away, with the tall quadruped, for which they all felt the most unmitigated disgust, following slowly at their heels.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading to Manor Farm: and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would otherwise have experienced was materially damped as they reflected on the singularity of their appearance and the absurdity of their situation. Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and, above all, the horse. Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse: he had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; more than once he had calculated the probable amount of the expense he would incur by cutting his throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with tenfold force. He was roused from a meditation on these dire imaginings, by the sudden appearance of two figures, at a turn of the lane. It was Mr. Wardle and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.
NATIONAL TRAITS AND THEIR CAUSES.

NUMBER SIX.—PART II.

As we can trace the tendency for hugeness and extreme in American oratory and literature to the huge prospects and conditions which have attended the nation's career, so can we trace the American disposition for vast practical efforts to the same source.

The unparalleled conditions under which the Anglo-American nation suddenly sprang into power upon so vast a continent, naturally shaped the American mind to deeds of wide and extended enterprise. Habits of migration and exploration familiarized it with vast distances; while the rapidity with which the nation was carried from point to point in matters of progress and extension made speed of thought and performance a necessity. Hence magnitude of project with swiftness of execution have grown to be distinguishing traits of the American character.

And now, just as easily can the shrewd commercial character of the American be accounted for by the openings presented for individual speculation in the settlement and subsistence of new locations, which have called out and kept his acquisitive energies ever upon the stretch. While the system of barter, or exchange of commodities prevalent in new locations, has developed keenness and shrewdness in matters of trade. Opportunities will develop any faculty, and the opportunities for the profitable exercise of these propensities in such conditions are unbounded.

And now let us turn to the everyday matters of art and mechanism and notice how the national genius has been bent in conformity with the pressing requisitions of life as developed on American soil.

American architecture and machinery has a style of its own. A piece of American machinery will resemble a very plain English specimen pulled out at both ends. There is a peculiar roundness and dumpyness about English models, and a lengthiness about those of American origin. So with architecture, the American artist rejoices in length and height. An ornamental bracket will be sometimes purely English in every detail—save and except, that the whole has been stretched to greater length in proportion to its breadth; and so even down to the plainest of all architectural features, a base or plinth, in the hands of an American it will be twice the height of an English pattern, as well as twice as plain. In this tendency to a certain extreme, even here we can trace the influence of association. The Englishman, from the densely packed nature of his country, giving birth to an economy of space and material, finds his ideas always taking the compact form, the American, surrounded by objects of size and profuseness, has had his taste cultivated in the opposite direction.

Then again American construction is less complicated than English. The Englishman aiming for perfection and security rather than rapidity of manufacture, naturally overloads his work in its design, as well as imparts to it a heaviness of proportion. In large engineering or architectural works he will on the same principle, try to crowd in all the support he can obtain, while the American will instinctively seek to discover how many he can go without and be safe. In all these points we have an illustration of the fact that the conditions of a country will shape its tastes and peculiarities. Here in America we have English blood pursuing a bent the reverse of that marking its qualities elsewhere for centuries. The new conditions under which it is found easily explain this. In England labor has been superabundant, and elaborate detail more easily obtainable, time being of comparatively little value, and security and perfection everything. In America labor has been scarce and time everything; hence necessity has induced the American mind to shorten up to accomplish its results at the least possible outlay, which accounts for the plainness, simplicity, and sometimes the comparative frailty of American workmanship.

To this same matter of time, as well as to the fact of the newness of things in general, can be referred the comparative backwardness of the arts of poetry, music, and sculpture in America. Individual excellencies of rare degree in these departments exist, but there has been no wholesale devotion to them as in Europe. In fact, in proportion to population, it would appear that even American artists have more admirers abroad than at home. The reason of this is it takes leisure for the perfection or enjoyment of these arts. Hence old and closely settled-up countries will always produce the greatest number of devotees at their shrine. Indeed so great is the amount of work yet before the American nation in the settlement of its vast territory that, naturally speaking, it seems as though it would be generations before the masses would be in a condition to give the full strength of their minds to the cultivation of these refining and ennobling pursuits.

Heretofore we have confined ourselves mainly to the traits of character peculiar to the north. The industrial and mercantile element exists principally there. Not only has the north been chiefly recruited from countries where these characteristics have prevailed, but its geographical position, has, more than that of the south, placed it in direct contact with the stream of commerce flowing from the old world. Excessively warm climates seem to be ungenial for the patient and persevering toil necessary in mechanical pursuits. Such countries are too rich and spontaneous to produce a community of laborers or artisans in great abundance; consequently the absolute labor of the South has been thrown into the hands of the negro, while the north has been looked to for such commodities as mechanical skill supplies. Then as to temperature of character the Southerner's fire and impetuousness, as well as the Northerner's coolness and application, are both akin to the nature of the regions to which they belong; but it is equally true that these qualities are as much traceable to the special races from which each have descended. While, however, the ancestry of both north and south will account for many of the characteristics of their respective denizens, it is worthy of remark that the progenitors of each division of the nation instinctively and providentially chose locations, in harmony with their habits and origin, and thus the relationship of race to climate has been perpetuated and increased. This will be
seen in a cursory review of their history. The Spaniards stovered for Florida. The Frenchman populated Louisiana. While the Englishman and the German as naturally and instinctively settled in the New England States.

And that brings us to remark: What a mixture of races do we find in America! If the Englishman is a make-up of many nations, what sort of a combination would an American be, who should represent truly the whole of the nationalities with their varying faiths, that have composed the nation. Take the English portion alone, one part, settled by puritanical roundheads, another under the leadership of their opposites the roystering cavaliers. A third section by Quak-ers, and a fourth by Catholics. In addition to these varying types of English we have in one section a colony of persecuted Huguenots, and in another a mass of Frenchmen who, doubtless, thought their persecution a very proper thing; and alongside of the mercurial Frenchman the sedate and stately sons of Spain. And since the times of these primitive colonizers have come Germans, Irish and Scotch, with a greater or less proportion, of representatives from every other nation in the world. What a flooding of races has there been to "this new world of ours." America, therefore, ought to present the greatest diversity among its people of any portion of the globe. Different sections of America, of course, do exhibit more or less of a difference in political traits in proportion as they were settled by King-defying roundheads, or feudal-minded and aristocracy-worshipping French or Spanish. In religion, they differ in degree in accordance as they are derived from authority-disputing Puritans, orthodox Episcopalians, or Catholics. Certain portions of America to-day clearly represent their origin in their present sympathies. One reason why the Southerners are conservative is because they have to a large degree sprung from a mixture of French and other feudalistic races. The Northerners, from the same principle, is democratic because descended from refugees from the excesses of kingly systems. The religious and political tendencies of these antagonistic fathers of the nation, are to be traced to-day in their children. The "irrepressible conflict" which has so far been developed, and hangs even yet gloomily over the nation, has its roots to a great extent, in the opposing sentiments engendered and bequeathed in blood and brains by the contending races and creeds that first struck their roots in the soil of America.

The politician that would consolidate peoples so diverse, must accept them as they are, and in his provisions allow for the tendencies of tradition and association. He that would drag them indiscriminately together, or force upon either a course hateful by habit and instinct will but explode and rend them the more apart. Statesmen of the true type will yet appear. For the Providence which brought these varied races to this continent, and in whose hand the peculiarities of each are but as so many means to an end, will not now forsake a work so magnificently begun or so wondrously sustained. America with its free institutions is but the culmination of a series of providential inspirations commencing with Wickliffe and Luther, carried on by the Pilgrim Fathers, and which has yet to be crowned by institutions broader, freer, and more enduring than the world has hitherto beheld.

**NOTICE.**

**National Traits and Their Causes.** In this number we give the concluding article of the present series. Our aim in presenting this subject has been two-fold. First to revive in the mind of our readers many interesting facts of history, and secondly to induce a spirit of charity for national characteristics, by showing that whatever may be the peculiarities of a nation, similar circumstances might have produced more or less of such traits in any other people.

On this account we have referred to no national characteristic as a weakness but as a natural trait in harmony with the conditions of the nation to which it belongs. In submitting these views to the judgment of our readers, we say, they are not presented as final or conclusive, but simply as interesting points worthy of their thought and reflection.

**Notice.**—Quarterly Subscriptions, &c.—In consequence of the rapid disposal of our back numbers, we shall be unable hereafter to supply subscribers for any less period than a half year. Our agents will please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

While on this subject we take the opportunity to thank our numerous friends throughout the Territory, for the wide circulation which we have attained. We already count subscribers from Bear Lake to Arizona, with a continually increasing list. It is our hope in due time—with the additional facilities rendered by the near approach of the great railroad, and the prospective increase of our circulation, to publish the Magazines at a price within the reach of all. We intend to add new and choice features continually to the Magazine; and as quickly as our support will justify the expense we shall endeavor to beautify our pages by suitable illustrations, and thus render it a journal of art as well as of choice literature. Will our friends help us along to that end?

**Answers to Correspondents.**

**Note.** Correspondence is invited from our friends.

Owing to press of matter, "Answers to Correspondents" have beenawanweeks; we are about clearing out for the last two weeks. Our friends will accept this as an apology.

D. C. Brighton City. We think it would be quite in the interest of the Magazine to publish music lessons, and we hope after a while we shall. Our correspondents and in particular unaware that it takes a class of type to give such lessons not usually possess by printing offices. We have had the subject for some time before us and intend to procure the necessary material.

Joseph E.'s letter has not been answered for the reasons stated above. The reason is now comparatively passed and the difficulty referred to no longer exists. We do not think the treasurer of the Polk Tax are bound to apply it specially on Roads or Paths, but we have often felt that if the money was not applied to the Roads traveling would be a great deal pleasanter in the West a month.

Joseph M. proposes the following questions—First—if a peach tree is cut down, and the root left in the ground, will the young leaves that sprout from it be as good as a young tree? Answer:—No. It will have just as many less years to live as the suck will aged at the time of cutting down. Second—"What do you consider the best places to plant mulberry trees?"—A black graffy so if not too rocky, is said to be the best k.d. Beach land of the loamy kind is therefore excellent. "How long will it be before your produce food for the silk worm?"—We are informed that about three years is the usual period. It may be advisable not to remove them too soon. Feeding silkworms on leaves attached to twigs or small branches is recommended. In February to leave stripped from the tree—Mrs. Ursenbach, of the 16th, or Mr. G. D. Watt, in 1828, Ward, are the persons not likely to have worms. In the absence of the Silkworm on hand for sale. We do not know their price. A gentleman acquainted with the best method of treatment of mulberry tree—wished here, informs us that brook is grown very well when grown in the twine house, but he is not sure that the tree would in the true sense be of a form of bush, as by that method the greatest quantity of leaves are obtainable.

**My Wall Flower.**—We have received some poetry with some good points in reply to "H. M. & Co." but that too long a time has elapsed since the latter was published for the alterations to be understood by the public in general.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

WONDERFUL EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF CHINA.

[From All the Year Round.]

Not far from the Pearl River in Canton there is a spot called the Horse-head quay. As we get near, there is a gathering and thickening of the crowd. Great is the clamor of music, immense the assemblage of flags, painted dragons, and other grotesque deities, upon which the throngs, amidst a pandemonium of sedans, the demands for precedence, the cries and the wranglings—what does it all mean?

It all means that the barge is approaching which conveys the imperial commissioner, who arrives from Peking to superintend the imperial examinations. The procession has to make its way through the innumerable boats which cover the stream.

The sedan of the Tai-jin (his excellency) arrives. He is looked in when he leaves the capital, in order that he may hold no intercourse with any person likely to pervert his mind by suggestions, or to influence his decisions by bribes. He is to be delivered in his long progress from one authority to another, to be conducted to the Ya-mams (offices or palaces), and they are to be responsible for his being kept from any of the sedans on which he might be likely to step.

It is he who is charged with the selection of the great men of the future to whom the administration of the country will hereafter be transferred. It is he who may elevate the meanest to become the mightiest, and who holds in his hand that ladder from whose steps some scholar may ascend to be the ruler of millions. From that body of candidates whose acquirements he is about to investigate, there will be chosen those who are to be the generals, the admirals, the governors, the oneroys, the censors, the cabinet councillors, to whom will be confided authority over more than four hundred millions of men.

As the sedan in which the high functionary was seated, uncovered, with his fan in his hand, was placed upon the quay, the governor of the province and the principal officials came forward to welcome him; but he received them with the ordinary Chinese salutation, the two hands touching one another, the head very slightly bent, but the countenance wholly unmoved.

He looked earnestly in the face of the grand functionary, on the occasion now recalled. It seemed as if it could never have been disturbed by a smile. It was fitted to inspire the scholar with awe and reverence for the great master. There was in it an impartible gravity, a concentrated untruffled dignity, as of one who has done with the world, and is passing out in an eternity of death, into the one from which there is no return, rather than that of awarding life and death; for life and death are nothing in the eyes of a Chinaman when compared with the hopes and fears, the joy and the agonies which attach to triumph or defeat in the great literary conflict. In proportion to the number of the rejected, many will be the delights of the chosen few.

The newspapers have announced the arrival of the great educational contest. No other matter is thought about, or talked about, in the gay mansions of the rich, or the dirty nooks of the poor. In every shop in every street of the city, in every booth of the Kung-yuen, there has risen to fortune and to fame, embalming themselves, and throwing the splendor of their own reputation over all their kindred. The busy city is stirred with a busier life. The imperial commission is come. When will the lists appear of those who have won the prizes? and what are the names which were so resplendent in those lists?

Every district in the province has its representatives, and the history of the celebrated men of each is familiar to the whole community. Are not their titles written in the ancestral halls?

Canton is indeed crowded with visitors. The elementary schools of a province of twenty millions of inhabitants have sent forth their most advanced pupils, and there are more than eight thousand candidates who have been selected for examination. The influx of strangers, students, and their attendants, exceeds thirty thousand. Many youths of the opulent classes, who have had the advantage of special home education and have been under the training of experienced teachers, come not only with their parents and relations, but with suites of servants.

Strange are the contrasts which the streets at Canton now present. Many a poor student may be seen, ill-clad and exhausted, whom the aims of the charitable, the hardly-earned contributions of the family or the clan, have enabled to reach the provincial city. Many, unable to pay the expenses of transport, have to perform long and wearying journeys on foot; multitudes arrive by the canals and rivers, whose passage boats are now over-crowded; some come in vessels roomy enough to furnish all the appliances of comfortable life, with abundance of attendants; the very wealthy are conveyed in sedan-chairs carried by four servants, the bamboo supporters resting on the shoulders instead of being sustained by the hands of the bearers.

But at the doors of the examination hall there is a general indigence. The credentials of patrician and plebian are the same.

Proclamations are everywhere distributed, calling upon all the candidates to have their passports in order, assuring them that they will be equally and honorably dealt with, requiring them to be themselves honest, to employ no artifices, to conceal nothing in their garments which may give them any advantage over their competitors.

[DANIEL WEBSTER AND JENNY LIND.]

[From the "San Francisco Bulletin.]

Jenny Lind gave a concert at Washington during the session of Congress, and, as a mark of her respect and with a view to the effect, sent polite invitations to President Fillmore, the members of the Cabinet, Clay, and many other distinguished members of both houses of Congress.

It happened on that day several members of the Cabinet and Senate were dining with Bodieco, the Russian Minister. His good dinner and choice wines had kept the party so late that they had no time to get to the concert. CretitDecor and others came in; whether from the hurry in which they came, or from the heat of the room, their faces were a little flushed, and they all looked somewhat flurried.

After the applause with which these gentlemen had been received had subsided, and silence was once more restored, the second part of the concert was opened by Jenny Lind with "Hail Columbia."

This took place during the height of the debate and excitement of the slavery question, and the compromise resolutions of Clay; and this patriotic air, as a part of the programme, was considered peculiarly appropriate at a concert where the head of the Government and a large number of both branches of the Legislative Department were present.

At the close of the first verse Webster's patriotism boiled over; he could stand it no longer, and rising like Olym pian Jove, he added his deep, sonorous voice to the chorus; and I have heard, as the last lever of her career died out, that she ever receive one-half of the applause as that with which her song and Mr. Webster's chorus were greeted.

Mrs. Webster, who sat immediately behind him, kept tugging at his coat-tail to make him sit down and stop singing, but it was of no earthly use—and at the close of the chorus Clay, Crittenden and others were the most delighted. I have seen Robini, Lablache and the two Grisius on the stage at one time, but such a happy conjunction in the national air of "Hail Columbia" as Jenny Lind's tribne and Daniel Webster's bass we shall never see nor hear again.

At the close of the air Webster rose with his hat in his hand and made her such a bow as Chesterfield would have deemed a fortune for his son, and which eclipsed O'Nan's best. Jenny
Lind, bruising at the distinguished honor, courted to the floor, the audience applauded to the very echo; Webster, determined to be outdone in politeness, bowed again; Miss Lind recourtosed; the house again applauded; and this was repeated nine times, or "I'm a villain else."

A "MOVING" STORY.

From ["Star Spangled Banner."]

Yesterday was the 1st of April, and everybody except those who were so unfortunate as to own their houses—themselves liable at any time to be sent to the State Prison for the taxes—moved.

We moved.

And it was the movingest sight we ever saw. Our elders ought to have seen the scene. Our folks commenced pulling up and tearing down the traps a week ago.

Most of the "plunder" was thrown into a heap and humped off into loads, with a total disregard of ordinary rules. The parlor- and live syrup vials were packed in our new house—one of McKenzie's latest and best.

The castor bottles were placed in our other boots, it being so hardy to carry them by the loops. The stopper came out of the one containing tomato catsup, and the top of the mustard was broken off.

That is the best seasoned pair of boots we ever had.

The other family insisted on coming into the house before we got out.

And so the thing got mixed up some.

But we got all that belonged to us at least. The cartman swore because the cook stove was so heavy, and one said "hanged if he'd have it if we offered it to him."

Didn't offer it to him, but offered both of them a drink out of a quarter barrel of ale, nearly full, standing in the kitchen.

They took it—very kindly, but it made 'em thirsty all the forenoon.

Guess the spirit must have got out of the barrel on the road, for we couldn't squeeze half a glass out last night.

Finally, we moved.

Thought we'd have our supper before we tackled the bedsteads and back room stove.

Better half, with patch of soil on her nose, said supper was ready.

It was mad, because, when she asked us to bring home a keg of soft soap, we proposed an amendment, substituting a keg of powder and a slow match.

We hate soft soap—have to use so much of it every day in soiling men and things.

Sat down at the table and took a cup of tea that was handed to us.

Thought it tasted strangely and prospected the bottom of the cup.

Found the brimstone ends of three broken matches.

Didn't drink any more tea.

Came near breaking one of our teeth on a carpet tack in the butter, and thought we'd had supper enough.

Commenced playing putting up bedsteads. It's fun when you like it.

But people don't like it mostly.

None of the blasted rails would fit. Got the wrong post, and couldn't screw them up.

Marked them all with a pencil before we took them down, and thought we'd go through them together again; but somebody wiped the marks out.

And there we were, better half suggested that one at our life of ought to have more patience and gave it as her opinion that we couldn't swear the bedsteads together.

Found we couldn't.

Finally got 'em up—four of 'em—and commenced putting the corks on.

Cords broke, and we had to tie them together. The house couldn't slip around the pegs, and we couldn't draw the rope tight.

More remarks from the children's mother on the subject of proficiency.

Didn't pay any attention to her, and thus succeeded in getting through the job.

Then went down and "harnessed" the stove.

The legs all fell out when we tried to lift it on the zinc, but got it into position at last.

Two lengths and one elbow of the pipe missing. Finally found the elbow in the bureau drawer, and the two lengths rolled up in the parlor carpet.

Got a hatchet and a stick of wood and commenced pounding the pipe together.

Knocked a chunk out of one of our knuckles, and got the elbow on wrong end up.

Had to take it all apart and change it. Commenced pounding again, but couldn't make it bite. Pounded more.

The more we pounded, the more it wouldn't fit, and thought we'd give it up.

Excuse our opinion in relation to store pipes in general, and this one in particular, and made some allusions to the original inventor of this kind of furniture.

Concluded we'd smoke, smoked end of an old cigar and resumed the attack on the stove pipe.

Found out what ailed us before was that we hadn't pounded it enough.

Remedied the defect, and the job was done. Stove smoked beautifully.

Got with his tie rags around three of our fingers and one thumb, and thought we'd sit down and have a smoke.

Found meerschaum after a while, and discovered amber mouthpiece broken.

Got the tobacco can, but on ascertaining that the salt cellar had been emptied into it, made up our mind that we wouldn't smoke.

We concluded that we'd better go to bed, and started to pick our way through the mass of things piled up and scattered about.

Sumbled over the long rockers of a chair and banked our fire.

Returned no answer to an interrogatory as to why we "didn't break our necks;" repeated "Now I lay me," and turned in.

Having a strong constitution, which enables us to bear a great deal of pain and all sorts of weather, and always paying strict attention to our sleeping, didn't know anything till morning.

Went down stairs and found wife getting breakfast, with tears in her eyes.

Told her she was "deceived in the house,"—if al 'ud "known when it was, she would never have moved into it," and that she'd never be able to "settle" in it.

This settled us. We shall never move again.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GENERAL GRANT.

About two weeks ago we gave a short sketch of General Grant, but as that account contains very little of a personal character, we present the following:

Whistling and smoking are among Grant's favorite occupations. He is a true Yankee in these respects. It is recorded of him that during the battles of the Wilderness he was engagcd in whistling the bark of a tree under which his head quarters were established; and on all occasions, great and small, he smokes. He is a more inveterate smoker than either Sherman or Rosecrans, but he smokes in a different style and for a different effect. Both Sherman and Rosecrans take to tobacco as a stimulant to their nervous organizations. Grant smokes with the lightest, absorbed, and satisfied air of an opium smoker, and his mind and body being soothed into repose rather than excited by the effects of the weed.

In his manners, dress, and style of living, Grant displays more republican simplicity than any other general officer of the army. In manner he is very unassuming and approachable, and his conversation is noticeable from its unpuntting, plain, and straightforward style. There is nothing didactic nor pedantic in his tone or language. His rhetoric is more remarkable for the compact structure than the elegance and finish of his sentences. He talks practically, and writes as he talks; and his language is distinguished by strong common sense. He seldom indulges in figurative language; but when he does his comparisons betray his habits of close observation. He dresses in a careless but by no means slovenly manner.

His habits are conform to army regulations in cut and trimming, it is often, like that of Sherman, worn threadbare. He never wears any article which attracts attention by its oddity, except, indeed, the three stars which indicate his rank. His wardrobe, when campaigning, is generally very
THE SMUGGLED LACE.

A gentleman holding a high official position in the courts of law in Paris, during the long vacation, went, in company with his wife, on a short pleasure tour in Belgium. After having traveled through this interesting country, they were returning home by the railway, the husband with his mind quite at rest, like a man blessed with an untroubled conscience, while the lady felt that uncomfortable sensation which arises from the recollection of some indiscretion, or the dread of some approaching danger.

When they were near the frontier, the lady could no longer restrain her uneasiness. Leaning towards her husband, she whispered to him, "I have lace in my portmanteau—take it and consign it to our church at home, and say it is a present from me." "What! as a smuggler!" exclaimed the husband, with a voice between astonishment and affright.

"It is beautiful Malines lace, and has cost a great deal," replied the lady. "We are now near the custom-house; haste and conceal it.

"It is impossible; I cannot do it!" said the gentleman. "On the contrary, it is very easy," was the reply. "The lace would fit in the bottom of your hat." "But do you recollect?" rejoined the gentleman, "the position I occupied is secured to his position; and if a secret escapes for a moment disturbed his mind, at least he breathed more freely when he recollected the danger was passed, and that the violation of the revenue laws he had committed would escape discovery. With this comforting assurance, and while a severe examination was going on the property of other passengers, the head of the custom house and the commander of the local gendarmerie, having heard of the arrival of so distinguished a person, came to offer him their respects.

Nothing more than his manner. To their profound astonishment the judge responded by immediately raising his hat with the utmost politeness. Could he be less? But alas! in his polite obeisance, so rapid and so involuntary, he had forgotten the contents of his hat. He had scarcely raised it from his head when a cloud of lace rushed out, covering him from head to foot, as with a large marriage veil.

What language can describe the confusion of the detected smuggler, the despair of the wife, the amusement of the spectators, or the astonishment of the custom house officers at so novel an occurrence? The offense was too public to be overlooked.

OUT-DOOR GAMES FOR BOYS.

As the season for out-door amusements has now returned, we present the following:

GAMES WITH TOPS.

While the general form of a top is that of a pear, there is much difference as to the breadth of the shoulder, the size of the head, and the length of the peg. Some boys can turn their own tops, and fasten the pegs also. Tops with heavy bodies and short pegs spin most steadily, or "sleep" better, than light tops with long shanks. The top may be spun merely to see how long it can keep up, or how often it can be lifted on the hand or on a wooden spoon; but for sport, the usual game in "Peg in the Ring." Two circles are marked, the inner two or three feet in diameter, and the outer eight or nine feet, from which the tops are thrown. The first player leads to the center, his top into the ring, and while there the others let fly as fast as they can. Any of the tops falling within the ring are counted dead, and are put in the centre to be pegged at. It is a good rule to allow a common top to last one day, or the player is put to run a random. The boy who lasts off the game may take up his top, while spinning, as soon as it is across the inner circle, so as to peg at the others which are still spinning. Long, sharp pegs are the most formidable in this game, as they are likely to split the dead or "sleeping" top, giving better chances of rolling beyond the ring when done spinning.

WHIP TOP.

The whip top is kept up either alone, or with two players, driving the top towards opposite goals. The strokes should be given in turns, else by violent collisions the top is likely to be upset. If the game is "Hit when you can," the oversetting of the top should be left to the opposite player. The object is to make the top strike the whip, or cross the line while yet spinning.

Racing with whip tops is another trial of skill. A piece of ravelled rope or tow, fastened to a short stick, makes a good whip, better than cords, or leather, which are also severally recommended.

LADIES' TABLE.

[From Mrs. Palliser's Manual of Fancy Work.]

Braiding is a term commonly considered the simplest of all the arts of fancy work. In some, however, are skill and knowledge more apparent. It consists in running braid, whether of cotton, worsted, or silk, or any material, of various colors, at pleasure. For the effect of braiding, the braid must be made narrow, and with a little skill, of the same color, and so may be sewed on if of silk, with threads drawn out of one length, which is first cut off, and the strands of which will supply material for working in the usual way. The silk, or the braiding, as it is termed, is run over the top, and the material from under it. Curves should be made by crocheting the braid into the required form, but sharp angles should have a twist or two. The first thing to work with is the braid, for the braid is turned over. The only exception to this mode of working is with any braid that has two edges of different color, as alliances braid has, in which case it must be made narrow and a little thick, or as it would put inside the pattern, the other that had been outside. When the braid is finished, the small braid is put on the top, that is, so fastened together that the opening of the folded gusset slides down the center. Broad braid may be run at both edges.

RAISED BRAIDING.

This is sometimes done in worsted braid for children's dresses, brocaded, or even lace, and other fancy work, though it is by no means an easy process. It must be done in the wrong side and the stitches taken across the braid—never through it. In the case of gold and silver cord for which this style is, the same rule applies. The gusseted braid will be partially concealed, by being stuck between the twists of the cord.

CORD BRAIDING.

Gold and silver cord, or coarse thread. A bent braid, and other fancy cords have also their uses for this work. The stitches are taken on the wrong side and the stitches taken across the braid—never through it. In the case of gold and silver cord for which this style is, the same rule applies. The gusseted braid will be partially concealed, by being stuck between the twists of the cord.
LESSONS IN GEOLogy.—No. 8.

By referring to our last lesson you will understand why it is that the different strata, of which the crust of the earth is composed, have such different forms. You must keep in mind that, however, that our imagined mass of clod, or the crust of the earth, is many scores of miles in thickness, from the surface down to the root of the crust. The bottom and the sides of the crust are constantly in a state of being melted and torn asunder. The intense heat of the interior. The intense action of the sun on the bottom may be melting deep rocks, which may consist of materials very different from those of the first roof, and also from those which, by cooling or crystallizing below, have formed an additional root.

Beneath the outer or hard-burnt crust of the earth are the other-formed rock (or hypogene, as it is called) which first in a fused state was heaved against the rock, and which by bursting the outer crust forced a fissure, and driving the matter through the outside formed a mountain there—the balance of fused mass left under the outer crust forming a crystallized bed below. After the cooling of this second formation of crystallized rock, the expansion of the heat below it again requiring an outlet to get rid of the materials accumulated by the constant fusion of the bottom and the sides, and perhaps of the new roof itself, will force another vent or fissure for its escape, and the melted matter is thrown up again—in this case through the solidified rocks and the outer crust beyond, and a new mountain is formed differing in lithological character from the first one referred to. When the heat below becomes dilute, it is likely to fall into last formed rock tools, hardens, and forms another roof below the one previously formed, so that did below the outer crust. The burning sea of matter having thrown off its old surface, begins again to melt or wear away deeper rocks at its bottom, and other rocks at its sides. Lithology acquires intensity of fusion and accession of mass, and with them a fresh elevating force that seeks a vent. The crust is again cracked and rent and from depths greater than those of any former eruption; and from beneath the crystallized or schistose two lower rocks or layers, melted mass is again thrown up to the surface, where a third mountain is formed differing in composition from both the preceding ones. The same process and the same results may be repeated again and again by the same Plutonic lake, or other Plutonic sea may play a different material of the crust, and may form a rock either on the surface or in a chain of the earth different in structure from all the others.

The difference in the lithological structure of these eruptive rocks does not depend on the unequal depths from which they have been thrown up: it will also depend on the circumstance whether the eruption has taken place on the surface, in the air, or at a great depth under the sea.

Let me now call your attention to the rocks referred to as the second and third inner rocks. You see from the description given that the crust of the earth has been thickened by ascensions from below. It is evident that these rocks may be in the course of forming below, notwithstanding that the upper or outer crust of the earth may not have been in the least affected by them. The stupendous chemistry which has the power of destroying one class of rocks, has also the power of forming new ones. The outer crust of the earth may continue for ages undisturbed and unaffected, while the second and third crusts at great depths are passing from a solid to a fluid state, and then consolidating themselves again so as to acquire a lithological character perfectly new.

This may have been the case in ancient geological time, with granite, gneiss, hornblende, &c. On this account, Sir Charles Lyell, in his "Principles of Geology," remarks, "the limestones and marbles are likely to pass into a fine sand by the action of the waves of the ocean. Another species of sand, which is not the same, is formed by the evaporation of the water, and is of consequence in the production of sandstone, which is laid down in this way.

It is not from the sea, but from the waves of the ocean, that the sandstone is formed. The waves of the ocean, by wearing down the rocks, and the sandstone is formed by the evaporation of the water, and is of consequence in the production of sandstone, which is laid down in this way, as the sandstone is formed by the evaporation of the water, and is of consequence in the production of sandstone, which is laid down in this way.

The Rncics OF JerusAm.—The Palestine explorers are making large additions to our knowledge of Jerusalem. The chese-monger's valley—the great hollow separating Zion from Moriah—turns out to have had a shape surprisingly unlike what has been supposed. When the excavations now in progress are complete, we shall have a new map of the Holy City. The present labors are devoted mainly to investigations connected with the sites of the Temple and the Holy Sepulchre.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A LANGUAGE of the sole.—Creaking boots.

The best way to get along with people "who are set up in pride" is to upset their pride and them too.

ANIMAL FOOD.—An ignorant had been sick, and on recovering was told by the doctor that he might take a little animal food. "No, sir," said he, "I took your gruel very well, but hang me I can eat your hay and oats."

HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.—Last week Mrs. Stitches inside milliner, of Camden-town, discovered in her shop the body of a young lady, awfully cut and gored, and scalloped and ripped in a most unseemly manner. One of Mrs. S.'s assistants is accused of being the author of the crime, for which she will be brought to account.

TICTAC.—A colonial paper tells a good story of a sentry who was placed on guard to watch a certain post. The adjutant of the regiment came along and attempted to pass. The gallant soldier cried out, "Halt! I'm a century here, and if you don't dismount and give the counterpint, I'll make you reform the whole revolution of tictacs." It is needless to say that the solitary horseman came down.

TRIAL OF MEMORY.—A person was once boasting of Footes's presence of the extraordinary facility with which he could commit anything to memory, when Foote said he would write down a dozen lines of prose, which he would not be able to repeat from memory in as many minutes. A wager was instantly laid, and Foote wrote the following: "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; and a great she-bear, coming up the street, paws its head into the shop. 'What, no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber. And there were present the Picaninny, and the Joballies, and the Carulles, and the grand Panjandrum with the little round bottom at the top, and they fell to playing catch as catch can till the gunpowder run out of the heels of their boots." Such a mass of nonsense was too much for the booster's memory, and the wit won his money.

ANY EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE.—A very good widow, who was looked up to by the congregation to which she belonged as an example of piety, contrived to bring her conscience to terms for one little indulgence. She loved porter; and one day, just as she had received half-a-dozen bottles from the man who usually brought her the comfortable beverage, she—oh, horror!—she saw two of the grave elders of the church approaching her door. She hurried the man out of the back door, and the bottles under the bed. The weather was hot, and while conversing with her sage friends, pop went a cork. "Dear me!" exclaimed the good lady, "there goes that bed-cord, it snapped yesterday the same way. I must have another rope provided." In a few minutes went another, followed by a peculiar hiss of escaping liquor. The rope would not do again; but the good lady was not at a loss. "Dear me!" said she, "that black cat of mine must be at some mischief under there, S-cat!"

Another bottle popped off, and the porter came stealing out from under the bed-curtains. "Oh, dear me!" said she, "I had forgot; it is the yeast! Here, Prudence, come and take those bottles of yeast away."

 ECCENTRIC DIVINE.—The Rev. Zeb. Twitchell was the most noted Methodist preacher in Vermont—forty shrewd and laughable sayings. In the pulpit he maintained a suitable gravity of manner and expression, and out of the pulpit he overflowed with fun.

Occasionally he would, if emergency seemed to require, say something queer in a sermon for the sake of arousing the flagging attention of his hearers. Seeing that his audience was getting sleepy, he paused in his discourse and discussed as follows: "Brethren, you haven't any idea of the sufferings of our missionaries in the new settlements, on account of the mosquitoes. The mosquitoes in some of those regions are enormous. A great many of them weigh a pound, and they will get on logs and bark when the missionaries are going along."

By this time all ears and eyes were open, and he proceeded to finish his discourse.

The next day one of his hearers called him to account for telling lies in the pulpit. "There never was a mosquito that weighed a pound," he said. "But I didn't say one of them would weigh a pound, I said a great many, and I think a million of them would." "But you said that they barked at the missionaries." "No, no, brother, I said they would get on logs and bark."

SPARE THAT GIRL

Youngster, spare that girl!
Kiss not her lips so keen!
Unruffled let the trim locks curl
Upon the maiden's cheek!
Believe her quite a saint!
Her looks are all divine!
Her rosy hue is paint!
Her form is crimoline!

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Salt Lake City, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year .......................... $7 00
Per Half Year (26 weeks) .......... 4 00

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS.—Any person obtaining us six subscriptions will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Persons who subscribe together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office, or addressed Box 197 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."
THE
UTAH MAGAZINE;
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 15] SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 18, 1868. [Vol. I.

POETRY.

NATURE AND ART.
The following ingenious test was related by a Rabbín, which, in the Talmud, is attributed to Solomon.

A maiden knelt before the king,
And placed beside his throne
Two wreaths—the one by Art entwín'd,
The other Nature's own.

So exquisite the mimic wreath,
Wove with an artist's care,
She deemed its hues would emulate
The flowers more rich and fair.

He gazed upon the heaucteous wreaths,
Doubt gather'd o'er his brow—
His treasured guide had Nature been—
And would Art triumph now?

He pause'd, when thro' a window spies'd,
Some bees had cluster'd near;
He bade them throw the casement back,
And greet the balmy air.

But not the perfumed breath of Art,
Could now its influence lend—
The bees alight on Nature's wealth,
The flowers they love to tend.

The maiden bow'd before his power,
Whose wisdom could impart
The dictates of a mighty God
Within a perfect heart.

Then sigh not for the works of Art,
Cling to the good and true;
God's blessing yields us lovelier flowers
Than painter ever drew.

HUNTED DOWN.

IN TWO PORTIONS. PORTION THE FIRST.

On the very next day but one, I was sitting behind my glass partition as before, when he came into the outer office as before. The moment I saw him again without hearing him, I hated him worse than ever.

It was only for a moment that he gave me this opportunity; for he waved his tight-fitting black glove the instant I looked at him, and came straight in.

"Mr. Sampson, good day! I presume, you see, upon your kind permission to intrude upon you. I don't keep my word in being justified by business, for my business here—if I may so abuse the word—is of the slightest nature."

"I asked, was it anything I could assist him in?"

"I thank you, no. I merely called to inquire outside, whether my dilatory friend has been so false to himself as to be practical and sensible. But, of course, he has done nothing. I gave him your papers with my own hand, and he was hot upon the intention, but of course he has done nothing. Apart from the general human disinclination to do anything that ought to be done, I dare say there is a speciality about ensuring one's life? You find it like will-making? People are so superstitious, and take it for granted they will die soon afterwards!"

—Up here, if you please. Straight up here, Mr. Sampson. Neither to the right nor to the left! I almost fancied I could hear him breathe the words, as he sat smiling at me, with that intolerable parting exactly opposite the bridge of my nose.

"There is such a feeling sometimes, no doubt," I replied, "but I don't think it obtains to any great extent."

"Well!" said he, with a shrug and a smile, "I wish some good angel would influence my friend in the right direction. I rashly promised his mother and sister in Norfolk, to see it done, and he promised them that he would do it. But I suppose he never will."

He spoke for a minute or two on indifferent topics, and went away.

I had scarcely unlocked the drawers of my writing-table next morning when he reappeared. I noticed that he came straight to the door in the glass partition, and did not pause a single moment outside.

"Can you spare me two minutes, my dear Mr. Sampson?"

"By all means."

"Much obliged," laying his hat and umbrella on the table. "I came early not to interrupt you. The fact is, I am taken by surprise, in reference to this proposal my friend has made,"

"Has he made one?" said I.

"Ye-es," he answered, deliberately looking at me; and then a bright idea seemed to strike him;—"or he only tells me he has. Perhaps that may be a new way of evading the matter. By Jupiter, I never thought of that!"

Mr. Adams was opening the morning's letters in the outer office. "What is the name, Mr. Slinkton?" I asked.

"Beckwith."

I looked out at the door and requested Mr. Adams,
if there were a proposal in that name, to bring it in. He had already laid it out of his hand on the counter. It was easily selected from the rest, and he gave it me. Alfred Beckwith, a proposal to effect a treaty with us for two thousand pounds. Dated yesterday.

"From the Middle Temple, I see, Mr. Slinkton."

"Yes. He lives on the same staircase with my; his door is opposite mine. I never thought he would make me his reference, though."

"It seems natural enough that he should."

"Quite so, Mr. Sampson; but I never thought of it. Let me see." He took the printed paper from his pocket.

"How am I to answer all these questions?"

"According to the truth, of course," said I.

"Oh! Of course," he answered, looking up from the paper with a smile: "I meant, they were so many. But you do right to be particular. It stands to reason that you must be particular. Will you allow me to use your pen and ink?"

"Certainly."

"And your desk?"

"Certainly." He had been hovering about between his hat and his umbrella, for a place to write on. He now sat down in my chair, at my blotting paper and inkstand, with the long walk up his head in accurate perspective before me, as I stood with my back to the fire.

Before answering each question, he ran over it aloud, and discussed it. How long had he known Mr. Alfred Beckwith? That he had to calculate by years, upon his fingers. What were his habits? No difficulty about them; temperate in the last degree, and took a little too much exercise, if anything. All the answers were satisfactory. When he had written them all, he looked them over, and finally signed them in a very pretty hand. He supposed he had now done with the business? I told him he was not likely to be troubled any further. Should he leave the papers there? If he pleased. Much obliged. Good morning!

I had had one other visitor before him; not at the office, but at my own house. That visitor had come to my bedside when it was not yet daylight, and had been seen by no one else but by my faithful confidential servant.

A second reference paper (for we always required two) was sent down into Norfolk, and was duly received back by post. This, likewise, was satisfactorily answered in every respect. Our forms were all complied with, we accepted the proposal, and the premium for one year was paid.

---

PORTION THE SECOND.

IV.

For six or seven months, I saw no more of Mr. Slinkton. He called once at my house, I was not at home; and he once asked me to dine with him in the Temple, but I was engaged. His friend’s assurance was effected in March. Late in September or early in October, I was down at Scarborough for a breath of sea air, where I met him on the beach. It was a hot evening; he came towards me with his hat in his hand; and there was the walk I had felt so strongly disinclined to take, in perfect order again, exactly in front of the bridge of my nose.

He was not alone; he had a young lady on his arm. She was dressed in mourning, and I looked at her with great interest. She had the appearance of being extremely delicate, and her face was remarkably pale and melancholy, but she was very pretty. He introduced her as his niece, Miss Niner.

"Are you strolling, Mr. Sampson? Is it possible you can be idle?"

"It was possible, and I was strolling."

="Shall we stroll together?"

="With pleasure."

The young lady walked between us, and we walked on the cool sea sand in the direction of Filey.

"There have been wheels here," said Mr. Slinkton.

="And now I look again, the wheels of a hand-carriage."

="Margaret, my love, your shadow, without doubt!"

="Miss Niner’s shadow?" I repeated, looking down at it on the sand.

="Not that one," Mr. Slinkton returned, laughing.

="Margaret, my dear, tell Mr. Sampson."

="Indeed," said the young lady, turning to me, "there is nothing to tell—except that I constantly see the same invalid old gentleman, at all times, wherever I go. I have mentioned it to my uncle, and he calls the gentleman my shadow."

="Does he live in Scarborough?" I asked.

="He is staying here."

="Do you live in Scarborough?"

="No, I am staying here. My uncle has placed me with a family here, for my health."

="And your shadow?" said I, smiling.

="My shadow," she answered, smiling too, "is—like myself—not very robust, I fear; for, I have my shadow sometimes, as my shadow loses me at other times. We both seem liable to confinement to the house. I have not seen my shadow for days and days; but it does oddly happen, occasionally, that wherever I go, for so many days together, this gentleman goes. We have come together in the most unfrequented nooks on this shore."

="Is this he?" said I, pointing before us.

The wheels had swept down to the water’s edge and described a great loop on the sand in turning back. Bringing the loop back towards us, and spinning it out as it came, was a hand-carriage drawn by a man.

="Yes," said Miss Niner, this really is my shadow, uncle?"

As the carriage approached us and we approached the carriage, I saw within it an old man, whose head was sunk on his breast, and who was enveloped in a variety of wrappers. He was drawn by a very quiet, but very keen-looking man, with iron-grey hair, who was slightly lame. They had passed us, when the carriage stopped, and the old gentleman within putting out his arm, called me to him by name. I went back, and was absent from Mr. Slinkton and his niece for about five minutes.

When I rejoined them, Mr. Slinkton was the first to speak. Indeed, he said to me in a raised voice before I came up with him: "It is well you have not been longer, or my niece might have died of curiosity to know who her shadow is, Mr. Sampson."

="An old East India Director," said I. An intimate friend of our friend’s at whose house I first had the pleasure of meeting you. A certain Major Banks. You have heard of him?"

="Never."

="Very rich, Miss Niner; but very old and very crippled. An amiable man—sensible—much interested"
is you. He has just been expatiating on the affection
which he has observed to exist between you and your
uncle.”
Mr. Slinkton was holding his hat again, and he
passed his hand up the straight walk, as if he himself
went up it serenely, after me.
“Mr. Sampson,” he said, tenderly pressing his
niece’s arm in his, “our affection was always a strong
one, for we have had but few near ties. We have
still fewer now. We have associations to bring us to-
gether, that are not of this world, Margaret.”
“Dear uncle!” murmured the young lady, and turned
her face aside to hide her tears.
“My niece and I have such remembrances and re-
grets in common, Mr. Sampson,” he feelingly pursued,
“that it would be strange indeed if the relations be-
tween us were cold or indifferent. If you remember a
conversation you and I once had together, you will
understand the reference I make. Cheer up, dear
Margaret. Don’t droop, don’t droop. My Margaret!
I cannot bear to see you droop!”
The poor young lady was very much affected, but
controlled herself. His feelings, too, were very acute.
In a word, he found himself under such great need of
a restorative, that he presently went away, to take a
bath of sea-water; leaving the young lady and me
sitting on a point of rock, and probably presuming—
but, that, you will say, was a pardonable indulgence
in a luxury—that she would praise him with all her
heart.
She did, poor thing. With all her confiding heart,
she praised him to me, for his care of her dead sister,
and for his untiring devotion in her last illness. The
sister had wasted away very slowly, and wild and
terrible fantasies had come over her towards the end;
but he had never been impatient with her, or at a loss;
had always been gentle, watchful, and self-possessed.
The sister had known him and, she knew him, to be
the best of men, the kindest of men, and yet a man of
such admirable strength of character, as to be a very
tower for the support of their weak natures while their
poor lives endured.
“Young lady,” said I, looking around, laying my
hand upon her arm, and speaking in a low voice; “time
presses. You hear the gentle murmur of that sea?”
She looked at me with the utmost wonder and
alarm, saying, “Yes!”
“And you know what a voice is in it when the
storm comes?”
“Yes!”
“You see how quiet and peaceful it lies before us,
and you know what an awful sight of power without
pity it might be, this very night?”
“Yes!”
“But if you had never heard or seen it, or heard of
it, in its cruelty, could you believe that it beats every
inanimate thing in its way to pieces, without mercy,
and destroys life without remorse?”
“You terrify me, sir, by these questions!”
“To save you, young lady, to save you! For God’s
sake, collect your strength and collect your firmness!
If you were here alone, and hemmed in by the rising
tide on the flow to fifty feet above your head, you
could not be in greater danger than the danger you
are now to be saved from.”
The figure on the sand was spun out, and struggled
off into a crooked little jerk that ended at the cliff
very near us.

“As I am, before Heaven and the Judge of all man-
kind, your friend, and your dead sister’s friend, I sol-
lemnly entreat of you, Miss Niner, without one
moment’s loss of time, to come to this gentleman with
me!”
If the little carriage had been less near to us, I
doubt if I could have got her away; within five min-
utes, I had the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing her
—from the point we had sat on, and to which I had
returned—half supported and half carried up some
rude steps notched in the cliff, by the figure of an ac-
tive man. With that figure beside her, I knew she
was safe anywhere.
I sat alone on the rock, awaiting Mr. Slinkton’s re-
turn. The twilight was deepening and the shadows
were heavy, when he came round the point.
“My niece not here, Mr. Sampson?” he said looking
about.
“Miss Niner seemed to feel a chill in the air after
the sun went down, and has gone home.”
He looked surprised.
“Ah!” said he, “She is easily persuaded—for her
good. Thank you, Mr. Sampson.”
“Miss Niner is very delicate,” I observed.
He shook his head and drew a deep sigh. “Very,
very, very. Dear Margaret, dear Margaret! But we
must hope.
The hand-carriage was spinning away before us, at
a most indecorous pace for an invalid vehicle, and
was making most irregular curves upon the sand. Mr.
Slinkton, noticing it after he had put his handkerchief
to his eyes, said:
“If I may judge by appearances, your friend will
be upset, Mr. Sampson.”
“It looks probable, certainly,” said I.
“The servant must be drunk.”
“The servants of old gentlemen will get drunk
sometimes,” said I.
“The major draws very light, Mr. Sampson.”
The major does draw light,” said I.
By this time, the carriage, much to my relief was
lost in darkness.
“Do you stay here long, Mr. Sampson?”
“Why, no. I am going away to London to-night.”
“I shall be there too, soon after you.”
I knew that as well as he did. But I did not tell
him so. Any more than I told him what defensive
weapon my right hand rested on in my pocket, as I
walked by his side. Any more than I told him why
I did not walk on the sea-side of him, with the night
closing in.
We left the beach, and our ways diverged. We ex-
changed good night, and had parted indeed, when he
said, returning:
“Mr. Sampson, may I ask? Poor Meltham, whom
we spoke of—Dead yet?”
“Not when I last heard of him; but too broken a
man to live long, and hopelessly lost to his old cal-
ing.”
“Dear, dear, dear!” said he, with great feeling.
“Sad, sad, sad! The world is a grave!” And so
went his way.
It was not his fault if the world were not a grave.
The next time I saw him, and the last time, was late
in November.
[to be continued.]
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

[April 18, 1868.]

SELECTIONS FROM MODERN HUMORISTS.

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRiloQUIST.

THE BURGLAR IN THE CHIMNEY.

We left Valentine at an Inn on the road, with Tooler in a state of great exhaustion drinking ‘perdition to the witch.’ After several other amusing occurrences which we cannot stop to narrate, the coach containing Valentine rolled into the yard of a London Inn where Valentine was affectionately received by Mr. Goodman who had been waiting several hours for his arrival. Upon Valentine detailing the cause of delay Goodman roared with merriment and begged him to give him a specimen of his powers.

‘But be careful, my dear boy, be careful,’ said Goodman.

‘Oh! there is not the slightest danger of discovery,’ said Valentine, throwing his voice into a box in which two extremely stout individuals were eating deviled kidneys.

‘Yes, sir,’ cried the person in pumps, throwing his napkin under his arm, and approaching the box in question.

‘Waiter!’ said Valentine, assuming a voice which appeared to proceed from the box opposite.

‘Yes, sir,’ repeated the waiter, turning round on ascertaining that that party had no orders.

‘Waiter!’ cried Valentine, precisely the same voice as at first.

‘Yes, sir!’ exclaimed the sleek functionary, returning, ‘you call, sir?’

‘No,’ said the gentlemen, ‘we did not call.’

‘Warre!’ shouted Valentine, throwing his voice to the other end of the room, to which end he of the pumps of course immediately pelted.

‘Now, where is that bottle of port?’ cried Valentine, bringing the voice about half way back.

‘Beg pardon, sir, I’m sure, sir,’ said the waiter, addressing the person from whom he imagined the sound had proceeded, ‘did you order a bottle of port, sir?’

‘No,’ said the person addressed, ‘I’m drinking negus.’

‘Warre!’ shouted Valentine with all the force of which he was capable.

‘Yes, Sir!’ cried the waiter with corresponding energy, and again he followed the sound, and continued to follow it until Valentine ceased, when the knight of the napkin, whose blood began to boil, approached the fire and poked it with all the power at his command.

‘Jim!’ cried Valentine sending his voice up the chimney, while the waiter was taking his revenge—‘get up higher: I’m roasting.’

‘Hush!’ said Valentine, assuming the voice of ‘Jim,’ who appeared to be half-choked. ‘Hush!—don’t speak so loud.’

The waiter, who still grasped the instrument of his vengeance with one hand, raised the other to enjoin silence, and walked on tip-toe towards the bar, from which in an instant he returned with the landlord, the hostess, the barmaid, the boots, and in fact nearly the whole of the members of the establishment, who crept with the utmost care upon their toes towards the fire, when Valentine conducted the following interesting conversation between ‘Jim’ and ‘Joe,’ in the chimney.

‘It’s flaming hot here, Jim, but there—that’ll do. Did you ever in your born days see such a fire?’

‘Hold on a bit, Joe, our sweat’ll soon damp it.’

‘I wish he as poked it was in it.’

‘Oh, that wouldn’t do at any price. His fat ’ud blaze to such a height, it ’ud do us brown in no time.’

The landlord approached. ‘So we’ve caught you at last then, you blackguards. Hollo!’ cried he, peering up the chimney.

‘Hush,’ said the invisible Jim.

‘Ay, you may say hush,’ said the host, ‘but you’re trapped now, my tulips; come down—d’ye hear?’

The tulips did not condescend to reply.

‘Here, Jerry,’ continued the host, ‘run out for the policeman;’ and Jerry, of course, ran with all possible speed.

‘You’d better come down there, you wagabones,’ cried the landlord.

‘Hexcuse us,’ said Jim, ‘you are worry perilte.’

‘If you don’t, I’ll blow you bang through the pot,’ cried the landlord.

‘You haven’t enough powder,’ said the invisible Joe.

The policemen here entered, and bustling up to the grate shouted, ‘Now young fellows, come along, I wants you.’

‘Do you?’ said one of the young fellows.

‘It’s o’ no use, you know,’ cried the policeman, who held his authority to be contemptible, and his dignity insulted, by that tranquil remark, ‘you’d better come at once, you know, my rum uns.’

‘That’s very good advice, I das-say,’ said one of the rum uns, ‘ony we doesn’t think so.’

‘Why, it taint o’ no use,’ urged the policeman, ‘you ain’t got a ha’porth o’ chance. Here give us hold of a stick or a broom,’ said he to the waiter, and the chambermaid ran to fetch one, when another policeman entered, to whom the first said, ‘Smith, go and stand by them ere chimney pots, will yer,’ and accordingly up Smith went with the boots.

‘Now then,’ said the policeman having got a long broom, ‘if you don’t come down, my crickets, in course I shall make you, and that’s all about it.’

In reply to this acute observation, one of the ‘crickets’ indulged in a contemptuous laugh, which so enraged the policeman, that he on the instant introduced the long broom up the chimney, and brought down of course a sufficient quantity of soot to fill an imperial bushel measure. This remarkable descension, being on his part wholly unexpected, caused him to spit and sneeze with considerable vehemence, while his face was sufficiently black to win the sympathies of any regular philanthropist going.

‘Now then, you sirs,’ shouted Smith from the top; ‘do you mean to come up or go down? Ony say.’

‘Good luck to you,’ said he on regaining the power to speak, ‘give us something to wash it down, or I shall choke. It’ll be all the worse for you, my kid.”
when I get's you. Do you mean to come down now? that's all about it. It's o' no use, you know, for in course we don't leave you. Once for all, do you mean to come down?

'You are worry perlite,' replied one of the kids, 'but we'd much rayther not.'

'Why, then,' said the constable in disguise, who, as far as the making up of his face was concerned, appeared perfectly ready to murder Othello—in course we must make you.'

As this observation on the part of the policeman was followed by another contemptuous laugh, that respectable functionary became so indignant that he entertained thoughts of achieving their annihilation by virtue of fire and smoke. While, however, he was considering whether a jury under the circumstances would bring it in justifiable homicide, manslaughter, or murder, it was suggested that as there lived in the neighborhood an extremely humane and intellectual sweep, who had become particular knock-kneed in the profession, and peculiarly alive to the hardships which the corrupt climbing system inflicted upon the sotty generation in general, had a machine which was patronized by the nobility and gentry, and which might in this instant have the effect of accelerating the process of ejectment. For this remarkable master-sweep, therefore, boots was dispatched, while the policeman, bent upon a wicked waste of coal, endeavored to persuade the invisible to descend by making the fire blaze with a fury which a couple of souldiers only could stand.

Nothing, however; bearing the similitude of blazes could bring the burglars down, and just as Valentine's guardian pro tem, was declaring that he must either laugh loudly or burst, a stout stumpy man, who stood about five feet five, upon legs to which nothing stands recorded, in the annals of legs, at all comparable in point of obliquity, was lead in by boots, with the machine on his shoulder, and at once assumed the air of an individual conscious of the immaculate character of his motives, and of the general integrity of his professional reputation.

'I understand,' said he, bowing with all the importance of which a master-sweep is comfortably capable towards the fire—'I understand that you have certain burglarious burglars up the flue. Well as the integral integrity of this glorious and empirical empire demands that all such dishonest thieves should be brought when caught to the barrier of judicial justice, ergo, that is for so to say, consequently, therefore, they must descend down, and this'll bring 'em! It was never known to fail,' he added, drawing from the chest which bound the machine together, 'in an, thing successfully attempted. It is patronized by the titled nobility, and clerical clergy in, oly orders, besides the official officers of the loyal household, and the principal aristocratic members of the aristocracy in high life, and ought to be known in every particle of the globe and her colonies. It was on't other day as I was called in to operate upon the chimneys of one of our tip-topmost dukes, a great agricultural proprietor of landed property, and a particular friend of mine, wot had heered from some vagabone wot I holds worry properly in contemptuous contempt, that my machine had turned out a dead failure: 'So,' says he, when I'd done the job, 'Shufflebottom' says he, 'you're a worry ill-used man, a hinduivial wot's worry much respected universally by all, and therefore, it's a worry great pity that you should be sick a victim of misrepresentation.' Why, says I, my lord duke, you knows worry well as I treats all these wagabones with suitable contempt. But I'm obleeged to you, my lord duke, and I feels worry grateful as I allus does feel for any favor as is showed, and I allus likes to return it too, specially if them as shows it puts themselves you know worry much out of the way in the most friendlies spirit, and has their motives in consequence suspected.'

'Well, come,' said the host, interrupting this remarkable sweep, who displayed a disposition to go on for an hour, 'let us see if we can get these rascals out of the flue.'

Shufflebottom marveled at this ungentlemanlike interruption, but after hurling a look of contempt at the illiterate landlord, he introduced the head of his machine into the chimney and sent it up joint by joint. Of course, during its progress a considerable quantity of soot descended, but when the brush had reached the pot, the policeman above grasped it firmly, conceiving to it be the rough hair of one of the burglars, and pulled it completely out of Shufflebottom's hand.

'The blaggards is at the top!' cried Shufflebottom, loudly. 'they've stole my machine!—go, go upon the roof.'

'Come with me,' said the policeman, but as Shufflebottom had not sufficient courage for that, the policeman and boots went up together, with the view of rendering all necessary assistance. On reaching the roof, they of course discovered the cause of Shufflebottom's great alarm, and having sent his machine down the chimney again, descended with the view of deciding upon some other course. It was the conviction of the policeman above, that no burglars were in the chimney at all, for he himself had been nearly suffocated by simply looking from the top, but as this very natural idea was repudiated as monstrous by all below, Shufflebottom in the plentitude of his humanity, suggested that a sack should be tied tightly over the pot, in order that the invisible burglars might be stitted into an unconditional surrender. As this appeared to be decidedly the most effectual way of compelling them to descend, the policeman urged it strongly, and as the host did by no means object to its adoption, orders were given for the sack to be tied over at once.

This humane and ingenious operation had scarcely been performed, when the room was of course filled with smoke, and in less than three minutes, every soul had departed with the exception of the policeman and Shufflebottom the sweep, who soon deemed it expedient to crawl out on their hands and knees to avoid suffocation.

Valentine and his guardian, with several other gentlemen, repaired to the bar, when orders were given for the removal of the sack, and on its being decided, that when the smoke had evaporated, one policeman should remain in the room, and another on the roof of the house all night, 2 coach was ordered, and Goodman with his charge proceeded home irresponsibly delighted with the evening's entertainment.
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

A BLUSTERING SUBJECT.

"How to raise the wind" is often a subject of earnest inquiry among needy folks, how the wind is raised is what we propose to descant upon just now. Before we "ruse the wind" we may as well ask what it is. It is air in motion, we are told. This may not satisfy everybody, curious people may want to know what necessity there is for air getting in motion; why cannot it take it easy and rest in quiet instead of passing over the face of the earth in every degree of velocity from that of the gentle zephyr to the mad hurricane or tornado. In reply to this it may be stated the air moves much on the same principle that individuals often do in life. Somebody else wants to move and they move to get out of his way or to jump into his place. So with the air—it hasn't all its own way although it is air. There is a law given to it that when it is warmed and rarefied it must ascend out of the way, and allow its colder brother, the cool air, to take its place, which it accordingly does—perhaps as much as anything from the fact that the lighter or thinner air is glad to make room for the heavier or denser, which is fighting its way to the bottom.

It comes out then after all that the sun is in most cases responsible for windy times. In fact it is the great Jeremy Diderot that is always "raising the wind." It effects this in several ways. Sometimes by evaporating the water of lakes, seas, and oceans, causing an upward movement of immense bodies of vapor which displace the common air and carrying much of it along with it in its passage, it causes a rush of air below. Then, again, by warming the air itself it lightens it and causes it to ascend, when streams of air from colder quarters pour into the vacant space, and as a consequence, we have wind, or air in motion. In this way we account for the strong and tempestuous nature of very hot climates and their tendency to hurricanes &c., the excessive heat of the sun suddenly displacing great masses of atmosphere causes violent rushes of air from cooler regions to fill its place. The sudden falling of the innumerable drops of rain at a thunder shower is another way of "raising the wind." In their descent they displace the air with great force, hence at such times it is a very common thing to have violent gusts of wind blow out from the spot where the rain has fallen.

Another old wind brewer on this planet, less than the sun but holding its influence indirectly from him, is that remarkable stream of warm water which rushing outwards from the Gulf of Mexico traverses the ocean producing wonderful changes in its progress. It is this Gulf Stream which gives the British Islands a mild and temperate time; when other countries, such as Denmark, no nearer the north are bound in the fetters of winter. This stream is called by some the great "weather breeder" of the Atlantic ocean. Its waters are so warm that they give off a constant stream of vapor by evaporation. On a winters day if one could only get far enough off to look down up-on this planet, the direction of the Gulf Stream might be traced across the ocean by the mist in the air. It is the warmth of this stream coming in contact with the cold shores of Newfoundland, which causes the silver fogs surrounding that coast. So much vapor ascending into the air must necessarily prove a great disturber of the atmosphere, and just as we should expect, the most violent storms occur along its course. Consequently, it is stated, that navigators dread the storms in the vicinity of the Gulf Stream more than those of any other part of the ocean—especially as it raises the highest kind of waves, owing to the stream going one way and the wind another.

It is an interesting fact that the southern end of our globe, which is principally covered with water, is comparatively free from the storms which disturb the north. Even the stormy capes of Africa and America will not compare with the Atlantic coast of North America, in the violence of its storms. The China seas and the North Pacific may perhaps vie with this part of the Atlantic, but neither Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope can equal them in frequency or fury.

This may be explained by the fact that in these southern regions there is an absence of the mountains, deserts, seas and continents, which by reflecting heat and disturbing the masses of air above, lead to such disturbances; neither is there in the south such a mixture of hot and cold currents. In the southern hemisphere, too, the currents being unbounded or unheeded in by continents, are broad and sluggish, while in the north, they are narrow sharp and strong; hence southern waters are, as they ought to be, less boisterous than those of the north.

Among the curiosities of our globe are the trade winds. Extending entirely around the earth are two zones of perpetual winds. With slight exceptions these winds blow perpetually, and are always moving in the same direction, except where they are turned aside as in crossing a desert or by a rainy season. They are principally caused by heat but chiefly by the latent heat or vapor which is set free by the changes which it undergoes. Then we have Monsoons which blow one way for six months at a stretch, and for the remaining six in a nearly opposite direction. They are supposed to be due to the influence of the sun acting on the atmosphere as he passes from the equator to the northern tropic and back again. When in the north its heat causes the warm air to rise, when cold air from the southern hemisphere rushes in to make good the deficiency. This is a southerly Monsoon. The northern Monsoon is caused in a similar way by the sun when at the other end of his journey.

The inhabitants of the sea-shore in tropical countries have a wind from the sea by day and one from the land by night, with the regularity of the rising and setting of the sun. At Valparaiso, in summer time, the sea breeze blows furiously every afternoon, tearing up the pebbles in the streets and causing them to be deserted and business suspended. Suddenly the winds and sea, as if they had heard the voice of an almighty rebuke, are hushed, and there is a great calm. The population sally forth, the ladies in ball costume, for there is not wind enough to disrange the slightest curl. This surprising change occurs with the greatest regularity.
The causes of alternate land and sea breezes are the setting of the sun, and the consequent giving forth of heat which cools the land below the temperature of the sea. The land atmosphere thus becoming the heaviest rushes seaward, hence the evening breeze.

And now with the light of these views cannot our mountain readers explain many curious facts with which they are acquainted; in particular, can they not account for the cool and blessed evening breeze which after our sultriest days sweeps over these valleys?

THE SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.

We introduce this week a new department under the above heading. In it we shall endeavor to give the raciest hits, the newest thoughts, and the choicest ideas that can be gathered up from the Magazine Press of the day. It will differ from "The Cream of the Papers," inasmuch as it will be more a summary of ideas than a presentation of whole or condensed articles.

We commence with Theodore Tilton’s paper, the Independent, which thus sarcastically puts a Te Deum to Napoleon in the mouth of Pope Pius, by way of thanksgiving for the defeat of the Garibaldis at Mentana.

"We praise thee, O, Napoleon, we acknowledge thee to be our lord."

"The National Guard and the French Newspapers are full of the majesty of thy glory."

"The Glorious Company of Tyrants praise thee."

"When thou tookest upon thee to deliver me from that accursed Garibaldi, thou didst not abhor to do my dirty work, who a short time since railed at thee with bitter and contumelious words."

"Thou hast been so snubbed of late, that thou wilt be greedy to get the upper hand of somebody; and so, forgetting my anathemas and scornful words, or willing to take them "in a Pickwickian sense," thou madest haste to attack Garibaldi and his handful of young heroes with thy hisling hosts."

"We believe that thou art come to be our Savior."

"Let us not be numbered with the Mexicans and the Prussians who have most unmanfully wreaked thy sacred and portentous cause."

Oh Napoleon, in thee, and not in right or justice, have I trusted; let me never be confounded.

"O Napoleon, have mercy upon us." &c.

Some day or other we may have a Bonaparte Pope. An exchange says:

As there are 21 red hats vacant in the Sacred College, the Pope has decided to create a batch of cardinals; and, in deference to the wishes of the Emperor Napoleon, will include in the number the Archbishop of Paris and Prince Lucien Bonaparte, prelate of his household. The family has had consuls, kings, and emperors among its members, and is now looking forward to a pope.

Charivari has its pop at the intervention in Italian matters. "Why don't you study your Roman history?" says a schoolmaster to a lazy pupil. "I am waiting for it to be finished," is the reply.

Mr. Parton, husband of "Fanny Fern" in an article entitled "Does it pay to Smoke," Atlantic Monthly, thus handles the gorgeous club-houses of Fifth Avenue.

"What is the real attraction of these gorgeous establishments?" I asked the other evening of an acquaintance. His answer was: "No women can enter there! Once within the sacred walls we are safe from everything that wears a petticoat!" Are we getting to be Turks? The Turks shut women in; we shut them out. The Turks build harem's for their women; but we find it necessary to abandon to women our abodes, and construct harem's for ourselves.

Mr. Parton's great argument against tobacco is found in the smoker's praise of it. "It soothes and dulls so," Mr. Parton thinks, in vulgar parlance, that "that's just what the matter." It dulls the poor workman into content with his wretched home. It makes men content with very poor company. In Mr. P's words:

"One of the worst effects of smoking is that it deadens our susceptibility to tedious, and enables us to keep on enduring what we ought to war against and overcome. Tyrants and oppressors are wrong in drawing so much revenue from tobacco; they ought rather to give it away, for it tends to enable people to sit down content under every kind of oppression."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

We open this portion of our columns for the use of such of our readers, who, like the following wish to get an exchange of good books, and thus obtain an increase of reading matter.

John I. wishes to borrow a copy of "Ernest Maltravers," will loan "Ivanhoe" in exchange.

Lady T. wishes to borrow "Vanity Fair," will loan volumes of "Pickwick" or "All the Year Round" in exchange. Apply at this office for either of above.

Schoolmaster.—We are anxious to have the Magaziner become increasingly a vehicle for education, and a help to the schoolteachers of the Territory. Any wishing to introduce it among their scholars will have a reduction made on taking a number, and every effort made to accommodate them.

Editor.—Andrew Jackson Davis does, as far as we have had the patience to permit his so-called "Revelations," appear to profess to give a description of each planet of our Solar System. Excepting those of Venus he would have us believe that the inhabitants of the planets are generally superior to men on this earth. Davis is, like others of his class, a very verbose and wearinessome sort.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

WONDERFUL EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF CHINA.

[From All the Year Round.]

(Concluded.)

The preliminary examinations took place in the principal town of the different districts, of which there are ninety-one in the province of Kwang-tung. These examinations are open to all comers, without distinction. They take place once in eighteen months, under the direction of the Chi-hien, or district minister. Only those who have acquired the所需要 to the text has been removed for the present.

The number of candidates on this occasion who had in the provincial cities obtained the grade of Sou-tai, was eight thousand seven hundred and forty, from whom seventy-two are, according to imperial decree, to be elected to the rank of Kew-jin, and conveyed to Peking for presentation to the emperor. Twenty-eight are to be chosen from the scholars of the provincial city and its environs. It is required—that being allowed only eight exceptional cases—that every candidate should prove the settlement of his family in a particular locality for at least three generations.

The provincial governor is locked up during the examinations in the hall with the imperial commissioner, and is prohibited from holding any intercourse with but the imprisoned student. The examination papers are of the first order, and are provided. It is generally understood that one in twelve is nominated by the special favor and patronage of the commissioner, and for the nomination of each of these a large sum is ordinarily paid, which is deemed a fair perquisite to the honorable and distinguished official; but when corruption exceeds these moderate bounds, the risk of denunciation and punishment is extremely great. We have before us a Peking Gazette of 1808, in which there is a long report of the trial of a bribed examiner who was brought before the Board of Punishment, and, with his confederates and the bribing candidate, ordered to be decapitated. It was proved that a rolled essay, not written by the student, was fraudulently and clandestinely passed in his name to the head examiner, who was one of the principal secretaries of state. In fact, the imperial decree declares that both examiners and literary graduates must be advised that they will be beheaded if there be any dishonest collusion, or if degrees are purchased by money. Should there be a false signature, the interrogator of the office, the offender shall wear the Tin-kia, or wooden pillow, at the door of the chief magistrate's office, and be exposed, with a description of his crime, to the gaze of all the people. Banishment is to follow the neglect of subordinate duties connected with the literary examinations. In the case in question the nomination took place by "secret sign." "It might have been," says the emperor, "a slight sin; if the money had been lent to defray the expenses before, or had been given as a present to one of the functionaries after the examination, but as it was, capital punishment must be inflicted." Against this decision an appeal was made on behalf of the minor offenders, but after the decapitation of the principals. The emperor summoned his council to consider the appeal, but with respect to one of the criminals he was prevailed on to behead his father, he orders that he be beheaded without reprieve. "Father and son have incurred the death-penalty; but, in truth, our heart cannot endure the decapitation of both at one blow. Let the father then experience our mercy, and expiate his crime by his exertions in the military colonies. This is an act of goodness irrespective of the law. There is a certain difference in the degrees of guilt of the others;" so the emperor directs that all be degraded, and some be banished. "The father of one of the prisoners, it is alleged, has the necessary funds to engage any other son; if not, let him be allowed to remain till the hundred days of mourning have ended, and his transportation must take place after his father has been becomingly buried." But for this special interference, the power of the council would have been readily provided for them, and they know that, when they reach the far-away land which seems to them utterly beyond their mental vision, they will find homes and employment prepared beforehand. I do not attribute the success of Mormonism solely, or even mainly, to its connection with a well-organized system of emigration; but I do believe that any sect which offered the same or similar inducements would find no want of proselytes.

Mr. Dux is obviously inclined to think that polygamy is a characteristic of Mormonism. It flourished before a plurality of wives was practically allowed, and would continue, he believes, to flourish even if monogamy were re-established as an institution. How far this may be
true or not is a matter of speculation. But this much is clear, if Mr. Dixon can be at all relied on, that Utah is not at present, whatever it may become hereafter, a mere sink of licentious indulgence. As a body, the Mormons are hard-working, sober, temperate men; actuated by a deep faith and devotion to the interests of their creed. There must be something in that faith which appeals to men's convictions as well as to their passions.

**LILLIPUT TOWN.**

WHERE THE CHILDREN HAD IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY.

[From Chambers Journal.]

It will be a warning to "Parents and Guardians," to read the following account how the youngsters managed things in Lilliput Town, after they had dethroned the old folks and established a government of their own. This is the way they began:

"They sucked the jam, they lost the spoons, They sent up several fire-balloons, They let off crackers, they burnt a guy, They pried a bonfire ever so high.

"They offered a prize for the laziest boy, And one for the most Magnificent toy; They split or burnt the cause off-hand; They made new laws in Lilliput Land.

"Never do to-day what you can Put off till to-morrow;' one of them ran; 'Late to bed and late to rise!' Was another law which they did devise.

"They passed a law to have always plenty Of beautiful things; we shall mention twenty: A magic lantern for all to see. Rabbits to keep, and a Christmas-tree.

"A boat, a house that went on wheels, An organ to grind, and sherry at meals, Drums and wheelbarrows, Roman candles, Whips with whistles let into the handles.

"A real live giant, a roe to fly, A goat to tame, a copper to sky, A garret of apples, a box of paints, A saw and a hammer, and no complaints.

"Nail up the door, slide down the stairs, Saw off the legs of the parties off,- That was the way in Lilliput Land, The Children having the upper hand.

"They made the Old Folks come to school, All in pinaces,-that was the rule,- Saying: 'Snee-dee-sner-diner-duss, Katter-wheeler-whiler-wuss,'

They made them learn all sorts of things That nobody liked. They had catechisms: They kept them in, they sent them down In class, in school, in Lilliput Town.

"O but they gave them tift for taf Thick bread-and-butter, and all that; Stick jaw pudding that tires your chin, With the marmalade spread even over thin.

"They governed the clock in Lilliput Land, They altered the hour or the minute-hand, They make the day fast, they made the day slow, Just as they wished the time to go.

"They never waited for king or for cat; They never wiped their shoes on the mat; Their joy was great; their joy was greater, They rode in the baby's perambulator.

Then they gave evening entertainments on a magnificent scale.

"Every one rode in a cab to the door; Every one came in a pinata.

Lady and gentleman, rat-tat-tat! Loud knock, proud knock, opera-hat!"

The old folks were made to give 'recitations,' as the young ones had to do under the ancient system.

"One fat man, too fat by far, Tried 'Twinkle, twinkle little star!' "His voice was gruff, his pinatae tight; His wife said: 'Mind, dear, sing it right;' But he forgot, and said Fa-la-la!

The Queen of Lilliput's own papa!

"She frowned and ordered him up to bed; He said he was sorry; she shook her head; His clean shirt-front with his tears were stained,— But discipline had to be maintained."

**THE PYRAMID OF BAYONETS.**

The officers as well as sub-officers of the Russian horse-guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute, on horseback, all the manoeuvres of a theatrical equestrian.

One day an officer of the lancer guard was going through his exercise before the Grand Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn,—his horse proved restless, and refused to obey either bridle or spur.

The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make the horse obey it; but without effect, for the fiery animal continued to prance about in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horseman.

The rage of the Grand-Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all else trembled for the consequence. 'Halt!' he exclaimed, and ordered the pyramid of twelve muskets, with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse; it was ordered to leap the pyramid,—and the spirited horse bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was compelled to repeat the fearful leap, and to the amazement of all present the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid.

The Grand-Duke exasperated at finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order for the third time. A general, who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death.

This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished by the immediate arrest of the general who had thus presumed to rebel.

The word of command was given, and horse and rider for the third time cleared the glittering bayonets.

Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand-Duke exclaimed for the fourth time:—'To the left about—Forward!—Obey command and face the fourth time the horse leaped the pyramid and then, with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle and rose unhurt, but the horse had both its forelegs broken.

The countenance of the officer was deadly pale, his eyes stared wildly, and his knees shook under him. A deadly silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand-Duke, and laying his sword at his Highness' feet he thanked him in a faltering voice for the honor he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service.

'I take back your sword,' said the Grand-Duke, gloomily, 'and are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this unduly conduct towards me?'

The officer was sent to the guard-house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.

The scene took place at St. Petersburg, but the facts are proved by credible eye-witnesses.
PORTRAIT GALLERY.
LUTHER AND DURER.

It is singular how certain names grow upon you in Germany and others diminish: at least they have done so with me. Take Martin Luther and Albrecht Dürer. All the world knows the latter. But I could not bring up my conception of Luther in Germany to the idea I had of him before. I saw his manuscripts, collections of his works, portraits; but his big drinking-cups were after all the most prominent feature of the latter. He was a jolly old soul, hearty and honest. I dare say, and banged away at the Pope and the Devil with good will and good effect. But there was nothing high and grand about him. I went to see the place where the Devil is said to have helped him over the cross, and I could find nothing but the seolet itself with his name. The huge drinking-cup seemed to swallow up every thing, and the couplet said to be his appeared to tell the whole story:

"Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
Remains a fool all his life long."

In short, his bawdy face and figure, and the gobbledets that testify to his powers, made it absolutely impossible for me to connect any heroic ideas with the man.

But how different with Albrecht Dürer! His pictures in the collections at once excited my interest; his portrait quite melted the heart. The marvellous beauty of his face; the sweet, sad expression it always wears; the lofty purity and ideal grace that seems to transfigurc the mortal into an immortal nature, distinguish him from all other men of those ages. His spirit gained a strength which the other held upon me every day I was in Germany. I studied every work of his that I could find, and every lineament of his noble countenance is stamped inseparably on my memory. At Nuremberg, I faced him from his cradle to his grave. I visited his house; the house of his friend Pickeimer; and I went twice to the church-yard of St. John, outside the city, to pay my homage at his tomb. I do not know whether his genius and character affect others as they have me; but I would gladly give the time and money for a voyage to Europe, if I knew that I should see nothing else than the works, the portrait, the house, and the grave of Albrecht Dürer.—Prof. Felton.

THE TOWER OF BABEL.

A writer describes the present appearance of the place where language supposedly first divided itself into nine miles we were at the foot of the Bier's Nimrood. Our horses' feet were trampling upon the remains of bricks, which showed here and there through the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages. Before our eyes uprose a great mound of earth, barren and bare. This was the Bier Nimrood, the ruins of the Tower of Babel, by which the first builders of the earth had vainly hoped to scale to high heaven. Here, also, it was that Nebuchadnezzar built—for bricks bearing his name have been found among the ruins. At the top of the mound a great mass of brickwork pierces the accumulated soil. With your finger you touch the very bricks—large, square and massive—that were "thoroughly" burned, the very mortar, the "limes" now as hard as granite, bandied more than four thousand years ago by earth's impious people. From the summit of the mound, far away over the plain, we see the glittering, brilliant as a star, the gilded dome of a mosque, that caught and reflected the bright rays of the morning sun. This glittering spack was the tomb of the holy All. To pray before this at some period of his life; to kiss the sand, to kneel upon the stones, other and find his body and count upon his beads—is the daily desire of every devout Mahomedan.

DREAM OF A QUAKER LADY.

There is a story told of a pious aged Quaker lady who was addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged in the habit until it had impressed so much upon her that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments, feeling a little guilty, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died and approached heaven.

Meeting an angel she asked if her name was written in the book of life. He appeared, but replied upon returning, that he could not find it.

"Oh," said she, "do you look again; it must be there."
He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying:

"No, it is not there."

"Oh," she said, in agony, "it must be there! I have the assurance it is there! Do look again!"

The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew her search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed, "We have found it; but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!"

The woman upon waking immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

[Can we get other smokers to dream similar dreams? It would be a great blessing to the living if both chewers and smokers could be similarly impressed. Some there are, we fear, whose names will become quite obliterated, and they will be lost themselves, lost to their friends, and lost to the world. There are other kinds of "slavery" and of sin besides negro slavery and drunkenness.—Pseudonymal Journal.]

OUT-DOOR GAMES FOR BOYS.

CAT, OR TIP-CAT.

Trap probably took its origin from the ruder game of cat, which consists of a rounded piece of wood pointed at the ends, either of which being struck with a stick, the cat bounds into the air, and is then hit at. A circle of about six to eight yards diameter is made, in the middle of which the striker stands. Two misses put out the player, or a hit not sending the cat out of the ring. When sent beyond, it is taken up and pitched towards the centre of the ring. The player is on guard to strike it back, which will secure a large number of bats' lengths for the score, if five be not taken as the maximum, as in trap-ball. It is within this length that the cat must be sent.

There are various modes of playing, but the game in any form gives less fun than any game with ball, and is dangerous, especially when played in places where there are persons passing. In what is called Rounder Cat, the players stand at different stations, changing each time the cat is struck. The feeder, who pitches the cat to the home, or first station, tries, after it is hit, to throw it across any of the players before reaching his station. Two misses also put out, the feeder then taking his place at the rounder. With a common ball, pitched within a bat's length of each home station, and then run straight at the players when shifting stations, there is a rounder game of the right sort, which may be arranged either for sides or every player for himself.

LADIES' TABLE.

INSTRUCTIONS IN BRAIDING.

[From Mrs. Pullen's Manual of Fancy Work]

COVERTURE.

COTTON BRAIDING.

This braiding is much done, and ought to be in still greater favor, for morning collars and laces. Narrow, close woven cotton braid is employed on dress muslin on which the pattern is previously marked. Such articles are usually finished with a row of button hole stitch, to which a narrow Valenciennes lace is sewed.

BEAD BRAIDING.

Lines of small beads are often laid on in patterns, which have been previously marked for braiding. To make the beads set evenly some care is required. Thread two fine needles with silk, the color of the beads. Make a knot, and draw one through to the right side of the cloth, in the loose part of the pattern, and is always better to begin at an angle. On the thread beads. Take the other needle, fasten on in like manner, and bring out in the same manner slightly in advance. With this second needle, take a stitch across the thread of the first between every two beads, so that they are not only kept in their places, but they are prevented from being sunken, which spoils the pattern. Bead-braiding is often edged, on one side at least, by a row of gold thread, which throws up the beads and gives them a charming effect.

By Google

OF PLUTONIC CHANGES IN THE STRATIFIED SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

You have become acquainted with three causes which have contributed to the production of the earth's crust. These are—

1. The first hardening of the crust by cooling; 2. The action of subterranean heat in throwing up eruptive rocks, through fissures to the surface, and also consolidating others formed in the crust; and 3. the action of water in dissolving, marginalizing, portioning up rocks, and carrying down the sand, or detritus, to deposit it at a lower level.

Upon an examination of sedimentary rocks, there are two inferences which you cannot avoid making. The first is, that which has been worn or abraded by the water, must have been older than the rock formed by disposition. The second is, that the rocks thus worn by running water must, at the time of their disintegration, have been at a higher level than the place where they are deposited. To this second inference, there is no exception. Water which has a greater disintegrating power to act upon rocks, chemically, than when it is cold. When the earth's crust, therefore, had only just become cool enough, to allow water to exist upon it, there was not one of vapor, the heated, agitated waters must have worn away the granite at the bottom very deeply and extensively. These abraded materials which the water held in solution or suspension, they would naturally deposit, either in deeper hollows, or along surfaces, that were of a lower temperature.

There are some phenomena developed in the condition of some of these sedimentary rocks that will greatly puzzle a young inquirer when he meets them for the first time. They are sometimes on a higher level than the rock from which their sands or clays have been derived. In other cases, they are so altered in general aspect and mineral character, that he would hardly recognize them as stratified deposits. In other places they are so disjointed, dislocated and separated from the series of which they formerly constituted a continuous part, that their stratification appears almost reversed. All these changes are owing to the action and force of subterranean heat.

We have now the original crust of the earth, beneath which is the nether formed rock to which we referred in our last lesson, and above which is the sedimentary rock deposited on the crust in its primitive state. These deposits are sometimes on a higher level than the crust from which they were originally worn down. Since the laws of Hydrostatics would prevent water from depositing anything above its level, the heated, agitated waters must be at a lower level than the bottom of the sea may become a large island or small continent.

It is not the science of geology only which asserts and proves that such elevations have taken place in very remote ages, for our observations can demonstrate that they take place in our day. The changes of level which take place along the sea coast are ascertained by the common people, and, by our recording, but geologists can show that the change is the result of the earth rising.

Even so late as the year 1822, in the neighborhood of Valparaiso, the whole coast of Chili, on the western side of South America, was raised three or four feet above its usual level and the houses of the inhabitants a mile in length. There would be no doubt of this elevation, for, after a tremendous earthquake, an old ship that lay as a wreck at some distance in the water, could, after Nov. 26th of that year, be safely visited dryshod; and an extensive bed of oysters and mussels, of which existence the inhabitants of the city knew nothing, was now exposed, which with the dead fish contaminated the air with their bad odor. At this moment, the coast of Sweden,

from Fredericshald to Abo in Finland, is gradually, but visibly, rising at the rate of about three feet in every hundred years; but the rate varies in different parts of the coast. This elevation is proved by the fact, not only that the shores are now dry that used to be under water, but that the shells of fish which now live in the Baltic are abundant in the soil which is about four feet higher than the water, and that at the distance of about seventy miles from the present margin of the sea. It is also a fact that barnacles, shellfish which attach themselves only to rocks or walls washed by the sea, are now found fixed on high parts of the cliffs; which proves that these cliffs with their barnacles were once at a level that could be washed by the sea. You therefore see, that wherever the sea is receding, it is occasioned by the earth rising, and that this rising is caused by the expansive power of heat below.

I N S T R U C T I O N S T O M E C H A N I C S.

SCARFING.

In oak, ash, or elm, the whole length of the scarf should be six times the depth or thickness of the beam, when there are bolts or straps.

In pine, the whole length of the scarf should be about twelve times thickness of the beam, when there are no bolts or straps.

In oak, ash, or elm, the whole length of a scarf depending on bolts only, should be about three times the breadth of the beam; and for pine beams, it should always be about six times the breadth.

When both bolts and indents are combined, the whole length of the scarf for oak and hard woods may be twice the depth, and for pine and soft woods, four times the depth.

S T R E N G T H O F T I M B E R.

If several pieces of timber of the same scantling and length are applied one above another, and supported by props at each end, they will be no stronger than if they were laid side by side; or this, which is the same thing, the pieces which are applied one above another are no stronger than one whose width is the width of the several pieces collected into one, and its depth the depth of one of the pieces; it is therefore useless to cut a piece of timber lengthways, and apply the pieces so cut one above another, for these pieces are not so strong, even if bolted.

E X A M P L E.—Suppose a girder 16 inches deep, 19 inches thick, the length is immaterial, and let the depth be cut lengthways into two equal pieces; then will each piece be 8 inches deep and 19 inches thick. Now, according to the rule of proportioning timber, the square of 16 inches, that is, the depth before it was cut, is 256, and the square of 8 is 64; but twice 64 is only 128, therefore it appears that the two pieces applied one above the other, are but half the strength of a solid piece, because 256 is double 128.

If a girder be cut lengthways in a perpendicular direction, the ends turned contrary and then bolted together, it will be but very little stronger than before it was cut; for although the ends being turned give to the girder an equal strength throughout, yet wherever a bolt is there it will be weaker, and it is very doubtful whether the girder will be any stronger for this process of sawing and bolting.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

AN OLD REVOLVER.—The earth.

It is asserted that a man with glass eyes can’t real eyes (realize) anything.

What resemblance is there between a fallen man and a fallen wave?—Both are crest-fallen.

Why might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone?—Because they never saw it.

Why is a fanciful idea entertained by a negro like a certain avocation?—Because it’s a black’s myth.

We have lately read a short story written by a lady. Having analyzed it, we find the word “splendidly” occurs 64 times; “beautiful,” 77; “delightful,” 61; “nice,” 611; “delicious,” 205; “lovely,” 63. Of course she was writing about courtship.

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Chayne wrote a prescription for him; the next day the doctor coming to see his patient, inquired if he had followed his prescription. “No, faith,” said Nash, “if I had I should have broke my neck, for I threw it out of a two pair of stairs window.”

A CAUTION.—Never nod to an acquaintance at an auction. We did so once, and when the sale closed we found four broken chairs, six cracked flower-pots, and knock-kneed bedstead knocked down to us. What we intended as nods to a friend had been taken by the auctioneer as bids for the kitchen furniture.

Upon coming into the office, the other day, we asked an ancient printer his rule of punctuation. Said he—“I set up as long as I can hold my breath, then put in a comma; when I gap I insert a semicolon; when I sneeze a colon; and when I want to take another chew of tobacco, I insert a period.” We cannot withhold these rules, so admirable in their simplicity, from the public.

AN OLD BACHELOR, who had become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he should

“Rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping willow by my side,”

but to his inexpressible horror, it came out in print—

“When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping willow by my side.”

DREAMING.—When Bishop Leighton was one day lost in meditation in his own sequestered walk at Dunlane, a widow came up to him, and said it was ordered that he should marry her, for she had dreamed three times that she was married to him. The Bishop answered, very well—whenever he should dream thrice that he was married to her, he would let her know, and then the union should take place.

A military officer of diminutive stature was drilling a tall Irish recruit; “Hold up your head,” said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the end of his cane to an angle of nearly forty degrees. “Hold up your head, so.” And must I always do so, captain?” asked the recruit. “Yes, always,” answered the officer. “Then fare you well, my dear little fellow,” rejoined Paddy, “for I shall never see you more.”

MRS. PARTINGTON IN ILL-HEALTH.—“La, me!” sighed Mrs. Partington, “here have I been sufferin’ the beg-annies of death for three mortal weeks. Fust, I was seized with a painful phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflamation in the borax, and now I’m sick with the chloriform morbus. There is no blessin’ like that of health, particularly when you’re sick.”

HOTEL SCENE.—Stranger: “Have you a good, strong porter about the house?” Clerk: “Yes, we have the strongest one about the place.” Stranger: “Is he intelligent?” Clerk: “Oh, yes, sir, quite intelligent for a porter, we think.” Stranger: “One point more. Do you consider him fearless—that is, bold and courageous?” Clerk: “As for that matter, I know he is, he would not be afraid of the devil himself.” Stranger: “Now, Mr. Clerk, if your porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 117, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bedbugs, I would like to have him bring it down.”

TO MARY ANN.

When morning gilds the pearly lawn,
And sunlit skies you scan,
When night’s dark curtains are withdrawn,
Arise, my Mary Ann!

When chanticleer proclaims the day,
And rosy grow the skies,
When all the stars have fled away,
My Mary Ann, arise!

When, that the day is coming soon,
A thousand signs declare,
O, don your kirtle and your shoon,
And steal adown the stair!

But by my chamber door abide,
To do this best of mine:
You’ll find I’ve put my boots outside—
O take them down to shine!

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Office: Godbe’s Exchange Buildings.

SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ............................................. $7.00
Per Half Year (26 weeks) .................................. 4.00
Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS—Any person obtaining as six subscribers will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons clubbing together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office, or addressed Box 197 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."
THE

UTAH MAGAZINE;

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 16.]

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 25, 1868. [Vol. I.

POETRY.

MOTHERHOOD.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN,

Ah dimpled ban’ is at my breast,
Where lay a beaded head at rest;
I seek to see what it may mean.
An’ meet two roguish, twinklin’ oen.

Far a’ in slumber’s safe light,
Now pinnin at savi’s beatin’ door;
And sure the eagles ban’ will win,
And mither’ll let the stranger in.

May dinna pout, and dinna frown,
O’ all my joys this is the crownd;
To see thee in thy greedy stride,
See tuggin’ at my very life.

Thee in thy moss’ my breast’s bed,
Draw through thy lips the snawy flood,
Ay, press me hard wi’ toothless gums,
And dent me wi’ thy thin thumbs.

’Tis biney sweet to min’ thy whims,
To soothe thy rest wi’ cradle-hymns,
To tumbal thee in gladsome play,
An’ bear thee on my heart a’ day.

I dinna o’ my lot complain,
I dinna grudge gudeman’s domain,
How happier could a mither be,
Than I am a’h with God and thee.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

[BY SIR W. BULWER LYTTON.]

ADAPTED.

. . .

BOOK I.

THE NORMAN VISITOR, THE SAXON KING, AND THE DANISH PROPHETESS.

CHAPTER I.

Merry was the month of May, in the year of our Lord 1052. Few were the boys, and few the lasses, who overslept themselves on the first of that buxom month. Long ere the dawn, the young crowds had sought mead and woodland, to cut poles and wreath flowers. Many a meal then lay fair and green beyond the village of Charing, and behind the isle of Thorney (amidst the brakes and briars of which, were then rising fast and fair the Hall and Abbey of West-
the Saxon had chosen his home amidst the villas of those noble and primal conquerors. We first forefathers were more inclined to destroy than to adopt.

By what chance this building became an exception to the ordinary rule, it is now impossible to conjecture, but from a very remote period it had sheltered successive races of Teuton lords.

One of the apartments called the gymnasium was still, as in the Roman time, the favored apartment of the female portion of the household, and indeed bore the same name,—and with the group there assembled we have now to do.

In this room the walls were draped with silken hangings richly embroidered. On a beautiful set of Augustus was painted in silver and gold, and a few vessels of pure gold. A small circular table in the center was supported by symbolic monsters quaintly carved. At one side of the wall, on a long settle, some half-a-dozen handmaids were employed in spinning; remote from them, and near the window, sat a woman advanced in years, and of a mien and aspect singularly majestic. Upon a small tripod before her was a Rubenian manuscript, and an inkstand of elegant form, with a silver graphium or pen. At her feet reclined a girl somewhat about the age of sixteen, her long fair hair parted across her forehead, and falling far down her shoulders. Her dress was a linen under-tunic, with long sleeves, rising high to the throat, and, without one of the modern artificial restraints of the shape, the simple belt sufficed to show the slender proportions and the delicate outline of the wearer. The color of the dress was of the purest white, but its hems or borders, were richly embroidered.

This girl's beauty was something marvelous. In a land proverbial for fair women, it had already attained her the name of "the fair." In that beauty were blended, not as yet without a struggle for mastery, the two expressions seldom united in one countenance, the soft and the noble; indeed, in the whole aspect there was the evidence of some internal struggle; the intelligence was not yet complete; the soul and heart were not yet united; and Edith the Christian maid dwelt in the home of Hilda the heathen prophetess. The girl's blue eyes, rendered dark by the shade of her long lashes, were fixed intently upon the stern and troubled countenance, which was bent upon her own, but bent with that intent gaze which shows that the soul is absent from the sight. So sat Hilda, and so reclined her grandchild Edith.

"Grandam," said the girl in a low voice, and after a long pause; and the sound of her voice so startled the handmaids, that every spindle stopped for a moment, and then piled with renewed activity; "Grandam, what troubles you—are you not thinking of the great Earl and his fair sons, now outlawed far over the wide seas?"

As the girl spoke, Hilda started slightly, like one awakened from a dream; and when Edith had concluded her question, she rose slowly to the height of a statue, unburst by her years, and far towering above even the ordinary standard of men; and turning from the child, her eye fell upon the row of silent maids, each at her rapid, noiseless, stealthy work.

"Ho!" said she; her cold and haughty eye gleaming as she spoke; "yesterday, they brought home the summer—to-day, ye aid to bring home the winter.

Weave well—bead well warp and woof. Skulda among ye, and her pale fingers guide the web!"

The maidens lifted not their eyes, though in every check the color paled at the words of the mistress. The spindles revolved, the thread shot, and again the silence was more freezing than before.

"Asketh thou," said Hilda at length, passing to the child, as if the question so long addressed to her had only just reached her mind; "asketh thou if thought of the earl and his fair sons?—yea, I see the smith welding arms on the anvil, and the hammers of the shipwright shaping strong ribs for the horses of the sea. Ere the reaper has bound his sheaves, Ed Godwin will scare the Normans in the halls of the Monk King, as the hawk scares the brood in the dovecote. Weave well, heed well warp and woof, nimbly maids—strong the texture, for biting is the worm.

"What weave they, then, good grandmother?" as ed the girl, with wonder and awe in her soft, mi eyes.

"The winding sheet of the great!"

Hilda's lips closed, but her eyes, yet brighter th before, gazed upon space, and her pale hand seems tracing letters, like runes, in the air.

Then slowly she turned, and looked forth through the dull window. "Give me my canopy and a staff," said she quickly.

Every one of the handmaids, blithe for excuse quit a task which seemed recently commenced, as was certainly not esteemed to them by the knowledge of its purpose, communicated to them by the lad rose to obey.

Unheeding the hands that vied with each other Hilda took the hood, and drew it partially over h brow. Leaning lightly on a long staff, the head which formed a raven of some wood stained blue she passed into the hall, and thence through the docrinated tablinum, into the mighty court formed by the sheltered peristyle; there she stopped, motioned, and called on Edith. The girl was soon her side.

"Come with me. There is a face you shall see b twice in life—this day!"—and Hilda paused, and t rigid and almost colossal beauty of her countenance softened.

"And when again, my grandmother?"

"Child, put thy warm hand in mine. See! the visi darkens from me. When again, saith thou, Edith? alas, I know not."

While thus speaking, Hilda passed slowly by t Roman fountain and the heathen fane, and ascend the little hillcock. There, on the opposite side of t summit, backed by the Druid cromwell and the Teut altar, she seated herself deliberately on the sward. A few daisies, primroses, and cowslips grow around these Edith began to pluck, singing, as she wove, simple song.

As she came to the last line, her soft, low vol seemed to awaken a chorus of sprightly horns, t trumpets, and certain other wind instruments peculi to the music of that day. The hillcock bordered t high road to London—which then wound through wastes of forest land—and now emerging from t trees to the left, appeared a goodly company. Fi came two banner-bearers abreast, each holding a sta On the one was depicted the cross and five marl the device of Edward, afterward surnamed the Co...
HUNTED DOWN.

(Concluded.)

Position the Second.

IV

I had a very particular engagement, to breakfast at the Temple. It was a bitter northeasterly morning, and the slate and slush lay inches deep in the streets. I could get no conveyance, and was soon wet to the knees; but I should have been true to that appointment though I had had to wade to it, up to my neck in the same impediments.

The appointment took me to some chambers in the Temple. They were at the top of a lonely corner house overlooking the river. The name Mr. Alfred Beckwith was painted on the outer door. On the floor opposite, on the same landing, the name Mr. Julius Slinkton. The doors of both sets of chambers were open, so that anything said aloud in one set, could be heard in the other.

I had never been in those chambers before. They were dismal, close, unwholesome, and oppressive; the furniture originally good, and yet old, was faded and dirty; the rooms were in great disorder; there was a strong pervading smell of opium, brandy, and tobacco; the grate and fire-irons were splashed all over, with unsightly blotches of rust; and on a sofa by the fire, in the room where breakfast had been prepared, lay the host, Mr. Beckwith: a man with all the appearances about him of the worst kind of drunkard, very far advanced on his shameless way to death.

"Slinkton has not come yet," said this creature, staggering up when I went in; "I'll call him. Halloa! Julius Caesar! Come and drink!" As he roared this out, he beat the tongs and poker together in a mad way, as if that was his usual manner of summoning his associate.

The voice of Mr. Slinkton was heard through the clatter, from the opposite side of the staircase, and he came in. He had not expected the pleasure of meeting me. I have seen several artful men brought to a stand, but I never saw a man so aghast as he was when his eyes rested upon mine.

"Julius Caesar," cried Beckwith, staggering between us, "Mist' Sampson! Mist' Sampson, Julius Caesar! Julius, Mist' Sampson, is the friend of my soul. Julius keeps me plied with liquor, morning, noon, and night. Julius is a real benefactor. Julius threw the tea and coffee out of the window when I used to have any. Julius empties all the water jugs of their contents, and fills 'em with spirits. Julius winds me up and keeps me going. Boil the brandy, Julius!"

There was a rusty and furred saucepan in the ashes—the ashes looked like the accumulation of weeks—and Beckwith, rolling and staggering between us as if he was going to plunge headlong into the fire, got the saucepan out and tried to force it into Slinkton's hand.

"Boil the brandy, Julius Caesar! Come! Do your usual office. Boil the brandy!"

He became so fierce in his gesticulations with the saucepan, that I expected to see him lay open Slinkton's head with it. I therefore put out my hand to check him. He reeled back to the sofa, and sat there panting, shaking and red-eyed, in his rage of a dressing-gown, looking at us both. I noticed then, that there was nothing to drink on the table but brandy, and nothing to eat but salted herrings, and a hot, sickly, highly-peppered stew.

"At all events, Mr. Sampson," said Slinkton, offering me the smooth gravel path for the last time. "I thank you for interfering between me and this unfortunate man's violence. However you came here, Mr. Sampson, or with whatever motive you came here, at least I thank you for that."

"Boil the brandy," muttered Beckwith.

Without gratifying his desire to know how I came there, I said quietly, "How is your niece, Mr. Slinkton?"

He looked hard at me and I looked hard at him.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Sampson, that my niece has proved treacherous and ungrateful to her best friend. She left me without a word of notice or ex-
The sudden starting up of the thing that he has supposed to be his imbecile victim, into a determined man, with a settled resolution to hunt him down as the death of him mercilessly expressed from his foot, was in the first shock too much for him. Without any figure of speech, he staggered under it; but there is no greater mistake than to suppose, that a man who is a calculated criminal, is, in any phase of his guilt, otherwise than true to himself and perfectly consistent with his whole character. Such man commits murder, and murder is the natural examination of his course; such a man has to outfit murder, and he will do it with hardihood and effrontery. It is a sort of fashion to express surprise that any notorious criminal, having such crime upon his conscience, can so brave it out. Do you think that he had it on his conscience, or had a conscience it have it upon, he would ever have committed the crime?

Perfectly consistent with himself, as I believe such monsters to be, this Slinkton recovered himself and showed a defiance that was sufficiently cool as quiet. He was white, he was haggard, he was changed; but, only as a sharer who had played for a great stake, and had been outwitted and had lost the game.

"Listen to me, you villain," said Beckwith, "and every word you hear me say be a stab in your wicked heart. When I took these rooms, to throw my inquisitive way and lead you on to the scheme which knew my appearance and supposed character as habits would suggest to such a devil, how did I know that? Because you were no stranger to me. I knew you well. And I know you to be the cruel wretch who, for so much money, had killed one innocent girl while she trusted him implicitly, and who was, 1 inches, killing another."

Slinkton took out a snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff and laughed.

But, see here," said Beckwith, never looking away never raising his voice, never relaxing his face, never unclenching his hand. "See what a dull wolf you have been, after all! The infatuated drunkard will never drink a fiftieth part of the liquor you plied him with, but poured it away, here, there, everywhere, I most before your eyes—who bought over the feller you set to watch him, and to ply him, by outbidding you in his bribe, before he had been at work the days—with whom you have observed no caution, y who was so bent on ridding the earth of you as a wild beast, that he would have defeated you if you had been ever so prudent—that drunkard whom you had many a time left on the floor of this room, and which has even let you go out of it, alive and undiscovered—when you have turned him over with your foot—almost as often, on the same night, within an hour within a few minutes, watched you awake, had I hand at your pillow when you were asleep, torn over your papers, taken samples from your boot and package of powder, changed their contents, in every secret of your life."

He had had another pinch of snuff in his hand; I had gradually let it drop from between his fingers the floor, where he now smoothed it out with his foot looking down at it the while.

"That drunkard," said Beckwith, "who had free access to your rooms at all times, that he might drink that strong drink that you left in his way and be sooner ended, holding no more terms with you"
freely give his own life to have done it. He admired her;—I could say he loved her deeply, if I thought it possible that you could understand the word. When she was sacrificed, he was thoroughly assured of your guilt. Having lost her, he had but one object left in life, and that was, to avenge her and destroy you.”

I saw the villain’s nostrils rise and fall, convulsively; but, I saw no moving at the mouth.

“That man, Meltham,” Beckwith steadily pursued, “was as absolutely certain that you could never elude him in this world, if he devoted himself to your destruction with his utmost fidelity and earnestness, and if he divided the sacred duty with no other duty in life, as he was certain that in achieving it he would be a poor instrument in the hands of Providence, and would do well before Heaven in striking you out from among living men. I am that man, and I thank God that I have done my work!”

If Slinkton had been running for his life from swift footed savages, a dozen miles, he could not have shown more emphatic signs of being oppressed at heart and laboring for breath, than he showed now, when he looked at the pursuer who had so relentlessly hunted him down.

“You never saw me under my right name, before; you see me under my right name, now. You shall see me once again, in the body, when you are tried for your life. You shall see me once again, in the spirit, when the cord is round your neck, and the crowd are crying against you.”

When Meltham had spoken these last words, that miscreant suddenly turned away his face, and seemed to strike his mouth with his open hand. At the same instant, the room was filled with a new and powerful odor, and, almost at the same instant, he broke into a crooked run, leap, start—I have no name for the spasm—and fell with a dull weight that shook the heavy old doors and windows in their frames.

That was the fitting end of him.

When we saw that he was dead, we drew away from the room, and Meltham, giving me his hand, said with a weary air:

“I have no more work on earth, my friend. But, I shall see her again, elsewhere.”

It was in vain that I tried to rally him. He might have saved her, he said; he had not saved her, and he reproached himself; he had lost her, and he was broken-hearted.

“The purpose that sustained me, is over, Sampson, and there is nothing now to hold to life. I am not fit for life; I am weak and spiritless; I have no hope and no object; my day is done.”

In truth, I could hardly have believed that the broken man who spoke to me, was the man who so strongly and differently impressed me when his purpose was yet before him. I used such entreaties with him, as I could; but, he still said, and always said, in a patient undemonstrative way—nothing could avail him—he was broken hearted.

He died early in the next spring. He was buried by the side of the poor young lady for whom he had cherished those tender and unhappy regrets; and he left all he had to her sister. She lived to be a happy wife and mother; she married my sister’s son, who succeeded poor Meltham; she is living now; and her children ride about the garden on my walking-stick, when I go to see her.
THE MISSION OF WOMEN.

WOMEN AND GOVERNMENT.

A copy of a new periodical devoted to "Woman's Rights" and entitled "The Revolution" has been placed in our hands. What that alarming title may indicate we are not fully assured, but suppose the proposition of the journal in question is to revolutionize the social world on the subject of woman's position and privileges. As to that position we judge from the number before us that women should have thrown open to them not only the right to vote but the privilege of filling all offices of honor and emolument under government, and in every department of professional life.

Judging from the tone of advocates of "woman's rights," it would appear that women are adapted to shine in every position in life except that of mothers or housekeepers. Their true position is the doctor's office, the lawyer's study, and the halls of Congress. Now whatever women are really adapted for one thing is clear, their "advocates" are remarkably adapted to pick out the most comfortable places in life for the ladies and leave the worst for the men. We have said they were to be lawyers, doctors, "congressmen" in fact anything of the kid-glove class of profession that may be come-at-able; but what is very remarkable, while claiming so much generally considered to be masculine, they never urge their right to be sailors, coal-miners, wood-haulers or farm laborers! In this particular they evince a clearness of perception as to what is "nice" which shows how superior woman's judgment is to that of man who has so unrighteously usurped her place.

But leaving the advocate of "woman's rights" to themselves, let us see how this woman's question really stands.

For ages—in fact from the most distant periods of which we have any account, a universal impression has prevailed amongst all nations that woman's true position in life was subordinate to that of man. It is true that in the ages of chivalry unw-married ladies were objects of romantic worship. Knights of high and low degree bent before "lady fair," sworn by her, and did all sorts of absurd things in her behalf, till—they got her, when she very quickly discovered who had to do the bending and who the bidding. Excepting in relation to romantic periods such as these, we say, an instinctive feeling has led all nations to consider woman's sphere, so far as governing and directing has been concerned, as dependent and inferior to that of man. This feeling although based upon a truth has been more or less displayed in a brutalized or debased form in proportion as the nation adopting it has been advanced in civilization or sunk in barbarism. If very low in the scale of progress, woman have been treated as slaves, if highly civilized as companions, but still subordinate. In no case has any nation been able to throw off this instinct peculiar no less to its women than its men. So far as reasoning alone is concerned, there can be no more correct way of getting at the truth as to what men and women are ordained for, than by observing what has been the universal instinct of mankind on such subjects in all ages and climes; by noticing to what point they have undeviatingly turned, and incessantly returned, after every diversion from the object. That which all nations—no matter how severed by distance or divided by time have unfailing considered to be right, must, however distorted their view be based upon an internal prompting, and that prompting and tendency although transfigured and abused divine in its origin.

Take for instance the question as whether there is a God. What is the greatest evidence of His existence, and that He demands to be worshiped, but the fact that every heart requires a Deity to worship. With or without cultivation, men and women in every nation and period have felt this prompting, this universal cry of humanity for a God to adore. The superstitious atheist will tell us that this feeling is solely the result of the inculations of priests and other interested men. That priesthood and even priestcraft have done much to keep alive this native flame none will deny, but what has given priestcraft its world-wide success, what has made its road to universal influence so easy; what has given its advocates such a wondrous advantage over all other class of teachers, but the fact that there has been in every heart a preparation for some system of worship and devotion? What, but the fact that it appealed to a truth of which a greater or less consciousness existed within every man's soul? And so of every other truth necessary for the order and peace of the world, a germ of it has been planted in every heart; and in relation to this question of woman's position it is the same, men in all ages have claimed as a natural right the functions of government and women in all ages have unhesitatingly yielded to the claim, not because of education, habit, or custom, but because it has been more in harmony with their nature to accept this state of things than to oppose it. And even the unresisting submission of women to the cruel and unjust lengths to which this doctrine has sometimes been carried—like the wondrous submission of mankind to the gigantic impositions and exactions of priestcraft—only go to prove how fixed and constant are the natural impulses which no abuse or imposture can destroy.

While this is the case on the one hand, how easy is it to see that this submission of women would not and could not have been displayed, had women been prepared by God for equal rule and dominion with man. In spite of woman's wish to please man; in spite of man's physical superiority, the inborn propensities of her nature would have asserted themselves. Just as it is with certain races so it would have been with the sexes. That which any race are adapted to be they always become. If adapted for prominence or civilization over and above others, the internal force within them soon creates the necessary opportunities. Had women been possessed of the elements of government equally with man, their native adaptation for the task would have declared itself a thousand times over in the history of the world. If kept down in one age, it would have manifested itself in another, and the
more such evidences were suppressed the greater the fury of their outbreak at last. Outburst would have succeeded outburst until the instincts for equal rule with man had been satisfied. It is folly to talk of a fact of human nature—especially woman nature—keeping buried for six thousand years. Instead, however, of an instinctive recoil from the claims of man in this respect, we find women in all ages accepting as a great inevitable truth the right of the opposite sex to govern. This, we assert, she has done because there has been no impulse within her in opposition thereto. Had such an instinct existed, there would have been a daily and eternal objection to such a condition of things and the world would have been one perpetual scene of misery and confusion in consequence.

To this it may be replied that women have sometimes shown an ambition for governmental powers and that they have seemed successful to exercise them. This is true but where they have succeeded in becoming so much more of men, it has generally been by becoming so much less of women. In nearly every case such women have not only unsexed themselves but have become notorious for intrigue, debauchery and crime. England has her Victoria who governs well by virtue of not governing at all. England had also her Elizabeth who maintained her supremacy and sway by making every faculty of her nature subordinate thereto. She gratified her love of undivided authority by sacrificing the affections of her heart. Who would say she was as much woman as Victoria, or that Victoria could have been as much a woman as she is had she not preferred to be a true woman to a great queen?

So far as the greatness or goodness of woman's nature is concerned, this, however, is only one side of the picture. In our next we shall give the other side of the question of woman's capabilities.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR NO. TULLIDGE.

CLASS TEACHING—ITS INTRODUCTION.

On account of the popularity which now attends systems of teaching music en masse or in classes, few persons—especially non-musical ones—can realize the difficulties which attended their introduction. As far as I am acquainted previous to 1838, the practice of teaching vocal music in classes was totally unknown. To illustrate its history allow me to refer to my own experience as a class teacher.

In the year 1838 I took a musical tour to the cathedral cities of Salisbury, Chichester, Bath, Bristol, Rochester, Lichfield and Lincoln, and found myself at last in the cathedral city of York.

My object in visiting these places was two-fold. First, to study the ancient ecclesiastical mode, or Gregorian chant, which note used in this style—I have been told—somedwhat resembled the one popular in America some years since. Secondly, I had a great desire to understand their system of vocal sight reading and see whether it could be applied for teaching large numbers. The system that I had been taught by was the Italian method, the non-moveable Sol-Fa.

After being at York for a short period, I obtained the situation of Choral Master in the City Cathedral. By the kind permission of the Choral Master—who superintended the tuition of "Soprano" boys—I was admitted to their elementary rehearsals. I found by inspection, that they taught a system compiled by Mr. Webb, the celebrated Glee composer, which system was used by all the cathedral choirs I had visited. I had a work in my possession of the same description published in 1749, so the system was not new to me. I felt inclined to put the same method in practice, but I conceived it necessary to extend and illustrate by diagrammatic ladders the seven changeable keys.

I had noticed, with much pleasure and gratification, in traveling through Yorkshire and Lancashire, the efficient manner in which the chorus singers of both counties performed the Passion and works of the great masters. Handel, Haydn and Mozart, and I imputed their excellent sight reading capabilities to the superiority of the method they had adopted. And when I considered that those fine choirs singers were not professionals, but merely factory men and women, it excited in me a desire to try the effects of teaching music together in part singing by the same system, aided by the diagrammatic illustrations to which I have referred.

At this period, the Sacred Harmonic Society in London was employing professional leaders to conduct each of the four Oratorios, the rest of the choral body not being sight-readers; while at all the Oratorio Festivals, singers had to be selected from the various cathedrals and the associations of the two counties above named.

Previous to starting a class for the teaching of large bodies I consulted Mr. Barker, the principal tenor singer of the Cathedral Choir, whose services I engaged for the Sacred Harmonic Concerts in that city. When I mentioned the subject of class teaching to him, he looked at me with bewilderment, and said, "Nonsense! you must be insane to think of such a thing, and moreover, you would not be able to teach it. It would fit only children."

"Why, man, do you know that all our singers are taught by unisonic examples and practice? Do you also know that the efficiency you have noticed will require a drilling of three or four years for two hours per day for professionals, whereas it could not be applied to the choir for being right in ten years before they are admitted in a musical society for public singing in parts. Don't mention the subject to me again."

I must confess I was staggered, but it did not cause me to relinquish class teaching.

After my engagement at the Cathedral, I conducted the choir of an Independent Chapel on Sunday evenings, and on that choir I felt determined to try and carry out my pet idea.

I did not take their method of practising the intervals, but took a shorter road. They ascended the scale as follows: Do to Mi, a third; Do to Fa, a fourth; Do to Sol, a fifth; Do to La a sixth; Do to Si, a seventh; Do to Do, an octave. All the intervals were taken from the tonic, or key note. 2nd form—Do to Mi, a major third; Re to Fa, a minor third; Mi to Sol, a major third; Fa to La, a major third; Sol to Si, a major third; La to Do, a minor third.

My idea was, to impress on the minds of my pupils—in the first place—the trumpet sound of Do to Mi. Mi to Sol, Sol to Do, telling them the effect of these intervals would be the same in all keys.

The next form to which I directed their attention was the intervals of Do to La, La to Fa and Fa to Re in descending. Both forms in ascending and descending. The La to Fa, Fa to Re, being of so singular a character, I told them would require more attention, but would have the same effect in every key. One interval alone remained for practice, the Si on the seventh of the scale, and notwithstanding the difficulty of intoning this interval, I told them if they would but notice the piercing sound of that note, and its inclination to ascend and then descend to the Do, it became obvious.

In about six lessons the intervals were managed, and in six months they could read Psalmody at first sight in four parts. At the end of the year, easy anthems were read with facility, I introduced fresh diagramatic ladders at each change of key, and went through the course in the year with one lesson weekly.

I received for my pains the opposition of all the professionals in the city. Mr. Hullah was similarly treated when he brought out his system three years subsequent.

In attempting the following criticism of the various systems of choral teachings which have come into vogue, I shall mention my experience as an illustration of the futility of ideas with which the profession opposed the method of class instruction.

In my next I will refer to the system introduced by Mr. Hullah throughout England.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

SKETCHES OF ABYSSINIA.

[From Bow Bells.]

The plan of the campaign against Theodore may be described as a series of battles between Amnelly Bay and Magdala, or whatever stronghold in which it may ultimately turn the captives are imprisoned. The great difficulty which has to be overcome is in the feeding of the troops. The heads of all his victories, and with which our troops have come in contact are sufficiently friendly to sell for British gold whatever commodities they possess, Sir Robert Napier, like a prudent general, declines to trust the fate of his soldiers either to the friendly disposition or supply of the semi-barbarous natives. He therefore has caused a series of provision depots to be established along the route of his march from the sea-coast into the interior.

Each of these depots will be a base of operations; so that, in the event of the army or any portion of it having to fall back, its retreat will be saved from any disastrous consequences, because, at comparatively easy stages, supplies of food, clothing, medicine and ammunition will be found.

It is not surprising that some of the Abyssinian chiefs, on whose promises or known hostility to the tyrant Theodore our general placed such confidence, should have disappointed the expectations of those who trusted in them.

This has been especially the case with a certain Abyssinian potentate called Menelek, King of Shoos. This potentate promised the British forces a supply of arms and ammunition as the price of his neutrality. Theodore, whose army was then on the march, was known to be the deadly enemy of Theodore's, and his value as expected from his alliance. This, considering that he was at the head of an immense force, alleged, in cavalry alone, to amount to 50,000, was by no means a fact that would do us this service. As this unreasonable expectation has been disappointed. Menelek has suddenly vanished, and left the important mountain passes which he occupied, open to Theodore.

The cause of this sudden disappearance of our supposed ally is said to be a supposition, or the presumption of King Theodore, who, by many of the superstitious Abyssinians, is believed to possess a magical power, by which he can confound and blast all those who presume to withstand his pretensions.

There is also another Abyssinian chief, named Waghum, whose promises have induced the leaders of the expedition to place some value upon his proffered assistance. But, after the experience which our generals have had of Menelek's alliance, it is not likely that they will place any great dependence upon Prince Waghum's co-operation.

Of all the travelers who ever visited Abyssinia, James Bruce seems to have formed the truest estimate of the Abyssinian character, and to have been the most successful in subduing the chiefs and common people to his own purposes. Both physically and intellectually, Bruce was admirably qualified for such a task. He would, indeed, have been difficult to find a person better fitted for the hazardous enterprise of traversing the country and impressing both chiefs and subjects with the idea that he was the representative of a mighty power and that he himself was a man of great importance.

The manner in which Bruce treated the natives, whenever he found them disposed to presume upon his supposed holiness or divinity, is illustrated by the following anecdote.

Bruce's great friend and patron was Ras Michael, the Prime Minister and chief general of the King. Now this Ras Michael had a nephew—a subordinate officer, an ill-natured fellow, who had once some cause of complaint against the young Ras, and desired to have him put to death within thirty years of age, of a short, square form, and a most unpromising countenance; a flat nose, a wide mouth, a yellow complexion, and hideous scars of the small-pox.

This hero was insufferably vain and presumptuous, and boasted that he killed all his enemies. When they sat at supper, Guebra Mascul (the follow's name was pronounced by Petros, to utter some contemptuous language concerning Mr. Bruce's skill in shooting. Mr. Bruce retorted, and told him that in his gun the end of a tallow candle would do greater execution than an iron ball in the best of Guebra Mascul's, with all his boasted skill. The Abyssinian called him a liar and a Frank; and, upon his rising, immediately gave him a kick in his foot. Mr. Bruce, in a transport of rage, seized him by the throat, and threw him on the ground. He drew his knife, and enraged with our traveler, gave him a slight cut on the crown of his head. Hitherto Mr. Bruce had not struck him; he now wrested the knife from him, and struck him on the face with the handle, as to mark him with scars which continued a memorable evil all the deep planting of the small-pox. All was now confusion and uproar in the house. An adventure of so serious a nature overcame the effects of the wine up to that time, and the young Ras, having wrapped himself in his cloak, returned home, and went to bed.

His friends were staggered to revenge the insult which he had received; and the first news be heard in the morning was that Guebra Mascul was in irons at the house of the Ras. Mr. Bruce, though still angry, was at a loss what measures to take. The Ras would probably hear his complaints, but his adversary was formidable. Instead, therefore, of demanding justice, Mr. Bruce excused and palliated the conduct of Guebra Mascul to Ozoro Esther and Ras Michael, obliterating the character of the father, and listened readily to the intercessor, whom that military sovereign now sent, in great humiliation, to ask his forgiveness.

Mr. Bruce was sensible that the cause of his quarrel with Guebra Mascul was not immediately forgotten at Court. The King, however, was not displeased with his agent, and, as well as his opponent when that quarrel arose. Mr. Bruce replied that he was perfectly sober; for their entertainer's red wine was finished, and he never willingly drank hydromel. The King, with a degree of keenness, returned, "Did you, then, soberly say to Guebra Mascul, that the end of a tallow-candle in a gun your hand would do more execution than an iron bullet in his?"

"Certainly, sir, I said so."

"And why?"

"Because it was truth."

"With a tallow-candle you can kill a man or horse?"

"Pardon me, sir; your Majesty is now in the place of my Sovereign; it would be great presumption in me to argue with you, or urge a conversation against an opinion in which you are already fixed."

The King's kindness and curiosity, and Mr. Bruce's desire to vindicate himself, carried matters, at length, so far, that an experiment with a tallow candle was proposed. Three courtiers brought each a shield; Mr. Bruce charged his gun with a piece of tallow-candle, and pierced through three at once, to the astonishment and even confusion, of the Abyssinian monarch and his courtiers. A sycamore table was next aimed at, and as each layer of wood, it exploded. These feats the simple Abyssinians attributed to the power of magic; but they made a strong impression on the mind of the monarch in favor of our traveler.

CURIOUSITIES OF MARRIAGE.

[From Waverley Magazine.]

Marriage is the first and most ancient of all institutions. As the foundation of society and the family, it is universally observed throughout the globe, no nation having been discovered, however barbarous, which does not celebrate the union of the sexes by ceremony and rejoicing.

In Persia men marry either for life or for a determinate time. Travelers or merchants commonly apply to the magistrate for a wife during residence in any place, and the estate produces a number of girls for selection, whom he declares to be honest.
and healthy. Four wives are permitted to each husband, in Persia, and the same number is allowed by the Mohammedan law to the Musulman.

In Chinese Tartary a kind of male polygamy is practiced, and a plurality of husbands is highly respected. In Thibet it is customary for the brothers of a family to have a wife in common, and they generally live in harmony and comfort with her. Among the Cadducks, the ceremony of marriage is performed on horseback. The prospective husband and his bride are mounted, and permitted to ride off at full speed, when her lover takes a horse and gallops after her. If he overtakes the fugitive, she becomes his wife, and the marriage is consummated on the spot. It is said that she instantly becomes a Calmuck girl being overtaken unless she is really fond of her pursuer.

The Arabs divide their affections between their horses and their wives, and regard the purity of blood in the former, quite as much as in their offspring. Polygamy is practiced only by the Sheiks, and divorces are rare. In Ceylon, a marriage proposal is brought about by the man first sending to her whom he wishes to become his wife, to purchase her clothing. These she sells for a stipulated sum, generally seeking as much as she thinks requisite for that purpose. In the evening she calls on him, with the wardrobe, at her father’s house and they spend the night in each other’s company. Next morning if mutually satisfied, they appoint the day of marriage. They are permitted to separate whenever they please, and marriage is considered to be a privilege, of which they sometimes change a dozen times before their inclinations are wholly suited.

In Hindoostan the women have a peculiar veneration for marriage, as it is a popular creed that those females who die virgins are excluded from the joys of paradise. In that prosaic country the woman begins to bear children at about the age of twelve some even at eleven. The proximity of the natives of India to the burning sun, which ripens men, as well as plants, at the earliest period in those tropical latitudes, is assigned as the cause. The distinguishing mark of the Hindoo wife is the most profound fidelity, submission and attachment to her husband.

Marriage in Sweden is commonly governed wholly by the will of the parents, and is founded upon interest. A solemn match is almost unheard of, and persons of either sex seldom marry before the age of twenty-five or thirty. Divorces are very rare.

Russia appears to be the most preposterous country in Europe in treatment. The nuptial ceremonies, all singular, are based upon the idea of the degradation of the female. When the parents have agreed upon the match, the bride is examined by a number of women to see if she has any bodily defects, and if she is crowned with a wreath of wormwood, to denote the bitterness of the marriage state. She is exhorted to be obedient to her husband, and it is customary in some districts for the newly married wife to present the bridegroom with a whip, in token of submission, and with this he flees to show his resentment. In this case, and in others, the bridegroom and his bride are sometimes known to torture their wives to death without any punishment of the murderer.

We are told of the Aleutian Islanders who form a part of our nearest American settlement, that they will, at the next, re- or three wives, as they have the means of supporting them. The bridegroom takes the bride upon trial, and may return her to her parents, should he not be satisfied, but cannot demand his presents back again. No man is allowed to sell his wife without her consent; but he may (and often does) assign them over to another. This custom, it is said, is availed of by the hunters, who take Aleutian women or girls to wife for a time for a trifling compensation.

**THE ARISTOCRACY AND DIGNITY OF WASHINGTON.**

*(From Independent.)*

When the convention to form a constitution was setting in Philadelphia, in 1787, of which Geo. Washington was president, he had stated evenings to receive the calls of his friends. At an interview between him and one of his intimates, the former remarked that Washington was reserved and aristocratic, even to his intimate friends, and allowed no one to be familiar with him. Governor Morris said that was a mere fancy, and he could be as familiar with Washington as with any of his friends. Hamilton replied, "If you want at the next reception again cantly slain him on the shoulder, and say, M dear general, how happy I am to see you look so well," a supper and wine shall be provided for you and a dozen of your friends." The challenge was accepted. On the evening appointed a large number attended, and at an early hour Governor Morris entered, bowed, shook hands, laid his left hand on Washington’s shoulder, and said: "My dear general, I am very happy to see you look so well!" Washington withdrew his hand, stopped suddenly back, fixed his eyes on Morris for several moments, and then turned round with an angry frown, until the latter retreated abashed, and sought refuge in the crowd. The company looked on in silence. At the supper which was, provided by Hamilton, Morris said: "I have won the bet, but paid dearly for it; and nothing could induce me to repeat it.”

**OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES ON PHRENOLOGY.**

*(From Professor of the Breakfast Table.)*

Oliver Wendell Holmes than tells how easily a rogue might practice phrenology for a living.

"I will suppose myself to set up a shop. I would invest one hundred dollars, more or less, in cases of brains, skulls, charts, and other matters that would make the most show for the money. That would do to begin with. I would then advertise myself as the celebrated Professor Brainer, or whatever name I might choose, and wait for my first customer. My first customer is a middle-aged man. I look at him—ask him a question or two, so as to hear him talk. When I have got the hang of him I ask him to sit down, and proceed to fumble his skull, dictating as follows:—

**SCALE FROM 1 TO 10.**

**LIST OF FACULTIES FOR CUSTOMERS.**

1. Amusiveness. 7.


... .

3. Acquisitiveness. 8.

4. Approbativeness. 7. +

5. Self-esteem. 6.


7. Conscientiousness. 8.

8. Mirthfulness. 7.


10. Form. Size, Weight, Color, Locality, Eventuality, etc., etc.

And so on with the other faculties.

Of course, you know, that isn’t the way the Phrenologists do. They go only by the bumps. I only say that is the way I should practice—Phrenology—for a living.

**DODGING A SHARK.**

"I think," said the skipper, one morning at breakfast, as we were discussing that meal in the eddy of the "calcutta," there at anchor off the mouth of the Ullas—"I think we had better fill in as we go, so I shall send the boats coo-coo-nutting. Would you like to go?"

"With all my heart," I replied. "I’ve never been down among the lagoons, and should like it above all things."

"I’m glad of that," said the skipper; "for I shall not go myself. I’m not ambitious of being stung to death by mosquitos; but as you have never been down the coast, the novelty will perhaps repay you for the pain."

"I’ll run the chance of a stinging," I retorted. "If we get a strong sea-breeze, we may happily escape these little pests, but we do as we must."

"With the land-wind in the morning,"

"All right! Who is to go?"
The stedvore for one, because he knows the coast well; the rest you can choose for yourself."

"Then I shall have Jones for one. He's handy and cooks well."

During the day I selected the rest of my men, hauled the boats and scattered them over the shoals where it was arranged they should be about three o'clock on the following morning, and about that time we started.

We had been pulling for nearly two hours, and a two-hours stretch at the oar, under a tropical sun, is a thing not to be forgotten. It was, then, no long in the water, that I satisfied that we saw the entrance to Port Sal open on the starboard side, and shortly afterwards we entered the little land-locked cove of that name.

We had just finished preparing. I proposed to the stedvore that we should take a bath in the lagoon. Peter, however, suggested that it was not safe on account of the alligators; but he said he knew a place outside where we could bathe without fear. Accordingly we took the gig, and though we grounded severally, we succeeded in getting through the narrow channel and reached the place Peter had spoken of.

It was a small but beautiful basin of water, with a fine sandy bottom, enclosed on one side by a bit of beach, while the rest was encircled by a reef of rocks. In some parts the reef was covered with a sheet of foam, while in others the rocks jutted up in huge masses over which a swell broke with a noise like thunder. Outside the reef there was a stiff breeze blowing, but inside the surface was calm, and the water clear; those who bathed with their head, which was my favourite way, from sight, and then without any perceivable effort, rose again like a fish to the surface. There he lay like a cat pretending to sleep, yet never taking its glance from its prey.

The sense of the muscles was so great to keep my footing, and I had been so long without food that I felt my strength could not last much longer, and I expected every minute to be swept from the reef. All hope, therefore, of escape, as far as any active measure on my part was concerned, was gone. My trust was now in God: I could do nothing but await His will.

This state of dependency I was awakened by a shout, and the next instant I was carried into the boat.

What became of my enemy, or how I got clear of the inlet, I have no very definite idea. All I know is, that making a bold dash, Peter succeeded in reaching the boat, and rescuing me. We were not long in dressing, and soon got back to the lagoon; and though only half an hour previous I had expected to be fed for a shark, the idea had not taken away my appetite, for I enjoyed my dinner as well as if nothing had happened.

### HAROLD, THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

We present in this number the first instalment of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's grand historical tale, Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings. We have selected this story not only on account of its historical value, but its dramatic interest as a tale. We believe that old and young will be delighted with it, especially those interested in knowing how our Saxon forefathers lived and acted. This number introduces us to Edward the Conqueror—the "Mongk King" as he is sometimes called, and to stern Duke William of Normandy, afterwards England's conqueror, also to the weird like Hilda the Danish Prophetess. Hilda is a descendant of the old Sea Kings who invaded England. She is, like many of her half-converted countrymen, a believer in a mixture of Christianity and heathenism. Among other things, she holds to the ancient belief in incubations and the worship of the dead. William of Normandy—referred to in the first chapter—we meet with on a visit to the court of the pious Edward, secretly laying his plans for the throne of England. We shall notice and illustrate the story as we pass along.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 9.

ON PLUTONIC CHANGES IN THE STRATIFIED SURFACE OF THE EARTH.

(Continued.)

While the heat is, by expansion, affecting and elevating rocks that are remote from it, it is acting with greater intensity upon the rocks that lie nearest to it. It is consequently found, that when the lower beds of the sedimentary rocks lie near enough to the fusing power of heat, they are the most altered by it, both in appearance and even in mineral, or lithological character.

This operation of subterranean heat in altering sedimentary rocks is not, in this lesson; to be mistaken for the action of volcanic intrusions, whether of granite, of basalt or of trap, to which future lessons will refer. Both actions are analogous to each other: but these lessons refer to very early changes in the earth's crust, and which might have been expected from the influence of intense melted matter, and from the effort of disengaged gases struggling to make their way through the porous rocks that overlay them.

The alteration which intense heat produces in a sedimentary rock, will always be according to the nature of the deposit of which it is formed. Shale, a laminated clay, will become so indurated and compact as almost to lose its slaty peculiarities. Argillaceous, or earthy limestone, will become granular and crystalline like the white marble of the statuary. The clays of the coal formations will appear like flinty or jaspery slate. Coal is turned into anthracite, or stone coal; and anthracite into coke. Chalk becomes crystallised marble; which has been verified by a chemist who applied intense heat to chalk, sealed in a gun-barrel. Thus then it is seen that the clay-slate used in roofing houses, is nothing but clay which has been subjected to strong heat under great pressure.

Though these kinds of alterations are remarkable, still greater ones may have been produced in proportion to the greater intensity of the fusing heat; or according to the length of time in which the action of heat continues. There are, for instance, in the extreme South of Norway, sedimentary rocks penetrated by a large mass of granite, which must have been protruded in a state of fusion. All about the mass of granite, the sedimentary beds are altered to the distance, from the once melted matter, of fifty to four hundred yards. Before this took place, the shale or the ochre consisted of green or yellow colored layers of sediments; but the fused granite has changed these into ribboned jasper, like those which are found in the 'pebbles at Aberystwith, in South Wales,—specimens in each stripe faithfully represents the original lines in which their various clays were deposed. The limestone of the neighborhood, which was originally of an earthy texture, and of a blue color, as it is still found at a distance from the granite, is become white granular marble. It is also remarkable that both the slate and the limestone of that rock contain garnets, and ores of iron, copper, lead, and silver.

In Cornwall, also, the fused granite has protruded veins into a rock, which the Cornish miners call 'killas,' a coarse argillaceous or earthy schist or slate, a rock which has been altered by the heat of the fused matter, into hornblende schist. This operation is well developed both at St. Agnes, and St. Michael's mount in the Bay of Falmouth. These ad-similar instances prove that powers exist in nature which are capable of transforming sedimentary and fossiliferous rocks into crystalline strata.

It has been intimated that in altering rocks, heat not only changes their appearance or aspect, but also gives them a new mineral character, and causes them, in some instances, to become identical with the melted rock which has changed them, though they themselves have not been melted. Chemists have proved by experiment, that a rock need not be perfectly melted before its component parts will re-arrange themselves,—that is before they crystallize, or take a new mineral character. Sedimentary rocks, therefore, may be completely altered, without having the lines of their stratification obliterated.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

Well Wishes write.—Your interesting 'Botany Subject' gave rise again to a query that has often perplexed me. What is the cause of the contrary difference in temperature at England, New York and Caliuxa? They are all adjacent latitudes, and the same distance from the Equator. The last is at a corresponding north latitude 89, New York lies within a fraction of 41 and San Francisco at 37. Is it not a fact, that the rays of the sun may be reflected in the same degree of latitude above 700 miles south of the centre of Europe while San Francisco is nearly 700 miles south of the same line. When our correspondents consider the distance of the sun to any point on earth, they will see that it may be 400 miles below the sun, and his cone, he will see that 700 or 1000 miles is sufficient to ac-cept for a great deal of the difference he refers to. Great Britain occupies the same degree of latitude as the inclement coast of Labrador, and is no further north than with its Florida. England would exhibit a much greater climate, on the other hand, and New York but for the warming of its waters by the Gulf Stream.

LADIES' TABLE.

RHUBARB AND ITS USES.

As the season when rhubarb is abundant is now at hand, we therefore subjoin some directions for its employment in various moises from the pen of correspondents who have tested the recipes:

1. Rhubarb Wine.—To make this the rhubarb must be quite ripe; to every 5 lbs. of the tender new green leaf, add 2 1/2 lbs. of sugar, tie it up in your pan or tub, cover it close with a thick cloth or basket, and stir it three times a day for a week; then strain it through a cloth, and add 1 1/2 lbs. more sugar, the slices of two lemons, and the rind of one. To this, add one ounce of limejuice and half a pint of good white wine, and let it stand over the fire, be sure you do not let it boil up to the last of the liquor till quite cold, then cork it. When the fermentation is over, bottle it down in the season of March, and the following June it will be fit for use. The present season will bring it to four and a half months, but a month later is better.

2. Rhubarb Mincemeat.—Take 2 lbs. of rhubarb stalk, when silvered and bruised, put one gallon of cold spring water; let it stand three days, stir two or three times daily, and set it suddenly, and when all the juice is gone, strain it, and add three parts of good sugar; add it to the last of the liquor, stir it well, and when melted, boil it. When it is done working, boil it up close, first suspending a muslin cloth over it; then add one pint of brandy, or rum, or brandy and rum. In six months bottle it and tie it; let the bottles stand up for the first month, then lay four or five days, when it will be clear. It will stand for years.

3. Rhubarb Tisane.—Take a heaped spoonful of rhubarb wine made by the above recipe, which is pronounced much better half the champagne one gets.

4. Rhubarb Tea.—To make 'British champagne,' take 1 lb. of rhubarb, cut into small pieces, put them with 20 gallons of sweet water in a copper, and boiling till all is; then strain them through a sieve, then add to it five or six handfuls of balm from the garden, or drier. To every gallon of liquor put the weight of 1 1/2 lbs. of sugar, stir it well, and when lukewarm put it into the barrel, and in three weeks stop it down. In six months bottle it, it will be fit to use in three months, or it will keep twenty years. You may make it a black color by adding a pint of damson juice.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

"Well, Robert, how much did your pig weigh?"—
"It didn’t weigh as much as I expected, and I always thought it wouldn’t."

"I do not say," remarked Mr. Brown, "that Jones is a thief; but I do say that, if his farm joined mine, I would not keep sheep."

At a parish examination a clergyman asked a charity boy if he had ever been baptized. "No, sir, not as I knows on— but I’ve been waxin’ated," was the reply.

A person was boasting that he sprang from a high family.

"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of your family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

It is so seldom, in this age of shame that anything advertised actually performs the work it is reported to do, that it affords us positive pleasure to be able to record a genuine case. Two little children in the country, suffering from colds, recently took some cough lozenges. Judy is able to state, on good authority, that they will "cough no more." An inquest has been held.

FATHER AND SON.—A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at nights—or rather early next morning—and said: "Why, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark!"—"Then you had a dence of a father, you had," sneered the young profligate.—Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated, "I had a confounded site better’n you, you young rascal!"

A SMART LAD.—A boy from the country was recently taken into a gentleman’s family. One afternoon, just before dark, after having been called up to the drawing-room, he came down into the kitchen, laughing immoderately.—"What’s the matter?" cried the cook.—"Why, dang it!" said he, "there are twelve on ’em up there who couldn’t light the gas, and they had to ring for me to do it!"

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN being called from home one day during a brief absence of his wife, and being compelled to leave the house empty till his or her return, locked the door, put the key under the steps, and tacked a card on the door, on which he wrote these few words for her exclusive enlightenment, "Dear Wife.—Am called away suddenly; did not like to leave house open; locked door and put key under steps; you will find it there if you return before me."

D’Ye Give It Up?—Suppose a man and a girl were to get married—the man thirty-five years old, and the girl five years; this makes the man seven times as old as the girl; they live together until the girl is ten years old; makes the man forty years old, and four times as old as the girl, and they still live until the girl is fifteen, the man would be forty-five; this makes the man three times as old; they still live until she is thirty years old, this makes the man sixty, and only twice as old, and so on. Now how long would they have to live to make the girl as old as the man?

TAD LINCOLN is attending school in Chicago, where he occasionally gives evidence that he possesses a share of his father’s droll humor. His teacher, the other day, with a severity not altogether unheard of, had inflicted the penalty of "marks" upon another boy for the penalty of blowing his nose. Pretty soon Tad’s hand signaled the tutor’s eye, whereupon:

Tutor:—"Lincoln, what do you wish?"
Tad:—"Want to go out, sir."
Tutor:—"For what purpose?"
Tad:—"To scratch my head, sir."
He goes.

A Good Story is told of Dr. S—— M——. Some time ago the doctor accompanied some fair ladies to the Navy Yard. The day was fine but gusty; he was eloquently describing on a ferry-boat the beauty of the surrounding scenery, when a puff of wind gently lifted his hat off his head, and carried it like a bird flapping its wings up the river. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, there’s a poor fellow’s hat in the air. Well, that’s a joke I always laugh at!" The roar of laughter which greeted him all round, and the direction which all eyes took to his head, induced him to put his hand there. "By the powers," quoth he, "it’s my hat!" But his native wit returning, he said, as he saw it plump itself into the waters of the East river, "That’s true to nature; a beaver always takes to the water."

IF!

If skies were bluer,
And fogs were fewer,
And fewer the storms on land and sea;
Were shingly summers
Perpetual comers—
What a Utopia this would be!

If Life were longer,
And Faith were stronger,
If Pleasure would hide—if care would flee;
If all were brothers
To all the others—
What an Arcadia this would be!

Were Gold abolished,
And Steam demolished,
Were Slavery chained and Freedom free;
If all earth’s troubles
Collapsed like bubbles—
What an Elysium this would be!

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

R. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Office: Godbe’s Exchange Buildings.
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS

Per Year ...........................................$7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] ........................ 4.00

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS—Any person obtaining six subscriptions will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons clubbing together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the above office, or addressed Box 197 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."
Poetry.

Two Little Pair of Boots.

[By S. S. Peck.]

Two little pairs of boots, to-night,
Before the fire are drying,
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying;
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes!
They ran the livelong day!
And oftentimes I almost wish
That they were miles away!
So tired I am to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walk about the new ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies,
They roll it up in marbles round,
And bake it into pies;
And then at noon upon the floor
In every shape it lies.

To-day I was disposed to scold;
But when I look to-night,
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be,
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk, up stairs, I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called to put those boots away,
Whatever should I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I thought how nice
My neighbor "cross the way."
Could keep her carpets, all the year,
From getting worn or gray;
Yet well I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day.

We mothers weary got and worn,
Over our load of care;
But how we speak of these little ones,
Let each of us beware;
For what would our firesides be to-night,
If no little boots were there?

Harold,
The Last of the Saxon Kings.

By sir E. Bulwer Lytton.
[Abridged.]

Continued.

Thus before the king did Edith stand with the warm May wind lifting and playing with her long golden locks. He checked his palfrey, and murmured some Latin words which the knight beside him recognized as a prayer, and to which, doffing his cap, he added an amen, in a tone of such unctuous gravity, that the royal saint rewarded him with a faint approving smile.

Then inclining his palfrey's head towards the knoll, King Edward motioned to the girl to approach him. Edith with a heightened color, obeyed, and came to the roadside. The standard-bearer halted, as did the king and his comrade—the procession behind halted—thirty knights, two bishops, eight abbots all on fiery steeds and in Norman garb—squires and attendants on foot—a long and pompous retinue—they halted all.

"Edith, my child," said Edward, "Edith, my child, thou hast not forgotten my lessons, I trust; thou singest the hymn I gave thee, and negleectest not to wear the relive round thy neck."

The girl hung her neck, and spoke not.

"How comes it, then," continued the king, with a voice which he in vain endeavored to impart an accent of severity, "how comes it, O little one, that thou, whose thoughts should be lifted already above this carnal world, and eager for the service of Mary the chaste and blessed, standest thou heedless and alone on the waysides, a mark for the eye of man? go to, it is nought."

Thus reproved, in the presence of so large and brilliant a company, the girls color went and came, her breast heaved high, but with an effort beyond her age, she checked her tears and said meekly, "My grandmother, Hilda, bade me come with her, and I came."

"Hilda!" said the king, backing his palfrey with apparent perturbation, "but Hilda is not with thee; I see her not."

As he spoke, Hilda rose, and so suddenly did her tall form appear on the brow of the hill, that it seemed as if she had emerged from the earth. With a light and rapid stride she gained the side of her grandchild;
and after a slight and haughty reverence said, "Hilda is here, what wants Edward the king with his servant Hilda?"

"Naught, naught," said the king, hastily, and something like fear passed over his placid countenance, "save, indeed," he added, with a redundant tone, as that of a man who obeys his conscience against his inclination, "that I would pray thee to keep this child pure to threshold and alter, as is meet for one whom our Lady, the Virgin, in due time will elect to her service."

"Not so, son of Etheldred, son of Woden; the last descendant of Fenda should live, not to glide a ghost amidst cloisters, but to rock children to war in their father's shield. Few men are there yet like the men of old, and while the foot of the foreigner is on the Saxon soil no branch on the stem of Woden should be nipped in the leaf."

"By the Splendor of God, bold dame," cried the knight by the side of Edward, while a lurid flush passed over his cheek of bronze; "but thou art too glib of tongue for a subject, and protest overmuch of Woden, the Paynim, for the lips of a Christian matron."

Hilda met the flashing eye of the knight with a brow of lofty scorn, on which still a certain terror was visible.

"Child," she said, putting her hand upon Edith's fair locks; "this is the man thou shalt see but twice in thy life—look up, and mark well!"

Edith instinctively raised her eyes, and, once fixed upon the knight, they seemed chained as by a spell; his vest, so dark, that it seemed black beside the snowy garb of the Confessor, was edged by a deep band of embroidered gold; leaving perfectly bare his firm full throat—firm and full as a column of granite—a short jacket or mantelone of fur, pendent from the shoulders, left developed in all its breadth a breast, that seemed to meet to stand the march of an army; and on the left arm, curved to support the falcon, the vast muscles rose, round and gnarled, through the close sleeve.

In height, he was really but little above the stature of many of those present, nevertheless, so did his port, his air, the nobility of his large proportions, fill the eye, that he seemed to tower immeasurably above the rest.

That presence was calculated to command the admiration of women, not less the awe of men. But no admiration mingled with the terror that seized the girl as she gazed long and wistful upon the knight. The fascination of the serpent on the bird held her mute and frozen. Never was that face forgotten; often in after-life haunted her, in the noontide, it frowned upon and floated near.

"Fair child," said the knight, fatigued at length by the obstinacy of the gaze while that smile peculiar to those who have commanded men relaxed his brow, and restored the native beauty to his lip, "fair child, learn not from thy peevish grandame so uncourteous a lesson as hate of the foreigner. As thou growest into womanhood, know that Nerman knight is sworn slave to lady fair;" and, doffing his cap, he took from it an uncut jewel, set in Byzantine filigree work. "Hold out thy lap, my child; and when thou bearest the foreigner scoffed, set this bauble in thy locks, and think kindly of William, count of the Normans."

He dropped the jewel on the ground as he spoke; for Edith, shrinking and unsofened towards him, held no lap to receive it; and Hilda, to whom Edward had been speaking in a low, voice, advanced to the spot, and struck the jewel with her staff under the hoods of the king's palfrey.

"Son of Emma, the Norman woman, who sent thy youth into exile, trample on the gifts of thy Norman kinman. And if, as men say, thou art of such gifted holiness that Heaven grants thy hand the power to heal and thy voice the power to cause, heal thy country, and curse the stranger!"

She extended her right hand to William as she spoke, and such was the dignity of her passion, and such its force, that an awe fell upon all. Then dropping her hood over her face she slowly turned away, regained the summit of the knoll, and stood erect beside the altar of the Northern god, her face invisible through the hood drawn completely over it, and her form motionless as a statue.

"Ride on," said Edward, crossing himself.

"Now by the bones of St. Valery," said William, after a pause, in which his dark keen eye noted the gloom upon the king's gentle face, "it moves much my simple wonder how even presence so saintly can hear without wrath words so unble and foul. Gramercy, 'an the proudest dame in Normandy (and I take her to be wife to my stoutest baron, William Fitzosborne), had spoken thus to me—""

"Thou wouldst have done as I, my brother," interrupted Edward; "prayed to our lady to pardon her, and rode on pitying."

"Now, by my Halidame, I honor and love thee, Edward," cried the duke, with a heartiness more frank than was usual to him—and were I thy subject, woe to man or woman that wagged tongue to wound thee by a breath. But who and what is this same Hilda? one of thy kith and kin?—surely nought less than kingly blood runs so bold?"

"William, bien aimé," said the king, "it is true that Hilda, whom the saints assoil, is of kingly blood, though not of our kingly line. It is feared," added Edward, in a timid whisper, as he cast a hurried glance around him, "that this unhappy woman has ever been more addicted to the rites of her pagan ancestors than to those of Holy Church—and when men say that she hath thus acquired from fiend or charm secrets devoutly to be eschewed by the righteous. Naithless let us rather hope that her mind is some what distraught with her misfortunes."

The king sighed, and the duke sighed too, but the duke's sigh spoke impatience. He swept behind him a steen and withering look towards the proud figure of Hilda, still seen through the glades, and said in a sinister voice: "Of kingly blood; but this witch of Woden has no sons or kinmen, I trust, who pretend to the throne of the Saxons!"

"She is sibb to Githa, wife of Goodwin," answered the king, "and that is her most perilous connection; for the banished earl, as thou knowest, did not pretend to fill the throne, but he was content with naught less than governing our people."

While King Edward was narrating to the Norman duke all that he knew, and all that he knew not of Hilda's history and secret arts and character, and just as William was beginning to grow weary of his good cousin's proflix recitals, the hounds suddenly gave tongue and from a sedge-grown pool by the
way-side, with solemn wing and harsh boom, rose a bittern. 

"Holy St. Peter!" exclaimed the saint-king, spurring his palfrey, and losing his famous Peregrine falcon. William was not slow in following that animated example, and the whole company rode at half speed across the rough forest-land, strains their eyes upon the soaring quarry, and the wheels of the falcons. Riding thus, with his eyes in the air, Edward was nearly pitched over his palfrey's head, as the animal stopped suddenly; checked by a high gate, set deep in a half embattled wall of brick and rubble. Upon this gate sat, quite unmoved and apathetic, a tall coeol, or laborer, while behind it was a gazing curious group of men of the same rank, clad in those blue tunics of which our peasant's smock is the successor, and leaning on scythe and flails. Sour and ominous were the looks they bent upon that Norman cavalcade. The men were at least as well clad as those of the same condition are now; and their robust limbs and ruddy cheeks showed no lack of the fare that supports labor. Indeed, the working man of that day, if not one of the absolute theoses, or slaves was, physically speaking, better off, perhaps, than he has ever since been in England.

"Open the gate, open quick, my merry men," said the gentle Edward (speaking in Saxon, though with a strong foreign accent); after he had recovered his seat, murmured a benediction, and crossed himself three times. The men stirred not.

"No horse tramps the seed we have sown for Harold the earl to reap;" said the coeol doggedly, still seated on the gate. And the group behind him gave a shout of applause.

Moved more than ever he had been known to be before, Edward spurred his steed up to the door, and lifted his hand. At that signal twenty swords flashed in the air behind, as the Norman nobles spurred to the place. Putting back with one hand his fierce attendants, Edward shook the other at the Saxon. "Knave, knave," he cried, "I would hurt you, if I could!"

There was something in these words, dated to drift down into history, at once ludicrous and touching. The Normans saw them only in the former light, and turned aside to conceal their laughter; the Saxon felt them in the latter, and truer sense, and stood rebuked. This great king, whom he now recognized, with all those drawn swords at his back, could not do him hurt: that the king had not the heart to hurt him. The coeol sprang from the gate, and opened it, bending knee.

"Bide first, Count William, my cousin," said the king, calmly.

The Saxon coeol's eyes glared as he heard the Norman's name uttered in the Norman tongue, but he kept open the gate, and the train passed through, Edward lingering last. Then said the king, in a low voice.

"Bold man, thou spakest of Harold the earl and his harvest; knowest thou not that his lands have passed from him, that he is outlawed, and his harvests are not for the scythe of his coeol to reap?"

"May it please you, dread lord and king," replied the Saxon, calmly, "those lands were Harold the earl's, now Clappa's, a six-handman's." 

"How is that?" quoth Edward hastily; "we gave them neither to six-handman nor to Saxon. All the lands of Harold hereabout were divided among sacred abbeots and noble chevaliers—Normans all."

"Fulke the Norman had these fair fields, yon orchard and thynen; Fulke sold them to Clappa, the earl's six-handman, and what in mancesse and pence Clappa lacked of the price, we the coeols of the earl, made up from our own earnings in the earl's noble service. And this very day, in token thereof we have quaffed the bedder-ale. Wherefore, please God and our Lady, we hold these lands part and parcel with Clappa; and when Earl Harold comes again, as he will, here at least shall have his own."

Edward, who, despite a singular simplicity of character which at times seemed to border on immobility, was by no means wanting in penetration when his attention was fairly roused, changed countenance at this proof of rough and comely affection on the part of these men to his banished earl and brother-in-law. He mused a little while in grave thought, and then said, kindly.

"Well, man, I think not the worse of you for loyal love to your thegn, but there are those who would do so, and I advise you, brotherlike, that ears and nose are in peril if thou talkest thus indiscrately."

"Steel to steel, and hand to hand," said the Saxon, bluntly, touching the long knife in his leathern belt, "and he who sets grape on Sexwolfe son of Elthelm, shall pay his weregeld twice over."

"Forewarned, foolish man, thou art forewarned. Peace," said the king; and shaking his head, he rode on to join the Normans, who were now, in a broad field, where the corn sprang green, and which they seemed to delight in wantonly trampling, as they curved their steeds to and fro, watched the movements of the bittern and the pursuit of the two falcons. "A wager, my lord king!" said a prelate, whose strong family likeness to William proclaimed him to be the duke's bold and youthful brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, "a wager. My steed to your palfrey that the duke's falcon first fixes the bittern."

"Holy father," answered Edward, in that slight change of voice which alone showed his displeasure, "these wagers all savor of heathenness, and our canons forbid them to move and priest; Go to it is naught."

The bishop who brooked no rebuke, even from his terrible brother, knit his brows, and was about to make no gentle rejoinder, when William whose profound craft or sagacity was always at watch, lest his followers should displease the king, interposed, and, taking the word out of the prelate's mouth, said.

"Thou reprovest us well, sir and king; we Normans are too inclined to such levities. And see, your falcon is first in pride of place. By the bones of St. Valery how nobly he towers! See him cover the bittern! See him rest on the wing! Down he swoops! gallant bird!"

"With his head split in two on the bittern's bill," said the bishop; and down, rolling one over the other, fell bittern and hawk, while William's Norseman falcon, smaller of size than the king's, descended rapidly, and hovered over the two. Both were dead.

"I accept the omen," muttered the gazing duke in Latin; "let the natives destroy each other." He placed his whistle to his lips, and his falcon flew back to his wrist. "Now home," said King Edward. [TO BE CONTINUED.]
CHAPTER L

There are places which appear at first sight inaccessible to romance; and such a place was Mr. Wardlaw's dining-room in Russell Square. It was very large, had sickly green walls, pickled cabbage on the table, full length; heavy maroon curtains; mongolian chairs; a tawdry carpet an inch thick; and was lighted with wax candles only.

In the centre, bristling and gleaming with silver and glass, was a round table, at which fourteen could have dined comfortably. It was covered with a heavy blue satin cloth and sat two gentlemen; who, as he was grave, precise, and unromantic, as the place; Merchant Wardlaw and his son.

Wardlaw senior was an elderly man, tall, thin, iron-gray, with a round head, a short, thick neck, a good, brown eye, a square jaw blotched relaxation, and a complexion so sallow as to be almost cadaverous. Hard as iron; but a certain stiff dignity and respectability sat upon him, and became him.

Arthur Wardlaw resembled his father in figure, but his mother in face. He had, and has, he-colored hair, a forehead singularly white and delicate, plus the usual red-brown, finely chiselled features, the undert lip much shorter than the upper; his chin oval and pretty, but somewhat receding; his complexion beautiful. In short, what nineteen years out of twenty would call a handsome young man, and think they had described him.

Both the Wardlaws were in full dress, according to the inva
dible custom of the house; and sat in a dead silence, that seemed natural to the good, sober room.

This; all three went about, so softly as cats after a robin, and conjured one plate away, and smoothly instanced another, and seemed models of grave discretion; but were known to all ears, and bound by a secret oath to carry down each crumb of discourse to the servants' hall, for curious dissection, and bota
terials at table.

At last, however, those three smug hypocrites retired, and, by good luck, transferred their suffocating epervar to the side
board; so then father and son looked at one another with that comfortable and frank expression which precedes a topic of interest; and Wardlaw senior invited his son to try a certain deceiver of rare port, by way of preliminary.

While the young man fills his glass, hurl we in his antec
dents.

At school till fifteen, and then clerk in his father's office till twenty-two, and showed an aptitude so remarkable, that John Wardlaw, who was getting tired, determined, sooner or later, to put the reins of government into his hands. But he conceived a desire that the future head of his office should be a university man. So he announced his resolution, and to Ox
ford went young Wardlaw, though he had not looked at Greek or Latin for seven years. He was, however, furnished with a private tutor, under whom he recovered lost ground rapidly.

The Reverend Robert Penfold was a first-class man, and by the gift of teaching. The house of Wardlaw had peculiar claims on him, for he was the son of old Michael Penfold, Wardlaw's cashier; he learned from young Wardlaw the stake he was playing for, and, instead of merely giving him one hour's lec
ture per day, he did to his other pupils, he was used to his rooms at all hours, and force him to read, by reading with him.

He also stood his friend in a serious emergency. Young Wardlaw, you must know, was blessed or cursed with Mimiacy; his mother being a very mid in the country, he could imitate any sound you liked with his voice, and any form with his pen or pencil.

Now, we promise you, he was one man under his father's eye, and another under his mother's. In Oxford, so, one night, this gentleman, being warm with wine, opens his window, and seeing a group of undergraduates chattering and smoking in the quadrangle, imitates the peculiar grating tones of Mr. Champion, vice-presi
dent of the college, and gives them various reasons why they ought to disperse to their rooms and study. "But, perhaps, says he, in conclusion, "you are too blind drunk to read Bose in crooked letters by candle-light? In that case—And be there in a very few minutes, and you will have to pour down your evening; still in the exact tones of Mr. Champion, who was a very, very strict moralist; and this unexpected sally of wit caused shrieks of laughter, and mightily tickled all the hear
ers, except Champion Iras, who was listening and disapproving the speech he was hearing.

He complained to the president. Then the ingenious Ward
law, not having come down to us in a direct line from Bayard, committed a great mistake—he denied it.

It was brought home to him, and the president, who had laughed in his sleeve at the practical joke, found every great
ter the falsehood. Rustication was talked of and ever expul
sion.

Then Wardlaw came sorrowfully to Penfold, and said to him, "I must have been wildly cut, for I don't remember all that; I had been eating at Christchurch; I do remember the fellows, but how can I tell what I said? I say, old fellow, it will be a bad job for me if they expel me, or even rusticate me; my father will never forgive me; I shall be his clerk, but never his partner; and then he will find out what a lot I owe down here. I'm done for!"

Penfold uttered not a word, but grasped his hand, and went off to the president, and said his pupil had wined at Christchurch, and could not be expected to remember minutely.

Mimicy was, unfortunately, a habit with him. He then pleaded for the milder construction, was much meek and eloquent, that he was addressing admitted that construc
tion was possible, and therefore must be received. So the affair ended in a written apology to Mr. Champion, which had all the smoothness and neatness of a merchant's letter. Arthur Wardlaw, not feeling very happy, went to his lodgings.

Six months after this, and one fortnight before the actual commencement of our tale, Arthur Wardlaw, well crammed by Penfold, went up for his final examination, throbbing with anxiety. He passed; and was so grateful to his tutor that, when the adwron of a small living near Oxford came into the market, he asked Wardlaw senior to write a reference, and a sum of money. much more than was needed; and Wardlaw se
ior declined without a moment's hesitation.

This slight sketch will serve as a key to the dialogue it has postponed, and to subsequent incidents.

"Well, Arthur, and so you have really taken your de
gree?"

"No, sir; but I have passed my examination. The degree fol
lowed immediately, because I am a man of business; I don't doubt your word; Heaven forbid! but, do you happen to have any document you can produce in fur
nishment of it, so that I may be sure that you have passed your final examination at the University?"

"Certainly, sir," replied young Wardlaw. "My Testamur.""What is that?"

"A gentle

man, young gentleman put his hand in his pocket, and pro
duced his Testamur, or 'We bear witness'; a short printed do
cument in Latin, which may be thus translated:

"We bear witness that Arthur Wardlaw, of St. Luke's Col
lege, has answered our questions in humane letters.

"GEORGE RICHARDSON,

"ARTHUR SMYTHE,

"EDWARD MERRIVALE,

"Examiners."

Wardlaw senior took it, laid it beside him on the table, in
spected it with his double eye glass, and not knowing a word of Latin, was mightily impressed, and his respect for his son rose 40, or 45 per cent.

"Very well, sir," said he. Now listen to me. Perhaps it was an old man's fancy; but I have often seen in the world what a stamp these Universities put upon a man. To send you back from commerce to Latin and Greek, at two and twenty, was bringing you rather hard; it was trying you doubly; your dis

cipline, and your ability into the bargain. Well, sir, you have stood the trial, and I am proud of you. And so now it is my turn: from this day and from this hour, look on yourself as my partner in the old-established house of Wardlaw. My balance sheet shall be prepared immediately, and the Penfolds drawn. You will enter on a flourishing concern, sir; and you will virtually conduct it. In written communication with me for I have had five and forty years of it; and then my liver
know! Watson advises me strongly to leave my desk, and try country air, and rest from business and its cares."

He paused a moment and the young man drew a long breath, as if one who was in the act of being relieved of some terrible weight.

"For the old gentleman, he was not observing his son just then, but thinking of his own career; a certain expression of pain and regret came over his features; but he shook it off with manly dignity.

"Come, come," said he, "this is the law of nature, and must be endured. All men must die with a good grace. Wardlaw junior, fill my glass."

At the same time he stood up and said, stoutly, "The setting sun drinks to the rising sun!" but could not maintain that artistic style, and ended with, "God bless you, my boy."

"I must finish with business; avoid speculation, as I have done; and so hand the crown down bravely to your son, as my father there (pointing to a picture) handed it down to me, and to you."

His voice wavered slightly in uttering this benediction; but a few moments after he then sat quietly down, and sipped his wine composedly.

Not so the other; his color came and went violently all the time his father was speaking, and, when he ceased, he sank into his chair with another sigh deeper than the last, and two half-hysterical tears came to his pale eyes.

But he was too shy to say something, he struggled against all this mysterious emotion, and faltered out that he should not fear the responsibility, if he might have constant recourse to his father for advice.

"Why, of course," was the reply, "My country house is but a stone's throw from this station; you can telegraph for me in any case of importance.

"When would you wish me to commence my new duties?"

"Let me see, it will take six weeks to prepare a balance-sheet, such as I could be content to submit to an incoming partner. Say two months.

Young Wardlaw's countenance fell.

"Meantime you shall travel on the continent and enjoy your leisure."

"Thank you," said young Wardlaw, mechanically, and fell into a brown study.

The room now returned to what seemed its natural state, and its silence continued until it was broken from without.

A sharp knocking was heard from the street-door, and resounded across the marble hall.

The Wardlaws looked at one another in some little surprise, "I have invited nobody," said the elder.

Some time elapsed, and then a footman made his appearance, and brought in a card.

"Mr. Christopher Adams."

Now that Mr. Christopher Adams should call on John Wardlaw, in his private room, at nine o'clock in the evening, seemed to that merchant irreligious, presumptuous, monstrous. "Tell him," whispered the elder, "my place of business to-morrow, as usual," said he knitting his brows more furrowed.

The footman went off with this message; and, soon after, raised voices were heard in the hall, and the episcopal butler entered the room with an injured countenance.

"He says he must see you; he is in great anxiety."

"Yes, I am in great anxiety," said a quavering voice at his elbow; and Mr. Adams actually pushed by the butler, and stood, hat in hand, in those sacred precincts. "Pray, excuse me, sir," said he, "but it is very serious; I can't be easy in my mind till I have put you up your aunt."

"This is very extraordinary, conduct, sir," said Mr. Wardlaw.

"Do you think I do business here, and at all hours?"

"Oh, yes, I do, sir," said Mr. Adams. "I am come to ask you a very serious question. I couldn't wait till morning with such a doubt on my mind." "Well, sir, I repeat this is irregular and extraordinary; but if you are here, pray what is the matter?" He then dismissed the lingering butler with a look. Mr. Adams cast uneasy glances on young Wardlaw.

"O," said the elder, "you can speak before him. This is my partner; that is to say, he will be as soon as the balance-sheet can be prepared, and the deed drawn. Wardlaw junior, this is Mr. Adams, a very respectable bill-discounter."

The two men bowed to each other, and Arthur Wardlaw sat motionless.

"Sir, did you draw a note of hand to-day?" inquired Adams of the elder merchant.

"I dare say so, did. Did you discount one signed by me?"

"Well, sir, you have only to present it at maturity. Wardlaw and Son will provide for it, I dare say."

"This with the lofty nonchalance of a rich man, who had never broken an engagement in his life."

"Ah, that I know they will if it is all right; but suppose it is not so?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Wardlaw, with some astonishment.

"O, nothing, sir! It bears your signature, that is good for twenty times the amount; and it is endorsed by your cashier; it only makes me a little uneasy, your bills used to be always on your own forms, and so I told my partner. He discounted it. Gentlemen, I wish you would just look at it."

"Of course we will look at it. Show it Arthur first; his eyes are younger than mine."

Mr. Adams, after taking out a large bill-book, extracted the note of hand, and passed it across the table to Wardlaw junior. He took it up with a sort of shiver, and bent his head very low over it; then handed it back in silence.

This took it to Wardlaw senior, and laid it before him, by the side of Arthur's Testament.

The merchant inspected it with his glasses.

"The writing is mine, apparently."

"I am very glad of it," said the bill-broker, eagerly, "it solves a doubt."

"Why, what is that? For two thousand pound? and, as you say, not my form. I have signed no note for two thousand pounds this week. Dated yesterday. You have not cashed it, I hope?"

"I am sorry to say my partner has."

"Well, sir, your mind, not to keep you in suspense, the thing is no worth the stamp it is written on."

"Mr. Wardlaw—Sir!—Good heavens! Then it is as I feared. It is a forgery."

"You must be prepared to find any other name for it. You need not look so pale, Arthur. We can't help some clever scoundrel imitating our hands; and so for you, Adams, you ought to have been more cautious."

"But, sir, your cashier's name is Penford," faltered the holder, drawing up a straw. "May he not have drawn—is the endorsement forged as well?"

Mr. Wardlaw examined the back of the bill, and looked puzzled.

"No," said he, "My cashier's name is Michael Penford, but this is endorsed 'Robert Penford.' Do you hear, Arthur? Why, what is the matter with you? You look like a ghost. I say there is your tutor's name at the back of this forged note. This is very strange. Just look, and tell me who wrote these two words 'Robert Penford'?

Young Wardlaw took the document, and tried to examine it calmly, but it shook visibly in his hand, and a cold moisture gathered on his brow. His pale eyes roved to and fro in a very remarkable way; and he was so long before he said anything, that both the other persons present began to wonder if he was well.

At last he faltered out, "This 'Robert Penford' seems to me very like his own handwriting. But then the rest of the writing is equally like yours, sir. I am sure Robert Penford never did anything wrong. Mr. Adams, please oblige me. Let this go no further. I have seen him, and asked him whether he indorsed it."

"Now don't you be in a hurry," said the elder Wardlaw. "The first question is, who received the money?"

"Mr. Adams replied that it was a respectable looking man, a young clergyman, "Ah!" said Wardlaw, with a world of meaning. "Father!" said young Wardlaw, imploringly, "for my sake, say no more to-night. Robert Penford is incapable of a dishonest act.""

"It becomes your years to think so, young man. But I have lived long enough to see what crimes respectable men are betrayed into in the hour of temptation. And, now I think of it, this Robert Penford is in want of money. Did he not say to me that he was 'a very respectable young man'?"

Receiv'ing no reply from his son, but a sort of agitated stare, he took out his pencil and wrote down Robert Penford's address.

This he handed the bill-broker, and gave him some advice in a whisper, which Mr. Christopher Adams received with a profession of thanks, and bustled away, leaving Wardlaw senior excited and indignant, Wardlaw junior, ghastly pale and almost stupefied. "To be continued."
THE MISSION OF WOMEN.

WOMEN AND GOVERNMENT.

No. II.

As we have endeavored to prove, the undeviating instinct of both men and women in all ages has borne testimony to the superior adaptation of men to govern and preside. But what does this fact amount to? Simply this, that man has one set of functions, women another. If women have not man's presidential qualities, they have much that he has not. They have an instinctive sense of right; and an inward sense of delicacy, grace and taste, more exquisitely developed than man. They have a different sphere, but in that—lower or higher it makes no difference—they walk unrivalled. They are, in fact, the complement to man. What he possesses they do not. Where he is strong they are weak. On the other hand they travel some paths of thought and perception where man never roams. All the meaning there is in woman's inequality to govern, is just this: it is not in the line of her abilities to do it. Her force and power lie another way, and she excels in another direction. She is not constituted to find enjoyment or profit in it. Except where artificially cultivated, she never has, nor ever will desire it.

Some of the greatest blessings of life grow out of this different allotment of callings and abilities to the sexes; man and women are organized dissimilarly, that out of this very difference may grow the charm of others society, and the necessity for each others presence. And this is no more true in respect to any gift or grace by which either sex become attractive to the other, than it is in relationship to the superior capabilities of men for government. This very investment of headship in man, is one of those skillful arrangements of the Almighty, by which man becomes essential to the woman, and the union of the sexes is ensured. All the world over, it is known by students of human nature, that one of the most prominent charms of men in the eyes of woman, lies in her belief and hope that he is fitted for her superior and head. Much as women love to have their own way, they despise the man that cannot properly govern them and theirs. Those superficial thinkers, who in their huge little wisdom, ignore man's position, and think they confer such a benefit on woman by declaring her perfect equality with man in this respect, strike a heavy blow at one of the greatest wants of woman's nature, as well as at one of the divinest and strongest ties by which the sexes are held together.

Because women cannot govern men, it does not follow that they have no understanding of government, or that they cannot in their sphere contribute to the intelligence and wisdom of those that govern. Woman's true instincts will never take her to the halls of Congress, or the political platform, but like man when properly developed, she radiates a portion of divine intelligence. Her spirit, like that of man, is open to impressions from the fountain of eternal knowledge. Like man, she passes through life gathering up experience weighty and true. Truths conceived in her mind are as precious as those comprehended by man's intellect. All her powers are intended to have their influence; for while it is a fact that for the sake of harmony and peace, the governing power should be invested in one of the sexes, it is no less true, that that deciding power, so royally invested in man, was intended to be aided and assisted from every source within his reach, be that source angel of light, man's fellow in the flesh, wife or even child. But, of course, of the value and disposal of that light, man being the responsible party must ever be the judge.

It is clear to all thinking minds that wide a range of abilities, although of another order to those of man, lie invested in women, and the question comes, in what callings or pursuits in life can these abilities be legitimately exercised. We reply in any which do not interfere with the self-evident design of her being. Ask, for instance, the delicate and jewelled watch with its machinery for measuring time and its dial plate for recording it, whether it was intended as a machine for breaking stones or plowing the ground, and the reply would be: "I am intended for nothing which unites me for correctly measuring time—measuring time may be a very plodding and humble occupation, but there is neither honor nor elevation in a position which I cannot perfectly fill. It is true that by dismissing me from my true use, and encasing me in sufficient iron or brass I may be used for breaking stones, but I can only gain this suitability by the destruction of another." Now woman is a jeweled piece of machinery as delicate as any watch, and with a purpose as clearly defined. She is organized first for her own happiness; then that by her delicacy of conception, likeness and sense of beauty, she may vary man's more heavy, plodding faculties, and throw a charm over his life as a companion. Mentally, quite as much as physically, by every force and faculty of her being, is she next adapted to be a mother—the guardian, guide and cultivator of youth. Not a mere raiser of children, for that is the most despicable view of woman's mission that can be conceived; but to be the great heart in which childish sorrows can be poured; the clear brain and the delicate perception by which the future men and women of this world may be moulded for the highest purposes of life. This is the object of her being. To do this properly—to become most her husband's joy, her children's blessing, she should be philosophical, artistic, poetical and musical. No knowledge, grace, or accomplishment can be thrown away upon her. To the extent that any of these studies or pursuits contribute to these ends she can claim to follow them; but any employment which tends to make her less attractive—less beautiful to man before marriage or less motherly and wisely afterwards is to her injury and society's loss. By sufficiently encasing her in another nature—like the delicate watch in the iron case—and by becoming oblivious to her true beauties and utilities, she may be successfully employed as a politician—a wrangler by pen or voice. She may be used to break and smash erroneous political creeds, and fight for right rough-handed through the world, but when she has done it, and even accomplished 'good' in this way,
she has just accomplished at a vast expense of womanly attraction what man could have brought about with no violence to his nature at all—a delicate penknife when sufficiently blunted may be used to job holes in stones, but a coarse chisel is a speedier instrument, and has the advantage of remaining perfect after the operation which the penknife has not. So with women they may become successful advocates, potent writers, legislators or generals for aught we know, but who desires them for wives or mothers. They have taken on another nature than that dear to our hearts. They have lost the nameless charm which like the aroma of the flower is so hard to describe but so palpable to the sense. Of course there are exceptions to every rule and there are ladies, who driven necessity to masculine professions for support, by continually fighting the unwomanly influence of these callings, have retained to a great degree the sweetness and delicacy of their sex; but it is not easily done nor is it so with the bulk of women engaged in these pursuits; they become changed in bearing and feature. True, they appeal more to man's intellect but less to his heart. They make very tolerable second-hand men—they may shine—but the potent charm—the magic given to them by the Creator by which to win as, wives and mothers has disappeared under the influence of unnatural pursuits.

Woman, if she only knew her strength, would never think of competing with man in the coarser elements of life. The dignities and honors peculiar to men, which mistaken philanthropists would confer upon woman would be a poor exchange for the natural advantages she possesses in her own way. She is not created to rule authoritatively; her sphere of dominion is the affections. There she is stronger than man. When she gives up this domain for the possession of influence proper to men, she seeks to shine with borrowed robes, poor and weak alongside of the lustre of those native to her spirit and organization.

How great and glorious woman can become in their own sphere, few visions have yet expanded to comprehend; how much she can do in that department where "her great strength lies" for the production of a nobler race no human imagination has ever fully conceived. For the sake of harmony and order—for the sake of mutual dependence and affinity, man is created a little lower than the angels and woman as to headship a little lower than both; but as to angelic character, as to divine wisdom, as to chaste and holy purposes, as to transmitting influences that will affect unborn millions, woman has opportunities equal to the highest ambition that ever filled her soul. She cannot grow too much in self development; she cannot be too much ennobled, for in exact proportion to her mental and spiritual growth, will be the ability and excellence of our race in all times to come:

NOTES ON HAROLD.

It may aid some of our readers to the better enjoyment of this historical, but romantic story, if we give occasional notes on matters to which it refers. At the opening of the tale, we find England composed mostly of a Saxon and a Danish population. The Danes, who at various times had come over as invaders sailing under their dismal raven flag, we find settled quietly in the country, and mixing with the population; noble and commoner, alike claiming England as their home. In the early portion of King Edward's life he had spent much time abroad and contracted a taste for Norman fashions, very repulsive to his English subjects. Our story introduces King Edward as surrounded by his Norman favorites, of whom the Saxon population seem to have an instinctive dread. Harold the Saxon—the hero of the tale—with his father, the great earl Goodwin is at this time in Ireland where he has been banished by the king through the influence of the foreigners. William of Normandy accompanied by some nobles; and of course, the estimable King Edward, who is childless, should promise him the crown after his decease, is now on a visit to the English Court. Edward is nominally married to the sister of the banished Harold, but his monkish spirit has led him to consider a married life unladyly. The virgin queen is at this moment in a convent to which the King dismissed her on the banishment of her family

In the story of the wager about the falcon, William's hopes that, like Edward's bird was killed by the bittern, while his falcon swooped over both, so Saxon and Dane would exterminate each other, while he and his Normans made a prey of the country, shows the aspirations and aims, that then animated the bosom of the future invader of old England.

FOUL PLAY.

Being determined to add increasing interest to our columns, we commence in this number the thrilling story of "FOUL PLAY," written by Charles Reade, the celebrated writer, and Dion Boucicault, the great modern sensational dramatic author. The story is now being published in England, for the first time, in Once a Week, from which paper we extract it. What with HAROLD for those that feast on records of olden times, and FOUL PLAY for those who delight more in modern sensational works, we believe all will be satisfied.

We apologize to our numerous readers, for somewhat of a delay in the delivery of this number. A great press of work at the News office against which no suitable provision could be made, has been the cause. It is, however, their and our wish, and constant endeavor, to be punctual as to time. We wish to deliver always by Saturday evening and shall endeavor to make such arrangements as will ensure it. We can assure all, that we are as much annoyed as any when these unavoidable delays occur.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

Owing to lack of space we have room but for one answer this week.

Query from Willard City, wishes to know if we are acquainted with Mr. Sheen's new phonographic system, and its distinctive differs from the old ones, al o as to whether it is yet to be had in a printed form. We have heard Mr. Shellen's method highly commended, and that, by the most practical phonographers in the city. One of its essential improvements appears to be that, by omitting those tedious and delaying matters due and similar marks, sentences may be written with, scarcely, taking the pen from the paper. The system, so far as we can learn, has not yet been printed. We shall endeavor to give a more extended understanding of the system hereafter.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

MRS. SENATOR SPAIRCLE AND PRESIDENT JOHNSON.

(From the Pittsburgh (Pa.) Gazette.)

A paragraph is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Mrs. Sprague is bringing her influence to bear on her husband's behalf in regard to the expulsion of Robert M. Tanney from the Ohio Senate. She is said to have had a little feud, which only ended with their lives and the expulsion of the senator. Should a United States Senator rank a judge of the Supreme Court? That was a question which the haughty persistence of the eagle-faced Colonel but partially settled in the affirmative; for, although a United States Senator will not often condescend to leave his card for a Judge of the Supreme Court, the Judges of the Supreme Court are slow to acknowledge their duty to pay the respect of a call upon a United States Senator. Of course this is a question in which ladies take an active interest, and no one has distinguished herself more in it than Mrs. Sprague.

In the early days of the war the young Governor of Rhode Island, who raised a regiment at his own risk, and went to suppress the rebellion, was often absent from home. Loyal ladies were not so abundant in Washington as after Lee's surrender; and what with her wit, beauty, gracious manners, her father's position, and the affinities of the Rhode Island millionaire-patriot-Governor-Colonel, Miss Chase occupied a very prominent place in the Social Register. The Lincoln family allowed her to call them the "First Lady" in the Government. She contested her claim with Mrs. Lincoln, who, as "Lady of the White House," was by common consent, awarded that eminence. There has been several passages at arms between them, and the Lincoln family felt deeply aggrieved when Mrs. Chase was at the White House, either by special invitation or to introduce some friends, I forget which, Mrs. Lincoln, in an amiable desire to promote harmony, reminded her that she had not seen her for some time, and therefore would be glad to make her present. Miss Chase haughtily replied that she had generally been at home, and that if Mrs. Lincoln had wished to see her she could most probably have done so by returning her previous call. My informant, a lady who was present at the time, thought Miss Chase's manner as offensive as the open claim to equal rank was unjust and injudicious, and felt that Mrs. Lincoln was fully justified in ever afterwards refusing to treat her with any pretense of kindness, or to attend her wedding. Those who knew the history of Miss Chase's refusal to accord to Mrs. Lin- coln the same prominence with which she unqualifiedly entitled, felt that Mrs. Lincoln did wrong in attending that wedding, and thus giving the haughty bride a triumph over his wife. Mrs. Sprague's desire to be "First Lady" amount to almost a personal ambition, and that she very much does with her father's Presidential aspirations. While Mr. Johnson, President, will not have little active opposition in her claim to that dignity in right of her treble rank of wealth, wife of a Senator and daughter of the Chief-Justice; for Mrs. Patterson is a woman of little or no self assertion. What with the inexperience of her husband and brother, and the care of an invalid mother and her four children, she has little time to attend to the dignity of her position, and, with her earnest devotion to her husband, would deduce to Mrs. Sprague, if by so doing she could win any support to his position. On the other hand Mrs. Wade would hold any position to which she may be assigned, and which she accepts.

If Mrs. Sprague has ever undertaken to assert any authority over her, the sprightly and aspiring lady no doubt retired from the conflict feeling that she had won no laurels. Mrs. Wade is very unpretending in dress and manners, and to see her and her husband in a street car, as I have done, returning from a hospital visit, after Senate hours, one might mistake them for a well-to-do farmer and his hale old wife; but there is a great pride in the aspect of a President's wife, which would make itself felt in the lowest-hooded or most brilliant drawing-room. If she goes into the White House there will be no room for dispute as to who is "First Lady" in this Demo- crotic Administration. Here is no doubt Mrs. Sprague would not like to see her in that position, especially as Mrs. Wade, in common with thousands of the people of Ohio, must remember, with grave disapproval, the youthful folly of the spoiled beauty who brought public scandal on her father's administration while he was Governor of that State. Even at that school-girl age she had sufficient tact and influence with him to baile his wisest counselors in their efforts to remove her favorite, a handsome dissolute, married man, from his position under the government. The tirade of the dieseiis of Columbus was thrown into great excitement by the announcement of few days since, that Governor Sprague had undertaken to horsewhip the handsome gentleman, and had been shot in the "reconrere," but Miss Kate clutched the beln so firmly as to carry her little bark through the storm without throwing her Jonah overboard. Her influence with her father is almost unlimited, and to that source, as some have said, the public opposition to an increase of salary to female clerks at a time when they received $600 a year, and she paid just this amount for a woman's wage.

Mrs. Wade has thoroughly opposed her, being heart and soul interested in all true efforts to aid the lowly, while maintaining her own dignity, rendering honor to whom honor is due, that there is no doubt, in my mind, but Mrs. Sprague will exert every nerve to prevent her being placed in a position to dispose of her own claim to the title of "First Lady." -JANE G. WIGHTSHELM.

OBERLIN AND HIS WIFE.

(From History of Supernatural.)

This noble Christian—whose name is venerated all over the world for his apostolic work in this country, and is known to millions amongst the people of the Bas-de-la-Roche, or Sisthalh, in Alsace—found, when he went there, his parashorers talking of apparitions of their departed friends as familiar facts. As he regarded these in an empty and pernicious superstition, he reproved them for it, and the people did not dare to denounce him or to reason them out of it. But, so far from this, he himself was compelled to believe in apparitions, by the appearance of his own wife. After her death, she came almost daily, and sat and talked with him. It is asserted in his memoirs, that he was always visible not only to himself but to the rest of his household. For nine years she continued this practice, not only informing him of the nature and life of the other world, but continuing his best counselor regarding his undertakings in this world.

He speaks of the time that she received a visit from her departed sister, the wife of Professor Oberlin of Strasbourg, announcing to her her approaching death, on which she had immediately set about making extra clothes for her children, and laying in provisions for the funeral feast. This done, she took leave of her husband and family, and went quietly to bed, quite assured that her end was at hand, which proved so. That her knowledge of her decease was from the spirit of her sister, she had not told Oberlin before her death.

Oberlin, the famous Oberlin left a narrative of, Mr. Dale Owen says that he met in Paris, in 1839, with M. Matter, who was by permission of Oberlin, had examined those papers, and ob- served that Oberlin was convinced that the inhabitants of the invisible world cannot appear to us, and we to them, when God wills it, and in any manner in which He wishes: but that they are so. In 1824, Dr. Barthe and Mr. Smithson visited Oberlin and was versed with him on these subjects. They asked him how he could distinguish his wife's appearance from dreams; and he asked them how they could distinguish one color from another. He told them that they might as well attempt to persuade him that it was not the same as a table at which they sat, or that he did not receive these visits from his wife; at the same time that he was perfectly free from any trace of dreaminess or fascination. He said that the atmosphere was so dense for seeing spirits. Taking up several pieces of flint, he held them to the fire and burned them, but not alike, but that some had so much iron in them as it was magnetic, others had none. So it was with the faculty of seeing-see- ing. People might laugh, but the thing was fact neverthe- less. Like Swedenborg, he said his wife declared that every- thing on earth was but a copy of the material world. At length his wife sent him a message by another deceased person, that she was now elevated to a higher state, and could no longer revisit the earth: nor did she ever after communicate with him. All these communications are confirmed by his friend and biographer Herr Storer.

FUTILITY OF PRIDE—Alexander the Great seeing Diogenes looking about, noticed at a large collection of human bones piled one upon another, which Diogenes was examining. Alexander said, "I am searching," said Diogenes "for the bones of your father, but I cannot distinguish them from those of his slaves."
The following felicitous picture of childhood life is from a HOLIDAY ROMANCE by Charles Dickens. It is supposed to be written by "William Tinkling, Esq.," aged eight, doubtless, only Bill Tinkling in vulgar parlance. He and another hero, boy Bob Redforth (or Colonel Robin Redbreast) conspire to carry off their wives (whom they respectively married in a corner closet) from the hated school of the Misses Drowney and Grimmer. Bob Tinkling, the editor of this story, tells what comes of it.

The long-spring is not made out of anybody's head you know. It's real. You must believe this beginning-part more than what comes after, else you won't understand how what comes after came to be written. You must believe it all, but you must believe this most please. I am the Editor of it. Bob Redforth (he's my cousin, and shaking the table on purpose) wanted to be the Editor of it, but I said he shouldn't because he couldn't. He had no ideas of being an Editor.

Nettie Ashford is my Bride. We were married in the right hand closet in the corner of the dancing-school where first we met, with a ring (a green one, Bob Redforth, and a toy shop), I bought for her a pair of hates-money. When the rapturous ceremony was over, we all four went up the lane and left off a cannon (brought loaded in Bob Redforth's waistcoat pocket) to announce our Nuptials. It flew right up when it went off and turned itself to pieces and left behind it the sound of a cannon, all united, with similar ceremonies, to Alice Rainbird. This time, the cannon bust with a most terrible explosion, and made a puppy bark.

My poor dear Bride was, at the period of which we now treat, in the care of Miss Grimmer's. Drowney and Grimmer is the partnership, and opinion is divided which the greatest Beat is. The lovely bride of the Colonel was also immersed in the dungeons of the same establishment. A row was entered into between the Colonel and myself that we would cut them out on the following Wednesday when walking two and two.

Under the circumstances of the case, the active brain of the Colonel; combined with his lawless pursuit (he is a pirate), suggested an attack by fireworks. This from motives of humanity, was abandoned as too expensive.

Lightly armed with a paper bag buttoned under his jacket, and waving the dreadless black flag at the end of a cane, the Colonel took command of me at 2 p.m. on the eventful and appointed day. He had drawn out the plan of attack on a piece of paper which was rolled up round a poop stick. He showed it to me and said, "Now don't fancy for an instant that my real ears don't stick out horizontal" was behind a corner lamp-post, with written orders to remain there till I should see Miss Drowney fall. The Drowney who was to fall was the one in spectacles, not the one with the large lavender bonnet. At that moment, seize the Colonel, and fight my way to the lane. There a junction would be effected between myself and the Colonel, and putting our bridles behind us, between ourselves and the pelings, we were to conquer or die.

The enemy appeared—approached. Waving his black flag, the Colonel attacked. Confusion ensued. Anxiously I awaited my signal. All at once the signal came not. So far from falling, the hated Drowney in spectacles appeared to have muffed the Colonel's head in his outlawed banner, and to be pitching into him with a parerol. The one in the lavender bonnet also performed prodigies of valour with her fists on his back. Seeing that all was for the moment lost, I fought my desperate way hand to hand to the lane. Though taking the back road, I was so fortunate as to meet nobody, and arrived there uninterrupted.

Having an age ere the Colonel joined me. He had been to the jobbing-sellar's to be sewn up in several places, and attributed our defeat to the refusal of the detested Drowney to fall. Finding her so obstinate he had said to her in a loud voice, "Die recreant!" but had found her no more open to reason on that occasion than the others before me. My blossoming bride appeared, accompanied by the Colonel's bride, at the dancing school next day. What? Was her face averted from me? Hiah! Even so. With a look of scorn she passed him, the other partner. On the paper was pencilled, "Heavenly! Can I write the words? In my husband a Cow."

In the first bewildermens of my heated brain I tried to think what slanderer could have traced my family to the ignoble animal mentioned above. Vain were my endeavors. At the end of that dance I whispered the Colonel to come into the cloak-room, and all I dwelt on the subject was the Colonel's cow. "There is a syllable wanting," said he, with a gloomy brow. "Hah! What syllable?" was my inquiry.

"She asks, Can she write the word? And no; you see she couldn't," said the colonel pointing out the passage.

And then the end of the story.

"Cow—cow—coward," hissed the Pirate-Colonel in my ear, and gave me back the note.

Feeling that I must forever tread the earth a branded boy—perpetually marked with the disgrace of having dared to be tried by a court-martial The Colonel admitted my right to be tried. Some difficulty was found in composing the court, on account of the Emperor of France's aunt refusing to let him come out. He was to be the President. Ere we yet had appointed a substitute, he made his escape over the back-wall and stood among us, a free monarch.

The court was held on the grass by the pond. I recognized in a certain Admiral among my judges my deadliest foe. A cocomacot had given rise to language which I could not brook. But confiding in my innocence, and also in the knowledge that the President of the United States (who sat next to him) owed me a knife. I braced myself for the ordeal.

It was a solemn spectacle that court. Twoexecutioners with thatched hoods and brass plumes to the sides carried my umbrellas. I perceived my bride supported by the bride of the Pirate-Colonel. The President (having reprové a little female for tittering on a matter of life and death) called upon me to plead, "Coward or no cowards, guilty or not guilty?" I pleaded "Not guilty." I filled the form to the best of my ability. (The little female ensign being again reprové by the President for misconduct, mutinied, left the court, and threw stones.)

My implacable enemy, the Admiral, conducted the case against me. The Colonel's bride was called to prove that I had had a bandolier with me during the engagement. I might have been spared the anguish of my own bride's being also made a witness to the same point, but the Admiral knew where to wound me. Be still, my soul, no matter. The Colonel was then brought forward with his evidence.

It was for this point that I had saved myself up, as the turning point of my cause. Shaking myself free of my guards—who had no busines to hold me, the stupidus unless I was found guilty—I asked the Colonel which he considered the first duty of a soldier. Ere he could reply, the President of the United States rose and informed the court that my foe the Admiral had suggested "Bravery," and that prompting a witness wasn't fair. The president of the court immediately ordered the Admiral's mouth to be filled with leaves and tied up with string. The sound of the sentence carried into effect, before the proceedings went further.

I then took a paper from my trousers-pocket, and asked: "What do you consider, Colonel Redforth, the first duty of a soldier? Is it obedience?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Is that paper—please to look at it—in your hand?"

"Is," said the Colonel.

"Is it a military sketch?"

"It is," said the Colonel.

"Of an engagement?"

"Quite so," said the Colonel.

"Of the late engagement?"

"Of the late engagement?"

"Please to describe it, and then hand it to the President of the court."

From that triumphant moment my sufferings and dangers were at an end. The court rose up and jumped, on discovering that I had strictly obeyed orders. My foe, the Admiral, was stratégie, and was contrived to suggest that I was dishonored by having quitted the field. But the Colonel himself had done as much, and gave his opinion, upon his word and honor as a Pirate, that when all was lost the field might be quitted without disgrace. I was going to be found "No coward and not guilty," and my blossoming bride was going to be publicly restored to her arms in a procession, when an unlooked for event disturbed the general rejoicing. This was no other than the Emperor of France's aunt catching hold of my colonel's proceedings abruptly terminated, and the court tumultuously dissolved.

There have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetical is that given by a lady in New York. "A gentleman," said she, "is a humble being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."
A curious account of serpent charming.

In the room stood two men, who appeared to be Arabs, with long, bushy hair and black beards; and it is said that they were a particular race of men that dealt in charmed serpents.

A wooden box, about four feet long and two feet deep, was placed near the door, with a string fastened a slide at the end of it; this string went through a hole in the door. The two serpent-charmers were dressed in black, and those very small ones. After they had gone through their religious ceremonies most devoutly, they peared to take an eternal farewell of each other; a rope, one of them retired from the room and shut the door close after him.

The Arab within seemed to be in dreadful distress; could observe his heart throbb and his bosom heave; and he cried out very loudly, “Allah u akbar” three times, which is, “God have mercy on me!”

The Arab was at the further end of the room; and that instant the cage was opened and a serpent put out slowly; he was about four feet long and eight inches in circumference; his colors were the most beautiful in nature, being bright and variegated, with deep yellow, a purple and a cream color, black and somewhat spotted, &c. As soon as he saw the Arab in the room his eyes, which were small and green, kindled as with fire; he erected himself in a second, his two feet high, and, darting on the defenseless Arab, seized him between the folds of his haik, just over his right hip bone, hissing most horribly; the Arab gave a horrid shriek, when another serpent met him out of the cage. This was black, very shining; it appeared to be seven or eight feet long, not more than two inches in diameter. As soon as he cleared the cage he darted his fiery eyes on his intended victim, and, springing like lightning on the Arab, struck his fangs into his neck, near the jugular vein, while his tail and body flew round his body in two or three dissections.

The Arab set up the most hideous and piteous yell, foamed and frothed at the mouth, grasping the cage of the serpent, which was round his arms, with both hands, and seemed to be in the greatest agony.

By this time the other had twisted itself around his right hand, and kept biting all round the other parts of his body, making apparently deep incisions, the blood issuing from every wound, both in his neck and body, and streaming all over his clothes and skin. My God was chilled with horror at this sight, and it was with difficulty that I could support myself.

Notwithstanding the Arab’s greatest exertions to escape the serpents with his hand, they twined themselves still tighter, stopped his breath, and he fell to the floor, where he continued for a moment, as if the most inconceivable agony, rolling over and covering every part of his body with his own blood and breath, until he ceased to move and appeared to have expired. In his last struggle he had wounded the black serpent with his teeth, as it was straining, as it were, to force its head into his mouth; which wound was a deep wound, opening its rage.

At this instant I heard the shrill sound of a whistle, and, looking toward the door, saw the other Arab applying a call to his mouth, the serpents listened to the music; their fury seemed to forsake them by degrees; they disengaged themselves leisurely from the apparently lifeless carcasses; and, creeping toward the cage, they soon entered it and were immediately fastened in.

The door of the apartment was now opened, and he without ran to assist his companion; he had a phial of blackish liquor in one hand, and an iron chisel in the other; finding the teeth of his companion set, he thrust it in the chisel, forced them open, and then poured a little of the liquor into his mouth; and holding his lips together, applied his mouth to the dead man’s nose and filled his lungs with air; he next anointed his number with wounds with a little of the same liquid; and yet no sign of life appeared. I thought he was dead in earnest; his neck and veins were exceedingly swollen. Then his comrade, taking up the lifeless trunk in his arms, brought it out into the open air, and continued the operation of blowing for several minutes before a sign of life appeared; at length he gasped, and after a time recovered so far as to be able to speak. The swelling in his neck, body and legs gradually subsided as they continued washing the wounds with clear cold water and a sponge, and applying the black liquor occasionally. Clean garments were wrapped about him, but his strength seemed so far exhausted that he could not support himself standing; so his comrade laid him on the ground, by a wall, where he sunk into a sleep.

This exhibition lasted for about an hour from the time the serpents were let loose until they were called off, and it was more than an hour from that time before he could speak. I thought that I could discover that the poisonous fangs had been pulled out of these formidable serpents’ jaws, and mentioned that circumstance to the showman, who said that they had indeed been extracted; and when I wished to know how the swellings on his neck and other parts could be assumed, he assured me that though their deadly fangs were out, yet that the poisonous quality of their breath and spittle cause the death of those they attack; that after a bite from either of these serpents no man could exist longer than fifteen minutes, and that there was no remedy for any but those who were endowed by the Almighty with power to charm and to manage them; and that he and his associate were of that favored number.

Old and new systems of teaching vocal music.

No. II.

By Professor Jno. Pullidge.

Before referring to other matters I must be allowed to make special reference to the cultivation of the art by the ancient musicians in England.

By the perusal of musical history it will be found that vocal fluency at sight, was confined to the higher circles of society, and that the genuine sons of worth—the artisan, and the cultivators of the soil were excluded from the enjoyment of such pleasing and healthy recreations.
work (we can teach them those requirements with much greater ease than we can make musicians,) but we say what instrument do you play? 'The clarionette' says the applicant. 'You won't, I want a leading violin,' and when we find the player that suits us he is engaged.'

"I enquired," said the Rev. Taylor, "whether the men did not feel more inclined for sleep after a hard day's work than they did for music."

"I must confess," says the farmer 'that we do feel a little sleepy after supper, but then the music soon puts us all right, and sometimes they get so inspired that I have to remind them of the hour, and break up. I can tell you," said he, 'that it pays to keep a band, independent of the amusement, for we have a great deal more work done than we otherwise should.'"

Similar accounts reached the British Parliament, and it induced them in the year 1840 to employ Mr. Hullah to proceed to Paris in company with the Committee of Council on Education to inspect the method adopted in the elementary schools; and also to communicate with the Minister of Public Instruction, and with Mr. Wilhem,—the compiler of the system taught in Paris—previous to the preparation of a work for the use of the elementary schools in England.

Having written as much as you have space to insert I will delay—until my next paper—reference to Mr. Hullah's operations in class teaching in England.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

FOR MAY.

See to peas, move the ground about them, and if dry, water in the middle of the day. Stick long-growing, and if you choose, half-dwarfs also. Where parsnip, carrot, onion and other small seeds have been planted last month on dry land, see to them, they may want water. Uncover and tie up grape vines. Look after and procure early cabbage plants, set out freely, and dispense not with the tomato. If frame plants cannot be had, sow good seed in the open grounds, plant liberally and eat freely. Transplant lettuce, and keep young cress wet on dry land, and if you have bread and butter, eat cress and young lettuce with it, with a liberal sprinkling of young onions. Let young women eat salads freely instead of stone coals, old adobies and other rubbish, and drink cold water instead of strong tea, coffee or vinegar. Sow more peas and radish seed, and plant potatoes on new ground for early use. Cut out seed from rhubarb plants, mulch and keep them wet. Look at asparagus rows and prepare for a feast. Keep all newly transplanted trees, cuttings and young tree plants from the seed, judiciously watered after hot dry days. Hoe strawberry rows carefully and water in the middle of the day, for they need much moisture while forming their flowers and fruit. Cut out suckers from roses, and fork into flower beds manure two or three years old; trim perennials, and sow the seed of annuals in finely pulverized ground. Suspect the sowing of wheat till: the grasshoppers have taken towing; have the land ready and then sow fearlessly. Make and drink dandelion beer, it sweetens the blood, and corrects the stomach and bowels; use the root and tops. Clean out cellars, and whitewash the walls of sleeping and living rooms, for it is more expensive to be a physician than a washerwoman.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A Good Place for Early Birds.—The city of Worms.

Walking Pestilence.—Pompous Teacher; “Now then, scholars, what is the pestilence that walketh in darkness?”—Thin Little girl: “Please, sir, it’s fleas.”

Delicious.—To have a pretty girl open the front door, and mistake you for her cousin.

More Delicious.—To have her remain deceived till she has kissed you twice, and hugged the buttons off your coat, exclaiming, “Ma, here’s Chawlies.”

Most Delicious.—To favor the mistake until the lady discovers it herself, and have a big brother come along the entry, catch you by the collar, half shake the life out of you, and ask you what you are doing to his sister, with an agreeable hint at satisfaction.

“I say, John, where did you get that rogue’s hat?”
“Please, your honor,” said John, “tis an old one of yours that misused gave me yesterday, when you went to town.”

A good sort of a man was recently asked to subscribe for a chandelier for the church.—“Now,” said he, “what’s the use of a chandelier? After you get it you can’t get any one to play on it.”

A melancholy case of an apoplectic baker falling in a fit into his large dough-trough, and suffocating, is given in the papers. He wasn’t probably kneaded here below, or he would have risen.

Three boa constrictors were recently landed at one of the docks from Africa. One of the sailors of the ship which brought them said they were the most affectionate creatures he ever saw—always ready to embrace anybody.

“Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours, and found no game.”

“Just so,” said the farmer; “as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have.”

Melting.—To plunge a young lady six fathoms deep in happiness, give her two canary birds, a half dozen moonbeams, fifteen yards of silk, an ice cream, several rosebuds, a squeeze of the hand, and a promise of a new bonnet. If she won’t melt, it will be because she can’t.

The following is said to be the longest pause on record: An old gentleman, riding over Putney Bridge, turned around to his servant and said, “Do you like eggs, John?” “Yes, sir,” Here ended the conversation. The same gentleman, riding over the same bridge, that day twelvemonths, again turned round and said, “How?” “Poached, sir,” was the answer.

The Parish Clerk and the Railway Porter.—At a parish church in Essex lately, the clerk feeling unwell asked his friend; the railway porter, to take his place for a Sunday. He did so, but being worn out with night-work, fell asleep. When the hymn was announced a neighbor gave him a nudge, upon which he started up, rubbed his eyes, and called out, “Change here for Elsmaw, Thurston and Bury!”

Ancient Science.—A “man of science in his day,” which was nearly two hundred years ago, wrote as follows, respecting lightning:

“If lightning kills one in his sleep, he dyes with his eyes opened. The reason is because it just wakes him, and kills him before he can shut his eyes again. If it kills one waking, his eyes will be found to be shut, because it so amazeth him, that he winketh and dyes before he can open his eyes again.”

A Couple of Legs.—It had been a stormy November day, when a commercial traveller alighted at the door of the Swan Inn. Mr. A., the lawyer, sat on one side of the fire; the new-comer, in what was called Traveller’s Chair, on the other. Mr. A’s leg was covered with a black silk stocking, the traveler’s was case in stout leather; when a bet was laid that the wearer of the silks would hold his leg longer in hot water than the wearer of the leather. The experiment was tried in boiling water. In two minutes the stranger was in agony, while the lawyer looked on with astonishment composure—his was a cork leg.

Tricks Played upon Negroes.—There is a bush story of a negro, who, for a bottle of rum, agreed to be strip to the waist and lie on his face, to be bitten for a quarter of an hour by the mosquitoes, at the joggings of New Brunswick. He endure his pests manfully, and had nearly won his prize, when one of the lumbermen who stood by, laid on him a piece of live charcoal, when the negro wriggled and twisted about frightfully; at last, unable to hold out any longer, he jumped up, calling out “Wooh! not bargain for dat; dat is dragon fly.”

THE TALL GENTLEMAN’S APOLOGY.

Upheld me not;—I never swore eternal love to thee,
For thou art only five feet high, and I am six feet three;
I wonder, dear, how you suppose that I could look so low,
There’s many a one can tie a knot, who cannot fix a beam.

Besides, you must confess, my love, the bargain scarcely fair,
For never could we make a match, altho’ we made a pair;
Marriage I know, makes one of two; but here’s the horrid bore,
My friends declare, if you are one, that I at least am four.

I do admit I wear a glass, because my sight’s not good,
But were I always quizzing you, it might be counted rude:
And though I use a concave lens,—by all the gods! I hope
My wife will never look up to me through a Henschel’s telescope.

Then fare thee well, my gentle one! I ask no parting kiss,
I must not break my back to gain so exquisite a prize;
Nor will I weep lest I should burst so delicate a flower,—
The tears that fall from such a height, would be a thunder-shower.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Office: Godbe’s Exchange Buildings.
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

Per Year .......................................................... $7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] ........................................ 4.00
Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

Clubs.—Any person obtaining ten six-monthly subscriptions will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons clubbing together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office, or addressed Box 237 Post Office, Salt Lake City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE “DESSERT NEWS.”
THE
UTAH MAGAZINE;
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 18 [Vol. 1]
SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 9, 1868.

POETRY.

"T' THE BUD."

As lovelier simmer gloamin',
Down by the Craigie Wood,
I put a two bonnie rosebuds,
A white and as red.

The white was for a lassie,
The red was for myself;
I took them home and sent them
With water fresh the well.

Bairth late an' air I watched them
With fond an' anxious eye,
For I thought in them an emblem
Of the future I might see.

I waited for them openin'
In fragrant beauty wide,
An' breathin' out their sweetness,
As they nestled side by side.

An' I 'wove the glowlin' fancy
That a' young lovers ken,
O' a lang an' lovin' lifetime
Aye brillter till the en.

'Twas foolish ay, an' sinful;
But true it proved for a';
The red bud blossomed lassily,
The white ane dwined awa'.

O heart! be strong to bear it;
O seal fears keep free;
O life! be pure and noble—
An angel watcheth thee.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[Continued.]

As the royal party entered London by the great bridge which divided Southwark from the capital, the deep dark eye of William dwelt admiringly on the bustling groups on the broad river, and the forests of masts which rose by the indented marge near Berlin's gate, or Billingeigate. And he exclaimed aloud:

"By rood and mass, O dear king, thy lot hath fallen on a goodly heritage!"

"Hem!" said Edward, lazily; "thou knowest not how troublesome these Saxons are. And while thou speakest, lo, on you shattered walls, built first, they say, by Alfred of holy memory, are the evidence of the Danes. Bethink thee how often they have sailed up this river. How know I but what the next year the raven flag may stream over these waters? Magnus of Denmark hath already claimed my crown as heir to the royalties of Canute, and" (here Edward hesitated) "Goodwin and Harold, whom alone of my kings, Dane and Northman fear, are far away."

"Miss not them, Edward, my cousin," cried the duke in haste. "Send for me if danger threatens thee. Ships enew await thy brest in my new port of Cherburg. And I tell thee this for thy comfort, that were I king of the English, and lord of this river, the citizens of London might sleep from vespers to prime, without fear of the Dane. Never again should the raven flag be seen by this bridge! Never, I swear, by the splendor divine!"

Not without purpose spoke William thus stoutly; and he turned on the king those glittering eyes which the chroniclers have praised and noted. For it was his hope and his aim, in this visit, that his cousin Edward should formally promise him that goodly heritage of England. But the king made no rejoinder, and they rode on, passing through London with its busy scenes, and on until they reached the isle of Thorney where the new palace of Edward—the palace of Westminster—opened its gates to receive the Saxon king and Norman duke. And as the duke glanced from brows, habitually knit, first over the pile, stately though not yet completed, with its long rows of round-arched windows, cased by indented fringes and fret (or tooth) work, its sweep of solid columns with circular cloisters, and its pondersous towers of simple grandeur; then over the groups of courtiers, with close veasts, and short mantles and beardless checks, that filled up the wide space, to gaze in homage on the renowned guest, his heart swelled within him, and checking his rein, he drew near to his brother of Bayeux, and whispered:

"Is not this already the court of the Normans? Behold you nobles and earls, how they mimic our garb! Behold the very stones in you gate, how they range themselves, as if carved by the hand of the Norman mason! Verely and indeed, brother, the shadow of the rising sun rests already on these halls."

"Had England no people," said the bishop, "England were yours already. But saw you not, as we rode along, the lowering brows? and heard you not the angry murmurs? The villeins are many, and their hate is strong."
"Strong is the roar I bestride," said the duke; "but a bold rider curtsies it with the steel of the bit, and guides it with the goad of the heel."

And now, as they sauntered the gate a band of minstrels in the pay of the Norman touched their instruments, and wove their song—the household song of the Norman—the battle hymn of Roland, the Paladin of Charles the Great. At the first word of the song, the Norman knights and youths, profusely scattered among the Normanized Saxons, caught up the lay, and with sparkling eyes, and choral voices, they welcomed the mighty duke into the palace of the last meek successor of Woden.

By the porch of the inner court the duke flung himself from his saddle, and held the stirrup for Edward to dismount. The king placed his hand gently on his guest's broad shoulder, and, having somewhat slowly reached the ground, embraced and kissed him in the sight of the gorgeous assemblage; then led him by the hand towards the fair chamber which was set apart for the duke, and so left him to his attendants.

After changing their attire and hearing veepers, the king and his guests repaired to their evening meal in the great hall of the palace, where they assembled the flower of the Saxon nobility to greet the princely visitor and the knights of his train.

Hungry as were the guests it was not the custom of that holy court to fall to without due religious ceremonial; it is even said that great festivals were preceded by no less an effort of lungs and memory than a musical recital of all the Psalms of David. This day, however, to Edward's surprise and displeasure, they were let off with the short and unseemly preparation of only nine psalms by way of grace, with one hymn in honor of some obscure saint to whom the day was dedicated. Thus performed the guests resumed their seats. Edward murmuring an apology to William for the strange omission, and saying thrice to himself, "Naught, naught—very naught."

This festival was interrupted by the arrival of one Taillefer a Norman knight, accompanied by a simple priest, afterwards the great Lanfrancc the scholar and archbishop, bringing news from William's duchy of the revolt of some of his nobles; and worse than all, of an attempt by the clergy to prevent his contemplated marriage with Matilda of Flanders. Secretly unfolding their mission after the festival the angry and furious duke resolved speedily to return to Normandy.

The next morning William, after his knights, a gorgeous company, were ready for his departure, took his way to King Edward's apartments. In the anteroom he met the warlike old earl, Goodwin's rival, Seward, Earl of the Northumbrians, waiting to obtain permission from Edward to attack the bloody tyrant Macbeth of Scotland.)

Therewith, the duke approached courteously, and, doffing the cap he had hitherto retained, he greeted the old hero with those compliments which the Norman had already learned in the courts of the Frank.

The stout earl received them coldly, and, replying in Danish to William's Romance-tongue, he said—

"Pardon, Count of the Normans, if these old lips cling to their old words. Both of us, methinks, date our lineage from the lands of the Norse. Suffer Seward to speak the language the sea-kings spoke. The oak transplants not, and the old man keeps the ground where his youth took root."

The duke, who with some difficulty comprehended the general meaning of Siward's speech, bit his lip, but replied courteously,

"The youths of all nations may learn from renowned age. Much doth it shame me that I cannot commune with thee in the ancestral tongue; but the angels at least know the language of the Norman Christian, and I pray them and the saints for a calm end to thy brave career."

"Pray not to angel or saint for Siward, son of Beorn," said the old man hastily; "let me not have a cow's death, but a warrior's; die in my mail of proof, ax in hand, and helm on head. And such may be my death, if Edward the king reads my deeds and grants my prayer."

"I have influence with the king," said William; "name thy wish that I may back it."

"The fiend forfiend," said the grim earl, "that a foreign prince should sway England's king, or that thegn and earl should ask other backing than legal service and just cause. If Edward be the saint men call him, he will loose me on the hell-wolf, without other cry than his own conscience."

The duke turned inquiringly to Rolf; who, thus appealed to said:

"Siward urges my uncle to espouse the cause of Malcolm of Cumbria against the bloody tyrant Macbeth; and but for the disputes of the traitor Goodwin, the king had long since turned his armies to Scotland."

"Call not traitors, young man," said the earl, in high disdain, "those who, with all their faults and crimes, have placed thy kinsman on the throne of Canute."

"Hush, Rolf," said the duke, observing the fierce young Norman about to reply hastily. "But me-thought, though my knowledge of English troubles is but scant, that Siward was the sworn foe to Goodwin?"

"Foe to him in his power, friend to him in his wrongs," answered Siward. "And if England needs defenders, when I and Goodwin are in our shrouts, there is but one man worthy of the days of old, and his name is Harold, the outlaw."

"William's face changed remarkably, despite all his dissimulation; and with a slight inclination of the head, he strode on moody and irritated.

"This Harold! this Harold!" he muttered to himself, "all brave men speak to me of this Harold! Even my Norman knights name him with reluctant reverence, and even his foes do him honor; verily his shadow is cast from exile all over the land."

Thus murmuring he passed the throng with less than his wonted affable grace, and pushing back the officers who wished to precede him, entered without ceremony, Edward's private chamber.

The king was alone but talking loudly to himself, gesticulating vehemently, and altogether so changed from his ordinary placid apathy of men, that William drew back in alarm and awe. Often had he heard indirectly that, of late years, Edward was said to see visions, and be rapt from himself into the world of spirit and shadow; and such, he doubted not, was the strange paroxysm of which he was made the witness. Edward's eyes were fixed on him, but evidently without recognizing his presence; the king's hands were outstretched, and he cried aloud in a voice of sharp anguish.
"Sanguine, Sanguine! — the Lake of Blood! — the waves spread, the waves redden! Mother of mercy — where is the ark? — where the Ararat? Fly — fly — this way — this" — and he caught convulsively hold of William’s arm. "No! there the corpses are piled — high and higher — there the horse of the Apocalypse tramples the dead in their gore."

In great horror, William took the king, now gasping on his breast, in his arms, and laid him on his bed, beneath its canopy of state, all blazoned with the martlets and cross of his insignia. Slowly Edward came to himself, with heavy sighs; and, when at length, he sat up and looked around, it was with evident unconsciousness of what had passed across his bagged and wandering spirit, for he said, with his usual drowsy calmness—

"Thanks, Guillaume, bien amié, for rousing me from unseasoned sleep. How fares it with thee?"

"Nay, how with thee, dear friend and king? thy dreams have been troubled."

"Not so; I slept so heavily, methinks I could not have dreamed at all. But thou art clad as for a journey — spurn on thy heel, staff in thy hand!"

"Long since, O dear host, I sent Odo to tell thee of the ill news from Normandy, which compelled me to depart."

"I remember — I remember me now," said Edward, passing his pale womanly fingers over his forehead. "The heathen rage against thee. Ah! my poor brother, a crown is an awful head-gear. While yet time, why not both seek some quiet convent, and put away these earthly cares?"

William smiled and shook his head. "Nay, holy Edward, from all I have seen of convents, it is a dream to think that the monk’s serge hides a calmer breast than the warrior’s mail, or the king’s ermine. Now give me thy benison, for I go."

He knelt as he spoke, and Edward bent his hands over his head, and blessed him. Then, taking from his own neck a collar of zimmes (jewels and uncut gems) of great price, the king threw it over the broad throat bent before him, and rising, clapped his hands. A small door opened, giving a glimpse of the oratory within, and a monk appeared.

"Father, have my hesas been fulfilled? — hath Hugo-line, my treasurer, dispensed the gifts that I spoke of?"

"Verely yes; vault, cofor, and garderobe — stall and meuse — are well nigh drained," said the monk, with a sour look at the Norman, whose native avarice gleamed in his dark eyes as he heard the answer,

"Thy train go not hence empty-handed," said Edward fondly. "Thy father’s halls sheltered the exile, and the exile forgets not the sole pleasure of a king — the power to requite. We may never meet again, William — age creeps over me, and who will succeed to my thorny throne?"

William longed to answer — to tell the hope that consumed him — to remind his cousin of the vague promise in their youth, that the Norman count should succeed to that "thorny throne" — but the presence of the saxon monk repelled him, nor was there in Edward’s uneasy look much to allure him on.

"But peace," continued the king, "be between thine and mine, as between thee and me!"

"Amen," said the duke, "and I leave thee at least free from the proud rebels who so long disturbed thy reign. This house of Goodwin, thou wilt not again let it tower above thy palace?"

"Nay, the future is with God and his saints," answered Edward feebly. "But Goodwin is old — older than I, and bowed by many storms."

"Ay, his sons are more to be dreaded and kept aloof — mostly Harold!"

"Harold — he was ever obedient, he alone of his kith; truly my soul mourns for Harold," said the king, sighing.

"The serpen’s egg hatches but the serpent. Keep thy heel on it," said William sternly.

"Thou speakest well," said the irresolute prince, who never seemed three days or three minutes together in the same mind. "Harold is in Ireland — there let him rest; better for all."

"For all," said the duke; "so the saints keep thee, O royal saint!"

He kissed the king’s hand, and strode away to the hall where Odo, Fitzosborne, and the priest Lanfranc awaited him. And so that day, half-way towards the fair town of Dover, rode Duke William, and by the side of his roan barb ambled the priest’s paltry.

Behind came his gallant train, with tumbrils and sweating mules laden with baggage, and enriched by Edward’s gifts; while Welsh hawks, and seers of great price from the pastures of Surrey and the plains of Cambridge and York, attested no less acceptably than zimmes, and golden chain, and broderied robe, the munificence of the grateful king.

As they journeyed on, and the fame of the duke’s coming was sent abroad by the bodes or messengers, dispatched to prepare the towns through which he was to pass for an arrival sooner than expected; the more highborn youths of England, especially those of the party counter to that of the banished Goodwin, came round the way to gaze upon the famous chief, who from the age of fifteen, had wielded the most doubtable sword in Christendom. And those youths wore the Norman garb; and in the towns, Norman counts held his stirrup to dismount, and Norman hostes spread the fastidious board, and when, at the eve of the next day, William saw the number of one of his own favorite chiefs waving in the van of armed men, that saluted forth from the tower of Dover (the key of the coast), he turned to the Lombard, still by his side, and said:

"Is not England part of Normandy already?"

And the Lombard answered:

"The fruit is well nigh ripe, and the first breeze will shake it to thy feet. Put not out thy hand too soon. Let the wind do its work."

And the duke made reply:

"As thou thinkest, so think I. And there is but one wind in the halls of heaven that can waft the fruit to the feet of another."

"And that?" asked the Lombard.

"Is the wind that blows from the shores of Ireland, when it fills the sails of Harold, son of Goodwin."

"Thou fearest that man, and why?" asked the Lombard with interest.

And the duke answered:

"Because in the breast of Harold beats the heart of England."
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DON BOUGICAUT.

CHAPTER I.

CONTINUING

Scarcely a word was spoken for some minutes, and then the younger man broke out suddenly: "Robert Penfold is the best friend I ever had. I almost cried when I heard you expelled, but for him, and I should never have earned that Testamur but for him."

The old merchant interrupted him.

"You exaggerate; but, to tell the truth, I am sorry now I did not lend him the money you asked for. For, mark my words, in a moment of temptation, that miserable young man has forged my name, and will be convicted of the felony, and punished accordingly."

"No, no; O, God forbid!" shrieked young Wardlaw. "I couldn't bear it. If he did, he must have intended to replace it. I must see him; I will see him directly."

He got up all in a hurry, and was going to Penfold to warn him, and get him out of the way till the money should be replaced. But his father started up at the same moment and forbade him in accents that he had never yet been able to resist.

"Sit down, sir, this instant," said the old man, with a terrible sternness. "Sit down, I say, or you will never be a partner of mine. Justice must take its course. What business and what right have we to protect a felon? I would not take part in your one. Indeed it is too late now, for the detectives will be with him before you could reach him. I gave Adams his address."

At this last piece of information Wardlaw junior leaned his head on the table, and groaned aloud, and a cold perspiration gathered in beads upon his white forehead.

CHAPTER II.

That same evening sat over their tea, in Norfolk street, Strand, another couple, who were also father and son; but, in this case, the Wardlaws were reversed.

Michael Penfold was a reverend, gentle creature, with white hair, blue eyes, and great timidity; why, if a stranger put him to a question, he used to look all round the room before he ventured to answer.

Robert, his son, was a young man, with a large brown eye, a mellow voice, square shoulders, and a prompt and vigorous manner. Cricketer. Scholar. Parson.

They were talking hopefully together over a living Robert was going to buy; it was near Oxford, he said, and would not prevent him from studying.

"But, father," said he, "it will be a place to take my wife to if I ever have one; and, meantime, I hope you will run down now and then, Saturday to Monday."

"That I will, Robert. All how proud sirs would have to hear you preach; it was always her dream, poor thing."

"Let us think she can hear me," said Robert. "And have you got you still; the proceeds of this living will help me to lodge you more comfortably."

"You are very good Robert; I would rather see you spend it upon yourself, but, dear me, what a manager you must be to dress so beautifully as you do, and send your old father presents as you do, and yet put by fourteen hundred pounds to buy this living."

"You are mistaken, sir, I have only saved four hundred; the odd thousand—but that is a secret for the present." "O, I am not inquisitive: I never was."

They then chatted about things of no importance whatever, and the old gentleman was just lighting his candle to go to bed, when a visitor was ushered into the room.

The Penfolds looked a little surprised, but not much. They had no street door all to themselves; no liveried drags to intersect between them and unseasonable or unwelcome visitors.

The man was well dressed, with one exception; he wore a gold chain. He had a hooked nose, and a black, piercing eye. He stood at the door, and observed everything in the room minutely. He was obviously a man who, amiable young man, had taken a fancy to the place.

Then be said, quietly, "Mr. Michael Penfold, I believe."

"At your service, sir."

"And Mr. Robert Penfold."

"I am Robert Penfold. What is your business?"

"Pray is the 'Robert Penfold' at the back of this note you writing?"

"Certainly it is; they would not cash it without that."

"O, you got the money, then?"

"Of course I did."

"You have not parted with it, have you?"

"No."

"All the better."

He then turned to Michael, and looked at him earnestly a moment.

"The fact is, sir," said he, "there is a little irregularity about this bill, which must be explained, or your son might be called on to refund the cash."

"What—ah! a bill?" cried Michael Penfold, in dismay. "Who is the drawer? Let me see. O, dear me, something wrong about a bill endorsed by you, Robert?" and the old man began to shake piteously.

"Why, father," said Robert, "what are you afraid of? If the bill is irregular, I can but return the money. It is in the house."

"The best way will be for Mr. Robert Penfold to go at once with me to the bill-broker; he lives but a few doors off. And you, sir, must stay here, and be responsible for the funds, till we return."

Robert Penfold took his hat directly, and went off with this mysterious visitor.

They had not gone many steps, when Robert's companion stopped, and, getting in front of him, said, "We can settle this matter here."

At the same time a policeman crossed the way, and joined them; and another man, who was in fact a policeman in plain clothes, emerged from a door-way, and stood at Robert Penfold's back.

The Detective, having thus surrounded him, threw off disguise.

"My man," said he, "ought to have done this job in your house. But I looked at the worthy old gentleman, and his grey hairs. I thought I'd spare him all I could. I have a warrant to arrest you for forgery!"

"Forgery! arrest me for forgery?" said Robert Penfold, with some amazement, but little emotion; for he hardly seemed to take it in, in all its horrible significance.

The next moment, however, he turned pale, and almost staggered under the blow.

"We had better go to Mr. Wardlaw," said he. "I entreat you to go to him with me."

"Can't be done," said the detective. "Wardlaw has nothing to do with it. This bill is stopped. You are arrested by the constable. Here is the warrant; will you go quietly with us, or must I put the darbies on?"

Robert was violently agitated.

"There is no need to arrest me," he cried. ".I shall not run from the constable. I say, I am a clergyman of the Church of England, and you shall not lay hands on me."

But one of the policemen did lay hands on him. Then the Reverend Robert Penfold shook him furiously off, and, with one active bound, sprang into the middle of the road.

The officers went at him incalculately, and the head detective, as he rushed forward, received a heavy blow on the neck and jaw, that sounded along the street, and sent him rolling in the mud; this was followed by a quick succession of staggering fevers, administrations right and left, on the eyes and noses of the subordinates. These, however, though bruised and bleeding, succeeded at last in grappling their man, and all came to the ground together, and there struggled furiously; every window in the street was open by this time, and at one the white hair and brown face of Michael Penfold looked out on this desperate and unseemly struggle, with hands that beat the air in helpless agony, and inarticulate cries of terror.

The detective got up and sat upon Robert Penfold's chest; and at last the three forced the handcuffs upon him, and took him in a cab to the station-house.

Next day, before the magistrates, Wardlaw senior proved the notes, and showed Mr. Adams' partner swore to the prisoner as the person who had presented and indorsed the notes. The officers attended, two with black eyes a-piece and one with his jaw bound up, and two sound teeth in his pocket, which had been driven from their sockets by the prisoner in his desperate attempt to escape. Their evidence hurt the prisoner, and the magistrate refused bail.

The Reverend Robert Penfold was committed for trial, to be tried at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of felony.
Warldlaw senior returned home and told Mrs. Lawson who said not a word. He soon received a letter from Robert Penfold, which agitated him greatly, and he promised to go to the prison and see him.

But he never went. He was very miserable, a prey to an inward struggle. He dared not offend his father on the eve of being made partner. Yet his heart bled for Robert Penfold.

He did what might perhaps have been expected from a man of that standing—she temporized. He said to himself, "Before that terrible trial comes on, I shall be the house of Warldlaw, and able to draw a check for thousands. I'll buy off Adams at any price, and bush up the whole matter."

So he hoped, and he hoped, and the hopes of the public prosecutor unsoundly quick, and, to young Warldlaw's agony, the partnership deed was not ready when an impolite letter was put into his hands, urging him, by all that men held sacred, to attend the court as the prisoner's witness.

This letter almost drove young Warldlaw mad.

He went to Adams, and entreated him not to carry the matter into court. But Adams was inexorable. He had got his money, but would be revenged for the fright.

At last here, young Warldlaw went down to Oxford and shut himself up in his room, prayed and remained. He sported his oak, and never went out. All his exercise was that of a wild beast in his den, walking restlessly up and down.

But all his caution did not prevent the prisoner's solicitor from attending.

One morning, at seven o'clock, a clerk slipped in at the heels of his scout, and coming to young Warldlaw's bedside, awoke him out of an uneasy slumber by serving him with a subpoena to appear as Robert Penfold's witness.

This last stroke finished him. His bodily health gave way at once. His voice was husky. Garrick fey strait set in, and he was lying tossing and raving in delirium, while Robert Penfold was being tried at the Central Criminal Court.

The trial occupied six hours, and could easily be made rather interesting. But, for various reasons, with which it would not be good taste to trouble the reader, we decide to skive it.

The verdict contained two counts: one for foraging, and note of hand; the other for uttering it, knowing it to be forged.

On the first count, the Crown was weak, and had to encounter the evidence of Undercliff, the distinguished Expert, who swore that the note was not Robert Penfold's. In Undercliff's opinion, the hand that had written the body of the instrument. He gave many minute reasons, in support of this; and nothing of any weight was advanced contra. The judge directed the jury to acquit. The jury, he remarked, was a nice body.

But, on the charge of uttering, the evidence was clear, and on the question of knowledge, it was, perhaps, a disadvantage to the prisoner that he was tried in England, and could not be heard in person, as he could have been in a foreign court; above all, his resistance to the officers cowed out the presumption that he knew the note had been forged by some person or other, who was probably his accomplice.

The absence of his witness, Warldlaw junior, was severely commented on by his counsel; indeed, he appealed to the judge to commit the said Warldlaw for contempt of court. But Warldlaw senior was recalled, and swore that he had left his son with the advice not to "Resist the law." He was deplorably ill, with genuine emotion, that nothing but a high sense of public duty had brought him hither from his dying son's bedside. He also told the court that Arthur's inability to clear his friend had really been the first cause of his illness, from which he was not.

The jury consulted together a long time, and at last, brought in a verdict of "Guilty," but recommended him to mercy, on grounds which might fairly have been alleged in favor of his innocence.

Then an officer of the court inquired, in a sort of chant or recitative, whether the prisoner had anything to say why judgment should not be given in accordance with the verdict.

It is easy to divest words of their meaning by false intonation, and to render that bit of singsong in dead silence. For why? the chant conveys no idea to their ears, and they would as soon think of replying to the notes of a cuckoo.

But the Reverend Robert Penfold was in a keen agony that sharpened all his senses; he caught the sense of the words in spite of the speaker, and clung wildly to the straw that monotonous machine held out. "My Lord! My Lord!" he cried. "I'll tell you the reason why young Warldlaw is not here."

The judge put up his hand with a gesture that enforced silence: "Prisoner," said he, "I cannot go back to facts; the jury have dealt with them. Judgement can be arrested only on grounds of law. On these you can be heard. But if you have to offer, you must be silent, and submit to your sentence."

He then, without a pause, proceeded to point out the heinous character of the offense, but admitted there was one mitigating circumstance. At conclusion, he condemned the culprit to five years penal servitude.

At this the poor wretch uttered a cry of anguish that was fearful, and clutched the dock convulsively.

Now a prisoner rarely speaks to a judge without revolting him, but this wretched man was innocent of all these, and went straight from the heart in the dock to the heart on the judgment-seat. And so his lordship's voice trembled for a moment, and then became firm again, but solemn and human.

"But," said he, "my experience tells me this is your first crime, and may possibly be your last. I shall therefore use my influence that you may not be associated with more hardened criminals, but may be sent out of this country to an outpost to make your life a wash, and in the course of years, efface this dreadful stain. Give me hope of you; begin your repentance where now you stand, by blaming yourself, and no other man. No man constrained you to utter a forged note and to receive the money; it was found in your pocket, and in your act there can be no defense in law, morality, or religion."

These words overpowered the culprit. He burst out crying with great violence. But it did not last long. He became strangely composure all of a sudden; and said, "God forgive all concerned in this—-one—but one."

He then bowed respectfully, and like a gentleman, to the judge and jury, and walked out of the dock with the air of a man who had parted with a portion of his soul, and would march to the gallows now without flinching.

The counsel for the Crown required that the forged document should be impounded.

"I was about to make the same demand," said the prisoner's counsel.

The judge snubbed them both, and said it was a matter of course.

Robert Penfold spent a year in separate confinement, and then, to cure him of his solitary effect (if any), was sent on board the "Voyager," and in the course of years, wrestles in creation. They did not reduce him to their level, but they injured his mind; and, before half his sentence had expired, he was hanged for a penal colony, a man with a hot cleaner in his head, but a beautiful, innocent, and patient, hoping little, believing little, fearing little, and hating much.

He took with him the prayer-book his mother had given him when he was ordained deacon. But he seldom read beyond the fly-leaf; there the poor lady had written at large her mother's heart, and her pious soul aspiring heavenward about her darling son. This, when all seemed darkest, he would sometimes run to with moist eyes; for he was sure of his mother's love, but almost doubted the justice of his God.

[TO BE CONTINUED]
HEPWORTH DIXON’S NEW WORK. “SPIRITUAL WIVES.”

As an instructive history of fanaticism, we present a brief digest of Hepworth Dixon’s last work. This book is not, as many have supposed, a work on Polygamy. It refers but incidentally to it. It is in the main a history of the various bodies which have held the idea that man and woman should only be united matrimonially in a purely spiritual manner, and that all such carnal relations as lead to the increase of the human family are debasing, and contrary to the exalted spiritual condition required by the Gospel.

Inasmuch as this theory would depopulate the earth and make it a desert in about a century, it would strike us with wonder as to how such people suppose the earth can get along on this arrangement, did we not find that all sects of this description are anticipating the speedy coming of the resurrection, in which case they suppose the repopulation of the earth will be no longer necessary.

The first of these peculiar sects is to be found far back in the times of ancient Prussia—a multitude of Germans who called themselves brethren and sisters of the Free Spirit. They held, as do modern Pietists, that a man may rise by divine grace to a higher liberty of the spirit in which it is impossible to commit sin. They were a strange people. They dared to defy Cardinals and Popes; they spat upon bulls andbriefs. Dressed in a poor garb they wandered from town to town, begging their bread, preaching to the poor, and railing against the pride and pomp of the established faith. Each brother was attended by a sister.

These brethren and sisters of the Free Spirit, invented the seraphic kiss; the kiss of love of innocence and peace. They did not marry. A seraphic kiss to them conveyed no taint. In them the sting of human passions had passed away; they professed to live on earth as the angels do in heaven—in love and innocence all their days.”

For nearly two hundred years Popes and Cardinals made war upon them, and hundreds of them perished in the flames.

Mr. Dixon’s work, for its next example of belief in spiritual wishism, takes us—where we should least expect to go for such a purpose—into aristocratic ranks among Barons, Countesses, Professors, and into the regions of royalty itself. This time still in Germany, but no later back than the year 1836. It introduces us to the very Reverend Archdeacon Ebel, a very eloquent and remarkable man, founder of the Ebelites, or as they are contemptuously styled in Germany, the Muckers. This gentleman while holding office in the Lutheran church managed to institute a new Christian society within it, in the secret working of which he was assisted by his adjutant the Rev. Heinrich Dieterl, and more especially by a number of noble ladies. This Reverend gentleman attracted all the noble blood of Ost Preussen around his pulpit, making of his congregation an assembly of counts, barons, countesses and councilors’ wives. Here he taught that the real followers of the gospel, should “be content not to marry; and if they were already married by the law that they should prefer to live as though they were not.” Desire was accounted a sign of the devil’s empire in the heart.

In Ebel’s new church the ladies became predominant. The Countess Ida von der Groben with two other noble ladies constituted, next to the Archdeacon, the governing power; these were assisted in their turn by an outer circle of high born and beautiful women, but the real destiny of the church was in the hands of the first three. Ebel was married but the Countess Ida was called by him his first spiritual wife; Emilie von Schrotter, another noble lady his second; while his legal wife was considered by him as his third.

This remarkable society, established within the very bosom of the established church of Germany, was popular many years, until one of its great supporters—a certain Professor Sachs—apostatized, and charged Ebel and Dieterl with a number of immoralities which were never proved. The case went before the High Courts, but so great was the number of noble families mixed up in the matter that it was found expedient not to sift it too closely. Ebel and his fellow minister were, after a two years trial degraded from their sacred offices which sentence was, however, afterwards partially reversed on an appeal to the royal court. Before Ebel died in 1861, societies were established in various parts of Germany, where, even now, they have considerable influence. Even King Friedrich Wilhelm IV of Prussia, is said to have privately been one of his disciples; with another great personage, no less than Pauline queen of Wurttemburg.

For further illustrations of the non-marrying or the purely spiritual marrying theory, Mr. Dixon takes us to the Agapemone or abode of love in Somerset, England. Under the leadership of Brother Prince once a minister of the Church of England, a number of wealthy persons, including several clergymen are gathered together in a luxurious abode—a sort of earthly paradise, where they hold to the doctrine of the carnality and unholiness of the reproduction of the species. To these peculiar ones may be added the Prefectionists of the United States—revivalistic bodies started about 1834 by Hyram Sheldon and John H. Noyes; who not only taught similar views of married life; but progressed to the doctrine taught by Swedenborg and the spiritualists of this age, that certain human beings among the sexes were created especially for each other; the chief end of life in this mixed world being to find one true spiritual mate, where unfortunately most parties are wrongly paired.

It will be both interesting and novel to many of our readers to learn that so far as “non-producing” is concerned, that Paul is claimed as the great basework of sects of this order. Did not Paul say, “cannot I lead about a sister, a wife;” and did he say he was married to her? Certainly not. Did he not say he wished all his followers as to marriage were as he was; and does not that very reliable source of information—tradition, tells us he was unmarried? And furthermore, does he not tell us that they that were married should “live as though they were not”? Who can doubt then, says this class, that carnal marriage is unsanctified and that
OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDON.

NO. III.

HULLAH'S SYSTEM—ITS HISTORY.

Never in the musical history of England was there so great an excitement as Mr. Hullah produced about the year 1840, by the introduction of vocal class teaching in London. Previous to that period singing by the aid of notes was but little practiced among the lower portion of the middle classes. The difficulty was, high terms and the absence of a definite system for teaching large bodies. When this great movement was announced, the profession, almost to a man, arose in opposition, and pronounced it an impossibility. "Vocal music," they said, "could not be taught in classes, and the attempt would be a welched failure."

Mr. P. Eck, a pupil of the Royal Academy, London, was most wrathful on the subject, and wrote a series of articles on the movement, which were pretty well circulated in London and the provinces, however, they did no harm, as Mr. Hullah had achieved an eminent position as a musician in London, and had also been elected to the Professor's chair at King's College. Moreover, the patronage of the British parliament was too strong for the profession to upset so great a movement; consequently the organization of his classes progressed with amazing rapidity, and thousands responded to his efforts.

Besides the forming of classes by the lower portion of tradesmen and artizans, Mr. Hullah was invited to private seminaries to instruct the young ladies in classes. On account of the vast increase of his labors he was compelled to apply for assistance. The musical profession all denied his application, but he at last found a gentleman—an amateur—of much musical talent, and who had also studied his manual, to assist him.

From Mr. Beleber—the gentleman referred to—I received the information of the progress of Mr. Hullah's class teaching in London.

His success was more due, I believe, to his own skill of teaching and composing his own examples, than from the superiority of the system he had adopted.

In 1841, on the 1st of February, his first class for schoolmasters was opened. The lessons commenced at 6 p.m. exactly; three classes were taught on each evening.

To these three classes none were admitted but schoolmasters engaged in Elementary Instruction.

The first class of schoolmistresses was opened on Wednesday, the 24th of March. To this class none were admitted but females engaged in Elementary Instruction.

In a very little time his fame reached the provincial towns and hamlets of England, and hundreds of school teachers and professionals came to London, during their vacation, to be taught by this popular method. Mr. Hullah's charge for their tuition of one lesson per day—including a certificate of competency and permission to teach from his system—was twenty guineas, or a hundred dollars in gold for each pupil.

It soon became known to the profession that class teaching, anyhow, was lucrative, for Mr. Hullah's London classes paid him two guineas, or ten dollars, per hour, or one guinea more per lesson than was being charged by the most eminent teachers in England. Of course low terms and large bodies was the result of such good pay.

The sound of so much gold, if it did not alter the opinion of professionals, it drew them to the class teaching standard, and Mr. Hullah by this time obtained all the assistance he required.

In about a year and a half from the time when Mr. Hullah started his system he selected from his No. 1 classes a large choral body, which he had rendered excellent by his superior training, and gave his first concert at Exeter Hall, which concert proved a decided success.

Many of these concerts followed in rapid succession, and the profits—with an addition of large sums collected from many noblemen, were appropriated to the erection of a magnificent Concert Hall, with class rooms attached to the building. This was presented to Mr. Hullah as a testimonial for his successful labors.

In 1843, I gave up my situation in York, and started on a tour to inspect and judge for myself the progress of Mr. Hullah's system in the provinces. I took Manchester on my route, proceeded to the cathedral city of Chester, and to the following towns in North Wales—Holywell, Denbeigh, Ruthin, Moyle and many other places; and found on enquiry, that in the most cultivated classes in this method, that not one out of fifty could read at sight after going through three courses of instruction; and, in some instances, not one out of a hundred.

In Newport, North Wales, where I officiated as conductor to the Catholic cathedral at that place, I found that Mr. Price, the organist of Stowe Hill Church, and Dr. Wastfield, of Usk, had been driving in full swing, in parts of the principality, with Mr. Hullah's system, but, notwithstanding they were both excellent musicians, they could not make the method a success.

I tried a compilation of my own, taken from the old movable Do, and succeeded in obtaining a large number of pupils for miles around, and made each class, with one year's tuition, pretty good sight readers. Of course, they did not all succeed, but my pupils in general, were satisfied.

In my next I will review Mr. Hullah's system, and point out its beauties, as well as defects.

NOTICE.—Any person in the country settlements wishing to obtain the Magazine but unable to pay until after harvest, will have it forwarded to them on their writing to say that they will pay for it at that period, at usual cash rates.
THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

THE STROLLING PLAYERS.

[From Bow Bell.]

Three weeks had gone by, and affairs were looking as dismal as they could look, and gaunt want was amongst the poorest players and their families. The musicians had struck, and unless they were paid, they protested they would not play another note.

These musicians (as they termed themselves) were of very small account indeed, being a couple of blind fidlers, who set all harmony at defiance. They were rival professors, and each had his own consecrated spot, and each looked down scornfully upon the talents of the other. Old Crab, the elder of the two, played only in one key; and never consulting his brother performer on the onset, they would sometimes both be fiddling away at "Rule Britannia," or the "College Hornpipe, or any other tune; old Crab rapping for his dear life in C, whilst his companion was scraping loudly in three sharpes.

But bad as was this music—the lads in the gallery were wont to call it "mixed physic"—it could not be dispensed with. What was to be done? Should they close the theatre, or make one effort more to gain an audience?

These were serious questions, which, in their sad plight, none could very well answer.

"It's of no use giving them fine acting; it's thrown away upon such a set of mollusks," Twistle, the low comedian, observed, when the members of the company were consulting together as to what they should do in this emergency of affairs.

"I vote that we advertise to show them some wonderful display of fireworks, or a pig-faced lady; the latter's easily managed, as I'll understand the character myself; provided any of you can muster the means necessary for procuring the head of a defunct porker to stick on my shoulders."

Despite their misery, the players laughed heartily at the villainous proposal, but declined entertaining it.

"Now I lean most decidedly to the fireworks, if we could only manage them; but fireworks, where are you?" said the heavy Indy, with a deep sigh.

"True!" returned another; "fireworks are not to be bought with money."

"Never mind that; say that you are agreeable to the fireworks, and leave the whole matter to me," answered Twistle, in a confidential manner.

"But," commenced Dudley.

"Now, my dear friend," said the other, "the other interrupted.

"You are a capital tragedian, but you're no dodger—excuse the slangy term, and likewise a repetition of it—you're not a dodger."

"I don't understand you," returned Carrismoor, modestly.

"Of course you don't.

Ladies and gentlemen, may I be allowed to arrange to-morrow night's entertainments, by which, I hope, we shall realize a sufficient sum of money to see us clear of this beggarly old place."

Mysterious as was the proposition, every one assented to it. And accordingly the following remarkable programme was concocted, printed; and circulated all about the town, with the usual drum roll:

THEatre, STRANGEFIELD.

ASTOUNDING ATTRACTION, FOR THE NIGHT ONLY.

Fireworks! Fireworks! Fireworks!!

Determined not to leave undone anything that can be done, His Majesty's servants will present to the gentry and townsmen of strangefield

A GOLDEN CATARACT OF LIVING FIRE

Which will cover the whole extent of the stage, and dazzle and amaze the eyes of all beholders.

Next will be presented,

THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN WORSHIPPERS,

In which there will be included all the revolving suns, which will change themselves into as many Dragons of Fire! To be followed by

THE HAVE-A-ROAST! METEOR

Which, after performing a Grand Minuet, to music, will graciously divide itself into

A THOUSAND LITTLE STARS

Which will all explode in one GRAND CATASTROPHE.

These astonishing fireworks have been invented and manufactured at an enormous expense, and solely for this occasion. His Majesty's servants solicit the p. Drage of the Public, to whom they are offering a treat both Marvellous and startlinsg! Come and see! Come and see! Come and see! Come and see!

The above was only the heading of the bill; the rest it is no necessary to specify here.

The momentous evening approached.

The two blind musicians had stationed themselves at the doors of the theatre, where the money was taken, resolved t pass for their night's work before they even commenced it. The bill, however, had been more generous, and had willingly credited the poor players, feeling fully assured that they would pay him as soon as ever they were able to do so.

No sooner were the doors of the theatre opened, than there was a general rush to all parts of the house, and the boxes, in the dress, and the gallery were soon crowded almost to suffocation.

The two fidlers—their demands being satisfied—were delighting the ears of the audience with "Begone, Dull Care," scratching away as usual in two different keys.

"Oh, men and women of little faith, I'm ashamed of you all. The show is a failure. We've netted five and forty pounds, if we've netted one farthing. Hurrah, then, for the dancing comet, and for all the rest of it! We shall now be able to shave a loose leg at Strangefield."

Saying which, he began to caper round the stage; and, presently, seizing his wife, he made her dance also; then, as if in search of their fate, the whole company joined in a refrain which they enjoyed immemingly.

It was a strange scene, almost wild in its character. Two stupid men, who shifted the scenes and snuffed the candles were looking on, gaping and grinning at this extempore and extraordinary occurrence behind the curtain.

At length, the play commenced; but in consequence of the noise made by the over-crowded people, who did not care to listen to a single word that was being said, it was hurried through as quickly as possible, and brought to a conclusion.

"Now for the fireworks!" cried the audience, in the utmost expectation.

"Play up, old Crab!" shouted a lad from the gallery. "Give us some of your mixed physic!"

The curtains were all the stage, behind the curtain, with their eyes fixed upon Twistle, who was looking full of importance and mystery, but not in the least disconcerted. Ever heart was beating anxiously and painfully, when he drew aside the green balze, and appeared before the floats.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" exclaimed he, as he made a bow.

"Ladies and gentlemen! I come not before you as an apostle; I stand here, so to speak, as the mouthpiece of other Marvellous fireworks are ready to blaze forth at a touch but, what do you think? It had been warned by their manufacturers that the dragons alone will set the whole theatre in an instant blaze. The fact is, we have been most cruelly deceived; we were led to understand that these fireworks could be rendered available next; and now we are informed—I will read you text if you like—that the only place in which they can be safely exhibited is, where the Mayor will not allow them to be seen—namely, the open air! Ladies and gentlemen! what are we to do under these conflicting circumstances? We are prepared to fulfill our compact, but we hesitate at the mere thought of burning human life; we do not wish to burn you all to death."

"Ho, no!" cried a hundred startled voices, in reply.

To reduce this building, and the people in it, to a heap of ashes.

"Ho, no!—no fireworks—no fireworks!" exclaimed near every voice in the auditorium.

"Speak the word, and the golden cataract shall burst forth before your sight; and the dragons shall whisk about their ffer, tails blazing, and destruction all around them."

"No, no!—no cataract—no dragons for us!" was the universal and affrighted cry from every part of the house.

Mr. Twistle bowed once, twice, and thrice, and then retired amid a shower of applause.

Through a hole in the curtain, Mr. Batisomer, my merry men and my ladies fared well; he asked, as he reappeared with an air of triumph amongst his brother and sister professionals, whose faces were all wearing
expression of great astonishment. "What's your opinion of
many Twistle, after this clever and successful scheme?"
"Now, up curtain, and let the farce proceed," he added,
admitting a gaping scene-shifter.

Such a supper as they had in the green-room that night! The
performance was over, and the audience gone, quietly home, there came a couple of men from a neighboring
set, bringing with them a round of boiled beef, a ham, two or
three loaves of bread, and some flaggings of loafing nut-brown
ale.

You should have heard the merry laughter, and seen the
smiling eyes on that occasion; you would have thought our
pierrotuants owned not a single care of any kind. At the
end of the table—which was the green-room door taken off its
pits, and a Matrona placed in its stead—we were all
in a ragged Union Jack floating above him, Twistle was seat-

He was flushed with triumph, and, like the others, brimful
happy humor. Rhetists were proposed and drunk, and songs
were sung, and jests were most abundant. The dark cloud
advancing over them had displayed its silver lining, and every
art was full of rejoicing.

After the feast was over, one of the ladies found an old
relic of artificial laurel, which she placed upon Twistle's
head. The gentlemen then hoisted his chair upon their shoul-

ers, and carried him round the stage in procession, every voice
singing loudly, "See the conquering hero comes!"

TRACES OF THE GIANTS.

[From Hardwicke's Science Gossip.]

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the giants of antiquity
are unnatural phenomena, like the "Norse Giant" and other
seeresses of our own time; they were veritable races of men
that wandered through parts of South America and South

America. We learn from the Scriptures that giants lived be-
fore the flood; these are probably the Titans of tradition, whose
wring impety provoked the Deluge. After the flood we find
igian races—the Enim, Anakim, or Rephaim—inhabiting
the regions of South America. Besides, the names of Noah's sons was of gigantic stature, or that, coming of
race, some of the children subsequently reverted to it, in
conformity with a well-known law of nature. Whatever doubt
exists upon the subject of the antediluvian giants, none
never can possibly exist regarding these Anakim, or sons

Orak, for we are expressly told that the Israelites "felt as
miserhepsters before them," and the height of one of their kings
incidentally noted.

The great enjoying along the mountain chains of Canaan, rul-
ing an inferior race known as Amorites. They had military
vides in the valleys, and dominated over the rich pastoral
blacks beyond Jordan, especially Bashan, in one part of which
le—sixty great cities fenced with high walls, gates and

In the days of David, this land was taken by the
When these, and other
Let it will readily be seen that their intellectual capacities
ture fully equal to their physical development; and a still fur-

proof of this is, that one of their capitals was called Kir-

beshor or city of archives." Joshua captured and burnt
these in his third campaign. It will be seen how eminently
appropriate to this great pastoral race was the epithet "Shep-

kings," and there seems no doubt that these are the

perceived, and are commemorated upon

walls of the old temple of Karnak.

The three celebrated capitals of the giants were Ashtaroth-

The ram's horn was a colony of the Rephaim, and thence came Melchisedek,

over that part of Canaan. The giants appear to have become very rapidly extinct. As
they were so much in war and strong in person, this appears extra-
ordinary, but possibly the same causes which induces the ex-
position of the mammoth and other large mammals may have
acted. Whatever the cause, it is certain that, by the close of
the earliest of the giants, is found ruling over the old stronghold,

then. The remnant took refuge amongst the Palæstines, thence issued, in the time of Saul and David, the giant cham-

Goliath, Laherent, and Sippas.

An interesting suggestion is: Were the giants refused to Palestine alone? We have earlier (authentic) re-

fore the history of Palestine than of any other country, and,
finding giants there at a very remote period, may not we
reasonably presume that, if we had similar information regarding
other districts, we should find gigantic races in them also.

But we are not left together to conjecture, for oral tradition
(especially of Celtic nations) are absolutely to be trusted for
the theory that giants were widely distributed at least over the
countries which border the Mediterranean. It may be object-

ify, why are not their bones discovered if they were so widely
distributed? To this it may be replied, that until they are
found in Palestine, where we know the giants once existed, we
cannot logically dispute the existence of gigantic races in other
countries, on the ground that no remains are found.

No doubt there are huge ruins found over Greece and Italy,
for Asia Mine, Phoenicia, Persia, Malabar, Britain, Great

But, and even North and South America, afford examples of
cyclopean architecture. Now, in most of these cases, popu-
lar tradition refers the origin of these relics to giants. In Italy
and Greece they are attributed to the Cyclopes, a primitive
race of giants. Greece is crowded with remains of masonry
in the Homer to be one-eyed, and hence this peculiarly was extend-

ed, by subsequent writers to the whole race. In Malta, is a
remarkable cyclopean structure, supported on huge pillars, and
popularly called, "The Giants Grave." Some of the blocks of
stone are thirty feet long. Stonehenge itself was said by
Welsh tradition to have been built by "giants who came from
Africa." This is significant, since the CARTHAGINIAN, the great-
est employers of mercenaries, colonized a portion of England
and France.

A curious light has been lately thrown upon the antiquities
of Western Europe by the discovery in the old region of the
giants, now inhabited by the Druzes, of the homes and cities of
the Anakim giants. The Rev. Mr. Porter and Mr. Cyril Gra-

ham have brought to light Canaanith, Terremer, or Cœtacius.
The town consists of nine streets, the ruins of which clearly
inhabit the terrace. Three of them at least must have been
considerably higher than the other towns of Bashan, and must
have been inhabited by the giants. The Canaanites who
inhabited the north part of Bashan have been known to the
Greek and Roman writers, as well as the Hebrews; their
ancient cities of Bashan contain probably the very oldest spec-
imens of domestic architecture now existing in the world," says
Mr. Porter. In conclusion, there is no doubt that the cromlechs
of the British Isles are really the rude remains of a wall, and
indeed no other use can be found for them. Their height is
to great for us as altars. It is just possible that the vast phy-

sical and mental powers which characterized the giants may
have caused their deification when extirpated by inferior races,
and that their temples and residences might even come to be
regarded with superstitious respect or copied and reproduced
as objects of worship. At any rate, this cannot be denied—
giants once existed as races, not as individual exceptions,
That they were confined exclusively to Palestine, I have shown to be, to say the least of it, improbable.

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

At the first Congress of which Washington was a member, a
gentleman desirous of knowing what Washington was told by
Secretary Thompson that he could easily distinguish him when
Congress should go to prayer: "Washington is the gentleman
who kneels down." When Bishop White made the first pray-
er in Congress, Washington only knelt.

WASHINGTON'S REGARD FOR THE HUMBLE.

When Stuart was painting Washington's portrait, he was
called one day for his slow work. The painter protested that
the picture could not advance until the canvas was dry, and
that the figure must remain in this condition until the next
day. Stuart turned his canvas and discovered to his great
horror, that the picture was spoiled. "General," said he,
"somebody has held this picture to the fire!"

Washington summoned Sam, and learning that he was the
author of the mischief, dismissed him in anger. Sam, it ap-
ppears, overhearing Washington's expression of impatience at
the tardiness of the work and the artist's declaration that it
must be dry before he could go on, had just put the canvas
before the fire. The next day Washington, feeling that he
had treated Sam unjustly, gave him a silver watch, saying:
"Come here, Sam, Take this watch, and whenever you look at
it remember that your master, in a moment of passion, said to
you what he now regrets, and that he was not ashamed to
confess that he was wrong.

WASHINGTON REFERENCES GOD.

In his order of July 28th, 1779, he says:
"Many and pointed orders have been issued against that un-

meaning and abominable custom, 'swearing;' notwithstanding which, with much regret the General observes that it prevails, if possible more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers. Whenever he is within hearing of them, the name of the Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to enjoy the comforts of life, is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is wicked and shameful."

WASHINGTON AS A CONQUEROR.

While the troops of Cornwallis were marching out of town, with cased colors and drums beating the sad sound of defeat, Washington turned to his troops and said:

"My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumph you have gained induce you to insult a fallen enemy, let no shouting—no clamorous buzzing, increase their mortification. It is a sufficient satisfaction to us that we witness their humiliation. Posture will buzz for us!"

The next day he ordered that all who were under arrest should be set at liberty.

THE SON OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON.

The mortal remains of the King of Rome are soon to be placed beneath the dome of the Invalides, by the side of the father.

The following will be interesting at this time:

Joseph Charles Francis Napoleon, King of Rome, Duke of Reichstadt, was born at Paris on the 20th of March, 1811. All the good fairies seemed to have assembled around his cradle, and all appeared to predict for him honors, riches, and power; not one intimated a doubt of his future grandeur and lustre. Yet, despite the happy presages which accompanied his birth, scarcely three years after he came into the world as the heir of Napoleon, the young Prince left France on the 2d of May, 1814, never to return during life. On arriving in the dominions of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, his title was suppressed, the name he bore was proscribed, every fact in history which recalled the glory of his father and the humiliation of his enemies was carefully concealed from the child's knowledge, and at seven years of age the son of Napoleon became the Duke of Reichstadt.

An Imperial decree, pronounced July 22, 1818, (this 22d of July was also the date of his death,) conferred upon him the title of an Austrian duke, fixed his rank at the Court of Vienna, the arms he was to bear, the honors to which he was entitled, and the position he was to occupy as a member of the Imperial family of Austria. No trace of Napoleon was left, and the name itself was formally suppressed by the decree.

Afterward, as he grew up and learned what a hero had been his father, he suddenly awoke, as from a long slumber.

When he read in secret the story of Napoleon's immortal campaigns, and comprehended the glory and power to which the genius of his father had attained, it seemed to him that he had all at once entered another world, illuminated by the history of gigantic exploits.

Then, despite those who surrounded him, despite the incessant watch kept over him, he determined to know all. He obtained and eagerly devoured every work in which Napoleon's name was mentioned, and finally, when he realized how great his father had been, what humiliations had been heaped upon him,

how he had died a tortured prisoner, the young Prince was filled with an immense hatred of those who had accomplished the banished soldier's long martyrdom. His indignation was also excited against the decree which deprived him of the name which he justly regarded as the most glorious of those he bore, and immediately and resolutely signified his intention to be called Napoleon.

Like his father, he was fond of the profession arms, but his tall, thin body could not withstand the arduous exercise to which he attempted to school himself. Appointed Colonel of the Gustavius Vasa Regiment, he assumed the active command, took part every fatiguing ceremony, in all weather, no matter how ill he was, or how much his physicians remonstrated. His dreams were of glory. He studied the art of war in the innumerable descriptions of his father's battles, either reading them or inducing others to recount them to him, with the map of Europe beneath his eyes.

He would never consent to lie down, except when his feebleness absolutely forced him to do so. It was well known that he must soon die, but he had only or regret in leaving the world, and that was to have done so little to prove himself worthy to bear the name of Napoleon.

His mother, a woman whose heart seemed insensitive to any ennobling emotion, and who had not the dignity to remain the widow of Napoleon—his mother wept at his bedside, when the fatal moment drew near.

"Mother! mother!" he whispered, "I am dying!"

It was the 22d of July, 1832, and these were the last words of Napoleon II., expiring in a murmur upon his lips, with his last breath. Thus died the son of the Great Captain, at the age of twenty-six years.

Six days after his death, on the 28th, a post mortem examination of the remains was made at Schonbrunn. The following is an extract of the medical report:

"The body completely emaciated; the chest, in proportion to the body, long and narrow; the sternum flattened; the neck wasted."

He was interred at Schonbrunn with princely honors, and visitors to his tomb, at the present day, will see upon it a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:

To the eternal memory
Of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reichstadt;
Son of Napoleon, Emperor of the French.
And of Maria Louisa, Arch-Duchess of Austria;
Born at Paris, the 30th of March, 1811,
Died at Schonbrunn, July 22, 1832.

He had himself written an epitaph, which he wished placed upon his tomb, but which was rejected. It was brief and to the purpose:

Here lies the son of the Great Napoleon!
He was born King of Rome.
He died an Austrian Colonel.

FRENCH LESSONS. Owing to a deficiency of some French accents in our type, these Lessons will have to be deferred for a time. They will be resumed at the earliest practicable moment.
LESSONS IN GEOLoGY—No. 10.

PLUTONIC CHANGES IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE.

The theory advanced in our last lesson will help us to understand a phrase often used by geologists, in which they speak of "one rock passing into another," that by imperceptible gradation. If you imagine the beds of stratified gneiss, which is only granite mixed with water, to be deposited on a bottom of ice, you can imagine that the subterranean heat in acquiring such intensity as to melt the granite at the gneiss to a liquid state, this fresh fusion would reach the lower beds of the overlying gneiss, to penetrate them so thoroughly, as almost to stir completely all trace of the original lines of stratification, and make them to appear as if they had never been under the action of water.

Keep in mind that these changes in the character of the rocks is not produced by heat alone. Volcanic action, in which may be called recent and modern signs of geological time, assists us in studying the actions of Plutonic activity in more remote ages. It is well known that Volcanoes send forth immense volumes of heated gases, which disengage themselves as melted matter, and struggle to make their way up the enormous pressure which overrules them, maintain this effort for weeks, months, and years. When, therefore, fused granite or porphyry flowing, boiling, and heaving under great pressure, containing powerful gases which cannot escape, see rocks will act upon the crust above; and, when there are porous rocks, they will pass through them, with great facility, and, in passing, greatly dilate the surface. It is true that we can study these phenomena as they are observed on the surface of the earth; it is clear that as gaseous fluids have altered the porphyry surface of the rocks, and these fluids could come from subterranean sources, they must have made their way through the entire crust, from the reservoirs below into the open air.

Other alterations of strata will be more fully considered when we come to the subject of metamorphic rocks, and the influence of volcanic action in the process of sublimation and basalt. The Plutonic changes, just described, are mentioned now, only to illustrate one of the operations of heat on the early crust of the earth.

In our former lesson, we have spoken of the sedimentary beds as having been altered by heat or by water, and have supposed that the altered strata to retain their original relation to the beds that were not altered. There are, however, innumerable instances which stratified beds, whether altered or not, have disturbed and dislocated. A thousand instances are found, in which the strata have been broken rough and tilted up so that what was deposited horizontally appears now with their lines of stratification gneis inclined; sometimes almost perpendicular; at other times perfectly vertical; and, in some instances, the beds inverted.

ARBOUR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EASY ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTS.

1. Suspends two small pith balls, by fine silken cords of about six inches in length, in such a manner, that when at rest they may hang in contact with each other; on applying a piece of sealing wax, excited as in a former experiment, they will repel each other.

2. Take a piece of common brown paper, about the size of an octavo book, hold it before the fire till quite dry and hot, then draw it briskly under the arm several times, so as to rub it on both sides at once by the coat. The paper will be found so powerfully electrical, that if placed against a wainscotted or papered wall of a room, it will remain there for some minutes without falling.

3. And if, while the paper adheres to the wall, a light, feathery brush be placed against it, it will be attracted to the paper, in the same way as the paper is attracted to the wall.

4. If the paper be again warmed, and drawn under the arm as before, and hung up by a thread attached to one corner of it, it will hold up several feathers on each side; should these fall off from different sides at the same time, they will cling together very strongly; and if after a minute they be all shaken off, they will fly to one another in a very singular manner.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A STRANGE STORY. American Folk.—The arguments, respectively used in favor of the two great theories concerning the nature of light, are too ponderous to be answered in this department of the Magazine. We will endeavor at some future time to give an article on the subject. In the meantime, we will say, that in our estimation, the vibratory theory which supposes the whole of the material for producing the effect of light to exist always, and for ever between all the worlds of space, to be always present, and only to want quickening or awakening by motion—is far the more comprehensible. The idea is a much more easily comprehended. The idea supposes that it consists of particles thrown off from the sun—which supposes, in fact, that the actual particles of the sun itself are continually leaving that body, i.e., to our idea, too cumbersome and complicated a theory to be true; and would require the replenishing of the sun at some future date. The most simple idea of the Universe, and the one most likely to accord with the wisdom of Delhi, is that which takes for granted that all the material for light, sound, and everything else, are created around us, and with us, and only require motion and activity, mental or physical, to make them manifest.

The analogy between the laws of light and sound is a great argument in favor of the vibratory theory as sound is known to be produced on that principle. Why not suppose sound to consist of particles thrown off from the speaker by emutation, as well as light by emutations from the sun?

LADIES' TABLE.

ELEGANT TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

Make a chain of the desired length.

First Row—2 chains, 1 treble, * 3 chains, 2 trebles, repeat from star.
Second Row—2 double chain into the 2 chains of the first loop, * 2 chains (1 treble, 4 chains, 1 treble, 4 chains), 1 treble, 2 double chain (1 treble, 4 chains, 1 treble, 4 chains, 1 treble, 1 double chain into the 2 chains of the second loop), repeat from star.
Fourth Row—Commences on the 2 double chain with 10 chains, * 1 double chain into the middle of the 5 loops below, 1 chain, 1 double treble below, 5 double chains, 1 double chain into the middle of the 5 loops below, 1 chain, 1 double treble below, 5 double chains, 1 chain, 1 double chain into the middle of the 5 chains below, repeat from star.
Fifth Row—4 chains, 1 treble between the first and second of the 8 trebles, 4 chains, 1 treble between the second and third of the 8 trebles, 4 chains, 1 double chain between the first and second of the next 8 trebles, 4 chains, 1 double chain between the second and third of the 8 treble, repeat from star.
This forms the third half of the trimming; let the round and commence at the end you leave off at with the second and following rows, which will complete the trimming; run the stitches of the second half be exactly parallel with those of the first.

He worked in silk, the same color as the dросс, has a very beautiful effect.

REMEDY FOR A ROUGH OR FRECKLED SKIN.

Into a bottle capable of holding 6 ounces put 3 ounces of oil of almonds, 10 grains of sub-carbonate of potash. Shake well. Add 1 dram of essence of bergamot, and fill up the bottle with the best cider-water. Put it on the face at night.

A very simple and excellent Cosmetic for occasional use when going to bed is to wash the face with strained lemon juice, if the skin be rough. Sour milk is also excellent.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

TAILOR'S REVENGE.—Giving a customer fits.

Bachelor at breakfast—"Dear me, Susan, that's a very small egg."

Susan—"Yes, sir, it is; but it was only laid this morning, sir."

"Which way do you travel from?" asked a wag of a crooked-backed gentleman. "I came straight from Wheeling," was the reply. "Did you?" said the other; "then you must have been shockingly warped by the railroad."

A witness spoke of a particular person as having seen him "partially clad."

"Was he not quite nude?" asked the examining counsel. "No," replied the witness, "he wore a pair of spectacles."

Papa—"Well, Sissy, how do you like your new school?"

Sissy—"Oh, so musts."

Papa—"That's right. Now tell me all you have learned to-day."

Sissy—"I have learned the names of all the little boys."

There is a story of an Irish editor, who, being left without assistance in a busy time, found himself unable to cope with all the intelligence, late, later, and latest, that flowed in upon him; so that towards four in the morning he wound up his night's work by penning a notice extraordinary, in these words—"Owing to a most unextraordinary pressure of matter, we are compelled to leave several of our columns blank."

John Paul says, "I never was a good carver, which is one good reason why I do not have turkey on my table every day instead of only once a year. Hash is much easier to help; there are no joints to puzzle me, no crooked necks, side bones, and gizzards to drive one to distraction, so I make it the standing dish in my household. Those who think we take it for cheapness make a mistake. The convenience of the thing is its recommendation." Of course!

An Irishman, having a large family, found it rather hard to keep up the table, and adopted the following plan:—At evening, just before supper, he calls his children around him and addresses them as follows:—"Who'll take a cent and do without his supper?"

"I, I, I!" exclaim all the children, to get the prize.

The old man pulls out a pocket full of cents which he keeps for the occasion, and after giving them a cent apiece, sends them off to bed.

Next morning they all look like starved Arabs.

The old man calls them around him, and with an air of gravity asks:—"Who'll give a cent to have a nice warm biscuit for breakfast?"

All the children roar out "I."

Reader, go thou and do likewise.

A fellow who kept a tavern in the country went to a painter, and inquired for what sum he would paint a bear for a sign-board. It was to be a real good one, that would attract customers.

"Five pounds," replied the painter.

"That's too much," said the innkeeper; Tom Larri will do it for three.

"Is it to be wild or tame?" inquired the painter, wishing to be underbid by his rival.

"A wild one, to be sure.

"With a chain, or without one," again asked the painter.

"Without a chain."

"Well, I will paint you a wild bear without a chain for three pounds."

The bargain was struck; the painter set to work and in due time sent home the sign-board, on which he had painted a huge bear, of a most ferocious aspect. It was the admiration of all the neighbors, and a plenty of customers to the inn.

One night there arose a violent storm of wind and rain, which led the innkeeper to look anxiously at the sign in the morning. There it was, sure enough swinging to and fro, but the bear had disappeared. I immediately hurried to the painter, and related what had happened.

"Was it a wild bear or a tame one?" inquired the painter, coolly.

"A wild bear."

"Was it chained or not?"

"I think not."

"Then," said the painter, triumphantly, "how can you expect a wild bear to remain in such a storm; that of last night without a chain? No bear would have done it."

The scheming fellow had painted it in water-colors.

JUST IN TIME.

A doctor called in Bedford Row,
(It matters not how long ago)
To see a patient. When he knock'd,
Now only think how he was shock'd,
When instantly the footman said—  
'Dear doctor, our poor lady's dead!'  
Dead! surely not. It may by chance
Be nothing but a sleeping trance;
I'll just walk up and see for certain.  
He did so, and undrew the curtain;
Where laid the lady, pale and calm,
The usual guinea in her palm.
'I see' he cried (and took the fee)—  
'The poor dear soul expected me'

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ........................................... $7 00
Per Half Year (26 weeks) ........................... 4 00

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, all paper will be mailed to any address.

CRUISE—Any person obtaining six subscriptions will receive a copy of the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the editor should be left at the above office or addressed Box 387 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."

[216] THE UTAH MAGAZINE. [May 9, 18]
POETRY.

SO FAR,—SO FAR AWAY.

So far away! So far away!
They stars are not the stars I see;
With me 'tis night, with thee 'tis day,
And day and night are one to me.

So far,—so far away!

I faint beneath these wandering airs
Whose wings around the world go free;
I watch at straws the whirling bear—
Took they the land that blooms for thee

So far,—so far away!

The forms that near me breathe they move
Like visions rise, like visions flee;
I cannot live to other love,
My soul has crossed the deep to thee

So far,—so far away!

Earth's drooping shadows close me round,
The heavens have lost their light for me,
The voice of joy breathes not a sound,
And hope swoons dead on yonder sea

So far,—so far away!

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE RETURN OF GODWIN AND HAROLD.

And all went well to the desire of Duke William the Norman. With one hand he curbed his proud vassals, and drove back his fierce foes. With the other, he led to the altar Matilda, the maid of Flanders. And England, every day, waxed more and more Norman; and Edward grew more feebly and in firm, and there seemed not a barrier between the Norman duke and the English throne, when suddenly the wind blew in the halls of heaven, and filled the sails of Harold the earl.

And his ships came to the mouth of the Severn. And the people of Somerset and Devon, a mixed and mainly a Celtic race, who bore small love to the Saxons, drew together against him, and he put them to flight, and slew more than thirty good thegns.

Meanwhile, Godwin and his sons, Sweyn, Tostig, and Guthr, who had taken refuge in that very Flanders from which William the duke had won his bride, lay at Bruges, ready to join Harold the Earl. And Edward, advised of this from the anxious Norman, caused forty ships to be equipped, and put them under command of Rolf, earl of Hereford. The ships lay at Sandwich in wait for Godwin. But the old earl got from them and landed quietly on the southern coast. And the fort of Hastings opened to his coming with a shout from its armed men.

All the boatmen, all the mariners, far and near, thronged to him, with sail and with shield, with sword and with oar. All Kent (the foster-mother of the Saxons), sent forth the cry, "Life or death with Earl Godwin." Fast over the length and breadth of the land went the bodics and riders of the earl; and hosts with one voice, answered the cry of the children of Hors, "Life or death with Earl Godwin." And the ships of King Edward, in dismay, turned flag and prow to London, and the fleet of Harold sailed on. So the old earl met his young son on the deck of a war-ship, that had once borne the Raven of the Dane.

Swelled and gathering sailed the armament of the English men. Slow up the Thames it sailed, and on either shore marched tumultuous the swarming multitude. And King Edward sent after more help, but it came up very late. So the fleet of the earl nearly faced the Juillet Keape of London, and abode at Southwark till the flood-tide came up. When he had mustered his host, then came the flood-tide.

King Edward sate, not on his throne, but on a chair of state, in the presence chamber of his palace of Westminster. His diadem, with the three zimmes shaped into a triple treffoll on his brow, his sceptre in his right hand. His royal robe, tight to the throat, with a broad band of gold, flowed to his feet; and at the fold gathered round the left knee, where now the kings of England wear the badge of St. George, was embroidered a simple cross. In that chamber met the thegns and procesors of his realm; but not they alone. No national Witman there assembled, but a council of war, composed at least one third part of Normans—counts, knights, prelates, and abbots of high degree.

And king Edward looked a king? The habitual lethargic meekness had vanished from his face, and the large crown threw a shadow, like a frown, over his brow. His spirit seemed to have risen from the weight it took from the sluggish blood of his father, Ethelred the Unready, and to have remounted to the brighter and earlier source of ancestral heroes.
Worthy in that hour he seemed to boast the blood and wield the sceptre of Athelstan and Alfred.

Thus spoke the king—

"Right worthy and beloved, my earldmen, earls and thegns of England; noble and familiar, my friends and guests, counts and chevaliers of Normandy, hear the words of Edward, the king of England, under grace of the Most High. The reb is in our river; open yonder lattice, and you will see the piled shields glittering from their barks, and hear the hum of their oars. Not a bow has yet been drawn, not a sword left its sheath; yet on the opposite side of the river are our fleets of forty sail—along the strand, between our palace and the gates of London are arrayed our armies. And this pause because Godwin the traitor hath demanded truce, and his nuncio waits without. Are ye willing that we should hear the message? or would ye rather that we dismiss the messengers unheard, and pass at once, to rank and to sail, the war-cry of a Christian king, 'Holy Cross and our Lady!'"

The king ceased, his left hand grasping firm the leopard head carved on his throne, and his sceptre untrembling in his lifted hand.

A murmur of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, the war-cry of the Normans, was heard among the stranger-knights of the audience; but haughty and arrogant as those strangers were, no one presumed to take precedence, in England's danger, of men English born.

Slowly then rose Alfred, Bishop of Winchester, the worthiest prate in all the land.

"Kingly son," said the bishop, "evil is the strife between men of the same blood and lineage, nor justified but by extremes, which have not yet been made clear to us. And ill would it sound throughout England were it said that the king's council gave, perchance, his city of London to sword and fire, and rent his land in twain, when a word in season might have disband ed your armies, and given to your throne a submissive subject, where you are now menaced by a formidable rebel. Wherefore, I say, admit the nuncio."

Scarcely had Alfred resumed his seat, before Robert the Norman prelate of Canterbury started up—a man, it was said, of worldly learning—and exclaimed—

"To admit the messenger is to approve the treason. I do beseech the king to consult only his own royal heart and royal honor. Reflect—each moment of delay swells their hosts, strengthens their cause; of each moment they avail themselves, to allure to their side the misguided citizens. Delay but proves our own weakness; a king's name is a tower of strength, but only when fortified by a king's authority. Give the signal for—war I call it not—no—for chastisement and justice."

"As speaks my brother of Canterbury, so speak I," said William, Bishop of London, another Norman.

But then there rose up a form at whose rising all murmurs were hushed.

Gray and vast, as some image of a gone and mightier age, towered over all Siward the son of Beorn, the great Earl of Northumbria.

We have naught to do with the Normans. Were they on the river, and our countrymen, Danes or Saxons, and in this hall, small doubt of the king's choice, and meddler were the men who spoke of peace—but when Norman advises the dwellers of England to go forth and slay each other, no sword of mine shall be drawn at his best. Who shall say that Siward of the Strong Arm, the grandson of the Berserker, ever turned from a foe? The foe, son of Ethelred, sits in these halls; I fight thy battles when I say Nay to the Norman. Brothers-in-arms of the kindred race and common tongue, Dane and Saxon long intermingled, prove alike of Canute the glorious and Alfred the wise, ye will hear the man whom Godwin, our countryman, seeks to us; he at least will speak our tongue, and he knows our laws. If the demand he delivers be just, such as a king should grant, and our Witan should hear; woe to him who refuses; if unjust be the demand, shame to him who accedes. Warrior send to warrior, countryman to countryman; hear us as countrymen, and judge as warriors. I have said."

The utmost excitement and agitation followed the speech of Siward. But the majority being English, there could be no doubt as to the decision, and Edward, to whom the emergence gave both a dignity and presence of mind rare to him, resolved to terminate the dispute at once. He stretched forth his sceptre, and motioning to his chamberlain, bade him introduce the nuncio.

A blank disappointment, not unmixed with apprehensive terror, succeeded the turbulent excitement of the Normans; for well they knew that the consequence, if not condition, of negotiations, would be their own downfall and banishment at the least—happy it might be to escape massacre at the hands of the exasperated multitude.

The door at the other end of the room opened, and the nuncio appeared. He was a sturdy broad-shouldered man, of middle age, and in the long loose garb originally national with the Saxon, though little in vogue; his beard thick and fair, his eyes gray and calm—a chief of Kent where all the prejudices of his race were strongest, and whose yeomanry claimed in war the hereditary right to be placed in the forefront of battle.

He made his manly but deferential salutation to the august council as he approached; and pausing midway between the throne and door, he fell on his knees without thought of shame, for the king to whom he knelt was the descendant of Woden, and the heir of Hengist. At a sign and a brief word from the king, still on his knees, Venba, the Kentman, spoke—

"To Edward, son of Ethelred, his most gracious king and lord, Godwin, son of Wlooth, sends faithful and humble greeting, by Venba the thegn-born. He prays the king to hear him in kindness, and judge of him with mercy. Not against the king comes he hither with ships and arms; but against those only who would stand between the kings heart and the subject's; those who have divided a house against itself, and parted son and father, man and wife—"

At those last words Edward's sceptre trembled in his hand, and his face grew almost stern.

"Of the king, Godwin but prays, with all submission and earnest prayer, to reverse the outrageous outlawry against him and his— to restore to him and his sons their just possessions and well-won honors; and, more than all, to replace them where they have sought by loving service not unworthily to stand, in the grace of their born lord, and in the van of those who would uphold the laws and liberties of England.
This—done the ships sail back to their haven; the thgn seeks his homestead, and the eerl returns to the plough; for with Godwin are no strangers; and his force is but the love of his countrymen."

"Haest thou said?" quoth the king.

"I have said."

"Retire and await our answer."

The Thgn of Kent was then led back into an ante-room, until he was again summoned into the presence-chamber. Nor did he return into the ante-room, but conducted forthwith from the council—his brief answer received—to the stairs of the palace, he reached the boat in which he had come, and was rowed back to the ship that held the earl and his sons.

The boat drew up to the lofty side of the vessel, a ladder was lowered, the nuncio ascended lightly and stood on deck. At the farther end grouped the sailors, few in number, and at respectful distance from the earl and his sons.

Godwin was himself but half armed. His head was bare, nor had he other weapon of offense than the girt battle-axe of the Danes—weapon as much of office as of war; but his broad breast was covered with the ring mail of the time. His stature was lower than that of any of his sons; nor did his form exhibit greater physical strength than that of a man, well shaped, robust, and deep of chest, who still preserved in age the pith and sinew of mature manhood.

English, emphatically, the English deemed him; and this not the less that in his youth he had sided with Canute, and owed his fortunes to that king; and Godwin was the more esteemed as the chosen counselor of that popular prince. Of one dark crime he was suspected, and, despite his oath to the contrary, and the formal acquittal of the national council, doubt of his guilt rested then, as it rests still, upon his name; viz., the perfidious surrender of Alfred, Edward's murdered brother.

But time had passed over the diurnal tragedy; and there was an instinctive and prophetic feeling throughout the English nation, that with the House of Godwin was identified the cause of the English people.

Behind him stood the stilltallest group of sons that ever filled with pride a father's eye. Each strikingly distinguished from the other, all remarkable for beauty of countenance and strength of frame.

"So what says the king?" asked Earl Godwin.

"This: he refuses to restore thee and thy sons, or to hear thee, till thou hast disbanded thine army, dismissed thy ships, and consented to clear thyself and thy house before the Witanagemot."

A fierce laugh broke from Tostig;"Sweyn's mournful brow grew darker; Leofwine placed his right hand on his steaghar. Wolnoth rose erect, Guth kept his eyes on Harold, and Harold's face remained unmoved.

"The king receiveth thee in his council of war," said Godwin, thoughtfully, "and doubtless the Normans were there. Who were the Englishmen most of mark?"

"Seward of Northumbria, thy foe."

"My sons," said the earl, turning to his children, and breathing loud as if a load were off his heart, "there will be no need of ax or armor toaday. Harold alone was wise," and he pointed to the linen tunic of the son thus cited.

"What mean you, Sir Father?" said Tostig imperiously. "Think you to—"

"Peace, son, peace," said Godwin, without asperity, but with conscious command. "Return brave and dear friend," he said to Vebea, "find out Siward the earl; tell him that I, Godwin, his foe in the old time, place honor and life in his hands, and what he counsels that will we do.——Go."

The Kent man nodded, and regained his boat. Then spoke Harold.

"Father, yonder are the forces of Edward, as yet without leaders, since the chiefs must be still in the halls of the king. Some fiery Norman among them may provoke an encounter; and our cause is not won, as it behoves us to win it, if one drop of English blood dye the sword of one Englishman. Wherefore with your leave I will take boat and land. And unless I have lost in my absence all right here in the hearts of our countrymen, at the first shout from our troops which proclaim that Harold son of Godwin is on the soil of our fathers, half you array of spears and helms pass at once to our side."

"And if not, my vain brother?" said Tostig, gnawing his lips with envy.

"And if not, I will ride alone into the midst of them, and ask what Englishmen are there who will aim shaft or spear at this breast, never mailed against England!"

Godwin placed his hand on Harold's head, and the tears came to those close cold eyes.

"Thou knowest by nature what I have learned by art. Go and prosper. Be it as thou wilt."

Meanwhile, Harold had entered the boat lowered from the side of the mace to receive him; and Guth, looking appealingly to his father, and seeing no sign of dissent, sprang down after the young earl, and seateth himself by his side.

Godwin followed the boat with musing eyes.

Harold reached the shore and as soon as landed there rose from the ranks on the strand, the shout of "Harold! Harold the earl! Harold and Holy Cross!" And Godwin, turning his eyes to the king's ranks, saw them agitation, awayed and moving; till suddently from the very heart of the hostile array, came as by irresistible impulse, the cry—"Harold, our Harold! All hail, the good earl!"

While this chanced without—within the palace, Edward had quitted the presence chamber, and was closeted with Stigand, the Bishop. Never in his whole life had Edward been so stubborn as on this occasion. For here more than his realm was concerned; he was threatened in the peace of his household, and the comfort of his tepid friendships. With the recall of his powerful father-in-law, he foresaw the necessary re-intrusion of his wife, upon the charm of his chaste solitude. His favorite Normans would be banished; he should be surrounded with faces he abhorred. All the representations of Stigand fell upon a stern and unyielding spirit, when Siward entered the king's closet.

"Sir, my king," said the great son of Beorn, "I yielded to your kingly will in the council, that before we listened to Godwin, he should disband his men, and submit to the judgment of the Witan. The earl hath sent me to say, that he will put honor and life in my keeping, and abide by my counsel. And I have answered as became the man who will never spare a foe, or betray a trust."

"How hast thou answered?" asked the king.

"That he abide by the law of England, as Dane and
Saxon agreed to abide in the day of Canute; that he and his sons should make no claim for land or lordship, but submit all to the Witan.

"Good," said the king; "and the Witan will condemn him now, as it would have condemned when he shunned to meet it."

"And the Witan now," returned the earl, emphatically, "will be free, fair, and just."

"And meanwhile, the troops—"

"Will wait on either side; and if reason fail, then the sword," said Siward.

"This I will not hear," exclaimed Edward; when the trump of many feet thundered along the passage; the door was flung open, and several captains (Norman as well as Saxon) of the king's troops rushed in, wild, rude, and tumultuous.

"The troops desert! half the ranks have thrown down their arms at the very name of Harold!" exclaimed the Earl of Hereford. "Curses on the knaves."

"Are the lightermen of London," cried a Saxon there, "are all on his side, and marching already through the gates."

"Pause yet," whispered Stigand; "and who shall say, this hour to morrow, if Edward or Godwin reign on the throne of Alfred?"

His stern heart moved by the distress of his king, and not the less for the unwonted firmness which Edward displayed, Siward here approached; knelt, and took the king's hand.

"Siward can give no nidding counsel to his king; to save the blood of his subjects is never a king's disgrace. Yield thou to mercy—Godwin to the law!"

"Oh for the owl and cell!" exclaimed the prince, wringing his hands. "Oh Norman home, why did I leave thee?"

He took the cross from his breast, contemplated it fixedly, prayed silently but with fervor, and his face again became tranquil.

"Go," he said flinging himself on his seat in the exasperation that follows passion, "go, Siward, go, Stigand, deal with things mundane as ye will."

The bishop, satisfied with the reluctant acquiescence, seized Siward by the arm and withdrew him from the closet. The captains remained a few moments behind, the Saxons silently gazing on the king, the Normans whispering each other, in great doubt and trouble, and darting looks of the bitterest scorn at their feeble benefactor. Then, as with one accord, these last rushed along the corridor; gained the hall where their countrymen yet assembled, and exclaimed, "À toute brûlée! Frère étrier!—All is lost but life! God for the first man—knife and cord for the last!"

Then as the cry of fire, or as the first crash of an earthquake, dissolves all union, and reduces all emotion into one thought of self-saving, the whole conclave, crowding pell-mell on each other, bustled, jostled, clambered to the door—happy he who could find horse—palfrey—even monk's mule! This way, that way, this way, fled those lordly Normans, those martial abbots, those mitred bishops—some singly, some in pairs; some by tens, and some by scores; but all prudently shunning association with those chiefs whom they had most courted the day before, and who they now knew would be the main mark for revenge; save only two, the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Both these dignitaries armed cap-a-pie, and spear in hand, headed the fight; and good service that day, both as guide and champion, did Mallet de Graville. He led them in a circuit behind both armies, but being intercepted by a new body, coming from the pastures of Hertfordshire to the help of Godwin, he was compelled to take the bold and desperate route of entering the city gates. These were wide open; whether to admit the Saxon earls, or vomit forth their allies, the Londoners. Through these, up the narrow streets, riding three abreast, dashed the slaughtered fugitives; worthy in flight of their national renown, they trampled down every obstacle. Bodies of men drew up against them at every angle, with the Saxon cry of "Out!—Out! "Down with the outland men!" Through each, spear pierced, and sword clove, the way. Red with gore was the spear of the prelate of London; broken to the hilt was the sword militant in the terrible hand of the Archbishop of Canterbury. So on they rode, so on they slaughtered—gained the Eastern Gate, and passed with but two of their number lost.

The fields once gained, for better precaution they separated. Some few, not quite ignorant of the Saxon tongue, doffed their mail, and crept through forest and fell towards the sea shore; others retained their arms, and shunned equally the high roads. The two prelates were among the last; they gained safety, Nesse, in Essex, threw themselves into an open, crazy fishing boat, committed themselves to the waves, and, half drowned and half famished, drifted over the Channel to the French shores. Of the rest of the courtly foreigners, some took refuge in the forts yet held by their countrymen; some lay concealed in creeks and caves till they could find or steal boats for their passage. And thus in the year of our Lord, 1052 occurred, the notable dispersion and ignominious flight of the counts and valets de chambre of great William the duke.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CREAM OF THE PAPERS.

THE POLISH PRINCESS.

[From Bow Bells.]

Many a tale of fiction is excelled in its marvellous character by a narrative of real life. This fact is well illustrated by the actual experience of a Polish princess during the earlier days of the French Revolution—that dismal period which was so prolific in fact "stranger than fiction."

The Princess Anna Lubomirski had established herself in Paris a short time before the overthrow of the old monarchy; and, although stormy times were evidently close at hand, and events occurred which prompted many of the French nobles' to seek safety and for life and fortune in England and Germany; she never dreamed of changing her residence, persuaded that her high rank, and the well-known fact that she was a Russian subject would secure her from being in any way disturbed, so long as she did not meddle with plots or politics.

Robespierre had not long been in power before she learnt to her cost how great a mistake she had made in trusting to such a protection. Denounced under the pretext of being a spy and a conspirator against the Republic, the Princess was summoned to appear before the usual tribunal, and hastily tried after the fashion of the times, and was condemned to die.

When carried to prison to await the execution of the sentence, no member of her family was allowed to accompany her except her daughter Rosalie, a child about five years old. On the sad day on which the mother was dragged to the scaffold, she recommended her little orphan Rosalie—her only child—to some companions in misfortune whom she had found in the
prison. It so happened that each one of them, within a short period, experienced a fate similar to the tragic end of the Princess; and the poor child, adopted and bequeathed by each victim of the same crime, a new victim of the prison, named Bertot, who, though a widow, and with five children of her own dependent upon her for support, was so touched by the forsaken condition of the little Rosalie, that she resolved to adopt her.

The beauty of Rosalie, her unusual intelligence, considering her years, her gentle temper, her winning ways, and her anxious desire to help her benefactress, quickly gained the heart of the kindly washerwoman, so that she adopted the orphan, and felt for her an affection scarcely less warm than that for her own child.

A few years after the termination of the Reign of Terror, a list of its victims who had belonged to other countries was prepared and published as widely as possible over Europe. The brother of the Princess, the Count Rzewuski, was one day looking over a manuscript on this list, when his eye was arrested by the sight of his sister's name; and he then learnt, for the first time, the terrible fate in which her misplaced confidence had involved her.

The Count, of course, instantly started for Paris, to get possession of his niece.

On his arrival at that city, the authorities willingly rendered every assistance in their power to ascertain her whereabouts; but all his and their efforts were utterly fruitless, as all trace of the orphan was lost. Advertisements appeared in all the papers, offering large rewards to any who would give information, but in vain. In short, the unhappy child could not have read them if they had fallen in her way, nothing came of them. Month after month was spent by the Count in these useless endeavors; and at last he reluctantly prepared to return home to Poland.

On the morning of the day fixed for his departure, the Count met a washerwoman and a little girl with a basket of linen, at the entrance of the hotel Grande Bateliere, at which he lodged. He was so struck with the beauty of the little girl, and with the kind-resemblance, in some respects, to his lost sister, that he concluded that she must be her.

It was the hand of a kind Providence, whose ways are so often not like our ways, which arrested him; for this washerwoman and her assistant were no other than the good Mother Bertot and her orphan charge. Only a few days before this, Mother Bertot had been engaged as washerwoman of the hotel Grande Bateliere, whither she was taking some newly-washed linen when the Count so happily met her.

"What is your name, my child?" asked the Count.

"Rosalie," said the good woman.

"Rosalie, do you say? Is Rosalie really your name—my goodwill woman?" said the Count, turning to Madame Bertot, "is this your child?"

"Yes, sir," said she, "indeed she is my child, for I have supported her for three years. But, when I tell her my child, I do not mean to say that I am actually her mother. No; she is the daughter of a poor lady who was in the prison to which I once belonged, and where I found her. She has neither father nor mother. But I have found her to me as closely as if we had been glued together."

"Do you say," rejoined the Count, "that she is the child of one who was in prison?"

"Yes, of a great lady who was imprisoned and guillotined, with many others, in the time of Robespierre."

The Count was instantly convinced that he had at last found his niece; but, to make assurance doubly sure, he addressed a few words to her in French. The moment that Rosalie heard the words, which recalled the dear remembrance of her infancy, she burst into tears, and throwing herself into the arms of the Count, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I understand what you say! I understand what you say! Repeat the words again. It is the language in which my dear mother used to talk to me."

"Yes," said the Count, "I am your mother, your beloved sister!"

Then addressing the astonished washerwoman, he said, "Good woman! you shall be always her mother. You shall never want for a home; I will take the abandah orphan into your family, and cared for her with a mother's love, your family shall henceforth be part of mine."

The Count was as good as his word. Mother Bertot and her children were happy to welcome the young Countess, who, until the Count was ready to return home, accompanied him and Rosalie (who subsequently married her cousin, the young Count Rzewuski) to Poland. Madame Bertot's son was educated at the University of Wittenberg, and after his marriage was the tutor of Prince Poniatowski. Her daughters also received ample dowries from their grateful friend, and in due time married Polish gentle- men of high social position.

LAVATER AND MIRACLES.

(From History of the Supernatural.)

Lavater issued a circular requesting the friends of truth to send him any well-attested evidence of occurrences beyond the ordinary course of nature, or of such as had followed prayer, of some positive exertions of faith: to ascertain, if possible, whether the ancient myths, and even the super- human ideas of the immediate successors, the same class of events had really continued for which we give credit to them and their times; and especially whether no certain proofs existed of such events, commonly called miraculous, having taken place since the Reformation. He declared that it was very important to know whether there were still living any pious conscientious men who before the omniscient God would declare that they had prayed with undoubting expectation that he should be heard, and afterwards, when his prayers were answered, to know whether the Christian of the eighteenth, as well as the Christian of the first, century might attain to immediate and sensible communion with God, and whether his sufferings or human power or wisdom could relieve, might have confidence in the power of prayer. Two years afterwards, he says, "an enquiry more important to the friend of humanity, who views around him so much dreadful misery; or to the Christian who sees everywhere infidelity, and the empty, powerless, and spiritless Christian triumph."

He ordered his correspondents to observe the strictest truth in their communications, declaring that no crime could be more impious and detestable than falsehood in such a case.

In consequence of this circular he received a mass of extraordinary relations, which he read and examined with most attention, and which, after full examination, he published in his History of the Supernatural. The facts he thus fully proved, others as by no means so; and so far from exhibiting a weak credulity, he incurred very severe reproaches for rejecting claims which many able men admitted. Such were the claims of a Catherine Kindereinicht, near Zurich, who had a great reputation for performing remarkable cures in answer to prayer, and whom his friend Fussell, the great painter, afterwards so well known in England, had great faith in, but who was led by Lavater to give up this faith. Neither did he believe in the importance of the number of persons who had visited him did he rate his powers so high as many others, and they, physicians, did.

In his lifetime we find some incidents occurring to himself or his friends which every one learned in such matters will receive as additional evidence of the existence of a being supernatual. who was on a mission to this world. His friend Fussell, for instance, after the year 1770, was suddenly seized with a violent attack of melancholy and terror, and it was impressed on his mind that his future wife was at that moment suffering from some severe accident. He had not thought of marrying, much less any idea of being a husband. He was, however, on the point of being married, and had nearly forgotten the circumstances, when he heard from his wife, that precisely at that time (when only ten years old), she was nearly killed by a violent fall, from the effects of which she had never entirely recovered.

On one occasion a gentleman called on him, and the moment he saw him he was impressed with the conviction that he was a murderer. The gentleman was, however, a very interesting intellectual man, so far as could be seen; he was well received in Zurich, and Lavater dined with him at a friend's house the next day, where he made himself very agreeable. But not until the great man came quietly that he was one of the assassins of the King of Sweden, and he disappeared.
TESTIMONY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

A belief in the supernatural has been common in all ages and among all peoples. All men naturally incline to believe in an invisible world, as seen in their tendencies from childhood up, to be awe struck and impressed by tales of encounters with anything of a ghostly character. It is true that by cultivating their reason at the expense of their instinctive powers, men may overrule and crush down this inner voice to a great degree; but even the most sceptical display a curiosity and a yearning for facts connected with another world which shows that in spite of everything their true nature inclines that way.

It is a common saying that dead men tell no tales, and that the grave is a “bourn from whence no traveler returns” to tell the nature of the new sphere upon which he has entered; but this is not so. True, the dead do not return as a general thing to attest their existence after the dissolution of the body. But if all the testimony that the world has had presented to it of the existence of another world by dealings with the dead themselves were collected, there would be far more to establish the fact of our existence after death than men generally require as evidence on other subjects.

Of course the greatest and truest record of the existence of an unseen world is found in the Bible. There we have a record of legal manifestations of the highest order; but there are innumerable instances outside of that book—instances, it is true, in many cases of illegal manifestations, and often apart from any true order; but which no less prove the existence of invisible powers. In addition to which there are many cases of a simpler and more innocent kind—instances of miraculous appearances of departed personages to their families, and friends—and that too where no spiritualism has been practiced, and quite apart from any religious creed, constituting what may be called providential visitations. Such instances as these have been handed down by the moral and virtuous of all ages. A variety of such cases are preserved in nearly every old family in the civilized world. Go to the highlands of Scotland, or to Germany and Switzerland. So numerous are these instances in all our experiences, or in that of our friends, that scarcely a well informed man exists who has not heard of scores of such cases in his lifetime. Amongst Europeans, Asians, Africans or Americans it is the same; everywhere we are met with countless instances of persons who declare to having seen the spirits of their departed friends. If we suppose all are mistaken or that all are delusions of the senses even then we have a strong testimony of the universal tendency of mankind to believe in another state of existence.

In addition to the above testimony of a personal kind, all nations, as such, have their traditions of gods, angels and spirits, who have according to their account visited them in past times. Of course the records of what these wondrous beings have done differs as these nations differ in customs and habits. But no matter how grotesque and huge the descriptions of their supernatural visitors may be, there is a common rest to all such stories—a kindred character with them all, manifesting that they have sprung from the natural and inborn tendency of mankind to believe in the manifestation of heavenly powers—or from some great facts of the kind similarly impressed upon all nations, or from both combined; only tinged and discolored by the ignorance and peculiarities of the people through whom they have come.

Supposing, what is really true, that many of these national records of spiritual existence refer to manifestations of a perverted kind, they no less prove the fact of an unseen power good or evil operating upon men. Many of these nations had, and could for ages upon ages get at no better light, and it is reasonable to suppose that their reliance on an answer to their prayers would not be universally disregarded by the Almighty.

First in order in the great list of nations of this order we have the Chaldean soothsayers and priests, attesting that for ages, not only by divination or appeal to the dead, but by the more legitimate channel of prayers to the gods answers were obtained and dreams interpreted and prophecies declared.

After these we have the vast millions of devout Egyptian worshipers with their chronicles extending over some thousands of years—a faith of miracles and revelations maintained for ages—a faith that could not have been thus sustained in its fervor for so many generations, but for the actual presence of some such supernatural experiences either from a good or an evil source.

Then come the Greek priests of Jupiter and other deities, and their historians who bear witness to inspirations given in answer to their worship of the only gods they were ever acquainted with. Then the Persians will tell us of miracles and supernatural manifestations accorded through Zoroaster the great religious leader of that ancient nation. The Buddhist of Thibet and Brahmin of India have histories abounding with details of the miraculous. After whom we may glance at the ancient nations of Northern Europe with their mystic rites—their belief in the reappearance of the dead and miraculous interposition, and come then to the Druid fathers of the English race with their sacred rites, and if these nations are to be rejected as heathenish we have details of miraculous power preserved in the records of the Catholic church—not stories of bleeding pictures, or winking virgins and such trash, but solid straightforward testimony of unassuming individuals who generation after generation have attested the existence of supernatural powers and divine answers to prayer. To these may be added the evidence of the persecuted Waldensian church, which hid away in the mountains, maintained a belief for generations in the existence of supernatural gifts; and, although up to this point we have but partially entered this vast subject, it will be seen that natural and individual historic testifies with declarations of the existence of the invisible powers which for good and evil have affected mankind.

It may be very correctly argued that the statements of many of these nations are exaggerated, mythified, and in many cases clearly fabulous; but all this admitted, it is impossible to believe that the whole of this combined testimony is a standing lie in which
all nations have unconsciously combined to deceive themselves and the world at large. When the whole current of a world's instincts are found to go one way, it is a clear demonstration that the Creator wishes to encourage the faith to which these instincts tend—a thing which is incredible that He should do, unless it pointed to a grand and eternal truth.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGE.

No. IV.

REVIEW OF MR. HULLAH'S SYSTEM.

I have examined Mr. Hullah's manual with the view of giving your readers a brief review of that gentleman's system. But before I begin, I will here observe that an inexperienced teacher can do nothing effectually with a good system, while an experienced musician can do much with a bad one; hence Mr. Hullah's success.

The first chapter in this method opens with the major and minor scale, and the trumpet sounds of Do, Mi, Sol, and the octave Do are introduced. This would have been a proper order of form had the remaining portion of intervals, La, Fa, Re, and Si followed this progression. But these latter intervals are left for after consideration.

Mr. Hullah then gives us a diatonic ladder to illustrate the five long and two short steps contained in the diatonic octave. This ladder is not used for teaching interval sound, but merely to illustrate the two semitones in the major and minor scale.

In chapter 2nd the names and shape of all the notes are introduced, which is far from a good progression. In chapter 3rd the notes on the five lines and four spaces are illustrated by the use of the hand, as follows, in the G clef.

The 4th finger represents the first line E. The 3rd the second line G. The 2nd finger the 3rd line B The 1st finger the 4th line D. The thumb the 5th line F. The first space between the 4th and 3rd finger represents the F. Between the 3rd and 2nd is found the A. Between the 2nd and 1st is found the C, and between the 1st and thumb is found the octave of the bottom F, in the first space.

On account of its excellence I have adopted from Mr. Hullah's system the same method for my own teaching, and recommend its use to others.

Chapter 4th introduces time beating, and in this Mr. Hullah's method is superior to the old one. This gem of practice I also recommend for general adoption. I invariably use it myself.

Mr. Hullah's method is as follows—down, left, right, up. The downbeat points to the principal accent, and the right beat marks the second accent. The old system was down and up; the down beat pointing only to the principal accent, and frequently the second accent was passed over without notice.

In the 5th chapter time beating is carried into simple hand practice; marking the time of the various notes. This is bad progression, as the simple form is lost by having too many notes to contend with at one time, preventing the pupil from retaining the whole form in his mind.

In the next chapter dotted notes are explained and carried into practice in the four beat measure. The dot in this form is used too quickly for lucid illustration.

The former six chapters are all dry study of theory without amusement, as using the vocal organ is left out till we come to the 7th chapter, where Mr. Hullah introduces his first vocal exercise; and where also the gradations of the piano, pianissimo, forte and fortissimo are pointed out.

In this same portion of the manual the harmonic combination of the major triad, Do, Mi, Sol, Do is explained in theory. This is sadly out of form.

We now come to chapter 8th. Here Mr. Hullah takes his pupil to the full practice on the vocal organ. His first examples are the movement of seconds, amounting to ten in number.

The following chapters, up to the 17th, are employed in the practice of the intervals thirds, fourths and fifths with the same method, in which also are given 24 examples on the interval of the 5th, with the addition of the quaver. The intervals of the 6th, 7th and 8th are gone through with the same form of teaching, and this ends the first course without a change of key.

The waste of time occasioned by the bad progressions and forms of practice is immense, and very little amusement is afforded to the pupil for his study and labor. Having gone through but one key, with so many examples, we can easily understand the trouble in passing through the remaining six keys by the same method.

I will now explain what I think to be the best order of study.

There are but two great points required to make good sight readers, namely, a correct knowledge of intervallic sound, and a knowledge of time in the various modes.

The sounding of intervals should be first acquired by the use of a diatonic ladder, with the seven letters C, D, E, F, G, A, B and C, the octave marking the solfeggio; thus C is do, D is re, E is mi, F is fa, G is sol, A is la, B is si, and the upper C is the octave do.

After the correct sounding of the intervals are obtained, the hand should be used—as I have explained for the old notation. This is soon acquired by the practice of sounding the intervals on the diatonic ladder, with the seven letters used in music.

The first examples should be composed with the four beat crotchet in a measure, using the diatonic octave and the skipping intervals. The same form of examples—with different melodies—should be carried through the remaining six moveable keys.

With the introduction of each key a new diatonic ladder should be used. Modulation to the different keys must then be studied, and finally examples should be introduced in the minor model scale.

By this form pupils with common capacity can be made good sight readers in Psalmody and easy anthems in forty-eight lessons.

Notice.—Our agents and friends will much oblige us by announcing to their acquaintances in the settlements that any persons wishing to obtain the Utah Magazine and unable to pay for it until after harvest, will have it forwarded to them upon their writing to say that they will pay for it at that period in produce at the usual cash rates.
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAUT.

[Continued]

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Wardlaw went to his son, and nursed him. He kept the newspapers from him, and on his fever abating, had him conveyed by easy stages to the seaside, and then sent him abroad.

The young man obeyed in gloomy silence. He never asked after his father, nor even mentioned his name. He seemed, somehow, thankful to be controlled mind and body.

But, before he had been abroad a month, he wrote for leave to return home and throw himself into business.

This was for once, a nervous intimation in his letters, and his father, who piloted him deeply, and was more than ever inclined to reward and indulge him, yielded readily enough; and, on his arrival, signed the partnership deed, and Polonius-like, gave him much good counsel, and then retired to his country seat.

At first he used to run up and down every three days, and examine the day-book and ledger, and advise his junior; but these visits soon became fewer, and at last he did little more than correspond occasionally.

Arthur Wardlaw held the reins, and easily paid his Oxford debts out of the assets of the firm. Not being happy in his mind be threw himself into commerce with feverish zeal, and very soon extended the operations of the house.

One of his first acts of authority was to send for Michael Penfold into his room.

Now poor old Michael, ever since his son's misfortune, as he called it, had crept to his desk like a culprit, expecting every day to be discharged. When he received this summons he gave a sigh and went at once to the young merchant.

Arthur Wardlaw looked up at his entrance, then looked down again, and said coldly, "Mr. Penfold, you have been a faithful servant to us many years; I raise your salary £250 a year, and you go." He did not look at the man very long.

The old man was dumbfound at first, and then began to give vent to his surprises and gratitude; but Wardlaw cut him short, almost fiercely.

"There, there, there," said he, without raising his eyes, "let me hear no more about it; and, above all, never speak to me of that cursed business. It was no fault of yours, nor mine neither. There—go—I want no thanks. Do you hear? leave me, Mr. Penfold, if you please."

The old man was too low, too broken, too. nothing, and not deserving another word of his employer's good looks, and a little at his irritability.

Wardlaw junior's whole soul was given to business night and day, and he soon became known for a very ambitious and rising merchant.

But, by and by, ambition had to encounter a rival in his heart. He fell in love; deeply in love; and with a worthy object.

The young lady was the daughter of a distinguished officer, whose merits were universally recognized, but not rewarded in proportion.

Wardlaw's suit was favorably received by the father, and the daughter gradually yielded to an attachment, the warmth, sincerity, and singleness of which were manifest; and the pair would have been married, but for the circumstance that her father (partly through Wardlaw's influence by the by) had obtained a lucrative post abroad, which suited his means to accept, at all events for a time. He was a widower, and his daughter could not let him go alone.

This temporary separation, if it postponed a marriage, led naturally to a solemn engagement; and Arthur Wardlaw enjoyed the happiness of writing and receiving affectionate letters by every foreign post.

Love, worthy bestoweth, shed its balm upon his heart, and, under its soft but powerful charm, he grew tranquil and composed; and the stern old man seemed to improve. Such virtue is there in a pure attachment.

Meanwhile the extent of his operations alarmed old Penfold; but he soon reasoned that worthy down with overpowering confidence and superior smiles.

He had been those three years the ruling spirit of Wardlaw and Son; when some curious events took place in another hemisphere; and in these events, which we are now to relate, Arthur Wardlaw was more nearly interested than may appear at first sight.

Robert Penfold, in due course, applied to Lieutenant-General Rolleston for a ticket of leave. That functionary thought the application premature, the crime being so grave.

He complained that the system had become too lax, and for his part he seldom gave a ticket of leave until some suitable occupation was provided for the applicant. "Will anybody take you as a clerk? If so, I'll see about it."

Robert Penfold could find nobody to take him into a post of confidence at once, and wrote the General an eloquent letter, begging hard to be allowed to labor with his hands.

Fortunately, General Rolleston's gardener had just turned him off, so he offered the post, to his eloquent correspondent, remarking that that man did not much mind employing a dock-leave man himself, though he was resolved to protect his neighbors from their relapses.

The convict then came to General Rolleston, and begged leave to enter on his duties under the name of James Seaton. At that General Rolleston hem'd and haw'd, and took a look. But his final decision was as follows: "If you really mean to change your character, why the name you have disgraced might hang around your neck. Well, I'll give you every chance. But," said this old warrior, suddenly compressing his resolute lip, "literally, 'if you go.'"

But the convict was rechristened at the tail of a threat, and let loose among the warrior's tulips.

His appearance was changed as effectively as his name. Every inch of James Seaton was a silkily smooth, gleaming bustle, and beard of singular length and beauty; and what with these and his working-man's clothes, and his cheeks and neck tanned by the sun, our readers would never have recognized in this bale, bearded laborer the pale prisoner that had trembled ragged, weak and submitted in the dock of the Central Criminal Court.

Our Universitians cure men of doing things by halves, be the things mental or muscular; so Seaton garnered much more zeal than his plebeian predecessor; up at five, and did not leave till eight.

But he was unpopular in the kitchen—because he was always out of it; taciturn and bitter, he shunned his fellow-servants.

Yet working among the flowers did him good; these his pretty companions and nurseries had no vices.

One day, as he was rolling the grass upon the lawn, he heard a soft rustle at some distance, and looking round, saw a young lady on the gravel path, whose calm but bright face, coming so suddenly, seemed to lighten his work.

She had a clear cheek blooming with exercise, rich, brown hair, smooth, glossy, and abundant, and a very light hazel eye, of singular beauty and serenity. She glistened along, tranquil as a gazelle, while he had been busy putting all the footpaths to good order.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.

She walked up and down for exercise, briskly, but with great effort.

"I have passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener; and so she passed and re-passed, unconsciously saving this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unconsciousness of all that other side of his double.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.

She walked up and down for exercise, briskly, but with great effort.

"I have passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener; and so she passed and re-passed, unconsciously saving this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unconsciousness of all that other side of his double.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.

She walked up and down for exercise, briskly, but with great effort.

"I have passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener; and so she passed and re-passed, unconsciously saving this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unconsciousness of all that other side of his double.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.

She walked up and down for exercise, briskly, but with great effort.

"I have passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener; and so she passed and re-passed, unconsciously saving this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unconsciousness of all that other side of his double.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.

She walked up and down for exercise, briskly, but with great effort.

"I have passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener; and so she passed and re-passed, unconsciously saving this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unconsciousness of all that other side of his double.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.

She walked up and down for exercise, briskly, but with great effort.

"I have passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener; and so she passed and re-passed, unconsciously saving this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unconsciousness of all that other side of his double.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.

She walked up and down for exercise, briskly, but with great effort.

"I have passed within a few yards of him, and he touched his hat to her. She inclined her head gently, but her eyes did not rest an instant on her gardener; and so she passed and re-passed, unconsciously saving this solitary heart with soft but penetrating thrills.

At last she went indoors to luncheon, and the lawn seemed to miss the light music of her rustling dress, and the sunshine of her presence, and there was a painful void; but that passed, and a certain sense of happiness stole over James Seaton—an unconsciousness of all that other side of his double.

The young lady was Helen Rolleston, just returned home from a visit.
in his intelligence in it, than we can detect in its owner's head or heart when we descend to calm inspection.

James Seaton gazed on Miss Rolleston day after day, at so respectful a distance, that she became his goddess. If a day passed without his seeing her, he was lacerated. When she was behind a door when he tried to reach her, it was excruciating, and his work dismaying; and then, when she came out at last, he thrilled all over, and the lawn, ay, the world itself, seemed to fill with sunshine.

His adoration, timid by his own nature, was doubly so by reason of her fallen and hopeless condition. He cut noseygars for her; he haunted her maid Wilson for her. He had not the courage to offer them to herself.

One evening, as he went home, a man addressed him familiarly, but in a low voice. Seaton looked at him attentively, and recognised him at last. It was a convict called Butt, who had escaped from the prison where Seaton worked with him. Prepared mist upon a certain evening; Seaton declined it. Butt, a very clever rogue, seemed hurt: so then Seaton assented reluctantly. Butt took him to a public house in a narrow street, and into a private room. Seaton started as soon as he entered, for there sat two regular cutpurse fellows, and, by a look that passed rapidly between them and Butt, he saw plainly they were waiting for him. He felt nervous; the place was so uncooch and dark, the faces so villainous.

However, they invited him to sit down, roughly, with an air of a great fellowship, and very soon opened their business on their ale.

We are all bound to assist our fellow-creatures, when it can be done without trouble; and what they asked of him was a simple act of courtesy, such as in their opinion no man worthy of the name could deny to his fellow. It was to give General Seaton a free pass to the Green; and in return for this trifling civility, they were generous enough to offer him a full share of any light valuables they might find in the General's house.

Seaton trembled, and put his face in his hands a moment. "I cannot do it," said he.

"Why not?"

"He has been too good to me."

A coarse laugh of derision greeted this argument; it seemed so irrelevant to these pure eugithics.

Seaton, however, persisted, and on that one of the men got up and stood before the door, and drew his knife gently.

"You mean to split us on us mate?" said one of the ruffians in front of him.

"No, I don't. But I won't rob my benefactor; you shall kill me first."

And with that he darted to the fireplace, and in a moment the place was full of the ale, and the way he squared his shoulders and stood ready to hit to the on, or cut to the off, was a caution.

"Come, drop that," said Butt grimly; "and put up your knife, Bob. 'Can't a pal be out of a job, and yet not split on them that is in it?"

"Why should I split?" said Robert Penfold. "I'm a friend to my own. But I won't rob my benefactor—and his daughter."

"You square enough," said Butt. "Why, pals, there are other crib to be cracked besides this old bloke's. Finish the ale, mate, and part friends."

"If you will promise me to 'crack some other crib,' and let that one alone."

A new sentiment was given, and Seaton drank their healths, and walked away.

But followed him soon after, and affected to side with him, and intimated that he himself was capable of not robbing a man's house who had been good to him, or to a pal of his. Intimated to the plausible person said so much, and his sullen comrade had said so little, that Seaton. rendered keen and anxious by love, invested his savings in a Colt's revolver and ammunition.

And did not stop there; after the hint about the watch-dog, he would trust that faithful but too carvoullous animal; he brought his blankets into the little tool-house, and lay there every night in a sort of dog's sleep. This tool-house was erected in a little back garden, separated from the lawn only by a few dilapidated hedges, and not far from the Colin's house.

Now Miss Rolleston's window looked out upon the lawn, so that Seaton's watch-tower was not many yards from it; then the tool-house was only lighted only from above, he bored a hole in the wooden structure, and through this he watched, and slept, and watched.

He used to sit studying theology by a farthing rushlight till the lady's bedtime, and then be watched for her shadow. If it appeared for a few moments on the blind, he gave a sigh of relief, and shortly after she came, and was asleep, but awaked every now and then to see that all was well.

After a few nights, his alarms naturally ceased, but his love increased, fed now from this new source, the sweet sense of being the secret of a heart. One evening, Miss Rolleston's lady's maid, Wilson, fell in love with him after her fashion. She had taken a fancy to his face at once, and he had encouraged her a little, unintentionally; for he brought the noseygars to her, and listened complacently to her gossip, for the sake of the few words she let fall now and then, and her manner changed from a reserve to one of free communication. Miss Rolleston was not at the time a little servant, this flirted Sarah Wilson, and she soon began to meet and accost him oftener, and in cherrily-colored ribbons, than he could stand. So he showed impatience, and then, she judged him by herself, suspected some vulgar rival.

Suspicion soon bred jealousy, jealousy vigilance, and vigilance discovery was; that so long as she talked of Miss Hilda Rolleston she was always welcome; her second was, that Seaton slept in the tool-house.

She was not romantic enough to connect her two discoveries together. They lay apart in their mind, until circumstances were about to relate supplied a connecting link.

One evening, Miss Seaton's goddess sat alone with her papa, and—being a young lady of fair abilities, who had gone through her course of music and other studies, taught braintlessly, and who was now going through a course of monotonous pleasures, and had not accumulated any great store of mental resources—she was listless and languid, and would have yawned forty times in her Papa's face, only she too was well-bred. She always turned her head away when it came, and either suppressed it, or else hid it with a lovely white hand. At last, as she was a good girl, she blushed at her behavior, rose up to right her up, and said she, "Papa, shall I play the new quadrill?"

Papa gave a start and a shake, and said, with well-felted vengemence, "Ay, do, my dear," and so composed himself—to listen; and Helen sat down and played the quadrilles.

The composers had taken immortal melodies, some gay, some sad, and had robbed them of their distinctive character, and bassed them till they were all one monotonous rattle. But George Rolleston held to his own, and wrote his own, and said, "As Apollo saved Horace from hearing a poetaster's rhymes, so did Solomon, another beneficent little deity, rescue our warrior from his daughter's music."

She was neither angry nor surprised. A delicious smile illumined her face directly; she crept to him on tiptoe, and bestowed a kiss, light as a zephyr, on his gray head. And, in truth, the bending attitude of this supple figure, clad in snowy muslin, the virginal face and light hazel eye beaming love and reverence, and the aliy kiss, had something angelic.

She took her candle, and gilded up to her bed-room. And, the moment she got there, and could gratify her somnolence without offence, need we say she became wide awake? She sat down, and wrote long letters to three other young ladies, gushing affection, asking questions of the kind nobody replies to, painting with a young lady's colors, the male being to whom she was shortly to be married, wishing her dear letters had been sent in the like, if the character she contained two; and so to the last new bonnet and preacher.

She sat over her paper till one o'clock, and Seaton watched and admired her shadow.

When she had done writing, she opened her window and looked out into the night. She lifted those wonderful hazel eyes towards the stars, and her watchter might well be pardoned if he saw in her a celestial being looking up from an earthly resting-place towards her native sky.

She was two o'clock, she was in bed, but not asleep. She lay calmly gazing at the Southern Cross, and other lovely stars shining with vivid, but chaste fire in the purple vault of heaven.

While thus employed she heard a slight sound outside that made her throw her eyes towards a young tree near her window. Its top branches were waving a good deal, though there was not a breath stirring. This struck her as curious, very curious.
WHILST she wondered, suddenly an arm and a hand came in sight, and after them the whole figure of a man, going up a tree.

Helen sat up now, glaring with terror, and was so paralysed she did not utter a sound.

About a foot below her window was a lead flat that roofed the bay window below. It covered an arm of several feet, and the man sprang on to it with perfect ease from the tree. Helen shrieked with terror. At that very instant there was a flash, a pistol-shot, and the man's arms went whirling, and he staggered and fell over the edge of the flat, and struck the grass below with a heavy thud.

Shots and blows followed, and all the sounds of a bloody struggle rung in Helen's ears as she flung herself screaming from the bed and darted to the door. She ran and clung quivering to her sleepy maid, Wilson. The house was alarumed, lights flashed, footsteps paced, there was universal commotion.

General Rolleston soon learned his daughter's story from Wilson, and aroused his male servants, one of whom was an old soldier.

They searched the house first, but no entrance had been affected; so they went out to the lawn with blunderbuss and pistol.

They found a man lying on his back at the foot of the bay window.

They pounced on him, and to their amazement, it was the gardener, James Seaton, insensible.

General Rolleston was quite taken aback for a moment. Then he became sorry. But a gentle reflection he said very sternly, "Carry the blackguard in-doors; and run for an officer."

Seaton was taken into the hall, and laid flat on the floor. All the servants gathered about him, brimful of curiosity, and the female ones began to speak altogether; but General Rolleston told them sharply to hold their tongues, and to retire behind the man. "Somebody sprinkled him with cold water," he said, "and be quiet all of you, and keep out of sight while I examine him."

He examined the insensible figure with his arms folded, amidst a dead silence, broken only by the stifled sob of Sarah Wilson, and of a sociable housemaid who cried with her for company.

And now Seaton began to writhe and show signs of returning senses.

Next he moaned piteously, and sighed. But General Rolleston could not pity him; he wasated grimly for returning consciousness, to subject him to a merciless interrogation.

He waited just one second too long. He had to answer a question, in the act of putting one.

The judgment is the last faculty a man recovers when emerging from insensibility; and Seaton, seeing the General standing before him, stretched out his hands, and said, in a faint but varicoloured voice, before eleven witnesses, "Is she safe? O, is she safe?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

CUSTOMS OF ABYSSINIA.

Owing to a remarkable fashion in Abyssinia it is difficult, in the midst of the rainy season, to approach the capital, because of the crowds of vagrants provided, maintained and paid, whose sole business it is to cry and lament as if they had really been very much injured and oppressed. These boisterous appeals for the royal protection, they will tell you, are intended to honor and glorify the King, and in order that he may not feel lonely in the midst of them, the little children of the capital of London were frequently paid to him, and with the honors he had sometimes to submit to the annoyance of royalty. At times during the rainy season these would be four or five hundred people by his palace being too quiet, that no ear could distinguish the roaring and crying, as if they were in an excruciating anguish, others praying piteously for justice, as if there were the most suffering from the cruelty of the oppressor; and others groaning and sobbing, as if just expiring; "and this horrid symphony was so artfully performed, that no ear could distinguish but that it proceeded from real distress."

Bruce was sometimes so surprised and affected, that he ordered one of the soldiers appointed to attend on him to bring some of the shrieking and howling imposers at his door or at the entrance of the palace, and pull them away, if they were wished or who had maltreated them. Sometimes it happened that the interrogated "howler" was a discharged servant of his own, or some other conspicuous person. At other times the slightest petitioner for justice was found to be a perfect stranger, who, when questioned as to the cause of his complaint, would quite composure reply, "Nothing is the matter with me. I have been sleeping all day with the horsey, and hearing from the soldiers at the door that the illustrious lord from the west had retired to his apartments, I and my companions have come to cry and make a noise under his window, to do him honor before the people, for fear he should be melancholy by being too quiet when alone. I therefore hope that he will order us some drink, that we may continue our volubilities with a little more spirit."

These uncalled for attentions frequently put Bruce into a violent passion, a circumstance at which the King, who was used to such sorts of homage, would laugh heartily when related to him.

Many of the customs of the Abyssinian monarchs and people are identical with those of the ancient Persians. Whenever the Persian monarch went to war, he made an appeal to his subordinate chiefs just in the same manner as the Abyssinian monarch before the Abyssinian monarch marched to battle, he uses three proclamations. The first is, "Buy your muskets, get your provisions, and pay your servants; for after such a day that they seek me here shall not find me."

The second instantly he is in place if there should be no other collateral proof of his being a madman.

The Abyssinian throne is still richly matted, but the many revolutions and wars that have ravaged the country have dismamed much of the former splendor of the monarchs. It is high treason to sit upon any seat of the King's and whoever presumed to do so would be slain by the king or the people, as a mark of sovereignty. In olden times, the king of Abyssinia sat upon a golden throne, which in shape, was a large, comfortable, oblong, square seat, like a small bedstead, covered with Persian carpets, damask, and cloth of gold, with steps leading up to it. The Abyssinian throne is still richly matted, but the many revolutions and wars that have ravaged the country have dismamed much of the former splendor of the monarchs. It is high treason to sit upon any seat of the King's and whoever presumed to do so would be slain by the king or the people, as a mark of sovereignty.

The third and final proclamation is, "I am encamped upon the Angrab or Kaffa (or whatever the name of the stream may be.) He that does not join me there, I will chastise for seven years."

The Persian, like the Abyssinian monarchs, wore their hair long.

That symbol of royalty, the diadem, was composed of the same materials in Persia and Abyssinia. In the latter country the king wore it while marching, as a mark of sovereignty. In olden times, the king of Abyssinia sat upon a golden throne, which in shape, was a large, comfortable, oblong, square seat, like a small bedstead, covered with Persian carpets, damask, and cloth of gold, with steps leading up to it. The Abyssinian throne is still richly matted, but the many revolutions and wars that have ravaged the country have dismamed much of the former splendor of the monarchs. It is high treason to sit upon any seat of the King's and whoever presumed to do so would be slain by the king or the people, as a mark of sovereignty.

TO CAUSE WATER TO BOIL, BY THE APPLICATION OF COLD, AND TO CAUSE TO BOIL, BY THE APPLICATION OF HEAT.

Half fill a bottle with water, place it over a lamp, and let it boil briskly for a few minutes; then cork the bottle as expeditiously as possible, and tie a slip of moist bladder over the cork to exclude the air; the water, being now removed from the lamp, will keep boiling, and when the ebullition ceases, the bottle may be removed and cooled, and the contents poured through a colander, and upon the colander or the flask a cloth wetted with cold water; but if hot water be applied, the boiling instantly ceases; in this manner ebullition may be renewed and made again to cease alternately, by the mere application of hot water.

LADIES'-TABLE.

Daisy Crochet Lace.

J. L. Barber & Co.'s Prize Crochet Thread, No. 24.

12 chain, join on third stitch, 1 treble, 3 chain, 1 treble in round loop nine times, cross over, I double chain, 4 treble, 1 double chain in each 3 chain, 21 chain, miss 11, join round, work as first pattern, joining second 4 treble to eighth 4 treble of first pattern.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

A WALKER.—We know no reason why a milliner should not make an excellent wife. Millinery does not necessarily pander to vanity or display. Properly supplied, the art serves but to cultivate that love of the beautiful for which women as a class are so much more distinguished than men. Every female, such as love of dress, &c., in women, are means by which the Creator manages to constitute them attractive to man. Men love dresses quite enough, but their taste in this direction will not compare with that of the softer sex. Man has his own proper qualities; let him be satisfied.

MRS. WESLEY.—We cannot say exactly, but about 19 pounds of blood per minute are said to pass through the heart. You will say, doubtless, that for such a big operation, it has a very quiet way of accomplishing the task; and so it has.

DESCRIBER.—It is said that without salt mankind would miserably perish. Saltiness food is said to engender maggot and corruption. The reason why we crave salt is because "upwards of half the saltine matter of the blood consists of common salt. A portion of this is being discharged through the skin and kidneys, it has to be replenished in our daily food."

A TOWN GARDENER.—The following, in answer to a question respecting the proper treatment of rose bushes, &c., is from the pen of G. D. Watt, Esq.:—

"The best rose bushes are those which grow upon their roots; they are not so much inclined to send out suckers, as the wild rose, when used for stocks. The rose can be multiplied by layers and cuttings. Rose bushes should be cut back to give vigor to every branch, and when a bed appears out of place it will give a fine, healthy, luxuriant growth to the limbs and shoots which are permitted to grow. Annual pruning should never be neglected, cutting back say two-thirds of last year's growth until the bush presents a multitude of spurs, and when in bloom appears to be one massive rose. Prune after the leaves have fallen, or early in spring. Climbars can be trained to take any form by wither pruning and training, and can be made a cheap and beautiful covering to objects that would be otherwise unelegant. Like the bush the climber requires proper culture, and unremitting attention to produce a fine effect. A deep gravelly loam well worked and enriched, will make wood in great abundance, and if the growth is kept within bounds by pruning, flowers will be very abundant."

"Keppler training answers well in countries on the sea-board where the atmosphere is moist and rains are frequent, but in this dry atmosphere, and under the scorching rays of our sun, espalier will be very likely to disappoint the expectations of the gardener."

A CARROUSEL.—A carriage should not censure ladies for being nervous. Nervousness is an indication of delicacy and mental development, although perhaps to an extreme. The clothshopper has no nerves. A highly intellectual person can suffer more from intoxication or any pelt of that sort, than a less cultivated person. It is one of the facts of a high state of refinement that you can both enjoy more and suffer more.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 11.

Suppose a student in geology to be traveling along a sedimentary rock for some distance, after walking a while along this rock he comes to one of a different mineral character, and may be in difficulty to account for it. As he walks over, or passes alongside of it, he may not be able to understand the causes of this difference until he has passed completely by it. Here we will suppose he comes upon a patch of Plutonic rock composed of any granite or porphyry, evidently of igneous origin. He goes over or by the side of this Plutonic rock till he again comes to some sedimentary rock similar to that which he had left a short time before. He now conjectures, and then reasons out the conclusion that the patch of questionble rock he had passed is a portion of the sedimentary bed that had first been altered by heat and then tilted up by the Plutonic rock in some of its eruptions. He now argues with perfect certainty that he could follow this eruptive or Plutonic rock down to its depth or origin, he would find it to be continuous to the heated reservoir beneath the crust of the earth; and secondly, that if in a portion of the sedimentary bed at a distance from the eruptive rock he could sink a pit, he would be sure to come to the altered beds similar in character to the piece that had been tilted up by the plutonic or eruptive rock referred to.

In the lessons already given, I have endeavored to place in your mind the two great principles of Geology: first that the earth's crust is a fabricated article, produced in the laboratory of a stupendous chemistry, according to the fixed laws of a Supreme Contriver and Intelligent maker of the whole; and secondly that the article thus fabricated has been from the beginning, and at successive periods, disturbed, altered, and dislocated by agencies from within itself.

In the course of the lessons which you are now about to enter, you will find how the crust of the earth has been affected and modified by volcanoes, by the waters of seas and rivers, by organic life, by vegetation, by ice and snow, and by other means and agencies.

USEFUL RULES.

The "Carpenter's New Guide" gives the following rules, which will be useful to many—

All bearing timber ought to have a moderate camber, or roundness on the upper side, for till the moisture is dried out, the timber will swag of its own weight.

But then observe, that it is best to truss girders when they are fresh sawn out, for by their drying and shrinking, the trusses become more and more tight.

Also, in fitting down tie-beams upon the wall plates, never make your cocking or coggings too large, nor yet too near the outside of the wall plate, for the grain of the wood being cut across in the tie-beam, the piece that remains upon its end will be apt to split off, but keeping it near the inside will tend to secure it.

Likewise observe, never to make double tenons for bearing uses, such as binding joints, common joints, or purlines; for, in the first place, it very much weakens whatever you frame into, and in the second place, it is a rarity to have a draught to both tenons, that is, to draw both joints close; for the pin in passing through both tenons, if there is a draught in each, will bend so much, that unless it be as tough as wire, it must needs break in driving, and consequently do more hurt than good.

Boobs will be much stronger if the purlines are notched above the principal rafters, than if they are framed into the side of the principal; for by this means, when any weight is applied in the middle of the purline, it cannot bend, being confined by the other rafters; and if it do, the sides of the other rafters must needs bend along with it; consequently it has the strength of all the other rafters sideways added to it.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A TURKISH BATH (FOR LADIES ONLY.) — The Bosphas.

I thought you told me, doctor, that Smith's fever had gone off?" "Oh, yes; but it and Smith went off together."

"Won't that boa constrictor bite me?" said a little boy to a showman.

"Oh, no, boy; he never bites—he swallows his wittles whole."

A country paper says there is a man in that neighborhood so mean, that he sits on the doorsteps of the church on Sundays, to save the wear of his pew cushions.

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky.

"I think they are going to thunder," said her brother.

A man a short distance out from the city says no one need tell him that advertising won't cause a big rush, for he advertised ten bushels of grapes for sale, and the next morning there wasn't one left—the boys stole 'em all.

It is vouched for as a fact that a disciple of St. Crispin had an order for a pair of shoes, and it is a remarkable fact, illustrative of his punctuality and despatch, that he delivered them in Gloucester, a few days ago, eighteen months after his customer had been dead.

Two persons of a satiric turn of mind met a neighbor and said:

"Friend, we have been disputing whether you are most knave or fool."

The man took each of the querists by the arm, so that he was in the middle.

"Truth," said he, "I believe I am between both."

The Shenandoah Herald tells a story of a newly-enfranchised negro, named Cesar, who voted at the late election. The day of election came. Cesar put his little slip of paper in the mysterious ballot box. He had voted. He expressed his opinion—yes, his opinion on a great question! He was met by one of his white friends, who accosted him thus—

"Well, how did you vote?"

"Don't know, sah; 'twont be known for several days. When de vote's counted, den I'll know all about it."

Last night at the theatre, a gentleman felt the pressure of two little airy feet upon his patent leathers. At first the sensation was delightful. It made inexpressibly delightful thrills pass through his body; but these sensations wore away, and the pressure began to feel the least bit uncomfortable.

"Madam," he gently suggested, "you are standing on my feet."

"Your feet, sir?"

"Yes, madam."

"Goodness! I beg your pardon, sir; I thought I was standing on a block of wood. They are quite large enough, sir!"

"Quite; but you covered 'em, madam."

It would really seem to be true that some men are born rich, others make themselves rich, while a third happy class have riches thrust upon them.

Such is the story told of a farmer, one Mr. Sayre, of Lexington, Kentucky, who made a great hit in spite of himself. It is as follows:

Mr. Sayre lies a little. Some years since an overseer of one of his farms told him he needed some hogs on his place. Said Mr. Sayre:

"Very well, go and buy four or five thouth and pigth right away, and put them on the farm."

The man, accustomed to obey, and that without questioning, asked:

"Shall I take the money with me to purchase with?"

"No, thir! They all know me. Thend them here—I'll pay for them or give you the money to pay when you get them."

The overseer went on his way, and in two weeks returned, when the following conversation took place: "Well, Mr. Sayre, I can't get that many pigs. I have ridden all over the country, all about, and can buy but between eight and nine hundred."

"Eight or nine hundred what?"

"Eight or nine hundred pigs."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth? Who told you to buy that many pigth? Are you a fool?"

"You told me to buy them two weeks since. I have tried to do it."

"Eight or nine hundred pigth! I never told you any thutch thing."

"But you did—you told me to go out and buy four or five thousand piggs."

"I didn't do no thutch thing! I told you to go and buy four or five thows and their little piggs, and you have done it, I thould thay."

Mr. Sayre had pork to sell next fall. Pork rose, and Sayre made his pile.

TAKINGS.

He took her fancy when he came,
He took her hand, he took a kiss,
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to come of afternoons,
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive,
He took her master's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER


SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year .......... $7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] .......... 4.00

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

SUBS.—Any person obtaining our six subscribers will receive a copy for the year from on receipt of the pay. Persons applying will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office, or addressed Box 197 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESERT NEWS."
POETRY.

GENTLE VOICES.

Gentle voices, what hath stirr'd ye,
Coming from the buried past?
In the dreams of night I heard ye,
And a spell was over me cast.

Friends departed stood in glory,
Smiling in their bright array,
Each the theme of tender story,
Led my heart to bliss away.

Gentle voices, ye would waken
Many a sleeping hope in me,
When I seek'd by all forsaken,
Then my thoughts would turn to thee.

Of my all, through fate bereft me,
What I most relied upon:
Still, with gentle voices left me,
I could never feel alone.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CONTINUED.

THE TRIAL OF GODWIN.

The Witana-gemot was assembled in the Great Hall of Westminster in all its imperial pomp.

It was on his throne that the king sate now—and it was the sword that was in his right hand. Some seated below, and some standing beside the throne, were the officers of the Basileus of Britain. There, were to be seen chamberlain and cupbearer; disc thegn and hor thegn; the thegn of the dishes, and the thegn of the stud; with many more. Next to these sat the clerks of the chapel, with the king's confessors at their head.

Below the scribes, a space was left on the floor, and farther down sat the chiefs of the Witana. Of these, first in order, both from their spiritual rank and their vast temporal possessions, sat the lords of the church; the chairs of the prelates of London and Canterbury were void. But still goodly was the array of Saxon mitres, with the harsh, hungry, but intelligent face of Stigand—Stigand the stout and the covetous; and the benign but firm features of Alfred, true priest and true patriot, distinguished amidst all. Around each prelate, as stars round a sun, were his own special priestly retainers, selected from his diocese. Farther still down the hall are the great civil lords and vice-king vassals of the 'Lord Paramount.' Vacant the chair of the king of the Scotts, for Siward hath not yet had his wish; Macbeth is in his fastnesses, or listening to the weird sisters in the world; and Malcolm is a fugitive in the halls of the Northumbrian earl. Vacant the chair of the hero Gryffyth, son of Llewelyn, the dread of the marches, prince of Gwynedd, whose arms had subjugated all Cymry. But there, are the lesser sub-kings of Wales. With their torques of gold, and wild eyes, and hair cut round ears and brow, they stare on the scene.

On the same bench with these sub-kings, distinguished from them by height of stature, and calm collectedness of mien, no less than by their caps of maintenance and furled robes, are those props of strong thrones and terrors of weak—the earls to whom shires and counties fall, as hyde and carricate to the lesser thegns. But three of these were then present, and all three the foes of Godwin. Siward, earl of Northumbria; Leofric of Mercia; and Rolf, earl of Hereford and Worcestershire, who, strong in his claim of "king's blood," left not the court with his Norman friends. And on the same benches, though a little apart, are the lesser earls, and that higher order of thegns, called king's thegns.

Not far from these sate the chosen citizens from the free burgh of London, already of great weight in the Senate—sufficing often to turn its counsels; all friends were they of the English earl and his house. In the same division of the hall were found the bulk and true popular part of the meeting—popular indeed—as representing not the people, but the things the people most prized—valor and wealth; the thegn land-owners, called in the old deeds the "Ministers:" they sate with swords by their side, all of varying birth, fortune, and connection, whether with king, earl, or earl. Further down sate, at the extreme end of the hall, crowding by the open doors, filling up the space without, were the eorls themselves.

And the forms of the meeting had been duly said and done; and the king had spoken words, no doubt warm and peaceful, gracious and exhortatory; but those words—for his voice that day was weak—traveled not beyond the small circle of his clerks and his officers; and a murmur buzzed through the hall, when Earl Godwin stood on the floor with his six sons at his back; and you might have heard the hum of the gnat
that vexed the smooth cheek of Earl Rolf, or the click of the spider from the web on the vaulted roof, the moment before Earl Godwin spoke.

"If," said he, with the modest look and downcast eye of practiced eloquence, "if I rejoice once more to breathe the air of England; if I rejoice to stand once more in that assembly which has often listened to my voice when our common country was in peril, who here will blame that joy? Who among my foes, if foes now I have, will not respect the old man's gladness? Who among you, earls and thegns, would not give, if his duty bade him say to the gray-haired exile, 'In this English air you shall not breathe your last sigh—on this English soil you shall not find a grave!' Who among you would not give to say it?" (Suddenly he drew up his head and faced his audience.)

"Who among you hath the courage and the heart to say it? Yes, I rejoice that I am at last in an assembly fit to judge my cause, and pronounce my innocence. For what offense was I outlawed? For what offense were I, and the six sons I have given to my land, to bear the wolf's penalty, and be chased and slain as the wild beasts? Hear me, and answer!

"Eustace, count of Boulogne, returning to his domains from a visit to our lord the king, entered the town of Dover in mail and on his war steed; his train did the same. Unknowing our laws and customs (for I desire to press light upon all old grievances, and will impute ill designs to none), these foreigners invaded by force the private dwellings of citizens, and there select their quarters. Ye all know that this was the strongest violation of Saxon right; ye know that the meanest ceorl hath the provers on his lip, 'Every man's house is his castle.' One of the townsmen acting on that belief—which I have yet to learn was a false one—excited from his threshold a retainer of the French Earl's. The stranger drew his sword and wounded him; blows followed—the stranger fell by the arm he had provoked. The news arrived to Earl Eustace; he and his kinsmen spurred to the spot; they murder the Englishman on his hearth-stone!"

Here a groan, half-stifled and wraftful, broke from the ceorles at the end of the hall. Godwin held up his hand in rebuke of the interruption and resumed.

"This deed done, the outlanders roamed through the streets with their drawn swords; they butchered those who came in their way; they trampled even children under their horses' feet. The burgheers armed. I thank the Divine Father, who gave me for my countrymen those gallant burgheers! They fought, as we English know how to fight; they slew some nineteen or score of these mailed intruders; they chased them from the town. Earl Eustace fled fast. Earl Eustace we know is a wise man; small rest took he, little bread broke he, till he pulled rein at the gate of Gloucester, where my lord the king then held court. He made his complaint. My lord the king, naturally, hearing but one side, thought the burgheers in the wrong; and, scandalized that such high persons of his own kith should be so aggrieved, he sent for me, in whose government the burg of Dover is, and bade me chastise, by military execution, those who had attacked the foreign count. I appeal to the great earls whom I see before me—to you, illustrious Leofric; to you, renowned Siward—what value would ye set on your earldoms, if ye had not the heart and the power to see right done to the dwellers therein?

"What was the course I proposed? Instead of martial execution, which would involve the whole burg in one sentence, I submitted that the seer and gerfairs of the burg should be cited to appear before the king, and account for the broil. My lord, though ever most clement and loving to his good people, either unhappily moved against me, or overswayed by the foreigners, was counseled to reject this mode of doing justice, which our laws, as settled under Edgar and Canute, enjoin. And because I would not—and I say in the presence of all, because I, Godwin son of Wolnoth, durst not, if I would, have entered the free burg of Dover with mail on my back and the doorsman at my right hand, these outlanders induced my lord the king to summon me to attend in person (as for a sin of my own) the council of the Witan, convened at Gloucester, then filled with the foreigners, not, as I humbly opined, to do justice to me and my folk of Dover, but to secure to this Count of Boulogne a triumph over English liberties, and sanction his scorn for the value of English lives.

"I hesitated, and was menaced with outlawry. I agreed to refer all matters to a Witan held where it is held: this day. My troops were disbanded; but the foreigners induced my lord not only to retain his own, but to issue his Herr-bann for the gathering of hosts far and near, even allies beyond the seas. When I looked to London for the peaceful Witan, what saw I? The largest armament that had been collected in this reign—that armament headed by Norman knights—was this the meeting where justice could be done mine and me? Nevertheless, what was my offer? That I and my six sons would attend, provided the usual sureties, agreeable to our laws, from which only thieves are excluded, were given that we should come and go life-free and safe. Twice this offer was made, twice refused; and so I and my sons were banished. We went; we have returned!"

"And in arms," murmured Earl Rolf, son-in-law to that Count Eustace of Boulogne, whose violence had been temperately and truly narrated.

"And in arms," repeated Godwin; "true; in arms against the foreigners who had thus poisoned the ear of our gracious king; in arms, Earl Rolf; and at the first clash of those arms, Franks and foreigners have fled. We have no need of arms now. We are ameen our countrymen, and no Frenchman interposes between us and the ever gentle, ever generous nature of our born king."

"Peers and procresses, chiefs of this Witan, perhaps the largest ever yet assembled in man's memory, it is for you to decide whether I and mine, or the foreign fugitives, caused the dissension in these realms; whether our banishment was just or not; whether in our return we have abused the power we possessed. Ministers, on those swords by your sides there is not one drop of blood! As for my sons, no crime can be alleged against them, unless it be a crime to have in their veins that blood which flows in mine—blood which they have learned from me to shed in defense of that beloved land to which they now ask to be recalled."

The earl ceased and receded behind his children, having artfully, by his very abstinence from the mere heated eloquence imputed to him as a fault and a vice, produced a powerful effect upon an audience already prepared for his acquittal.
HAROLD.

But now as from the sons, Sweyn the eldest stepped forth, with a wandering eye and uncertain foot, there was a movement like a shudder among the large majority of the audience, and a murmur of hate or of horror.

The young earl marked the sensation his presence produced, and stopped short. His breath came thick; he raised his right hand, but spoke not. His voice died on his lips; his eyes roved wildly round with a haggard stare more imploring than defyng. Then rose, in his episcopal stole, Alred the bishop, and his clear, sweet voice trembled as he spoke.

"Comes Sweyn, son of Godwin, here, to prove his innocence of treason against the king?—if so, let him hold his peace; for if the Witan acquit Godwin, son of Wulnoth, of that charge, the accipitral includes his House. But in the name of the holy Church here represented by its fathers, will Sweyn say, and fasten his word by oath, that he is guiltless of treason to the Kings of kings—guiltless of sacrilege that my lips shrunk to name? Alas, that the duty falls on me—for I loved thee once, and love thy kindred now. But I am God's servant before all things!"—the prelate paused, and gathering up new energy, added in unfaltering accents, "I charge thee here, Sweyn, the outlaw, that, moved by the fiend, thou didst bear off from God's house, and violate a daughter of the Church—Algie, abbess of Leominster!"

"And I," cried Sward, rising to the full height of his stature, "I, in the presence of these privates, whose proudest title is milites or warriors—I charge Sweyn, son of Godwin, that, not in open field and hand to hand, but by felony and guile, he wrought the foul and abhorrent murder of his cousin, Beorn the earl!"

At these two charges from men so eminent, the effect upon the audience was startling. While those not influenced by Godwin raised their eyes, sparkling with wrath and scorn, upon the wasted, yet still noble face of the eldest born, even those most zealous on behalf of that popular House, evinced no sympathy for its heir. Some looked down abashed and mournful—some regarded the accused with a co'd, un pitying look. Only perhaps among the ceors, at the end of the hall, might be seen some compassion on anxious faces; for before those deeds of crime had been bruit abroad, none among the sons of Godwin more blithe of mien and bold of hand, more honored and beloved, than Sweyn the outlaw. But the hush that succeeded the charges was appalling in its depth. Godwin himself shaded his face with his mantle, and only those close by could see that his breast heaved and his limbs trembled. The brothers had shrunk from the side of the accused, outlawed even among his kin—all save Harold, who, strong in his blameless name and beloved repute, advanced three strides amidst the silence, and, standing by his brother's side, lifted his commanding brow above the seated judges, but he did not speak.

Then said Sweyn the earl, strengthened by such solitary companionship in that hostile assemblage—"I might answer, that for these charges in the past, for deeds alleged as done eight long years ago, I have the king's grace, and the in-law's right; and that in the Witans over which I, as earl, presided, no man was twice judged for the same offense. That I hold to be the law, in the great councils as the small."—"It is! it is!" exclaimed Godwin; his paternal feelings conquering his presence and his decorous dignity—"Hold it to, my son!"

"I hold to it not," resumed the young earl, casting a haughty glance over the somewhat blank and disappoented faces of his foes, "for my law is here"—and be smote his heart—and that condemns me, not alone, but evermore! Alred, O holy father, at whose knees I once confessed my every sin—I blame thee not, that thou first, in the Witans, liest thy voice against me, though thou knowest that I loved Algiv from youth upward; she, with her heart yet mine was given in the last year of Hardicanute, when might was right, to the Church. I met her again, flushed with my victories over the Walloons kings, with power in my hand and passion in my veins. Deadly was my sin! But what asked I? that vows compelled should be annulled; that the love of my youth might yet be the wife of my manhood, Pardon, that I knew not how eternal are the bonds ye of the Church have woven round those of whom, if ye fail of saints, ye may at least make martyrs."

He paused, and his lip curled, and his eye shot wild fire; for in that moment his mother's blood was high within him, and he looked and thought, perhaps, as some heathen Dane, but the flash of the former man was momentary, and humbly smiting his breast, he murmured—"Avault, Satau!—yea, deadly was my sin! And the sin was mine alone; Algiv, if stained, was blameless; she escaped—and—and—died.

"The king was wroth; and first to strive against my pardon was Harold my brother, who now alone in my penitence stands by my side: he strove manfully and openly; I blamed him not: but Beorn, my cousin, desired my earldom, and he strove against me, willily and in secret—to my face kind, behind my back despiteful. I detected his falsehood, and meant to detain, but not to slay him. He lay bound in my ship; he reviled and he taunted me in the hour of my gloom; and when the blood of the sea-kings flowed in fire through my veins. And I lifted my ax in ire; and my men lifted theirs, and so—and sol Again I say—Deadly was my sin!

"Think not that I seek now to make less my guilt, as I sought when I deemed that life was yet long, and power was yet sweet. I have been a fugitive and an exile—again I have been in awe, and earl of all the lands from Iseis to the Wye. And whether in state or in penury whether in war or in peace, I have seen the pale face of the sun betrayed, and the gory wounds of the murdered man. I come not here to plead for a pardon, which would console me not, but formally to disavow my kinmen's cause from mine, which alone sullies and degrades it; I come here to say, that, coveting not your acquittal, fearing not your judgment, I pronounce mine own doom. Cap of noble, and as of warrior, I lay aside forever; barefooted, and alone, I go hence to the Holy Sepulcher; there to assuage my soul, and implore that grace which can not come from man! Harold, step forth in the place of Sweyn the first-born! And ye prelates and peers, milites and ministers, proceed to adjudge the living! To you and to England, he who now quits you is the dead!"
He gathered his robe of state over his breast as a monk his gown, and looking neither to right nor to left, passed slowly down the hall, through the crowd, which made way for him in awe and silence; and it seemed to the assembly as if a cloud had gone from the face of day.

And Godwin still stood with his face covered by his robe.

And Harold anxiously watched the faces of the assembly, and saw no relenting!

And Gurgh crept to Harold's side.

And the gay Lofwine looked sad.

And the young Wolnolth turned pale and trembled. And the fierce Tostig played with his golden chain.

And one low sob was heard, and it came from the breast of Alfred the meek accuser; God's true but gentle priest.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

TRIP ON THE GRAVESEND STEAMBOAT.

Among the varied amusements peculiar to London life at the period of this story, a very prominent recreation consisted of a voyage by steamboat to Gravesend. Thousands were continually in the habit of exchanging the smoke and dirt of London for the purer air of this delightful watering place. Among others, Valentine resolved upon a trip. These steamboats were, and still are, navigated by a captain, who from an elevated platform above the paddle-boxes communicates his directions to a call-boy standing immediately below, who in turn McMahaned it with a prolonged nasal twang to the occupants of the engine-room.

When the clock struck ten, on the morning in question, between five and six hundred individuals had managed to establish themselves upon the deck, and as the band, consisting of a harp, a violin, and a flute, began to play a highly popular tune, the boat started. Ginger beer and bottled stout were in immediate requisition, and while many of the unencumbered gentlemen were smoking their cigars, Valentine was learning the various orders that were giving by the captain through the boy who stood just above the place in which the engine was working.

The vessel had not proceeded far, when, fancying that he could imitate the voice of the boy exactly, he determined to try the effect of the experiment; and as he had become quite au fait to the orders that were given, the very moment the boat had passed the shipping, he commenced with "Eeae ar!"

"No, no; go on," said the captain.

"Go on!" cried the boy.

"Eeae ar!" shouted Valentine again.

"Who told you to ease her!" said the captain to the boy.

"Stop ar!" cried Valentine, and the engine stopped at once.

"What are you about, sir!" shouted the captain: "you'd better mind what you are after; Go on, sir, and let's have no more of that nonsense."

"Go on!" cried the boy, who couldn't exactly understand it, although he looked round and scratched his head with great energy.

The captain raised his hand.

"Eeae ar!" cried the boy, who was watching that hand, and as it moved again, he added "stop ar!" when the steps were let down, and a man stood ready with a boat-hook secured by a rope, while the waterman was pulling away with all the strength he had in him.

"Go on!" cried Valentine, just as the boat had reached the side, and the vessel dashed away and left the wherry behind her.

"Stop her!" shouted the captain very angrily, "what is the matter with you, sir, this morning?"

"Stop ar!" cried the innocent boy; and the waterman, who was very old and not very strong, pulled away again as hard as he could pull; but as he had to row against the tide, and had been left some considerable distance behind, it was a long time before he could manage to get up again, although he perspired very freely. He did, however, at length succeed in getting alongside; but just as he was reaching the steps again, the captain seized a rope and gave him a good tugging, and I'll ease your mind, my dear sir, I don't, may I be saved! So now you know my sentiments." And having delivered himself loudly to this effect, he thrust his hands triumphantly into his breeches pockets, and directed the whole of the passengers.

His eye was, however, no sooner off the boy, than Valentine again cried "Eeae ar! stop ar!" but long before the sound of the last 'ar' had died away, the captain seized a rope about as thick as his wrist, and without giving utterance even to a word, jumped down upon the deck with a deep inspiration of vengeance.
Away, boy! run!' cried Valentine, quickly; and the boy, who was evidently anything but an idiot, darted like lightning across the room to do the best thing. There or sometimes was none of a pew boxes; but the boy shot ahead with much skill, and then dodged him round and round and in and out, with so much tact and dexterity, that it soon became obvious that he had been chased far beyond his proper limit of play.

'LAY hold of that boy!' cried the captain, 'lay hold of him there!' but the passengers, who rather enjoyed the chase, refused to do any such thing. They, on the contrary, endeavored to shield the boy; and whenever they fancied that the captain was gaining ground, although he would not have caught him in a fortnight, a dozen of the stoutest would—of course accidentally—place themselves quietly before him.

'Come here!' cried the captain, pouting for breath: 'Will you mind what I say, sir? Come here!' but the boy, who didn't seem to improve on the invitation, suddenly took the paddle box, and Robinson took the boy's place.

'Embrace him!' cried Robinson, in a rough heavy tone.

'What's the voice to imitate?' said Valentine to himself.

'Now's the time for me to re-stimulate the boy,' and as he saw a boat making towards the vessel ahead, he shouted with true Robinsonian energy, 'Go on!'

'No, no,' cried the captain, 'no, no! you're as bad as the boys.'

'Embrace him!' shouted Robinson, 'I didn't speak! Go on! cried Valentine, and round went the paddle again, for the engineer himself now began to be excited.

'Do you want to drive me mad?' cried the captain.

'What d'yer mean?' shouted Robinson, 'that wasn't me!

'What did I say?' exclaimed the captain; not you! Oh, Robinson, Robinson! don't you know, Robinson, bow very wrong it is for to tell a blessed falsity for to hide a fault?

'I tell you it wasn't me, then! If you don't like to believe me, you may call out yourself' and Robinson departed in high dudgeon.

'That's the way they do business in the United States,' said the captain to the boys.

So she and her daughter went to work and barricaded the doors and windows in the best way they could. The youngest boy's rifle was the only one left, be not having taken it with him when he went out after his father.

The old lady took the rifle, the daughter the ax, and thus armed they determined to watch through the night, and defend themselves with the aid of the Indians.

They had not long to wait after night-fall, for soon after that some one commenced knocking at the door, crying out: 'Mother, mother!' But Mrs. Parker thought the voice was not exactly like that of her son, and in order to ascertain the fact, she said:

"Jake, where are the Indians?"

The reply, which was 'I'm gone,' satisfied her on that point.

She then said, as if speaking to her son:

"Put your ear to the latch-hole of the door."

The head was placed at the latch-hole, and the old lady freed her rifle through it and killed the Indian. She stepped back from the door instantly, and it was well she did so, for quicker than I have penned the last two words, two rifle-bullets came crashing through the door.

The old lady then said to her daughter:

"Thank God, there is but two; I must have killed the one at the door—they must be the three who went on the hunt with your father."

What of this, explained the Indian, Indians should save them we will be safe: now we must both be still after they fire again, and they will then break the door down, and I may be able to shoot another one, but if I miss them when getting in you must use the ax."

The daughter, as equally courageous with her mother, assured her she would.

Soon after this conversation two more rifle bullets came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for a few minutes, when two more balls in quick succession came through the door, and the Indian fired at random and ran, doing no injury.

"Now," said the old heroine to her undaunted daughter, "we must leave."

Accordingly, with the rifle and the ax, they went to the river, took the canoe, and without a mouthful of provision, except one wild ducks and two blackbirds which the mother shot, and which were eaten raw, did these two courageous hearts in six days arrive among the old French settlers at St. Louis.

It is painful to record after these deeds of heroism, that after the closest search for Parker and his boys, they were never found.

**LADIES' TABLE.**

**STAR AND LEAF COLLAR, IN TATTING.**

MATERIALS.—A small shuttle, a large tatting-pin and ring, and Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 30. In this size the collar works out very small and nice.

The centre of each star should be formed of 5 double and 1 plain stitch or pearl loop 10 times, and then drawn into a round. The next of 19. If we can only kill or cripple another one, then we will be safe: now we must both be still after they fire again, and they will then break the door down, and I may be able to shoot another one, but if I miss them when getting in you must use the ax."

The daughter, equally courageous with her mother, assured her she would.

Soon after this conversation two more rifle bullets came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for a few minutes, when two more balls in quick succession came through the door, and the Indian fired at random and ran, doing no injury.

"Now," said the old heroine to her undaunted daughter, "we must leave."

Accordingly, with the rifle and the ax, they went to the river, took the canoe, and without a mouthful of provision, except one wild duck and two blackbirds which the mother shot, and which were eaten raw, did these two courageous hearts in six days arrive among the old French settlers at St. Louis.

It is painful to record after these deeds of heroism, that after the closest search for Parker and his boys, they were never found.

**RECIPTS.**

**FOR A COUGH.—** Syrup of poppies, oxymel of squills, simple oxymel, in equal parts; mixed, and a teaspoonful taken when the cough is troublesome. It is better to have it made up by a druggist. The cost is trifling.

**GARLIC FOR A SORE THROAT.—** Take cayenne pepper five grains; boiling water, eight ounces; honey of roses, and tincture of myrrh, of each, four drachms. Mix. Take often.

**TO CURE A SPRAIN.—** Make pounded resin into a paste with fresh butter; lay it on the sprained, part and bind it up.**

**TWO HEROIC WOMEN.**

On the Illinois river, near two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived an old pioneer, known in those days as "Old Parker, the squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children, the oldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest a boy of fourteen.

At the time of which we write, Parker and his oldest boy had gone into company with three Indians on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days. The third day after their departure one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in and sat himself down by the fire, lit his pipe, and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this, as it was customary at that period for parties of Indians to return abruptly from a hunt, at some sign they might consider ominous of bad luck, and in such instances were not very communicative. But at last the Indian broke silence with, "Ugh! old Parker die!"

This exclamation immediately drew Mrs. Parker's attention, who directly inquired of the Indian:

"What's the matter with Parker?"

The Indian responded:

"Parker sick; tree fell on him; you go he die."

Mrs. Parker then asked the Indian if Parker sent for her, and where he was.

The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She, however, came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indians. The party and the Indian started. That night passed, and the next day too, and neither the boy nor Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion that there was foul play on the part of the Indians. **TWO HEROIC WOMEN.**

On the Illinois river, near two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived an old pioneer, known in those days as "Old Parker, the squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children, the oldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest a boy of fourteen.

At the time of which we write, Parker and his oldest boy had gone into company with three Indians on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days. The third day after their departure one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in and sat himself down by the fire, lit his pipe, and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this, as it was customary at that period for parties of Indians to return abruptly from a hunt, at some sign they might consider ominous of bad luck, and in such instances were not very communicative. But at last the Indian broke silence with, "Ugh! old Parker die!"

This exclamation immediately drew Mrs. Parker's attention, who directly inquired of the Indian:

"What's the matter with Parker?"

The Indian responded:

"Parker sick; tree fell on him; you go he die."

Mrs. Parker then asked the Indian if Parker sent for her, and where he was.

The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She, however, came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indians. The party and the Indian started. That night passed, and the next day too, and neither the boy nor Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion that there was foul play on the part of the Indians.
MR. SHELTON'S SYSTEM, ETC.

Little did the world think when it entered upon the year of our Lord eighteen hundred, that it had struck the fast age—the age of traveling at sixty miles an hour—the age of messages by telegraph at a thousand miles a minute, and last, though not least, the age of writing at least 300 distinct words in the space of sixty seconds. And yet such is the age we are in. Scarcely had this century got into its teens, before a clever brain was conceiving a system by which shorthand-writing—heretofore an arbitrary system in which each writer had to specially manufacture a good deal of his own method—should be reduced to such a simple science, that shorthand-writing should no longer be illegible to everybody except the writer, but one which a stranger to the scribe in question could decipher a hundred years after he was dead with as much facility as himself had he lived. This man was Isaac Pitman, and this system Phonography, or writing by sound.

Long before Mr. Pitman's day it was a well-recognized fact that all languages chronically disinclined to go straightforward, the English tongue was in some respects the worst example. There are other languages which do not pronounce words as they are spelled any more than the English; the French, for instance, in which "now" is pronounced "nu," and "suite" spells "sweeter." But the French as well as some other tongues, with their peculiar ways of spelling, have this recommendation which the English language has not, that if they make words spell "nu" once, they do it always; whereas you find "now," it will be pronounced "nu" to the end of the chapter.

With the philanthropic purpose of displacing these barbarisms of the English tongue, or rather of the English pen, Mr. Pitman invented the idea of contriving a set of simple signs each of which should always represent a definite sound. These sounds when put together were to make words. On this principle he developed a system. In the simplest stage of this new science a few straight strokes and curves, placed in different positions, represent all the consonants of the alphabet; thick strokes representing thick sounds like B, while thin strokes stand for thin ones like P. The vowels are indicated by dots or short marks placed against the top, middle, or bottom of the consonants. In the more advanced styles, a variety of abbreviations are used. Some thousands of words, instead of being written in full, are represented by one or two prominent letters contained in the word,—thus at stands for established, and v for have, etc.

One of the very best efforts which has come under our notice, in the way of a new system, based on Mr. Pitman's idea of writing by sound, is that lately introduced by Mr. Shelton, of Fillmore, in this Territory. Of the real advantages of this system, practical phonographists will, of course, be the best judges, but to our unpractised eye it seems to present sufficient merit to justify us in referring to it, and leaving our readers to judge of its excellence or otherwise for themselves.

Mr. Shelton's system is divided into two parts—the Corresponding and the Reporting styles. In the first, every sound, including the vowels, is indicated by a series of very simple strokes, such as are easily made by the hand when in a writing position. There is no leaving off to attach dots or other marks to indicate the vowels; every consonant contains its own vowel, made by one and the selfsame stroke. This vastly facilitates matters, and a word, or a whole string of words, can be written without taking the pen off the paper. It is said that by this long or full style about 70 words a minute can be easily written.

In the Reporting style of Mr. Shelton's system, by the addition of about 30 new signs placed sloping to the right or left, all the words in the language can be reported as fast as they drop from a speaker's lips without the use of a single arbitrary sign or the omission of a sound for the gaining of time. Mr. Shelton states that in his method nothing is left to the memory beyond learning the elementary signs which are applicable to every word in the language. The great point is, that in the reporting style, every sound is represented on paper as much as in the longer, or what may be termed the child's system. If there be, as we are informed, no drawback to this point, it must present a great advantage over Mr. Pitman's system, with its thousands of arbitrary abbreviations to be stored in the mind. We are informed that a practised reporter can, by the latter style, easily write 300 words a minute.

There are many other points which appear to be improvements upon older methods, but which cannot be detailed here: many nice distinctions of sound—the French u, for instance, can be represented. Experienced phonographists tell us that the system is very easily learned, and that a printer could set from it in a very short time. Whether this is so or not, the points which Mr. Shelton seeks to gain by his system are highly desirable, and improvements to which phonographic systems appear to be really open.

In conclusion, we will say, the shorthand referred to has no application to the representation of words according to sound in type, such as the promoters of the Deseret Alphabet so worthily seek to obtain. It is a writing system only.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

BY PROFESSOR JNO. TULLIDGER.

NO. V.

REVIEW OF MR. CURWIN'S SYSTEM.

The method adopted by Mr. Curwin is generally understood as the Tonic Sol Fa system; this title is not a proper definition of its character, as it professes to be a new order of things, while the Tonic Sol Fa, by the old notation, was used in England more than two centuries since; so Mr. Curwin's method is properly the new notation on the moveable do.

As many of your musical readers are not acquainted with what is termed the Tonic Sol Fa, and the variation of the intervals, I am led to give some explanation on the subject.
The word tonic is used by authors of musical science or harmony, as the fundamental or key note, which means the first note in every scale or ladder. The remaining six notes of the ladder or scale are governed by this one note, so long as you remain in the dominion of that key, and if the key should change, a return to the primitive tonic is made before the conclusion of the piece.

When a change of key takes place, the note selected by the composer claims the tonic position, and rules the octave until another change or a return to the starting key, which key reclaims its tonic rule.

I will illustrate this, as by giving the technical names of all the intervals, the word tonic may be better understood.

Suppose we take an eight-step ladder, as before stated. The first step is, the principal note of government, by which all the others of the scale are guided. Now if you take away the first step, and place it in any other position, it no longer remains the tonic, but is governed—until a return to the key—by the new tonic.

Every note in the scale has its position, name, and power.

The second note of the scale is called the super tonic, being situated one step above the key-note or tonic. It is used frequently as a fundamental note with passing harmony, and in some modes of the minor model scale, it holds a good position, but does not take the tonic power in a major mode.

The third of the scale is called the mediant, and, like the super-tonic, it never assumes the tonic position in a major scale as it belongs also to the minor mode.

The fourth note of the scale is called the sub-dominant, and claims a second relationship to the tonic, and sometimes in modulation assumes that position.

The fifth is the dominant. This note takes a powerful position in the scale, and is frequently appointed to the tonic rule, by a change of key, to the letter G. I am speaking of the diatonic scale.

The sixth is called the sub-median, and is the relative minor to the major tonic, of the diatonic denomination C.

This note—in some styles of music—more frequently claims a tonic position—by a change of key—than the sub-dominant, in second relation to the fundamental C.

The seventh of the scale is called the sub-tonic, being situated one semi-tone below the replicate or octave, and is termed the leading note.

Having explained the names of each interval and pointed to those having the greatest power in the scale to change to a tonic position, I will explain the use of the Sol Fa.

The sol faggio, or the Sol Fa scale, are certain words used by the Italians, French and others for the English letters C D E F G A B and C the octave.

The English and American musicians use the letters for the notation in the old method to mean the 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 and 8 of the scale, to which they add, for beauty of enunciation, the Italian do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si and do.

In the movable do, or tonic sol fa, should we begin on C, this C, being the first note, is called do. If we start on the dominant G, the G is then the tonic. If we start on D, this letter is the first. If we start on A, it is the same. Should we begin on E, the E forms the tonic position. B the same. F sharp will also take the first position, and G sharp will take the same sol fa as the starting interval C. The tonic sol fa principal is to make every note of the scale the do, hence the name Tonic Sol Fa, as applied to this system.

Notice.—Our agents and friends will much oblige us by announcing to their acquaintance in the settlements that any persons wishing to obtain the Utah Magazine and unable to pay for it until after harvest, will have it forwarded to them upon writing to say that they will pay for it at that period in produce at the usual cash rates.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

J. B.—Doubtless the moon has an influence on the weather and consequently on the growth of plants, but we do not know exactly what those effects are. Some say that if you plant peas when the moon is increasing they will bloom still there is nothing left. Try it.

E. M.—It is rather hard to decide, but we can do it. If a man's apple trees hang over on your ground, he occupies your room and your sunshine; you are, therefore, easily entitled to some of his apples. This is our first decision. On the other hand, inasmuch as the trunk of the tree belongs to your neighbor, and the branches belong to the trunk, and the fruit to the branches, therefore just as clearly you are not entitled to any. This is our second decision. Both decisions are valid and will stand in any court (where they are not particular.) We are willing to accept a law, or fee for either.

PLANT.—We think to some extent fishes are good things. A change in one's food is refreshing once in a while. Fancy seeing gentlemen in long-waist posted coats, or ladies in coal-scuttle bonnets for nineteen years at a stretch, and it would be equally horrible to see gentlemen in short-waist coats or ladies in the triangular skirts which new adorn them for the same period.

Let us have changes by all means, so long as ladies will design and execute them themselves as much as possible. With ladies there should always be variety. As to the male profession, it serves them a right if they have to wear the best black cloths for ever. There is no poetry about them. They are not the flowers of creation. Who cares what they wear.

BIBLE READER.—The Samaritans were a set of alien colonists plantated in the lands which were previously occupied by the ten tribes, who had been taken away captive. They were converted partially, at any rate to the true faith by the Jews, but were always considered by them a sort of half-breeds and as persons unfit for association with; hence the surprice of the woman of Samaria and her remark to Jesus:—"How is it that thou being a Jew art now a drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria?" The Samaritans had a temple of their own on Mount Gerizim, while the Jews considered Jerusalem the sacred place, hence the statement of Jesus:—"Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet in Jerusalem worship the Father."

MUSCER.—Why wait until you can buy a piano? The piano is a very difficult thing to train, hoarse takes years of practice to become proficient in, and few are the men who, with four to fifty dollars to spend, can keep their hands in it. Of course it is a splendid instrument when well played, and, like all music, it brings much refinement and happiness to the home circle. But for us poor folks, who does not get a harp or a guitar for our daughters? Either are much cheaper, will produce a delightful accompaniment to a Sunday evening's home circle, or one of any other time. You can get the piano as soon as convenient, but don't wait for it; have music in your house as fast as possible.

JEWE.—Can't say who is responsible; but there is a piece of road in the 13th Ward, constructed so that two pools of water, varying from ten to thirty feet in diameter, made in rock crevices there over a wet spring. Everyday morning the water runs clear, it is not good for one's health. Don't be impatient; this is a big city, with a small treasury. It will attend to it in due time.
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READ AND DION BOUCICOU.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER IV.

Sarah Wilson left off crying, and looked down on the ground with a very red face. General Rolleston was amazed. "Is she safe? Is she safe?" said he. "You mean my mistress," replied Wilson, rather brusquely; and flounced out of the hall.

"She is safe, no thanks to you," said General Rolleston. "What were you doing under her window at this time of night?" The barb in tone in which this question was put shifted the future to the present. This tumbled him, and he replied, doggedly, "Lucky for all I was there.

"That is no answer to my question," said the General, sternly.

"If it is all the answer I shall give,

"Then I shall hand you over to the officer, without another word."

"Do, sir, do," said Seaton, bitterly; but he added more gently, "you will be sorry for it when you come to your senses."

At this moment Wilson entered with a message. "If you please, sir, Miss Rolleston says the robber had no beard. Miss have never noticed Seaton's face, but his beard she have; and, oh! if you please, sir, she begged me to ask him,—Was it you that fired the pistol and knocked him down?"

The delivery of this ungrammatical message but rational query was like a ray of light streaming into a dark place; it changed the whole aspect of things. As for Seaton, he received it with eyes blazing and heat. He turned away from Wilson. His pale face relaxed, the water stood in his eyes, he smiled affectionately, and said in a low, tender voice, "Tell her I heard some bad characters talking about this house—was a month ago—so, ever since then, I have slept in the tool-house to keep them off. If they rob the house, I marked one or more; but they were three to one; I think I must have got a blow on the head, for I felt nothing—"

Here he was interrupted by a violent scream from Wilson. She pointed downwards, with her eyes glaring; and a little blood was seen to be trickling slowly over Seaton's stocking and shoe.

"Wounded," said the General's servant, Tom, in the business-like accent of one who had seen a thousand wounds. "Oh! never mind. He's Seaton. So it can be very deep, for I don't feel it;" then, fixing his eyes on General Rolleston, he said, in a voice that broke down suddenly, "there stands the only man who has wounded me to-night, to hurt me."

The way General Rolleston received this point-blank reproach surprised some persons present, who had observed only the imperious and iron side of his character. He hung his head in silence a moment; then, being discontented with himself, he went into a passion with his servants for standing idle. "Run away, you women," said he, roughly. "Now, Tom, if you are good for anything, strip the man and staunch his wound. Andrew, a bottle of port, quick!"

Then, leaving him for a while in friendly hands, he went to his daughter, and asked her if she saw any objection to a bed being made up in the house for the wounded convict.

"O papa," said she, "why of course not. I am all gratitude. What is he like, Wilson? for it is a most provoking thing. I never noticed his face, only his beautiful beard glittering in the sunshine ever so far off. Poor young man! O yes, papa! send him to bed directly, and we will all nurse him. I never did any good in the world yet, and so why not begin at once?"

General Rolleston langhed at this spirit of enthusiasm from his daughter, but went on to give the requisite orders. But Wilson followed him immediately and stopped him in the passage. "If you please, sir, I think you had better not. I have something to tell you." She then communicated to him by degrees her suspicion that James Seaton was in love with his daughter. He treated this with due ridicule at first; but she gave him one reason after another till she staggered him, and he went down stairs in a most mixed and puzzled frame of mind, inclined to laugh, inclined to be angry, inclined to be..."

The officer had just arrived, and was looking over some photographs to see if James Seaton was "one of his birds." Such, also, was his expression.

At night of this Rolleston colored up; but extricated himself from the double difficulty with some skill. "Herzam," said he, "And Sarah Wilson is a wretched girl, and a man, got himself wounded in my service. You are to take him to the infirmary; but mind, they must treat him like my own son, and nothing he asks for denied him.

So walked with feeble steps, and leaning on two men, to the infirmary. General Rolleston ordered a cup of coffee, lighted a cigar, and sat cogitating over this strange business, and asking himself how he could get rid of this young madman, and yet befriend him. As for Sarah Wilson, she went to bed, and, how can I tell? She may love him, may not; judge for yourself. She saw, too late, that, if she had held her tongue, Seaton would have been her patient and her prisoner; and as for Miss Rolleston, when it came to the point, why she would have never nursed him except by proxy, and the proxy would have been her.

However, the blunder blind passion had led her into was partially repaired by Miss Rolleston herself. When she heard, next day, where Seaton was gone, she lifted up her hands in amazement. "What could be doing of thinking of sending one benefactor to a hospital!" And, after meditating a while, she directed Wilson to cut a nosegay and carry it to Seaton. "He is a gardener," said she, innocently. "Of course he will miss his flowers sadly in that miserable place."

Wilson concealed the true donor of all those things, and took the nosegay round to Seaton. By this means she obtained the patient's gratitude, and he showed it so frankly, she hoped to steal his love as well.

But no! his fancy and his heart remained true to the cold beauty he had served so well, and she had forgotten him apparently.

This irritated Wilson at last, and she set to work to cure him with wholesome but bitter medicine. She sat down beside him one day, and said, cheerfully, "We are all on the keynote now. Miss Rolleston's beau is come on a visit."

The patient opened his eyes with astonishment.

"Miss Rolleston's beau?"

"Ay, her intended. What, didn't you know, she is engaged to him."

"She engaged to be married?" gaped Seaton.

Wilson watched him with a remorseless eye. "Why, James," said she, after a while, "did you think I liked you if your word to the world without a mask?"

Seaton made no reply but a moan, and lay back like one dead, utterly crushed by this cruel blow. A buxom middle-aged nurse now came up, and said, with a touch of severity, "Come, my good girl, no doubt you mean to be doing ill. You had better leave him to us for the present."

On this hint Wilson bounced out, and left the patient to his misery.

As her next visit she laid a nosegay on his bed, and gossiped away, talked of everything in the world except Miss Rolleston.

At last she came to a pause, and Seaton laid his hand on her arm directly, and looking piteously in her face spoke his first word.

"Does she love him?"

"What, still harping on her?" said Wilson. "Well, she doesn't hate him, I suppose, or she would not marry him."

"For pity's sake don't quarrel with me! Does she love him?"

"Shall I love you as much as I could love a man that took my fancy?" (here she cast a languishing glance on Seaton); "but I see no difference between her and other young ladies. Miss is very fond of her, if her word to the world without a mask?"

At this picture James Seaton wished to die in his bed like some agonized creature under vivisection; but the woman, spurred by jealousy, and also by egotistical passion, had no mercy left for him.

"And why not?" continued she; "he is young, and handsome, and rich, and he dotes on her. If you are really her friend, you ought to be glad she is so well, suited."

At this admonition the tears stood in Seaton's eyes, and after
while, he got strength to say, "I know I ought, I know it. He is only worthy of her, as worthy as any man could be."

"That he is, James. Why, I'll be bound you have heard of it."

"It's true, Mr. Seaton started up in bed. "Who! Wardlaw! What, Ward-\n\nlaw?"

"What Wardlaw? why the great London merchant, his son. estranged, and his influence now, I hear; the old gentleman, is he retired, by all accounts."

"Curs him! Curs him! Curs him!" yelled James Seaton, in his eyes glaring fearfully, and both hands beating the air. Sarah Wilson recoiled with alarm.

"That's true, Seaton," said the old man, "and I'll throttle him with these hands first."

What more his unaccountable fury would have uttered was arrested by a rush of nurses and attendants, and Wilson was pulled out of the place with little ceremony. He contrived, however, to hurl a word after her, accompanied with a look of concentrated rage and resolution.

"Never, I tell you—while I live."

At her next visit to the hospital, Wilson was refused admission, by the Head Surgeon. She left her flowers daily all the same.

After a few days she thought the matter might have cooled, so having a piece of news to communicate to Seaton, with respect to Arthur Wardlaw, she asked to see that patient.

"Left this morning," was the reply.

"What, cured?"

"Why not! We have cured worse cases than his."

"Where has he gone? Tell me pray."

"Left no address." An inquiry was made. But the reply was the same.

Sarah Wilson like many other women of high and low degree, all with misgivings of mischief to come. She was taken with violent fits of trembling, and had to sit down in the hall.

And to tell the truth, she had occasion to tremble; for that age of hero had launched two wild beasts—Jealousy and Revenge.

When she got better she went home, and, coward-like, said it a word to living soul.

Sarah Wilson married General Rolleston she say. Wardlaw dined with General Rolleston and Helen. They were to be alone for a certain reason; and came half an hour before dinner. Helen thought he would, so was ready for him on the lawn.

They walked arm-in-arm, tending the happiness before them, and regretting a temporary separation that was to interfere. He was her father's choice, and she loved her father extremely; he was her male property; and young ladies like her sort of property, especially when they see nothing to desire, and are passionately, and that was her due, adored her, and drew a gentle affection, if not a passion, on her in return. Yes, that lovely forehead did come very rare young Wardlaw's shoulders, more than once or twice, as they strolled up and down on the soft mossy turf.

The little smile of the edge that bounded the lawn, was lay crouched in the ditch, and saw in all with gleaming eyes. Just before the affianced ones went in, Helen said, "I have a little favor to ask you. The poor man, Seaton, who fought so nobly, and was wounded—papa says he is a man of education, and wanted to be a clerk or something. Could you ad him a place?"

"I think I can," said Wardlaw; "Indeed I am sure. A line to White & Co. will do it; they want a shipping clerk."

"O, how good you are!" said Helen; and lifted her face coming with thanks.

The opportunity was tempting; the lover fond: two faces sat for a single moment, and one of them burned for five minutes after.

The basilisk eyes saw the soft collection; but the owner of those eyes did not hear the words that earned him that torture. He lay still and blided his time.

The little sentinel behind stood clear of the town, at the end of a short, but narrow and useless lane. The situation had tempted the burglars whom Seaton baffled; and now it tempted eaton.

Wardlaw must pass that way on leaving General Rolleston's company.

At a bend of the lane two twin elms stood out a foot or two from the edge. Seaton got behind these at about ten o'clock, and watched for him with a patience and immobility that bored it.

His preparations for this encounter were singular. He had a loss-cutting inksand and a pen, and one sheet of paper, at the top of which he had written "Sydney," and the day of the month and year, leaving the rest blank. And he had the revolver with which he had shot the robber at Helen Rolleston's window; and a barrel of that arm was loaded with swat shot.

CHAPTER V.

The moon went down; the stars shone out clearer.

Eleven o'clock boomed from a church clock in the town. Wardlaw did not come, and Seaton did not move from his ambush.

Twelve o'clock boomed, and Wardlaw never came, and Seaton never moved.

Soon after midnight, General Rolleston's hall-door opened, and a figure appeared in a flood of light. Seaton's eyes gleamed at the sight, for it was young Wardlaw, with a footman at his back holding a lighted lamp.

Wardlaw, however, seemed in no hurry to leave the house, and the room soon appeared; he was joined by Helen Rolleston, and she was equipped for walking. The watcher saw her serene face shine in the light. The General himself came next; and, as they left the door, out came Tom with a blunderbuss, and brought up the rear. Seaton drew behind the trees, and posted, but did not resign, his purpose.

Steps and murmurations came, and passed him, and receded.

The only words he caught distinctly came from Wardlaw, as he passed: "It is nearly high tide. I fear we must make haste."

Seaton followed the whole party at a short distance, feeling sure that they would eventually separate and give him an opportunity with Wardlaw.

They went down to the harbour and took a boat; Seaton came nearer, and learned they were going on board the great English clipper, that looked so black, with monstrous eyes of fire.

They put off, and Seaton stood baffled.

Presently, the black monster, with enormous eyes of fire, spouted her steam like a Leviathan, and seemed to melt the deck she passed, the tide was raised, and she rushed out of the harbour; and Seaton sat down upon the ground, and all seemed ended. Helen gone to England! Wardlaw gone with her! Love and revenge had alike eluded him. He was now driven by the pangs of his passion, and the pangs of his heart, by the pangs of his conscience, by the pangs of his wretched soul, to see her again, stupidly, stupidly. He wondered why he was ever born; why he consented to live a single minute after this. His anger and his demon gone homo together! And he left here.

He wrote a few lines on the paper he had intended for Wardlaw, sprinkled them with sand, and put them in his bosom, then stretched himself out with a weary moan, like a dying dog, to wait the flow of the tide and, with it, Death. Whether or not his resolution or his madness would have carried him so far cannot be known; for the next morning, Seaton found his face, chilled him to the bone, a sly silence struck his ear. He started to his feet, and life and its joys rushed back upon him. It was the voice of the woman he loved so madly.

Helen Rolleston was on the water, coming ashore again in the little boat.

He crawled, like a lizard, among the boats ashore to catch a sight of her; he did see her, was near her, unseen himself. She landed with her father! So Wardlaw was gone to England without her. Seaton trembled with joy. Presently his goddess began to lament in, the prettiest way. "Papa! Papa!" she nighed, "Why must friends part, in this sad world! Poor Arthur is gone from me: and, by-and-by I shall go from you, my own father!" And at that prospect she wept gently.

"Why, you foolish child!" said the old General tenderly, "what matters a little parting, when we are all to meet again, in dear old England. Well then, there, have a cry; it will do you good." He patted her head tenderly, as she clung to his warlike breast; and she kissed him on his word; the tears ran swiftly and glistered in the very star-light.

But, O! how Seaton's heart yearned at all this. What! mustn't I say a word to comfort her; he, who, at that moment, would have thought no more of dying to serve her? He would have thrown himself into the water and would of throwing one of those pebbles into that silvery water.

Well, herpure tears somehow cooled his hot brain, and washed his soul, and left him wondering at himself and his misdeeds. He did not know how to get by and wave her dewy wings, and fan his hot passions as she passed.

He kneeled down and thanked God he had not met Arthur Wardlaw in that dark lane.

Then he went home to his humble lodgings, and there buried himself; and from that day seldom went out except to seek employment. He soon obtained it as a copyist.

"May 23, 1868."
Meantime the police were on his track, employed by a person with a gentle disposition, but a tenacity of purpose truly remarkable.

Great was Sexton's uneasiness when one day he saw Haxham at the foot of his stair; greater still, when the officer's quick eye caught sight of him, and his light foot ascended the stairs directly. He felt sure Haxham had heard of his lurking about General Rollestone's premises. However, he prepared to defend himself to the uttermost.

Haxham came into his room without ceremony, and looking mighty grim. "Well, my lad, so we have got you, after all."

"What is my crime now?" asked Sexton, suddenly.

"Dancing," said the officer, very solemnly. "It is an unheard-of crime this time. You have been—running—away—from a pretty girl. Now that is a mistake at all times, but, when she is as beautiful as an angel, and rich enough to slip a flyer into Dick Haxham's hands, and lay him on your track, what is the wonder for you, yes, sir?"

Sexton took the letter, with a puzzled air. It was written in a clear but feminine hand, and slightly scented.

The writer, in a few polished lines, excused herself for taking extraordinary means to find Mr. Sexton, but hoped he would consider that he had laid her under a deep obligation, and that gratitude will sometimes be important. She had the pleasure to inform him that the office of shipping clerk, at Messrs. White and Co.'s was at his service, and she hoped he would take it without a thought. The officer, who was assured that many persons had risen to wealth and consideration in the colony from such situations:

Then, as this wary but courteous young lady had no wish to enter into a correspondence with her ex-gardener, she added—

"Mr. Sexton need not trouble himself to reply to this note. A simple 'yes' to Mr. Haxham will be enough and will give sincere pleasure to Mr. Sexton's"

"Obedient servant and wellwisher."

—Helen Anne Rolleston.

Sexton bowed his head over this letter in silent but deep emotion.

Haxham respected that emotion, and watched him with a sort of sagacious sympathy.

Sexton lifted his head, and the tears stood thick in his eyes. Said he, in a voice of exquisite softness, scarce above a whisper, 'Tell her, 'yes' and 'God bless her.' Good by. I want to go on my knees, and pray God to bless her, as she deserves. Good by."

Haxham took the hint. and retired softly.

[To be continued.]

A LEGEND OF VENICE

It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his lady-love. His step was light for the joy that was in his heart. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named.

"Lovely Giulietta!" he said, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy Marcellini?"

But as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gently into his belt; "if another touch the hand of thee, thou hast changed masters."

And on he went; but before he reached his home, he sang a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth! He turned by the Church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps came to the march. A murder was committed. The Senator Renaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcellini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time—everything served to excite,—to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the garret, than an evidence happened against him. The bravos in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and smeared with blood, not yet dry, it was now in the belt of Marcellini. His patrician ornaments struck every eye; and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained.

Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure—an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are silent—to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was the pallor of the land. At length, however, it came; and Marcellini lost his life. But, however, the burden of the crime remained; and many years afterwards the truth revealed itself—the real criminal, in his last moments confessing the crime; and hence the custom of Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in court, before a sentence has been pronounced. Remember poor Marcellini!" Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge, dying, directed that henceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the chapel. Still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay, the Marcellini is rung as for a solemn service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that overlooks the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold Marcellini breathed his last.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

There was nothing in Pompeii that invested it with a deeper interest to me than the spot where a soldier of old Rome displayed a most heroic fidelity. The fatal day on which Vesuvius, at whose feet the city stood, burst out into an eruption that shook the earth, poured torrents of lava from its rivers, and discharged, amidst the noise of a hundred thunders, such clouds of ashes as filled the air, produced a darkness deeper than midnight, and struck such terror into all hearts that men thought not only that the end of the world had come and all must die, but that the gods themselves were expiring on that night a sentinel kept watch by the gate which looked to the burning mountain. Amidst unimaginable confusion, and shrieks of terror, mingled with the roar of the volcano and cries of hope, in the dark to the heathen, the inhabitants fled the fatal town, while falling ashes, loadstones, and the darkened air and penetrating every place, rose in the streets till they covered the house roofs, nor left a vestige of the city.

Amidst this fearful disorder the sentinel at the gate had been forgotten. But when the day came to its relief, the inhabitants, happening what might, to hold their posts till relieved by the guard or set at liberty by their officers, he had to choose between death and dishonor. Pattern of fidelity, he stood by his post. Slowly, but surely, the ashes rose on his manly form; now they reached his breast, and now covering his lips, they choked his breath. He also was "faithful unto death." After seventeen centuries they found his skeleton standing erect in a marble niche, clad in rusty armor—the helmet on his empty skull, and his bowy fingers still closed upon his spear.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE FISH AND INK TRICK.

This is really a first-rate delusion. You bring before the spectators a glass vase, full of ink. You dip a ladle into it and pour out some of the ink upon a plate. In order to convince the audience that the substance in the vase is really ink. You then throw a handkerchief over the vase and instantly withdraw it, when the vase is found to be filled with water, in which a couple of gold fish are swimming.

This apparent impossibility is performed as follows. To the interior of the vessel is fitted a black silk lining, which adjoins closely to the sides when pressed by the water, and which is withdrawn inside the handkerchief during the performance of the trick. The ladle has a hollow handle with an opening at its end, into which runs a tube, which runs into the bowl when it is held downward, during the act of dipping it into the vase.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why are young ladies like arrows?
2. Why is a philanthropist like an old horse?

CHARADE I.

My first is a very uncomfortable state,
In cold weather it mostly abounds.
My second's an instrument formed of hard steel.
That will cause the stout foe to stagger and reel,
And when used, is a symptom of hate.
My whole is an author of greatest renown.
Whose fame to the last day of time will go down.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 12.

You have learned how the earth’s crust has been formed by cooling, and how sedimentary rocks descanted by water have been displaced by eruptive acts. You will now enter on a course in which you have been introduced, the various causes of subsequent changes in the earth’s crust will be considered. We will begin with volcanoes.

ON THE CRATERS OF VOLCANOES.

A volcano is a fissure, or perpendicular tunnel, in the earth’s crust, through which heated matter from below is thrown up to the surface. This fissure goes under various names among geologists: it is called the vent, the chimney, the chasm of the volcano. The matter, which is thrown up, may be in the form of lava, scoriæ, or ashes. It is the upper part of this vent, or chimney, that is called the crater. It is always in the form of an inverted cone, or in the shape of a funnel or running dish, with the broadest part upward.

The structure of these craters exhibits manifold phenomena, according to which geologists give them different names; such as craters of Eruption, and craters of Elevation. There are, also, instances in which both kinds of craters are found in one mountain.

You have seen how the action of fire, however deep seated in the earth’s crust, may produce a fissure through its entire thickness. You can easily imagine that, as the deep fires below are sending up milky streams of lava, emitting floods of hot mud, slugged tuff, or hurling up showers of ashes and cinders, these would gather or fall around the mouth of the vent. In proportion to the continuance and the repetitions of such eruptions, successive beds of volcanic products would accumulate around the mouth, and form themselves into the shape of a sugar-loaf or cone.

Look at a molehill. Put your stick through it from the top of it to the hole from which it was brought up. Give a twist to the stick in your hand, so that the opening at the top shall be wider than the end at the bottom, and you have exactly a crater of eruption.

When the fresh matter erupted from a volcano comes down in a new shower, or cools down as a fresh verflow of lava, it forms regular beds around the hole of the commenced cone; and these new beds assume regularly towards the sides of the original one, and have what geologists call a quaquaversal dip. This word means that the new beds or coatings are equally all around the cone, just as when you put saucers placed on the top of each other, and all side down, the upper five have a quaquaversal dip round the bottom saucer. Or, if you imagine that your molehill, the earth pushed up by the mole was, first pushed, of a different colour, the different colored soils would fall round the vent with a quaquaversal dip.

The height and the steepness of these cones, and the extent and the depth of the craters vary exceedingly in different volcanoes. The conical hill in which is vent exists, is formed, in most instances of the clastic ashes and cinders which have been thrown up, and of streams of lava which have subsequently flowed over the ash accumulation.

When the cone and the crater have been formed, you will see that every fresh eruption will add new materials to cover what has already gathered. It is known that according to the expansive power of the gases entangled below, it will hurl large quantities of lava high up in the air. The mass hurled up separates into fragments of a spongy texture; or, a part of it may become fine and impalpable powder. When the materials, thus hurled up, return in showers, you will see that they will fall around the mouth of the vent. As these successive showers fall, they form additional layers, coverings or envelopes of scoriæ or dust all around, and dipping on all sides from the central orifice.

It is not unfrequently the case that the struggle of the entangled gases, in the melted matter, is so great as to wear away the sides of the vent or chimney, till the sides of the cone become too weak to withstand such an onset. The result is that the cone itself becomes cracked and fissured, and the burning lava flows out from the middle of the cone, or at the bottom of the hill.

SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

NEW FRENCH GASE.—The French have discovered a new kind of gaslight. It is made by a union of oxygen with hydrogen or other illuminating gas. It is stated that the Emperor of the French wishing to satisfy himself of the facts concerning this new light, sent for the inventors, and for two evenings the apartments of the Imperial Palace were brilliantly illuminated by their apparatus.

SWEETMEATS are now manufactured in England by steam. Vegetable colors are used instead of the old minerals, so that children can now eat them with perfect safety. The law has made it a misdemeanor to use mineral colors on account of their poisonous qualities.

PERFORATED SAWS.—A Mr. Emerson has patented saws with rows of small holes placed below each tooth, each row occurring just where the new tooth will be needed when the present ones are filed away. As these holes are shaped so as to form the hollow space between each tooth, new sets of teeth can be filed out one after another as the old ones disappear, with comparatively little trouble.

HOW LADIES ARE PHOTOGRAPHED ON HORSEBACK.—The photographer arranges in his studio a wooden rail of the right height, on which a side-saddle is placed, and the lady, dressed in equestrian costume, mounts, takes position as in riding, and is duly photographed. A paper print of this negative is then made, out of which her figure is carefully cut, blacked and passed upon the engraving of any handsome steed that the lady choses to select. A negative of the horse is then made which has a blank space corresponding to the figure of the lady. Two printings are required to produce the picture; one from the negative of the lady, the other from that of the horse. Instead of engravings, photographs from living animals may be used.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A LADY COOK.—One that "fritters" away her time.

"My bark is on the sea," as the cur said when the captain threw him overboard.

"Nominate your poison," is the poetical way of asking you "What will you drink?"

"Do you sing?" says the tea-pot to the kettle.

"Yes," replied the kettle, "I can manage to get over a few bars."

"Bah!" exclaimed the tea-pot.

PURE MILK.—Scribe, the French poet, "hired a house in the country to pass the summer. As soon as he was fairly installed in it, he went in search of a farmer who had a milch cow. Having found one, he stated his want. "My good man, my servant will come every morning to buy a pint of milk." 'Very well; it is eight sous.'—'But I want pure milk, very pure.'—'In that case, it is ten sous.'—'You will milk in the presence of my servant?'—'Oh, then, it will be fifteen sous.'"

PROOF OF RATIONALITY.—A man residing at some distance from a near relative, received a message one cold evening in December to hasten to his residence, as he was in a dying state. When he arrived he was told that his relative was a little better, but that his reason had entirely left him. The sick man presentily turned his head, saying in a faint voice:

"Who is that?"

He was informed that it was his relative.

"Oh, ah," said he, "yes; yes. He must be a cold. Make him a good warm toddy—yes, some toddy."

"Why, he ain't crazy," said the visitor to the friends standing around; "he talks very rationally."

A PROSYLYTE.—A dry old codger connected with the railroad interest, a man who listens always and speaks little, and was never known to argue a hobby with anybody, has lately been all mouth and ear to a very communicative spiritualist of the ultra school. He listened to and swallowed all sorts of things from the other world with so much placidity of assent, that the spiritualist at last believed him to be one of the faithful.

A few days since, the spiritualist said to his pupil:

"The spirit of B—appeared to me last night, and ordered me to borrow five dollars of you," for a certain purpose, which was named.

"Yes, I know it did," replied the old codger, "and isn't it strange! The same spirit called on me half an hour afterward, and told me not to let you have the money, as you had made a mistake in giving you the order!"

The pretended spiritualist has not been to see the codger since.

BREAKING THE NEWS.—Maimon was valet to a Count.

One day, after returning from a tournament, the Count met his valet on the high road, and asked him where he was going. He answered coolly that he was off to find another place. "Another place!" cried the Count; "what, then, has happened at my house?"—"Nothing, monseigneur."—"And what besides?"—"Nothing much, I tell you. Only your dog is dead."—"And how did that happen?"—"Your palfrey took fright, killed the dog in running away, fell into the river, and was drowned."—"Oh! And who frightened it?"—"Your son, monseigneur, who fell out of a to window before it."—"Good heavens! my son! who were his nurse and mother? Is she injured?"—"Yes, sir, he was instantly killed! When the news was brought to her ladyship, she was seized with a fit, as fell dead without speaking."—"Sconndrell! instead of running away, why did you not get help and remit at the chateau?"—"How could I, monseigneur? M revote, in watching by the side of my lady's corpse, fell asleep. The light upset, and the chateau is reduced to ashes!"—Leader.

TEMPERANCE IN MADAGASCAR.—Captain C——, has been round the world twelve times, formed th first temperance society in Madagascar. The native are hard-drinkers, and will imbibe anything which has alcohol in it. A chief one day was shown into th cabin just as the captain was taking a little medicine which was flavored with spirits, a pint bottle of which stood on the table. Thinking it rum, the chief eagerly asked for some, and would not believe the captain asseriton that it was medicine. Knowing his man Captain C——, leaving the bottle, went to anoth part of the cabin. The temptation was not to be resisted by the chief, and, seizing the bottle, he drained a pint of the mixture at one draught. The capit returning, resumed the conversation, pretending to notice the chief, who turned pale as his tawny complexion would admit, and kept up a rubbing of h abdominal regions. He twisted and turned in h seat a few moments, and then giving a yell, rushed out of the cabin, jumped overboard, and swam for th shore. When next Captain C——, visited that harb, not a drop would the chief touch. He was th first and only member of the first temperance soci in Madagascar.

"A VALENTINE."

The following unique valentine was received by a lady:

"soft is the dace on the butterfly's wing
it is soft and meak
soft is the voyes that my tru luv does sing
But softer yet is her crimson cheek.

The following is the lady's reply:

"Soft is taters all smash'd up,
As soft as smash can be;
But softer yet is the silly swain
Who wrote that verse to me."

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ........................................... $7.00
Per Half Year [26 Weeks] ........................ $4.00
Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, il paper will be mailed to any address.

CLUBS.—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive a co for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons doubting together will receive the Magazine for the price of six subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office or addressed Box 187 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."
POETRY.

THE PLEDGE-RING.

Give but a ring—a simple ring—
'Tis all the pledge I ask;
And as Time creeps on weary wing,
'Twill cheer life's gloomy task!
When thou art absent, 'twill recall
Thy image to my view,
In lonely scene, or crowded hall,
And bid me think thee true!
Then, give a ring—a simple ring;
Whose magic power shall last
Like Eastern talisman,
To Mem'ry's eyes the past!

Give but a ring—a simple ring;
The gift I will retain,
Till Death's chill mistle around me cling,
Through scenes of bliss, or pain;
In sorrow it will yield relief.
To think thy heart is mine;
And make the hour of joy, 'tis brief,
With brighter luster shine!
Then give a ring—a simple ring—
No costly gem I ask;
Affection's talisman, 'twill bring
New strength for every task.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

HAROLD AND EDITH.

This memorable trial ended, as the reader will have foreseen, in the formal renewal of Sweyn's outlawry, and the formal restitution of the Earl Godwin and his other sons to their lands and honors, with declarations imputing all the blame of the late dissensions to the foreign favorites, and sentence of banishment against them, except only, by way of a bitter mockery, some varlets of low degree, such as Humphrey Cock's-foot, and Richard son of Scrub.

In conformity with the usages of the time, hostages of the loyalty and faith of Godwin were required and conceded. They were selected from his own family; and the choice fell on Wolnoth, his son, and Haco, the son of Sweyn. As when nearly all England may be said to have repassed to the hands of Godwin, it would have been an idle precaution to consign these hostages to the keeping of Edward, it was settled, after some discussion, that they should be placed in the Court of the Norman duke, until such time as the king, satisfied with the good faith of the family, should authorize their return: Fatal hostage, fatal ward and host!

It was some days after this national crisis, and order and peace were again established in city and land forest and shire, when at the setting of the sun, Hilda stood alone by the altar stone of Thor.

The orb was sinking red and lurid, amidst long cloud-wracks of vermeil and purple, and not one human form was seen in the landscape, save that tall and majestic figure by the Rhunic shrine and the Druid cromwell. She was leaning both hands on her wand, or seid-staff, as it was called in the language of Scandinavian superstition, and bending slightly forward, as in the attitude of listening or expectation.

Long before any form appeared on the road below, she seemed to be aware of the coming footsteps, and probably her habits of life had sharpened her senses; for she smiled, muttered to herself, and, changing her posture, leaned her arm on the altar, and rested her face upon her hand.

At length two figures came up the road; they neared the hill; they saw her, and slowly ascended the knoll. The one was dressed in the serge of a pilgrim, and his cowl thrown back, showed the face where human beauty and human power lay ravaged and ruined by human passions. He upon whom the pilgrim lightly leaned was attired simply, without the brooch or bracelet common to thegns of high degree, yet his port was that of majesty, and his brow that of mild command.

So stood the brothers, Sweyn the outlaw and Harold the earl, before the reputed prophetess. She looked on both with a steady eye, which gradually softened almost into tenderness, as it finally rested upon the pilgrim.

"And is it thus," she said at last, "that I see the firstborn of Godwin the fortunate, for whom so often I have tasked the archer, and watched the setting sun for whom my runes have been graven on the bark of the elm, and the Scin-leasa been called in pale splendor from the graves of the dead?"

"Hilda," said Sweyn, "not now will I accuse thee of the seeds which thou hast sown; the harvest is gathered and the sickle is broken. Abjure thy dark magic and turn as I, to the sole light of the future, which shines from the tomb of the Son Divine."

"The prophetess bowed her head and replied:—"Come to me nearer O Sweyn, whose cradle I rocked to the chant of my rhyme."

The outlaw turned his face and obeyed.
whisper, that, despite a reason singularly sceptical, for the age in which it had been cultured, thrilled to the Saxon's heart, "Under that calm eye sleeps the soul of thy sire, and beneath that brow, so haughty and so pure, works the genius that placed the kings of the north in the lineage of thy mother the Dane."

"Peace!" said Harold, almost fiercely; then, as if ashamed of his momentary irritation, he added, with a faint smile, "Let us not talk of these things, while my heart is still sad and away from the thoughts of the world, with my brother the lonely outlaw. Night is on us, and the way is yet unsafe; for the king's troops disbanded in haste, were made up of many who turn to robbers in peace. Alone, and unarméd, save my ategar, I would crave a night's rest under thy roof; and,"—he hesitated, and a slight blush came over his cheek—"and I would fain see if your grand-child is as fair as when I last looked on her blue eyes, that then wept for Harold ere he went into exile."

"Her heirs are not at her command, nor her smiles," said the Våla, solemnly; "her tears, a flow from the fount of thy sorrow, and her smiles are the beams from thy joys. For know, O Harold! that Edith is thy earthly Fylgia; thy fate and her fate are one. And vainly as man would escape from his shadow, would soul wrench itself from the soul that Skulda hath linked to its doom."

Harold made no reply; but his step habitually slow, grew more quick and light, and this time his reason found no fault with the oracles of the Våla.

As Hilda entered the hall, the various idlers accustomed to feed at her cost, were about retiring, some to their homes in the vicinity, some, appertaining to the household, to the dormitories in the old Roman villa.

As Harold followed the Våla across the vast atrium, his face was recognized, and a shout of enthusiastic welcome greeted the popular earl. The only voices that did not swell that cry, were those of three monks from a neighboring convent, who chose to wink at the supposed practices of the Northwyrtha, from the affection they bore to her ale and mead, and the gratitude they felt for her ample gifts to their convent.

"One of the wretched house, brother," whispered the monk.

"Yea; mockers and scorners are Godwin and his lewd sons," answered the monk.

And all three sighed and scowled, as the door closed on the hostess and her stately guest.

Two tall and not ungraceful lamps lighted the same chamber in which Hilda was first presented to the reader. The handmaids were still at their spindles, and nimbly shot the white web as the mistress entered. She paused, and her brow knit, as she eyed the work.

"But three parts done?" she said, "weave fast, and weave strong."

Harold, not heeding the maids or the task, gazed inquiringly round, and from a nook near the window, Edith sprang forward with a joyous cry, and a face all glowing with delight—sprang forward as if to the arms of a brother; but, within a step or so of the monarch, she stopped short and her eyes fell to the ground.

Harold held his breath in admiring silence. The child he had loved from her cradle stood before him as a woman. Even since we last saw her, in the interval between the spring and the autumn, the year had
ripened the youth of the maiden, as it had mellowed the fruits of the earth; and her cheek was rosy with the
celestial blush, and her form rounded to the nameless grace, which says that infancy is no more.
He advanced and took her hand, but for the first time in his life in their greetings, he neither gave nor
received the kiss.
"You are no child now, Edith," said he, involuntarily; "but still set apart, I pray you some of the
old childish love for Harold."
Edith's charming lips smiled softly; she raised her eyes to his, and their innocent fondness spoke through
happy tears.
But few words passed in the short interval between Harold's entrance and his retirement to the chamber
prepared for him in haste.
Edith following Hilda, proffered to the guest, on a salva of gold, spiced wines and confections; while
Hilda, silently and unperceived, waved her seid-staff over the bed, and rested her pale hand on the pillow.
"Nay, sweet cousin," said Harold, smiling, "this is not one of the fashions of old, but rather, methinks,
borrowed from the Frankish manners in the court of
King Edward."
"Not so, Harold," answered Hilda, quickly turning;
"such was ever the ceremony due to the Saxon king,
when he slept in a subject's house, ere our kinsmen
the Danes introduced that unroyal wassail, which left
subject and king unable to hold or to quaff cup, when
the board was left for the bed."
"Thou rebukest, O Hilda, too tauntingly, the pride of
Godwin's house, when thou givest to his homely
son the ceremonial of a king. But, so served, I envy
not kings, fair Edith."
He took the cup, raised it to his lips, and when he
placed it on the small table by his side, the women
had left the chamber, and he was alone. He stood
for some minutes absorbed in reverie, and his soliloquy
ran somewhat thus:
"Why said the Vala that Edith's fate was inter-
woven with mine? And why did I believe and bless
the Vala, when she so said? Can Edith ever be my
wife? The monk-king designs her for the cloister.—
Woe, and well-a-day! Swyn, Swyn, let thy doom
forewarn me! And if I stand up in my place and
say, 'Give age and grief to the cloister—youth and
delight to man's heart,' what will answer the monks?
'Edith can not be thy wife, son of Godwin, for faint
and scare traced though thou art of the church, ye
are within the banned degrees of the Church. Edith
may be wife to another if thou wilt—barren spouse
to the Church, or mother of children who lie not Har-
old's name as their father.' Out on these priests
with their mummeries, and out on their war upon hu-
man hearts."
His fair brow grew stern and fierce as the Norman
duke's in his ire; and had you seen him at that moment
you would have seen the true brother of Swyn. He
broke from his thoughts with the strong effort of a
man habituated to self-control, and advanced to the
narrow window opened the lattice and looked out.
The moon was in all her splendor. The long
deep shadows of the breathless forest checkered the
silver whiteness of open award and intervening glade.
Ghostly arose on the knoll b前述 him the gray
columns of the mystic Druid—dark and indistinct the
bloody altar of the warrior god. But there his eye
was arrested; for he thought that a pale phosphoric
light broke from the mound with the bautastein, that
rose from the Teuton altar. He thought, for he was
no more that it was not some cheat of the fancy.
Gazing still, in the center of that light there appere-
and to gleam forth for one moment, a form of supernat-
ural height. It was the form of a man, that seemed clad
in arms like those on the wall, leaning on a spear
whose point was lost behind the shafts of the crom-
well. And the face grew in that moment distinct
from the light which shimmered around it, a face large
as some early god's, but stamped with unutterable
and solemn woe. He drew back a step, passed his
hand over his eyes, and looked again. Light and the
figure alike had vanished; naught was seen save the
gray columns and the dim fane. The earl's lip curved
in derision of his weakness. He closed the lattice
undressed, knelt for a moment or so by the bed-side,
and his prayer was brief and simple, nor accompanied
with the crossings and signs customary in his age,
He rose, extinguished the lamp, and threw himself
on the bed.
The moon, thus relieved of the lamp-light, came
clear and bright through the room, shone on the tro-
phied arms, and fell upon Harold's face, casting its
brightness on the pillow, on which the Vala had
breathed her charm. And Harold slept—slept long—
his face calm, his breathing regular; but ere the moon
sunk and the dawn rose, the features were dark and
troubled, and the breath came by gasps, the brow
was knit, and the teeth clinched.
At dawn, Harold woke from uneasy and broken
slumbers, and his eyes fell upon the face of Hilda,
large and fair and unutterably calm, as the face of
Egyptian sphinx.
"Have thy dreams been prophetic, son of Godwin?"
said the Vala.
"Our Lord foretold," replied the earl, with unusual
devoutness.
"Tell them and let me read the reed; sense dwells
in the voices of the night."
Harold mused and after a short pause he said:
"Methinks, Hilda I can myself explain how those
dreams came to haunt me."
Then raising himself on his elbow, he continued,
while he fixed his clear, penetrating eyes upon his
hostess:—
"Tell me frankly, Hilda, didst thou not cause some
light to shine on yonder knoll? by the mound and
stone, within the temple of the Druids?"
"Didst thou see a light, son of Godwin, by the altar
of Thor, and over the bautastein of the mighty dead?
a flame lambent and livid, like moonbeams collected
over snow?"
"So seemed to me the light."
"No human hand ever kindled that flame which
announces the presence of the dead," said Hilda with
a tremulous voice.
"What shape or what shadow of shape does that
specter assume?"
"It rises in the midst of the flame pale as the mist
on the mountain, and vast as the giants of old; with the
sex, and the spear, and the shield, of the sons of
Woden. Thou hast seen the scīn-lucār" continued
Hilda, looking full in the face of the earl.
"If thou deceivest me not," began Harold doubting
still.
above, and thus met a sudden and cruel fate. The blow fell heavily upon Dick and his wife. But the man bore bravely up under the shock. He did not faint, but he at once began to think as if in his necessary efforts to save his children. Not long after, a second child—a little girl of five years of age—sickened and died. It now appeared as if Mrs. Barron would go mad; and for a time her agony was terrible to behold. But this gradually subsided, and the mother began again to tend to her household affairs. She had always been a strong woman, and the parting of her two children did not on her. She went out one day leaving still another child—a daughter of three years of age—to the care of a stricken father.

The grief of Dick was not of an explosive character; but it was deep and enduring. He had something yet to live for, and he went to work like a brave man to provide for his little Eva. Winter had set in, and Dick had come to the conclusion to make as much as possible in the mines before spring, and then to sell his property and go to San Francisco, where he could secure a good education for his little one.

For some time the neighbors of Dick as well as himself had been much annoyed by theft. Several lambs and sheep had been killed, and poultry in large quantities stolen. There was a difference of opinion with regard to these depredations. Some said they were committed by Indians, others by wolves, and others by bears. But as yet no snow had fallen; and as the ground was frozen very hard, no tracks could be seen.

One morning, however, the alarm was given. A light snow had fallen during the night, and he had something yet to live for. A large grizzly bear was the thief and desperado, and he must be hunted down at once. It was not supposed that they would be obliged to go far to find the animal; and so Dick seized his rifle and joined the party, leaving his child still in bed. They rode on horseback to the cabins, and on the way they were soon on the trail. In a short time they were upon the monster; but each man paused, turning their eyes towards Dick, and waiting for him to speak. The bear was standing near the cabin-door of Barron, gazing at the child, who was seated in the doorway, watching the movements of the animal with evident curiosity, but without exhibiting any signs of fear.

Dick felt his very heart sink within him as he saw this; but his weakness passed away in an instant, and without removing his hand from his rifle he asked: "Men, can you use your rifles with steady hands?"

"Yes," replied several.

Then raise them and have them ready. Be sure your aim is good, and that every bullet would be buried in the body of the beast in case of firing. But hold your shots until I give the word.

Instantly every rifle was raised.

Dick moved carefully around towards the back of the cabin. It was a dark night, and as he drew near, and so that he could see the little one, draw her back, and closing the door, save her. But now the animal began to utter deep growls, and advance slowly towards Eva. The father saw this, and exclaimed: "My darling, get up, go into the house, and close the door.

The little girl, however, was not satisfied, and then arose, attempting to do the bidding of the father. But the monster advanced with a fearful howl, and as the door was closed against him, he struck it with one of his huge paws, shattering it into splinters.

"I feared this, Fire; but be careful and not injure my child!" cried the father.

He discharged his own piece, and at the same time a dozen other rifles rang out. The bear gave a most fearful howl, turned upon his enemies, glaring upon them with eyes of fire, and seemed just on the point of springing upon them. Suddenly, however, the beast appeared to change his mind. Turning quickly around, the monster entered the cabin. A shriek was her present hearing, and the father rushed forward, knife in hand, to save the little one. But the moment he was near, the bear burst through the window, holding Eva in his teeth.

Off he ran with all his speed toward the highest mountains peak, while the cries of the little one came back to the ears of the half frantic father.

And now the monster began its ascent, bearing its precious burden. Onward it went, and upward, climbing forward, as rocks towered above rocks arose to obstruct its pathway. All that now took place it was filled up; he was lost. The cries of the child were heard; but they became fainter and fainter, until the sound could no longer be distinguished. At length it disappeared from view behind a jutting ledge.

When the intention of the animal was first made apparent, a kind of terror seized upon every heart, and a cry of horror burst from every lip. And well might they have shuddered; for they now knew full well that the ferocious animal was a
she-bear, and that she was carrying the child to her eyrie den as food for her cubs.

For a time the father had stood with face blanched with despair, and with form trembling like the browned leaves which still cling to the trees around him. But that weakness was only momentary, for he became again the invincible father; and, with the speed of an antelope, he rushed for the cliffs, his eye fixed upon the point where the bear had disappeared with his loved darling.

To obey, but the father, and to him under any other circumstances, the journey would not only have been a weary, but almost an impossible one. But the anxious parent paused not for an instant. Indeed, he seemed to gain new strength and courage by the fear in his heart. A fearful rocky ledge would obstruct his way, but he would rush upward, the ticks kindling of the frail twigs which hung to their sides. Onward and upward until the giddy height upon which he stood was horrible to contemplate. But he did not look back. His child was further on.

And now the point was reached where the bear was last seen.

At this instant a strange sound fell upon the ears of the father. At first it was only the cry of a child. Then, mingling with it, came the fierce growl of the she-bear, and following this, the yelping of cubs. Oh, what agony filled the father's bosom at that moment! Could it be possible that the ravenous beasts were already in the act of devouring his treasure?

He was close upon Dick. The perspiration rolled in streams from his face and body. A blindness came over him, and he felt himself unable to move.

Then came a voice from below. It exclaimed, "Courage, Dick. I'll be with you soon, and will yet save your child. With all my heart!" It was the voice of a woman; and to Dick, as he started up, "I must not give way to this weakness so long as my child yet lives; and I can bear her voice even now."

The poor father became strong again. He moved forward as on new legs, and paced around a point of rock, from behind which came the sounds.

A terrible sight met his gaze.

The little girl was lying on her back upon a rock. The monster was near her, holding her down with one of his huge paws, while she clung to her breast. The little one had ceased her struggles, evidently in despair, and was now sobbing as if...or little heart was broken. The bear was bleeding profusely, and had evidently fallen from very exhaustion. The bullets which had been sent into her body had given her, no doubt, her mortal wound; but she was tenacious of life, and could accomplish much after that wound was received, before her life was yielded. Like the parent who now sought his daughter, the first thought of the bear was of her young; and in this agony, she clung to the food she had brought them.

Only a few feet higher up were the cubs. They saw the mother, and they appeared to anticipate a great feast; for they were struggling to reach it, while they lifted their young voices in a shrill cry. Dick knew that he must save his child soon, or it would be too late. Soon he resolved to creep as near as possible to the monster, and then spring upon her with his knife; for, in his haste and excitement, he had dropped his rifle.

As he was moving forward, the bear turned, and their eyes met. The dying beast uttered a terrific howl, and then looked down at her victim. Then she glaced at her own cubs, and again towards Dick. Her expression seemed to say, "You will have no mercy on my young; why should I have upon yours?"

It was a dreadful suspense for Dick. He was satisfied that the bear could only live a few moments. But what might not occur in those moments? A single blow with her huge paw, and as he was about to be torn into fragments. A movement upon his part might cause this blow to fail.

The hunter becomes so accustomed to the various animals with which he comes in contact, that he can almost read their very thoughts. Their actions can nearly always be interpreted correctly. He saw the intentions of the bear, and he knew that his own action must be prompt and powerful, or it would be too late.

He clutched his knife, and, with his arm moved with desperate speed, he swung directly at the head of the monster, who received him with a tremendous howl, and with mouth wide open. But the bear was uninjured, the struggle would have been of short duration, for the odds between a man and a grizzly bear would be as great as that between a lion and a mouse.

But the monster was now dying, and death was near. She retained all her courage and will, but not her strength.

Dick gave her several rapid blows with his knife. She groaned almost as a human being would have done, and fell upon the ground. Then he remembered the infant in his arms, and, strong Dick, she threw him to the earth. But the father had seized his beloved daughter, and, throwing it a little apart, she was now out of danger.

Not so with himself. He was now stretched flat upon his back, and both paws of the beast were upon his breast, and he could feel the sharp claws entering his flesh. The two great, glossy eyes glared into his own, the terrible growl rang in his ears, the jaws extended, the long white teeth glinted, and the blood-red tongue was stretched, full of hatred, but could not move. A moment more, and all would be over for him for ever, now the death-grip was fixed upon him.

And to add to his agony, he had seen his child spring up and run towards the edge of the cliff. It would be dashed in pieces in falling, even as his brother had been.

But would this be a misfortune, since the father must die? Would it not be better for her to join her loved ones in another world, than to remain in this cold one, alone?

Just at that instant, however, there came the report of a rifle. The bear relaxed her hold, and fell heavily upon the body of Dick. He rolled the animal away, and sprang to his feet. A friend had arrived in time, and not an instant too soon. He was holding Eva in his arms.

The father could not help shedding tears over his rescued darling, for never before had she appeared half so dear to him. But he resolved not to expose her to any further danger of the kind, and so he took an almost immediate departure for the home he had selected in the Golden State.

LADIES' TABLE.

ELEGANT TRIMMING FOR DRESSES.

MAKE A CHAIN OF THE DESIRED LENGTH.

1st Row.—5 chains, 1 treble, * 2 chains miss 2, 2 treble, repeat from star

2d Row.—2 double chain into the 2 chains of the first loop, * 2 chains, (1 treble, 4 chains, 1 treble, 6 chains, 1 treble, 4 chains, 1 treble, into second loop,) 2 double chain into the 2 chains of next loop, repeat from star.

3d Row.—Commence on the 2 double chain with 10 chains, * 1 double chain into the middle of the 5 loops below, 5 chains, 1 double treble between the 2 double chain, 5 chains, repeat from star.

4th Row.—Commence in the 5th chain below, 3 chains, * (1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble, into the middle chain of 5 chains below,) repeat from star.

5th Row.—4 chains, 1 treble between the first and second of the 3 chains, 1 treble between the second and third of the 3 treble, 4 chains, 1 double chain, between the first and second of the next 3 treble, 1 double chain between the second and third of the 3 treble, repeat from star.

This forms exactly one side of the trimming; turn it round and commence at the end you leave off at with the second and following rows, which will complete it, taking care to let the stitches of the second half be exactly parallel with those of the first

This worked in silk, the same color as the dress, has a very beautiful effect.

A PAPER MASQUERADE.

The New York "Home Journal" contains the following account of an entertainment given by a fashionable dress-maker in that city: "Madam Demoret celebrated Christmas Eve in a delightful manner, at her fine establishment, No. 583 Broadway, by giving a fancy paper dress ball to a number of her employees, numbering one, hundred. A number of invited guests participated in the festivities, and the affair was really a brilliant one. The dress being made entirely of paper, the material used for the costumes worn by the ladies, dresses, fans, head-dresses, ornaments, and all kinds of arts, were made of delicately tinted paper, in such admirable imitation of real and costly materials, that the dresses which they created when their wearers moved about, one might have been pardoned for believing that he had been translated to some fabulous realm, where they were gathered the fairest dames and belles who have figured in fashionable society for the last three hundred years or so."
FISH FARMING.

At a time when many of our readers are curious as to the possibility of artificially raising fish as an article of food, we think the following from a late number of Cassel’s Magazine will prove both useful and interesting:

“We have cultivated the land in a most painstaking manner for thousands of years, but, with few exceptions, the ocean and the river have been treated as wild hunting-grounds, in which as much depends upon the luck as the intelligence of the hunter. The reason being would say, what is applicable to the sheep or ox, is applicable to the salmon, or the trout, or the oyster; but there are very few of us that reason: at all events, the idea of artificially breeding the scaly flocks of the ocean has not been adopted by civilized man excepting in a few instances. The art has, indeed, been found and lost, possibly more than once, and only one nation—the nation that we still persist in calling barbarous—has from the depths of antiquity cultivated the crops of the water, as they also did the crops of the land. That nation is the Chinese. It really seems as though the germs of all modern ideas have long been nourished by that wonderful people. Pisciculture is an ancient science among them. They hatch fish eggs among their paddy fields, having first gathered the eggs from the spawning beds in the rivers; as soon as the fish are hatched, they are placed in compartments in the river, staked off from each other by matting, just as our fields are divided by hedges. The flocks of young fishes are driven from water pasture to water pasture, just as we drive sheep to fresh grazing-grounds. Nay, in order to expedite the hatching, they sometimes resort to the following ingenuous process: They take hen eggs, suck out the contents through a small hole, and refill the shell with the ova of the fish they wish to hatch. These eggs they place under a brood hen, and in a few days they are so advanced that they only have to break the shell into moderately warm water, and the ova spring to life. We all know the surprise of the old hen when she finds her chicks swimming upon the water, but what is that to her hatching fishes, and seeing them all swim out of sight? The consequence of this artificial hatching of the ova is, that the enormous waste that occurs in the natural process is obviated, and fish food, as a consequence, is plentiful throughout the densely-populated Celestial Empire. We are told that nothing astonishes a Chinaman more than the dearness of fish when he comes to Europe. Are these people so very wrong in calling us the outer barbarians? It is possible that by the way of India the Romans gained from the Chinese the art of pisciculture, which they undoubtedly well understood. The wealthy Italians of antiquity used to keep and breed stores of fish that seem monstrous even in these days. Fish in antique Italy were bred for variety, and flavor, and size, with an ingenuity that outshines all our efforts in the stock market. They crossed and recrossed the breeds, we are told until they produced strange varieties.

In Catholic times pisciculture was to a certain extent practised—that is, fresh water fish were kept in ponds and fed for the table; but the art of collecting the ova and vivifying it was not known to our ancestors, neither was it known to the French until the vast consumption of fish in that country led to their almost total destruction in the rivers. The first person who discovered the reason of the failure of the supply, and made known the remedy, was a peasant of the name of Joseph R/my, living on one of the tributaries of the Moselle. Knowing the enormous number of ova deposited by a single fish, he felt sure that if they were all fecundated, the rivers of France could supply far more than the demands made upon them. But he speedily ascertained that enormous numbers of the eggs either never came to life, or were destroyed in the earlier stages of existence. He determined therefore to make experiments upon fecundated eggs, and his success was such that the French government gave him a pension, and took upon itself the duty of supplying young fish to all persons that applied for them. Persons are appointed near the various rivers to capture the fish when they are just about to spawn. This process is not left to the unaided efforts of the gravid fish, but is performed artificially by the egg collectors in the following manner, which we quote from Mr. James Bertram’s interesting volume on the Fish Farms of the World, from which many of the facts in this paper have been collected:

“Well, first catch your fish; and here I may state that the male salmon are a great deal scarcer than the female ones, but fortunately one of the former will milt two or three of the latter, so that the scarcity is not so much felt as it otherwise would be. The fish, then, having been caught, it should be seen before operating that the spawn is perfectly matured, and that being the case, the salmon should be held in a large tub, well buried in the water it contains, while the hand is gently pressed along its abdomen, when, if the ova be ripe, the eggs will flow out like so many peas. The eggs must be carefully soaked or washed, and the water should then be poured off. The male salmon may be handled in a similar way, the contact of the milt immediately changing the eggs into a brilliant pink color. After being washed, the eggs may be laddled out into the breeding boxes, and safely left to come to maturity in due season. Great care is necessary to supply each kind of egg with its appropriate water in the hatching-boxes. This is a very important point, as some fish like clear, others fat and muddy streams. Up to the close of the season 1863-64, no less than one hundred and eleven million fresh water fish-eggs had been distributed, the greater portion to the waters of France; of these, forty-one million were the eggs of salmon and trout. The result is, the French streams are regaining their productive power, and an immense increase to the food of the country is thus provided. The science of pisciculture having been set afoot by the government, it has been taken up by many private individuals, and establishments for the rearing of fish of all kinds are rapidly spreading over the country.”

In addition to millions of fish artificially raised and turned into the river Tay, the lees of the River Dee
An Easy Way to Pay for the Magazine.—Procure the names and certificates of half-a-dozen respectable subscribers who will pay on the above easy terms, and a receipt for the year’s subscription will be forwarded.

Back Numbers.—Any of our subscribers or agents having Nos. 7, 8, or 9, of this Magazine sent to them by mistake, will confer a favor by enclosing them in a wrapper, and returning them per post to this office, as we need them to complete our volumes.

Answers to Correspondents.

Note.—Correspondence is invited from our friends.

Q: What is the Persian Reformer? The great Persian Reformer, as with most other reformers, his system was afterwards much adulterated. Considering the wonderful influence that attended his preaching, and the way in which he was able to impress his faith upon millions, it is not too much to suppose that he was providentially raised up, and, to a degree, supernaturally assisted. Although, like Confucius (the great Chinese Reformer) his system did not contain all truth, it seems to have contained just about enough to make it hold; and these wise and chaste natures as those of the Persians could submit to. We have no hesitation in saying thus. In certain conditions of mankind, half a truth is safer if not more valuable to them than the truth pure and undiluted. It takes the very highest natures, not simply to appreciate, but to use without abusing the whole truth on any subject respecting themselves and God.

Q: What is the difference between different portions of America? Of course there is a great deal of difference between different portions of America, and much depends, again, upon the opportunities persons have of taking care of themselves. The ladies of this Territory, who are anxious to preserve their good looks as long as possible, often to be very thankful for the great increase of rain in these parts. They will be "scrumpulously" lovely for at least ten years longer in consequence.

Tomas.—The Channel of Suez canal is no myth; it is in actual course of construction. It is anticipated that ships will before long pass through it.

Investigator.—There are several references to ancient prophecies in favor of Jesus made by the writers of the gospels, which on examination do not very strongly appear to apply to him. One passage states that he was one of the messengers of the future in the land of, as the prophet says, "the golden age." Another passage states that he was born of a virgin that the scripture might be fulfilled which says, Beloved shall be with child, and bring forth a son," etc. O寺庙 says to Isaiah that he might be considered as the supreme authority, and he tells us in addition that before the child was born, he shall have enough to bring good news from evil a certain land that Aban, the king of Judah, abhorred should be on the heads of both kings," Isaiah 13th chap. 16th. This puts the event down in the days of Aban instead of those of the apostles. There are other applications which appear inconsistent with the use made of them by the gospel writers. Some incidental references to prophecies were, doubtless, made by the copyists of the ancient manuscripts after the death of the original writers, who, when they came across an event which they thought occurred with a certain propriety, made a note in the margin of the manuscript that this or that was done that a scripture might be fulfilled. These side notes and commentaries were probably by copyists after them again, incorporated in the body of the narrative.

J. F.—Bursell, the present prime minister of England, is 63 years of age; the Earl of Derby is 66, John Bright is 71.

Writer.—The Railroad will be equally useful whether it goes north of the lake or comes south to this city. In the former case there will doubtless be a branch line to this city. A very busy period for at least two years seems inevitable. In all probability the invitation which the proprietors of the line will extend to all who will settle along its course, taken together with the natural and rapid filling up of these surrounding Territories will keep produce of all kinds at a high figure for the period named. One blessing will be that it will create a new life and the innumerable postal sag will regard to these Territories will be repealed.

Old and New Systems of Teaching Vocal Music.

By Professor Jno. Tullidge.

No. V.

Review of Mr. Curwin's System.

Gonic, Ind.

I have explained the nature of the tonic sol fa of Mr. Curwin's, the old system, and Mr. Hullah's, so that the reader may not mix up one method with the other, but give to each its proper name.

The tonic sol fa is taught both in England and America by the old notation.

So far as the history of Mr. Curwin's system is concerned, it was invented by Miss Glover. Mr. Curwin's Manual says that her method was in practice ten years before the English Government Singing Class book had been published—a system which Mr. Hullah taught by.

There is no doubt but the method was much improved by the revision effected by Mr. Curwin, Mr. Hogarth, and others whom he called to his assistance, but still the originality is due to Miss Glover.

The great secret of Mr. Curwin's success was his powerful eloquence as a lecturer. This gentleman was educated for a clergyman, and by this his vocation he obtained much influence among the Baptist, Independent, and Methodist bodies. With this patronage, he could dispense with Government assistance rendered to Mr. Hullah's system.

Notice to All Wishing to Subscribe.

Our friends in the settlements are informed that all persons needing it, will be credited until after harvest. None need fear being unable to pay in consequence of destruction of their crops by grasshoppers, as in that case we will grant any further reasonable time.
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READ AND DION BOUCICAUT.

(Continued)

CHAPTER VI.

White and Co., stationed on a terrace at James Seaton. Your colonial clerk is not so sympathetic as your London clerk, whose two objects seem to be, to learn one department only, and not to do too much in that; but Seaton, a gentleman and a scholar, eclipsed even colonial clerks in this, that he knew all the business of White and Co., and was also animated by a feverish zeal, that now and then provoked laughter from clerks, but was agreeable, as well as surprising, to White and Co. Of that zeal, his incurable passion was partly the cause. Fortunes had been made with great ease in his business, but his head was light, he lost hope of acquiring one, by some lucky hit, before Wardlaw could return to Helen Rolleston. And yet his common-sense said, if I was as rich as Creuzot, how could she mate with me, a stained man. And yet his burning heart said, don't listen to reason; listen only to me. Try.

And so he worked double tides; and, in virtue of his University education, had no snobbish notions about never putting his hand to manual labor: he would lay down his pen at any moment, and break his neck in the street, if he saw any one, nor cared to save money, bought a strip of land, by payment of £10 deposit, and sold it in forty hours for £100 profit, and watched keenly for similar opportunities on a larger scale; and all for her. Struggling with a mountain: hoping against reason, and the world.

White and Co. were employed to ship a valuable cargo on board two vessels chartered by Wardlaw and Son; the Shannon and the Jungle.

Both these ships lay in Sydney harbor, and had taken in the bulk of their cargoes; but the supplement was the cream; for Wardlaw, in person, had warehoused eighteen cases of gold dust and ingots, and fifty of lead and smelted copper. They were all examined, and branded, by Mr. White, who had duplicate keys of the gold cases. But the contents as a matter of habit and prudence were not described outside: but were marked Proserpine and Shannon, respectively; the mate of the Proserpine, who was in Wardlaw's confidence, had written instructions to look carefully to the storage of all those cases, and was in and out of the store one afternoon just before closing, and measured the cubic contents of the cases, with a view to storage in the respective ships. The last time he came he seemed rather the worse for liquor; and Seaton, who accompanied him, having stepped out a minute for something or other, was rather surprised on his return to find the door closed, and it struck him Mr. Wylie (that was the mate's name) might be inside, the more so as the door closed very easily with a spring bolt, but it could only be opened by a key of peculiar construction. Seaton took out his key, opened the door, and called the mate: but received no reply. However, he took the precaution to go round the store, and see whether Wylie, rendered speechless by liquor, could not be Downing oblivious among the cases: Wylie, however, was not to be seen, and Seaton finding himself alone did an unwise thing; he came and contemplated Wardlaw's cases of metal and specie. (Men will go too near the thing that grieves them.) He eyed them with grief and with desire, and could not restrain a sigh at these material proofs of his rival's wealth; the wealth that probably had smoothed his way to General Rolleston's home, and to his daughter's heart; for wealth can pave the way to heaven, where the winds cannot be downing bought. This reveri, no doubt, lasted longer than he thought, for presently he heard the loud rattle of shutters going up below: it was closing time; he hastily closed and locked the iron shutters, and called for the porter.

He had been gone about two hours, and that part of the street, so noisy in business hours, was hushed in silence, all but occasional footsteps on the flags outside, when something mysterious occurred in the warehouse, now as dark as pitch.

At an angle of the wall stood two large cases in a vertical position, with smaller cases lying at their feet: these two cases were about eighteen feet high, more or less. Well, behind these cases suddenly flashed a feeble light, and the next moment two brown and sinewy hands appeared on the edge of one of the cases,—the edge next the wall, the case vibrated and rocked a little, and the next moment there mounted out as expected, but as an animal that in truth resembled both those quadrupeds, viz. sailor; and need we say that sailor was the mate of the Proserpine. He ascended lightly from the top of the case behind the two cases, and lighted a dark lantern; and went softly groping about the store with it.

This was a mysterious act, and would perhaps have puzzled the proprietors of the store even more than it would a stranger; for a stranger would have said at once this is burglary, but Seaton knew that neither of those crimes was very practicable. This enterprising sailor could not burn down this particular store without roasting himself the first thing: and indeed he could not burn it down at all; for the iron shutters and the door were well locked. Wylie did, leaving you to guess his motives as this tale advances.

His jacket had large pockets, and he took out of them a bunch of eighteen bright steel keys, numbered, a set of new scissors, and a portable lantern.

He unlocked the eighteen cases marked Proserpine, &c., and peering in with his lantern, saw the gold dust and small ingots packed in parcels and surrounded by Australian wool of the highest possible quality. It was a luminous sight. He then ran his fingers over the cases, and found also eighteen of the cases marked Shannon, and the eighteen so selected, perhaps by private marks, proved to be packed close, and on a different system from the gold, viz., in pigs, or square blocks, three, or in some cases four, to each chest. Now, these two iron tanks, the projecting roof of Mr. Golding's brewery in London, and, by a neat contrivance of American origin, the whole tank could be turned in one moment to a shower bath, and drown a conflagration in thirty seconds or thereabouts. Nor could the like place the goods were greatly protected by their weight, and it was impossible to get out of the store without raising an alarm, and being searched.

But, not to fall into the error of writers who underrate their readers' curiosity and intelligence, and so deluge them with conclusions and explanations, we will now reply. Mr. Wylie did, leaving you to guess his motives as this tale advances.

His jacket had large pockets, and he took out of them a bunch of eighteen bright steel keys, numbered, a set of new scissors, and a portable lantern.

He unlocked the eighteen cases marked Proserpine, &c., and peering in with his lantern, saw the gold dust and small ingots packed in parcels and surrounded by Australian wool of the highest possible quality. It was a luminous sight. He then ran his fingers over the cases, and found also eighteen of the cases marked Shannon, and the eighteen so selected, perhaps by private marks, proved to be packed close, and on a different system from the gold, viz., in pigs, or square blocks, three, or in some cases four, to each chest. Now, these two iron tanks, the projecting roof of Mr. Golding's brewery in London, and, by a neat contrivance of American origin, the whole tank could be turned in one moment to a shower bath, and drown a conflagration in thirty seconds or thereabouts. Nor could the like place the goods were greatly protected by their weight, and it was impossible to get out of the store without raising an alarm, and being searched.

In his secret and mysterious labour Wylie was often interrupted. Whenever he heard a step on the pavement outside, or saw the porter at the door leaning against the wall, he examined the iron shutters, he would have seen that his light could never pierce through them into the street. But he was not aware of this. Notwithstanding these occasional interruptions, he worked so hard and continuously, that the perspiration ran down his face and neck; but the man who had passed them containing the pigs of lead. However, it was done at last, and then he refreshed himself with a draught from his flask. The next thing was, he took the three pigs of lead out of one of the cases marked Shannon, &c., and numbered fifteen, and left them very gently on the floor. Then he transferred to that empty case the mixed contents of a case branded Proserpine, &c., and this he did with the utmost care and nicety, lest gold dust spilled should tell tales. And so he went on and amused himself. At last he had his chance, he placed the cases marked Proserpine, &c., into eighteen cases marked Shannon, &c., and refilling them with the Shannon's lead. Frolicsome Mr. Wylie! Then he sat down on one of the cases Proserpine, and ate a biscuit and drank a little rum: not much; for at this part of his work he was a very sober man, though he could feign drunkenness, or anything else.

The gold was all at his mercy, yet he did not pocket an ounce of it; not even a penny-weight to make a wedding ring for Nancy Rouse. Mr. Wylie had a conscience, and a very original one it is true; and, as all, he was very true to those he worked with. Wylie locked the door behind him, and bolted the screw-driver, for there was another heavy stroke of work to be done; and he went at it like a man. He carefully screwed down again, one after another, all those eighteen cases marked Shannon, which he had fitted with great care, and then, heating a sailor's needle-red hot over his burning wick, he p...
is own secret marks on those eighteen cases—marks that no one can know. By this time, though a very powerful man, he felt much exhausted, and would gladly have fetched an hour's repose. But consulting his watch by the light of his lantern, he found the sun had just risen. He retired his place of concealment in the same locality, but mounted on the high cases, and then slipped down behind them, into the angle of the wall.

As soon as the office opened, two sailors, whom he had carefully instructed over-night, approached and took a boat for the cases; the whole operation was opened in consequence, but they were informed that Wylie must be present at the delivery.

"Oh, he won't be long," said they; he told us he would meet us here.""After some considerable delay, and a good deal of talking, the presently Wylie was at their backs, and put in his word. Seaton was greatly surprised at finding him there, and determined where he had sprung from.

"Hello!" said Wylie, jocosely, "why, I halled from Davy Jones' locker last.""

"I never heard you come in," said Seaton, thoughtfully.

"Well, sir," replied Wylie, civilly, "a man does learn to go to sea on board ship, that is the truth. I came in at the door, like my betters; I never heard you mention my noise. Well, here I am, any way, and—ask how many trips can we take these thunderous chests in? at see, eighteen for the Proserpine, and forty for the Shannon. Is that correct, sir?"

"Perfectly.""Then, if you will deliver them, I'll check the delivery a a steel lighter; and then we'll tow her alongside the slips." Seaton called up two more clerks, and sent one to the boat, and one on board the barge. The barge was within half a mile, so cases were checked as they passed out of the store, and backed again at the small boat, and also on board the lighter. Then they were all cleared out, Wylie gave Seaton his receipt for them, and, having a steam tug in attendance, towed the lighter and sailors back to the Shannon first.

Seaton carried the receipt to his employer.

"But, sir," he said, "is this regular for an officer of the Proserpine to take the Shannon's cargo from us?"

"No, it is not regular," said the old gentleman, and he looked through a window, and summoned Mr. Hardcastle.

Hardcastle explained that the Proserpine shipped the gold, which was the most valuable consignment, and that he saw no harm in the officer, who was so highly trusted by the merchant. Seaton added two tons of lead and copper to the Shannon.

"Well, sir," said Seaton, "suppose I was to go out and see if there be chests stowed in those vessels?"

"I think you are making a fuss about nothing," said Hardcastle.

Mr. White was of the same opinion, but, being too wise to check zeal and caution, told Seaton he might go for his own satisfaction.

Seaton, with some difficulty, got a little boat and pulled across the harbor. He found the Shannon had shipped all the cases marked with her name; and the captain and mate of the Proserpine were beginning to ship them. He paddled under the Proserpine's stern.

Captain Hudson, a rough salt, sung out, and asked him roughly what he wanted there.

"O, it is all right," said the mate; "he is come for your receipt and Hewitt's. Be smart now, men; on board, sixteen to come on.

Seaton saw the chests marked Proserpine stowed in the Proserpine, and went aboard with Captain Hewitt's receipt of forty cases on board the Shannon, and Captain Hudson's of eighteen on board the Proserpine.

As he landed he met Lloyd's agent, and told him what a row he had had last night. That gentleman merely remarked that both ships were underwritten in Sydney by the owners; but the freight was insured in London.

There was still something odd about bachelor Seaton did not quite like it. This was the haste of the shipments, or, in the language of the mate. At all events, it was too slight and subtle to be communicated to others with any hope of convincing them; and, moreover, Seaton could always make up his mind to himself that he had been duped, perhaps, in a no serious views of his servants. And soon a blow fell that drove thematter out of his heart and head. Miss Helen Rollleston called at the office, and, standing within a few feet of him, handed Hardcastle a letter from Arthur Wardlaw, directing that the ladies' cabin on board the Shannon should be placed at her disposal.

Hardcastle bowed low to Beauty and Station, and promised her that he would give the necessary instruction for the accommodation on board the Shannon, bound for England next week.

As she retired, she cast one quiet glance round the office in search of Seaton's beard. But he had reduced his admired luxuriance, and trimmed it to a narrow mercantile point. She said she knew about it. Seaton's manner was pleasant, and little was that he was at this moment cold as ice, and quivering with misery from head to foot, because her own lips had just told him that she was going to England in the Shannon.

Heart-broken, but still loving nobly, Seaton dragged himself down to the harbor, and went slowly on board the Shannon to secure Miss Rollleston every comfort.

Then, sick at heart as he was, he made inquiries into the condition of the vessel which was to be trusted with so precious a freight; and the old boatman who was rowing him, hearing him make these inquiries, told him he himself was always about, and had noticed the Shannon's pumps were going every blessed night.

Seaton carried this intelligence directly to Lloyd's agent; he overhauled the ship, and ordered her into the graving dock for inspection.

Then Seaton, for White and Co., wrote to Miss Rollleston that the Shannon was not sea-worthy and could not sail for a month, at the least.

The lady simply acknowledged Moise's. White's communication, and said Seaton would settle again.

Wardlaw made Miss Rollleston promise him faithfully to sail that month in his ship the Shannon. Now she was a slave to her word, and constant of purpose; so when she found that her agent had gone to sea on board the Proserpine, and Seaton, while, and took her passage in the Proserpine, the essential thing to her mind was to sail when she had promised, and to go in a ship that belonged to her lover.

The Proserpine was to sail in ten days.

Seaton, just arrived, was informed of the state of the Proserpine. She was a good, sound vessel, and there was no excuse for delaying her.

Then he wrestled long and hard with the selfish part of his great love. Instead of turning sullen, he set himself to carry out Helen Rollleston's will. He went on board the Proserpine and chose her the best stern cabin.

General Rollleston had ordered Helen's cabin to be furnished, and the agent had put in the usual things, such as a standing pipe, which would fill the casks; two chairs, wash-stand, looking-glass, and swing-lamp.

But Seaton made several visits to the ship, and effected the following arrangements at his own cost. He provided a neat cocoa mat for her cabin-deck for comfort and foothold; he unshipped the regular six-panted stern chair and replaced it with a plain one, the blind and a small window, two rose-colored curtains for each of the windows; all so arranged as to be easily removed in case it should be necessary to ship dead lights in stormy weather. He glazed the door leading to her bathroom and shower gallery with plate glass; he provided her with a light easy-chair, slung and fitted with grummetts, to be hung on hooks screwed into the beams in the midship of the cabin. On this Helen could sit and read, and so became insensible to the motion of the ship. He fitted a small bookcase with a glass top, and a newspaper and a book a week might be wanted; he fixed a strike-bell in her maid's cabin, communicating with two strikers in Helen's cabin; he selected books, taking care that the voyages and travels were prosperous ones. Her man's 'Recorder,' 'Lifeboat Journal,' or 'Shipwrecks and Disasters in the British Navy.'

Her cabin was the after-cabin on the starboard side, was entered through the cuddy, had a door communicating with the quarter gallery, two stern windows, and a dead eye on deck. There was a table, two chairs, the usual bed, a small sofa, and a comfortable and carpeted cuddy and quarter gallery. And a fine trifle Miss Rollleston had to get a maid to accompany her: but at last a young woman offered to go with her for high wages, deviously suppressing the fact that she had just married one of the sailors, and would gladly gone for nothing. Her name was Jane Holt, and her husband's, Michael Donovan.

In one of Seaton's visits to the Proserpine he was detected and the captain talking together, and looking at him with unfriendly eye—scowling at him would hardly be too strong
a word. However, he was in no state of mind to care much how two animals in blue jackets received his acts of self-taunt.

It was there to do the last kind offices of despising love for the angel that had crossed his dark path, and illuminated it for a moment, to leave it now for ever.

At last the fatal evening came; her last in Sydney.

Then Seaton’s fortitude, sustained no longer by the feverish stimulus of doing kindly acts for her, began to give way, and he desponded deeply.

At nine in the evening he crept upon General Rolleston’s lawn, where he had first seen her. He sat down in sultry desolation, upon the very spot. Then he came nearer the house. There was a lamp in the dining-room; he looked in and saw her.

She was seated at her father’s knee, looking up at him fondly; her hand was in his. The tears were in her eye; she had no mother; he no son; they loved one another devotedly. This, their tender gesture and their sad silence, spoke volumes to anyone that had known sorrow. Poor Seaton sat down on the dewy grass outside, and wept, because she was weeping.

Her father sent her to bed early. Seaton watched, as he had often done before, till her light went out; and then he flung himself on the wet grass, and stared at the sky in utter misery.

The mind is often clearest in the middle of the night; and all of a sudden a flash broke through the cloud she was going to England expressly to marry Arthur Wardlaw.

At this revelation he started up, stung with hate as well as love, and his tortured mind rebelled furiously. He repeated his vow that this should never be; and soon a scheme came into his head to prevent it; but it was a project so wild and dangerous that his besotted brain hatched it, his cooler judgment said, "Fry, madman, fly! or this love will destroy you?"

He listened to the voice of reason, and in another minute he was out of the premises. He fluttered to his lodgings. When he got there he could not go in, he turned and fluttered about the streets, not knowing or caring whither; his mind was in a whirl; and, what with his bodily fever, and his boiling heart, passion began to overpower reason, that had held out so gallantly till now. He found himself at the barber, standing with a wild, blood-shot eye, at the Peze, who an hour ago, had seen that he had but one thing to do—to try and forget young Wardlaw’s bide. He groaned aloud, and ran wildly back into the town. He hurried up and down one narrow street, raging indignantly, like some wild beast, in a den.

By and by, his mood changed, and he hung round a lamp-post, and fell to mourning and lamenting his hard fate, and hers.

A policeman came up, took him for a mandlin drunkard, and half-advised, half-admonished him, to go home.

At that the gage of a drowsy, despairing snarl, and ran into the next street, to be alone.

In this street he found a shop open, and lighted, though it was but five o’clock in the morning. It was a barber’s, whose customers were working folk. "Hair cutting, shaving, three pence. Coffee, one pence." Seaton’s eye fell upon this shop. He looked at it fixedly for a moment from the opposite side of the way, and then hurried on.

He turned suddenly and came back. He crossed the road and entered the shop. The barber was leaning over the stove, removing a can of boiling water from the fire to the hob. He turned at the sound of Seaton’s step, and revealed an ugly countenance, rendered sinister by a scowl.

"You want a cup?"

"Yes,” replied Seaton, "I want my beard taken off.”

The man looked at him, if it could be called looking at him, and said, drily, “Oh, do ye? How much am I to have for that job?”

"You know your own charge?"

"Of course I do; three pence a chin."

"Very well. Be quick then."

"Stop a bit; that is my charge to working-folk. I must have something more of it."

"Very well. man; I’ll pay you double."

"My price to you is ten shillings.”

"Why, what is that for?” asked Seaton, in some alarm; he thought in his confusion, the man must have read his heart.

"I’ll give the customer a ‘buzz’—" said Seaton. "No won’t; I’ll show ye.” He brought a small mirror, and suddenly clapped it before Seaton’s eyes. Seaton stared at his own image; wild, ghastly, and the eyes so bloodshot. The barber

chuckled. This start was an extorted compliment to his own sagacity. "Now wasn’t I right?” said he; “did I ought to take the beard off such a mug as that—for less than ten shillings?”

"I see," groaned Seaton, "you think I have committed some crime. One man sees me weeping with misery; he calls me drunkard; another sees me pale with the anguish of my breaking heart; he calls me a felon: may God’s curse rest on his soul, and all mankind!"

"All right,” said the squinting barber, absently; "my price is ten bob, whether or no."

Seaton felt in his pockets: "I have not got the money abode me," said he.

"O, I’m not particular; leave your watch."

Seaton handed the squinting vampire his watch without another word, and let his head fall upon his breast.
The barber cut his beard close with the scissors, and made trivial remarks from time to time, but received no reply.

At last, Extortion, having put him in good humor, he said, "Don’t be so down-hearted, my lad. You are not the first who has got into trouble, and had to change faces.”

Seaton vacillated no reply.

The barber shaved him clean, and was astonished at the change, and congratulated him. “Nobody will ever know you;" said he, "and I’ll tell you why; your mouth is inclined to turn up a little; now a mustache it bends down, and the alterations such, that you will not be recognized. Only. But I tell you who taking off this beard shows me something: you are a GENTLEMAN!! Make it a sovereign, sir.”

Seaton staggered out of the place without a word.

"Sulky, eh?" muttered the barber. He gathered up some of the beard hair, and threw it on the counter; Seaton admired it, and put it away in paper.

While thus employed, a regular customer looked in for a cup of coffee. It was the policeman who had taken Seaton for a convivial soul.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOVERNMENT IN PERSIA.

The most influential positions under Government are almost invariably filled in Persia by the near relatives of the sovereign.

All the more important Governments are given to his brothers or cousins; and as princes of the royal blood are counted by hundreds, there is never any difficulty in finding a person duly qualified by birth, if in no other way, for office. This is one of the points in which Persia differs most in her government from Turkey. In the latter, all the relatives of the Sultan are obliged to reside at Constantinople, remaining moreover, in complete seclusion. Till quite recently, all the male children of it were brought up in India, and their sisters were put to death as soon as born. In Persia on the contrary, the number of the Shah’s relatives is turned by him into a source of strength. They are all pensioned, or in some way supported for; and as it is supposed that the descendants male and female, of Fetteh All Shah the greatest of all the present Shah, numbered consider- ably over a thousand persons, they form no small burden on the revenues of the nation.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHARADE, 2.

My first is four-sixths of a step that is long.

My second is a person of state.

My whole is a thing that is known to be wrong.

And is a strong symptom of hate.

THE SHEEP-FOLD.

A farmer had a pen made of 50 hurdles, capable of holding 100 sheep only; supposing he wanted to make it sufficient large to hold twice that number, how many additional hurdles would he have occasion for?

4. How many soft-boiled eggs could the giant Goliah eat up in an empty stomach?

5. What fishes have their eyes nearest together?

ANSWERS TO No. 20, PAGE 238.

CHARADE, No. 1.—Shakespeare.

COUNCILMEN, No. 1.—Because they can’t be got off with.

No. 2.—Because he stops at the sound of a Nose.—We will publish any good original Riddles, Charades, &c. forwarded to us with their answers.
Lessons in Geology.—No. 13.

Craters of Elevation.

In most instances, craters are formed by the rupture of horizontal strata previously existing on the earth's surface. By this rupture the beds are uplifted, and thrown into highly inclined planes, on each side of the fissure. On the declivities, on each side the gulf, the volcanic materials, thrown up by different eruptions, settle down so as nearly, or completely, to cover the original rocks through which the fissure was made. Craters of this kind are called craters of elevation, because they are formed by elevating the horizontal strata in which they are formed, until the beds snap, and rest in inclined planes about the mouth of the fissure. This name was first given to them by the Prussian geologist, L. von Buch.

In some instances of these craters of elevation melted matter is not sufficient in quantity to flow over the edges of the crater; or, the expansive power of the entangled gases below, is not of sufficient intensity to throw it up in the air. It therefore boils in the crater. As it boils, the atmosphere cools its surface, and covers it with a thin crust, which will continue to thicken and accumulate as volcanic materials may escape at the minor vents.

The theory of craters of elevation supposes that deeply-seated volcanic matter is in a state of fusion, expanding and swelling up until it reaches the contour roof of the earth's crust, penetrates the crust and pushes against the sedimentary beds on the surface with a force that leaves them up. As the upheaving continues, the solid beds at last give way and are broken asunder so as to form a chasm, which forms the mouth of the crater. This enlarged mouth is kept open partly by the melted matter wearing away the sides of the crater, and partly by the continued passage upward of steam and of other gaseous fluids.

Craters of Eruption and Elevation Combined.

In the crater of eruption the surface of the boiling lava cools and forms a thin film or crust. Imagine the minor vents to be closed, and the power of vent to become so intense as to keep a fissure open to the surface; then, with every new eruption a fresh film or crust would be formed, until it reached the edges of the crater. The elastic gases and vapors, now having a free passage upward by one vent, would pile up successive heaps or layers of ashes, cinders and lava, in a curved or conical form, until eventually it formed a cone far higher than the original edges of the crater of elevation. In this case you would have in one mountain a crater of eruption formed upon a crater of elevation.

Scientific and Curious.

Recent Inventions.

An Electric Piano.—At the Paris Exhibition, a piano driven by electricity was certainly a novelty. The instrument was in the section of machinery, and looked exactly like an ordinary upright piano. It was provided with a key-board, and could be played upon in the ordinary way, or attached to a battery and made to work by electricity. It was the invention of a Swiss, familiar with the construction of music boxes, and was suggestive in its form of that class of instruments.

Preservation of Building Stone.—An Illinois architect has invented a process for preserving from decay and disfigurement the beautifully colored stone called "Athens marble," which is now used very extensively at the West for building fronts. This stone is composed principally of carbonate of lime, carbonate of magnesia, and silica, but among the minor ingredients, protoxide of iron pervades the whole mass, giving the characteristic blue-greenish tint, the main cause of its beauty, but the cause of its decay, as exposure to the atmosphere converts the protoxide into hydrated sesquioxide of iron, or iron rust. To remedy this action the stone is coated with a soluble glass, made by melting a mixture of fifteen parts of silica, ten of soda, and one of charcoal, until it forms a glass which is reduced to the liquid form by boiling in water. This solution permanently fastens itself to the surface and protects the stone from the atmosphere, smoke, and dust.

Egyptian Geometry.—M. Lecompt, a member of the French Academy, has been devoting considerable attention to the study of an interesting papyrus, just added to the British Museum collection. This ancient relic contains a fragment of a treatise on geometry applied to surveying, including a description of the modes of estimating the areas of a square, a parallelogram, of various kinds of triangles, and of the computation of the area of an irregular figure by means of triangles, and of the volume of a pyramid, the whole being illustrated by appropriate diagrams. M. Lecompt, in a report to the Academy, refers the production of this papyrus to the period of the twelfth dynasty, which would be contemporaneous with the reign of Solomon.

Instructions to Mechanics.

Cheap Paint for Houses.—The following cheap and excellent paint for cottages is recommended by Downing. It forms a hard surface, and is far more durable than common paint. It will be found preferable to common paint for picturesque country houses.

Take freshly-burned unsalted lime and reduce it to powder. To one peck or one bushel of this add the same quantity of fine white sand or fine coal ashes, and twice as much fresh wood ashes, all these being sifted through a fine sieve. They should then be thoroughly mixed together while dry. Afterward mix them with as much common linseed oil as will make the whole thin enough to work freely with a painter's brush.

This will make a paint of a light gray stone color, nearly white.

To make it fawn or drab, add yellow ochre and Indian red; if drab is desired, add burnt umber, Indian red, and a little black; if dark stone color, add lampblack; or if brown stone, then add Spanish brown. All these colors should of course be first mixed in oil and then added.

This paint is very much cheaper than common oil paint. It is equally well suited to wood, brick, or stone. It is better to apply it in two coats; the first thin, the second thick.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

Advice to old bachelors who dye their hair.—"Keep it dark."

Why is an Indian like a waterman?—Because he feathers his skull.

What vote the manager of a theatre always has.—The "easting" vote.

At a shop window in the Strand there lately appeared the following notice:—"Wanted, two apprentices who will be treated as one of the family."

THE LAST FOLLY.—A volatile young gentleman, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married.

"Now my dear," said the wife, "I hope you'll mend."

"Madam," said he, "you may depend upon it this is my last folly."

"When I first married my wife," said a fond husband, "I felt as though I could have eaten her; and now," he added with a sigh, "I wish to heaven I had.

A young lady while on her way to be married was run over and killed. A confirmed old maid savagely remarked, "She has avoided a more lingering and horrible fate."

"Fine day for the race," said a wag to a sporting friend one bright morning lately.—"What race?" anxiously inquired the friend.—"Why the human race, to be sure," was the reply.

QUESTIONABLE GRATITUDE.—A gentleman on leaving an hotel, where he had been stopping several days, rewarded the attention of an obliging servant with a gratuity.—"Ah!" said the grateful Pat, "long may yer honour live, and may I make yer fires hereafter!"

System is a great thing; but the advertiser who deemed it essential to preserve an alphabetical order overdid the matter, thus: "Bibles, black-ball, and butter; testaments, tar, and treacle; Godly books, and ginlets, for sale here."

A person seated between two tailors, and thinking to be witty upon them, said, "How prettily I am fixed between two tailors!" upon which one of them replied, "That being only beginners in business, they could not afford to keep more than one goose between them."

"Do you enjoy going to church now?" asked a lady of Mrs. Partington.

"Law me, I do," replied Mrs. P. "Nothing does me so much good as to get up early on Sunday morning and go to church and hear a populous minister dispense with the Gospel."

ONE'S SELF FIRST.—A Scotch old maid who was asked to subscribe to raise men for the king during the Peninsula war, answered:

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing; I never could raise a man for myself, and I'm not going to raise men for King George."

AN OBSTINATE PAUPER.—Parish Doctor: "Well, nurse, how go the patients?"—Nurse: "O, pretty well sir, there's eleven dead!"—P. D.: "Eleven! only eleven! Why, I left medicine for twelve."—Nurse: "Yes sir, I know; but one was so refractory he wouldn't take his."

A woman's cause for all her actions—Because.

How would you measure your lover's sincerity—By his sighs.

DONE ENOUGH FOR HIS COUNTRY.—A revolutionary soldier was running for Congress, and his opponent was a young man who had "never been to the wars," and it was the custom of the old soldier to tell of the hardships he had endured. Said he, "Fellow citizens, I have fought and bled for my country. I have helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canvas of the tent. I have walked over the frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood." Just about this time one of the "sovereigns," who had been come greatly interested in his tale of sufferings, walked up in front of the speaker, wiped the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat-tail, and interrupting him with, "Did you say you had fought the British and the Inglish?"—"Yes, sir." "Did you say you have slept on the ground while serving your country with out any kiver?"—"I did." "Did you say your feet covered the ground you walked over with blood?"—"Yes," replied the speaker exultingly.—"Well then," said the tearful citizen, as he gave a sigh of pent-up emotion, "I guess I'll vote for t'other fellow, for I'll be damned if you baint done enough for your country."

MATRIMONY.

A couple sat beside the fire
Debating which should first retire;
The husband positively said,
"Wife, you shall go and warm the bed."
"I never will!" she quick replied,
"I did so once, and nearly died."
"And I will not!" rejoined the spouse,
With firmer tone and lowering brows;
And thus a war of words arose,
Continuing till they nearly froze,
When both grew mute, and hovering nigh
Around the faintly glimmering fire,
They trembled o'er the dying embers,
As though the stage seized their members,
Resolved like heroes ne'er to yield,
But force each other from the field.
And thus this once fond, loving pair,
In silence shook and shivered there,
Till midnight faded into morn,
And coals were growing at the dawn;
When all at once the husband said,
"Wife, had we not better go to bed?"

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.
Per Year ........................................... $7 00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] ...................... 4 00

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

SUBS.—Any person obtaining us six subscribers will receive a copy for the year free on receipt of the pay. Seven persons calling together will receive the magazine for the present subscriptions.

Communications for the Editor should be left at the above office, or addressed Box 127 Post Office, S. L. City.

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE 'DESERET NEWS.'
THE
UTAH MAGAZINE;
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 22.] SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 6, 1868. [Vol. I.

POETRY.
THE OLD FOLK.

Ah! don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray—
Taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks, now, my darling,
Our heads are growing grey,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find a May.

We have had our May, darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of the year is coming,
For the silent night of snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death, so grim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTON.

[continued.]

Githa, Earl Godwin's wife, sate in her chamber, and her heart was sad. In this room was one of her sons, the one dearest to her than all, Wulnoth her darling. For the rest of her sons were stalwart and strong of frame, and in their infancy she had known not a mother's fears. But Wulnoth had come into the world before his time, and sharp had been the travail of his mother, and long between life and death the struggle of the new-born babe. And his cradle had been rocked with a trembling knee, and his pillow been bathed with hot tears. Frail had been his childhood—a thing that hung on her care; and now, as the boy grew, blooming and strong, into youth, the mother felt that she had given life twice to her child. Therefore was he more dear to her than the rest; and, therefore, as she gazed upon him now, fair and smiling, and hopeful, she mourned for him more than for Sweyn, the outcast and criminal, on his pilgrimage of woe, to the waters of Jordan, and the tomb of our Lord. For Wulnoth, selected as the hostage for the faith of his house, was to be sent from her arms to the court of William the Norman. And the youth smiled and was gay, choosing vestment, and mantle and ateghars of gold, that he might be flaunting and brave in the halls of knighthood and beauty for the manners and forms of the foreigners, their gayety and splendor, as his boyhood had seen them, had dazzled his fancy and half Normanized his mind. A proud and happy boy was he to go, to go as a hostage for the faith, and representative of the rank of his mighty kinsmen; and step into manhood in the eyes of the dames of Rouen.

By Wulnoth's side stood his young sister, Thysa, a mere infant; and her innocent sympathy with her brother's pleasure in gaud and toy saddened Githa yet more.

"O my son!" said the troubled mother, "why of all my children have they chosen thee? Harold is wise against danger, and Tostig is fierce against foes, and Gurth is too loving to wake hate in the sternest, and from the mirth of sunny Leofwine sorrow glints aside as the shaft from the sheen of a shield. But thou, thou O beloved!—cursed be the king that chose thee, and cruel was the father that forgot the light of the mother's eyes!"

"Tut, mother dearest," said Wulnoth, pausing from the contemplation of a silk robe all covered with brodered peacocks, which had been sent him as a gift from his sister the queen, and wrought with her own fair hand; for a notable needlewoman, despite her sage lere, was the wife of the saint king, and sorrowful women mostly are. "Tut! the bird must leave the nest when the wings are fledged. Harold the eagle, Tostig the kite, Gurth the ring-dove, and Leofwine the stare. See, my wings are richest of all, mother, and bright is the sun in whom thy peacock shall spread his pranked plumes."

Then observing that his liveliness provoked no smile from his mother, he approached, and said more seriously:

"Bothink, thee mother mine. No other choice was left to king or to father. Harold, and Tostig, and Leofwine, have their lordships and offices. Their posts are fixed, and they stand as the columns of our House. And Gurth is so young, and so Saxish, and so the shadow of Harold, that his hate to the Norman is a
by-word already among our youths. But I,—the good
king knows that I shall be welcome, for the Norman
knights love Wolnoth, and I have spent hours by the
knees of Montgommery and Grantmesnil, listening to
the feats of Rolfganger, and playing with their gold
chains of knighthood. And the stout count himself
shall knight me, and I shall come back with the spurs
of gold which thy ancestors, the brave kings of Nor-
way and Daneland, wore ere knighthood was known.
Come, kiss me, my mother, come and see the brave
falcons Harold has sent me; true Welsh.

Githa rested her face on her son’s shoulder, and her
tears blinded her. The door opened gently, and Har-
old entered; and with the earl, a pale, dark-haired boy
Haco the son of Sweyn.

But Githa, absorbed in her darling Wolnoth, scarce
saw the grandchild reared afar from her knees, and
hurried at once to Harold. In his presence she felt
comfort and safety; for Wolnoth leaned on her heart,
and her heart leaned on Harold.

“O son, son!” she cried, “firmest of hand, surest of
faith, and wisest of brain, in the house of Godwin, tell
me that he yonder, he thy young brother, riske no
danger in the halls of the Normans?”

“Not more than in these, mother,” answered Harold,
soothing her with caressing lip and gentle tone.

“Pierce and ruthless, men say, is William the duke
against foes with their swords in their hands, but de-
bonnair and mild to the gentle frank host, and kind
lord. And these Normans have a code of their own,
more grave than all mortals, more binding than even
their fratic religion. Thou knowest it well mother, it
comes from thy race of the north, and this code of
honor, they call it, makes Wolnoth’s head as sacred
as the relics of a saint set in zimmers. Ask only, my
brother, when thou comest in sight of the Norman
duke ask only the ‘kiss of peace,’ and that kiss on thy
brow, and thou wilt sleep more safely than if all the
banners of England waved over thy couch.”

“But how long shall the exile be?” asked Githa
comforted.

Harold’s brow fell.

“Mother, not even to cheer thee will I deceive. The
time of hostageship rests with the king and the duke.
As long as the one affects fear from the race of God-
win, as long as the other feigns care for such priests,
so long will Wolnoth and Haco be guests in the Nor-
man halls.”

Githa wrung her hands.

“But comfort, my mother; Wolnoth is young his
eye is keen, and his spirit prompt and quick. He
will mark these Norman captains, he will learn their
strength and their weakness, their manner of war,
and he will come back, not as Edward the King came,
a lover of things un-Saxon, but able to warn and to
guide us against the plots of the camp-court, which
threatens more, year by year; the peace of the world,
Grieve not, daughter of the Dane kings, that thy son
the best loved, hath nobler school and wider field than
his brothers.”

This appeal touched the proud heart of the niece of
Canute the Great, and she almost forgot the grief of
her love in the hope of her ambition.

She dried her tears and smiled upon Wolnoth, and
already in the dreams of a mother’s vanity, saw him
great as Godwin in the council, and prosperous as
Harold in the field. Nor, half Norman as he was,
did the young man seem insensible of the many
elevated patriotism of his brother’s hinted lessons,
though he felt they implied reproof. He came to the
earl, whose arm was round his mother, and said with
frank heartiness not usual to a nature somewhat
frivolous and irresolute—

“Harold the tongue could kindle stones into men,
and kindle those men into Saxons. Thy Wolnoth
shall not hang his head with shame when he comes
back to our merrie land with shaven locks and spurs of
gold. For if thou doubtest his race from his looks,
thou shalt put thy right hand on his heart, and feel
England beat there in every pulse.”

“Brave words, and well spoken,” cried the earl, and
he placed his hand on the boy’s head as if in benniston.

Till then, Haco had stood apart, conversing with
the infant Thyrna, whom his dark mournful face awed
yet touched, for she nestled close to him, and put her
little hand in his; but now inspired, no less than his
cousin by Harold’s noble speech, he came proudly for-
ward by Wolnoth’s side and said—

“I, too, am English, and I have the name of Eng-
lishman and Normandy.”

In the heart Harold could reply, said Githa exclaimed—

“Leave them thy right hand on my child’s head
and say, simply—By my troth and my plight, if the
duke detain Wolnoth, son of Githa, against just plea
and the king’s assent to his return, I, Harold, will
failing letter and nuncius, cross the seas, to restore
the child to the mother.”

Harold hesitated.

A sharp cry of reproach that went to Harold’s heart
broke from Githa’s lips.

“Ah! cold and self-pleading, wilt thou send him to
bear a peril from which thou shrinkest thyself?”

“By my troth and my plight, then,” said the earl,
“if, fair time elapses, peace in England, without plea
of justice, and against my king’s flat Duke William
of Normandy detain the hostages, thy son, and this
dear boy, more sacred and more dear to me for his
father’s woe, I will cross the seas, to restore the
child to the mother, the fatherless to his fatherland.
So help me, all-seeing One, Amen and Amen.”

We have seen, in an earlier part of this record
that Harold possessed, among his numerous and mor-
stately possessions, a house, not far from the old
Roman dwelling place of Hilda. And in this residenc
he now (save when with the king) made his chieft
abode. He gave as the reasons for his selection, the
charm it took, in his eyes, from that signal mark of
affection which his coeurs had rendered him, in purs
chasing the house and tillling the ground in his ab
more especially the convenience of its vicinity to
the new palace at Westminster. But the true spe
which made dear to Harold the rude buildings of tim
ber, when with a light heart he escaped from the
halls of Westminster, was the fair face of Edith his
neighbor. The impression which this young girl had
made upon Harold seemed to partake of the stren
of a fatality. For Harold had loved her before the
marvelous beauty of her womanhood began; and, oc
upied from his earliest youth in grave and earn
affairs, his heart had never been fretted away on th
mean and frivolous affections of the idle.

The autumn sun shone through the golden glades of
the forest-land, when Edith sate alone on the knoll
that faced forest-land and road, and watched afar.
And the birds sung cheeryly; but that was not the sound for which Edith listened: and the squirrel darted from tree to tree on the sward beyond; but not to see the games of the squirrel sat Edith by the grave of the Teuton. By-and-by came the cry of the dogs, and the tall grey hound of Wales emerged from the bosky dell. Then Edith’s heart heaved, and her eyes brightened. And now, with his hawk on his wrist, and his spear in his hand, came, through the yellowing boughs, Harold the earl.

And well may ye ween, that his heart beat as loud, and his eyes shone as bright, as Edith’s, when he saw who had watched for his footsteps on the sepulchral knoll; Love, forgetful of the presence of Death—so has it ever been, so ever shall it be. He hastened his stride, and bounded up the gentle hillock, and his dogs, with a joyous bark, came round the knees of Edith. Then Harold shook the bird from his wrist, and it fell, with its light wing, on the altar stone of Thor.

“Thou art late, but thou art welcome, Harold, my kinsman,” said Edith, simply, as she bent her face over the hounds, whose gaunt heads she caressed.

“Call me not kinsman,” said Harold, shrinking, and with a dark cloud on his brow.

“And why, Harold?”

“Oh, Edith, why!” murmured Harold; and his thought added “she knows not, poor child, that in that mockery of kinship the Church sets its ban on our bridal.”

He turned, and chid his dogs fiercely, as they gambol in rough gleam round their fair friend.

The hounds crouched at the feet of Edith—and Edith looked in mild wonder at the troubled face of the earl.

“Thy eyes rebuke me, Edith, more than my words the hounds!” said Harold, gently. “But there is quick blood in my veins; and the mind must be calm when it would control the humor. Calm was my mind, sweet Edith, in the old time, when thou wert an infant on my knee, and weathing, with these rude bands, flower-chains for thy neck like the swan’s down I said—‘The flowers fade, but the chain lasts when love weaves it.’”

Edith again bent her face over the crouching hounds. Harold gazed on her with mournful fondness; and the bird still sung, and the squirrel swung himself again from bough to bough. Edith spoke first:

“My godmother, thy sister, hath sent for me, Harold, and I am to go to the court to-morrow. Shalt thou be there?”

“Surely,” said Harold, in an anxious voice, “surely I will be there. So my sister hath sent for thee; wilt thou then wherefore?”

Edith grew very pale, and her tone trembled as she answered:

“Well-a-day, yes.”

“It is as I feared, then!” exclaimed Edith, in great agitation; “and my sister whom these monks have demented, leagues herself with the king against the laws of the wide welkin and the grand religion of the human heart.”

He paused, breathed hard, and seizing almost sternly, the girl’s trembling arm, he resumed between his set teeth—“So they would have thee be a nun?—Thou wilt not—thou durst not—thy heart would perjure thy vows!”

“Ah, Harold!” answered Edith, moved out of all bashfulness by his emotion and her own terror of the convent, and answering, if with the love of a woman, still with the unconsciousness of a child. “Better, oh, better the grave of the body than that of the heart! In the grave I could still live for those I love; behind the grave love itself must be dead. Yes thouliest me, Harold; thy sister, the queen, is gentle and kind; I will fling myself at her feet, and say—‘Youth is fond, and the world is fair: let me live my youth, and bless God in the world that he saw was good’!”

“My own dear Edith!” exclaimed Harold, overjoyed. “Say this. Be firm—they cannot, and they dare not force thee! The law cannot wrench thee against thy will from the ward of thy guardian Hilda—and where the law is, there Harold at least is strong and there, at least, our kinship, if my ban, is thy blessing.”

“Why, Harold, sayest thou that our kinship is thy bane? It is so sweet to whisper to myself, ‘Harold is of thy kith, though distant; and it is natural to thee to have pride in his fame and joy in his presence!’ Why is that sweetness to me, to thee so bitter?”

“Because,” answered Harold, dropping the hand he had clasped, and folding his arms in deep dejection, “because but for that I should say—‘Edith I love thee more than a brother: Edith be Harold’s wife!’ And were I to say it, and were we to wed, all the priests of the Saxons would lift up their hands in horror, and curse our nuptials; and I should be bound of that specter, the Church: and my house would shake to its foundations; and my father, and my brothers, and the thegns and the prelates, whose aid makes our forces, would gather round me with threats and with prayers, that I might put thee aside. And mighty as I am now, so mighty once was Sweyn my brother; and outlaw, as Sweyn is now, might Harold be, and outlaw if Harold were, what breast so broad as his could fill up the gap left in the defence of England? Therefore, slave to the lying thraldom he despises, Harold dare not say to the maid of his love—‘Give me thy right hand and be my bride’!”

Edith had listened in bewilderment and despair, and her face locked and rigid, as if turned to stone. But when he had ceased, and, moving some steps away, turned aside his manly countenance, that Edith might not perceive its anguish, the noble and sublime spirit of that sex which ever, when lowest, most comprehends the lofty, rose superior both to love and to grief; and, rising, she advanced, and placing her slight hand on his stalwart shoulder, she said, half in pity, half in reverence—

“Never before, O Harold, did I feel so proud of thee: for Edith could not love thee as she doth, and will, till the grave clasps her, if thou didst not love England more than Edith Harold, till this hour I was a child, and I knew not my own heart: I look now into that heart, and I see that I am woman. Harold, the cloister hath no fears for me now: and all life does not shrink—no, it enlarges, and it soars into one desire—to be worthy to pray for thee!”

“Maid, maid!” exclaimed Harold, abruptly, and pale as the dead, “do not say thou hast no fear of the cli-

But I adjure, I command thee, build not up between us that dismal, everlasting wall. While thou art free—Hope yet survives—a phantom, haply, but Hope still.”
As thou wilt I, will,” said Edith, humbly: “order my fate so as please thee the best.”

Then, not daring to trust herself longer, for she felt the tears rushing to her eyes, she turned away hastily, and left him alone beside the altar-stone and the tomb.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE LADIES.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

It is about two years since the short dress first made its appearance; and it was not till the past winter that it became general or sufficiently popular for ladies to feel satisfied as to its permanence. These suits are now universal, and have effected a total change in the aspect of the promenade. Some are made with only a skirt and pelisse, others have two skirts and a sac or paletot cut into the form like a basquine at the back and crossed as a small shawl in front.

The “PANIERS.”

These are the latest novelty, and already hooped skirts have been filled with enormous bustles to wear under them. Le panier consists simply of an altering of the bind folds of the skirt of such a way as to allow them to fall over in a bouillon upon the lower part of the skirt.

Paniers for short dresses are effected by lengthening the upper skirt somewhat at the back, and running a narrow string from one side to the other through the center of the back breadth. The front breadth is inserted plain and of the proper length, the juncations at the sides being concealed by rosettes, bows and ends, sashes or some other ornaments.

I would not advise any one to attempt a panier on their own account without having first seen a correct model.

The latest style of hooped skirts are horrible. In addition to the enormous bustle or wide shelf, which sometimes extends to the side as well as across the back, there is a broad train, which destroys the beauty and elegance of the trailing-dress.

There are better shapes to be had, however, and I advise ladies to search for them. Don’t take a large, ugly, ungraceful hooped skirt because some one tells you it is the “latest style.” Large hooped skirts are not worn yet, and when next they are it will be the signal for their entire overthrow.

The new coats and jackets for ladies have one very distinct peculiarity. They are cut as high upon the shoulder as a man’s coat, and for dressy occasions are always cut into the figure. The loose sacs and long pelisse tied in at the waist are reserved for demi-toilette.—[Jennie June, in Golden Era.]

NANCY HART.

Georgia had a heroine during the Revolution—not very courtly or polished, but true as steel. This was Nancy Morgan, who married Benjamin Hart, one of the Hart family to which Benton belonged.

Nancy Hart and her husband settled before the Revolutionary war a few miles above the ford on Broad River, in Elbert County, Georgia. An apple orchard still remains to point out the spot.

In altitude Mrs. Hart was a Patagonian, and remarkably well-limbed and muscular. In a word, she was “lofty and rugged.” A quiet home, surrounded by picturesque scenes and accident added, perhaps, not a little to her peculiarities. She was horribly cross-eyed, as well as cross-grained; but, nevertheless, she was a sharpshooter. Nothing was more common than to see her in full pursuit of the bounding stag. The huge antlers that hung around her cabin or upheld her trusty gun, gave proof of her skill in gunnery; and the white comb, drained of its honey, and hung up for ornament, testified her powers of bee-finding.

She can testify to her magical art in the mazes of cookery, being able to get up a pumpkin pie in as many forms as there are days in the week. She was extensively known and employed for her profound knowledge in the management of all ailments. The clouds of war gathered, and burst with a dreadful exploded shell, that plowed the plain between, before she sang. She declared and proved herself a friend to her country, ready “to do or to die.”

All accused of Whigism had to hide or to swing. The Hillyerly Mr. Hart was not the man to seek safety in the cave-bread with his neighbors. They kept up a wary skulking kind of life, occasionally sallying forth in a sort of predatory style. The Tories at length, however, gave Mrs. Hart a call, and in true soldier manner ordered a repast. Nancy soon had the necessary market for a good feast ready, before the moon rose. The smoking venison, the hearty hoeack, the fresh honeycomb, were sufficient to have provoked the appetite of a gorged epicure. They simultaneously stacked their arms and seated themselves, when quick as thought, the dauntless Nancy seized one of the smoking gun, cocked it, and with a blazing oath declared that she would blow out the brains of the first mortal that offered to rise or taste a mouthful! They all knew her character too well to imagine that she would say one thing and do another.

“Go,” she said to one of her sons, “and tell the whigs that I have taken six base Tories.”

They sat still, each expecting to be offered up, with doggedly mean countenances, bearing the marks of disappointed revenge, shame, and unappeased hunger.

I closed the case of Nancy’s eyes ceased each to imagine himself her immediate object, or whether her commanding attitude, stern and ferocious mixture of countenance, overawed them, or the powerful idea of their non-soldier-like conduct unnerved them, or the certainty of death. It is not easy to be relieved, and dealt with according to the rules of the times.

AN ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

“In the heart of the Cordilleras, and five thousand feet above the level of the sea, there lived Frank. And he was a patient man, content to look upon the world from the ground, where he had been sitting at his noon-day lunch, and gazed in silence on the wonderful view presented from that secluded fastness, while his cheeks glowed with enthusiasm. I crossed another rasher of dried beef before the fire which our Indian guide had kindled, just in a crevice where two rocks met, and proceeded to devour it, along with sundry crusts, for I was hungry.

All the morning we had been climbing over the roughest and most dangerous of mountain roads; crossing chasms a yard in width and five hundred yards in depth, and threading paths which wound with a foot of yawning precipices, till we had reached a height from which we could see the western slope of the high plateau beneath us, with all the glare of the setting sun shining upon it. And behind us, clearly visible, towered the higher summits; below us, the lesser crags and peaks lay thrown together in what seemed an orderly confusion; and lower still the forests, which as dark and thick as the feet of this tremendous mountain-monarch; and still further, the gray pampas stretch away to the horizon’s bounds. I almost fancied I could see the silver waters of the La Plata, hundreds of miles away.

I looked at Frank. His enthusiasm had subsided into a more subdued one, and he was seated against a rock upon the side of that vast plateau, and looking towards the valley below. The guide was smoking as if for a wager; and I stretched myself upon the ground, placed my portmanteau under my head, and prepared for a quiet nap.

An hour afterwards Frank had finished his own nap, and was shaking my arm. I sprang to my feet and rubbed my eyes.
Pedro the guide was still soaring, as only an Araucano Indian can soar, nor did he propose to alight.

"House up! You've frightened all the birds with your soaring!" shouted Frank.

The Indian got upon his feet, looked dismally around, and then proceeded to gather up and pack our simple cooking apparatus, which consisted of a couple of tins, two knives, a hatchet, and a pouch containing a pint of tobacco. Praying our riders, I saw that they were in proper order in case of sudden need.

At length preparations for our departure were completed, and we were seated on our horses, where we had tethered them down and the tortuous path, Pedro going first, carrying the baggage, which consisted of only one or two very necessary articles. Then Frank and I, our riders lying carelessly over our shoulders.

The path was, if anything, worse than that on the other side of the mountain. Hour after hour we kept cautiously on, going sometimes slower sometimes faster, as the ground might be favorable or otherwise.

The silence was at length broken by Frank, who made some remarks relative to the improbability of our meeting with adventures of any kind in the mountains.

"Never you fear that," cried I. "Of all places this is the most likely for meeting strange shapes and daring, hazardous deeds; however if you are burning for a little excitement, you have only to lose your foothold upon one of these treacherous cliffs and depend upon your skill in landing, heaven only knows where, in a state of palatable preparation for the appetites of a vulture.

Hardly had the words been uttered, when, as in answer to the thought, I saw the Indian duck his head suddenly, and felt a heavy rush of wind, and saw a large, dark object cleave the air with a sound as if it had fallen a foot above our heads. Turning I saw an immense condor flying away from us.

On recovering from his astonishment, Frank raised his rifle, when the Indian laid his hand upon his arm, and begged him not to fire, saying that it could not harm us, and had only missed us. Frank, however, had hit the bird, which rose and disappeared over the mountain and turned back, it seemed to be in great terror, and stood trembling, its eyes staring and protruding; and then, with a convulsive spring, it bounded down the mountain again, with a spring that threatened its annihilation. We followed the track of the mule, and had not proceeded half a dozen rods, when our attention was attracted by a noise on a projecting rock above us. Looking up, horror-stricken, we saw what had caused the fright of the mule. It was a large jaguar, the light colors of its smooth, leopard-like coat giving it the character of a man with a telescopic long-focus glass, observing the retreating figure of the mule. As we looked up, the animal turned its attention upon us.

"He's going to spring," cried Frank.

We raised our rifles, while the Indian chucked still more slowly around, still looking for the الإيراني who did not explain. Frank had hit the jaguar, for I saw him spring up with a fierce howl, and then, as if maddened by pain, bite furiously at the wounded part of his body, rolling himself over and over, and down the side of the rock, into the path, yelling and foaming, the rage and revenge of his body—and then up again, plunged, roaring, blindly down the mountain path, after its first intended victim, the mule.

Frank reloaded, and we followed. What had become of the rider—the female we had seen a few moments before, on the back of the mule? Thrown, probably, by the animal in its flight; and we momentarily expected to come upon a mangled body, lying against some rock.

We had not gone far, when I saw we were approaching one of those grassy banks much dreaded by travellers in the Andes. It was not more than two yards wide, but immensely deep, and crossed by the trunk of a large tree. Frank was hurrying along in advance, when he came so suddenly upon the shadow that he lost his balance and stumbled, and fell, a log, as it were, I believe. The tree had bent with a thousand feet of air beneath him. He tried to regain his balance, but before I could reach him, he threw up his arms, and fell—a dozen feet, by the side of a woman! Frank was quickly to his knees, and fairly dandled my senses, as I saw him on a projecting shelf, a little below me, unconscious, and desiring to extricate himself from his predicament and expressing himself to soothe the ruffled propriety of the Indian girl, who had been thrown from the back of the mule, and saved from destruction in the same manner as had been Frank. She seemed disposed to take his intrusion in good part; but, springing up angrily, drew a long knife from her girdle, and held it menacingly over her head, while, her dark and brilliant eyes, her face streaming, she poured forth a volley of curses in her tongue. I was afraid she might hurt Frank, who had not altogether recovered from the shock of his sudden precipitation from the log. But she kept all the while moving, in a half-frightened manner, towards the little nook, where the latter gave a sudden, sudden spring, wheeled, and cleared his enemy, and took the back path.

I was about to try another shot at the jaguar, when, with a fruitless attempt to turn, it rolled down along the rocks, its eyes fixed on our guide. The Indian, apparently wtih fright, kept on till near us, when it suddenly turned on one side, and actually bounded from rock to rock, up the steep side of the mountain. The noise was so terrific that I stepped back; the jaguar, with fright, kept on till near us, when it suddenly turned on one side, and actually bounded from rock to rock, up the steep side of the mountain.

I saw, with intense alarm, the new danger to which we were exposed, the mule's running away with the projects our horses, and directly in line with my position, was a broad and even field of stones and pebbles, from the size of a bullet to that of a barrel. Towards this place the mule was rushing evidently with the intention of crossing it. I saw instantly what the consequences would have been if the jaguar had made a spring at the mule, for it would gradually start the rest; and before we could save ourselves—for the field would sweep a large territory—the whole tremendous mass would come thundering down, and bury us mangled in the ruins of the precipice. A rifle-shot might save us. I hurriedly fixed a new cap on my gun. It had missed fire, before, at the jaguar. Would it do so now? As I raised my rifle, I heard a cry from the Indian, for even then the mad brute was within a few yards of the stone ground, and already a pebble or two had started from their resting-places, and were bounding down with wonderfully increased velocity. A loud report rang out, and the carcass of the mule, arrested in its progress, came rolling, tumbling, and rolling, down the mountain side. I had a little time. I leaped aside as it thundered past me, and toppled over into the chasm, striking the ground at the very same spot where the Indian girl had finished her marvellous acrobatic feat.

We who had regarded the whole affair in utter and almost speechless astonishment, now fell on his knees, and taking a cross from his bosom, mumbled a thanksgiving for his deliverance. I, too, was devoutly thankful; but I remembered that my companion was still in jeopardy. The jaguar was upon us, for, for the sides of the rock were smooth as glass. At length, by the aid of a strong piece of cord, which the Indian always carried, we succeeded in raising him up.

"Well, isn't an adventure!" said Frank, who, to my joy, was unhurt.

After due remarks and explanations, we took up our line of march once more, rejoicing in our most miraculous and providential escape.
THE JEWISH TALMUD.

A code of laws without a book—a code of laws preserved for ages without ever being committed to writing! Who ever heard of such a thing? But few, perhaps. Yet such a code had the Jews in the days of Christ—a code known in our times as the Jewish Talmud.

Many of us remember the oft-repeated words of Jesus about "The Tradition of the Elders." What were they? That which is now known as the Jewish Talmud. The so-called "unwritten word of God," a portion of which was said to have been delivered orally by the Almighty to the Seventy Elders of Israel on Mount Sinai; and handed down simply by word of mouth from the days of Moses, along with certain various learned and holy Rabbis of different learned and pious expositions of the same, by the ages.

Judging by the usual habits of commentators upon sacred matters, and the heir-splitting tendencies peculiar to learned men of this class, one can imagine what a vast accumulation of views and theories would be added to these original verbal laws in the course of time. In the days of Jesus, to master them was the work of a life, and men became famous who accomplished nothing else. This avocation constituted the profession of the Scribes, who devoted themselves to their study and explanation. It was not until some two hundred years after the birth of Christ that the Talmud was committed to writing for the first time. It constitutes to-day fourteen heavy volumes—something rather terrible for a modern student to contemplate. Translations have, however, familiarized us somewhat with its contents. It consists of the Massa, or traditionary law, and the Gemara, or the exposition of the "Midrash." It is divided into what might be termed six books; and is made up of treatises on agriculture as governed by the Jewish law; the order of sacred festivals; the laws of marriage, divorce, sacrifices, ablations, prayers, etc.

One very interesting fact connected with the Talmud is that it goes to show that previous to the ministry of Christ the Jews believed in a future life, and that it was not his teachings that explained that doctrine to them for the first time, as usually supposed. Another interesting fact revealed is, that many of the sayings of the Talmud were known to Jesus, and were by him adopted and repeated to the people. Thus the saying, "With the same measure that ye measure to others, it shall be measured to you again," is word for word from the proverbs of the Talmud. So with another saying of Jesus, "He that exalts himself shall be humbled, and he that humbles himself shall be exalted," it is also from the same proverbs.

With a great deal of what appears to us, profound nonsense, there are in the Talmud many beautiful lessons; and one can often discover the spirit of much afterwards proclaimed by the Apostles. Truth is

"OUR HIRED MAN'S" REVIEW OF THE MONTH.

Editor Magazine:

This has been an extraordinary month. Let me run over a few of its items—Salt Lakish and otherwise. Not to travel too far at once, suppose we begin at China as the most convenient place to put one's hand upon. In that celestial quarter, of course, they are cutting off rebel heads as usual when they catch them; growing tea and greening it as usual with copper or some other pretty poison; while stupid old mandarin's are knocking their August heads sagely in the dust, as ever in abject reverence of the "Son of Heaven," the glory of the moon and all the little stars, who, report says, willless sits upon the throne of the only civilized nation upon earth. At this moment his Celestial Majesty, who has left off wearing pinafores at least a-year, is settling that very trying problem—marriage. One hundred and twenty-seven virgins, in a breathless state of expectation, await his selection. Like a virtuous young man he has left it all to his mother; and the Empress Dowager of King Wang Ching, Chang, or something else, is busily engaged in examining the painted eyebrows, and the "little lotties," of the beautiful 127s—whose respective 127 mamas and papas are in thrilling expectation of
becoming father and mother-in-law to his Imperial Dragonship of the Upper Heavens.

Why is it, Mr. Editor, that human nature don't like paying church rates and all that, for other human nature's accommodation? That's the perverse way human nature has of exhibiting itself in Ireland just now. This month all England and Ireland have been divided, one-half clearly and forcibly demonstrating the holiness and beauty of paying such rates for other people, and the other half just as logically demonstrating the wisdom of those paying the church rates who want the churches. All men who fail to be Prime Ministers, very sensibly, like to pitch into those who don't. And Mr. Gladstone and his liberals have been loudly ringing the bell of the Irish Church of Christ as "by law" and force established, in Mr. Disraeli's ears. Lawn sleeves by the score, internally fitted up, of course, with clergymen and similar human contrivances, have waited upon the Queen; but from all that royal lady can tell them, lawn sleeves in Ireland henceforth will have to pay for their own washing and getting up in general out of private funds.

And so, Mr. Editor, after all our anxious expectation to see the presidential curtain drop amidst blue fire and blazes, nobody's convicted. This is a shameful imposition upon innocent and unoffending newspaper men. What do we hire politicians for but to create news. As to the House "Managers," as managers, John T. could surpass them any day. He would not even have performed a conclusion of that size without a glorious "apothecary" (whatever that may be) with Andrew Johnson on his knees, and Wade and Ben Butler standing over him with drawn swords; the whole being carried to heaven by frantic green-blooded dragons belching red flames, floating on golden clouds, with their tails twirled—the whole of Congress the while in striking attitudes and "smiling lovely." A wind-up like that we'd all pay for—as is it, it isn't worth the money.

Of course you read last night that somebody has presented a resolution to Congress proposing to abolish the Vice-Presidency. This is not half enough. If I am—what, of course, I ain't—a persecuted Democrat, or, again, what, of course, I ain't—a mild and gentle Republican, and have a President who does everything I want, what is my policy? Why, alter the Constitution and give all Presidents extra powers henceforth and for ever. But, if said President has a mind of his own, what is my duty in that case, but to amend the Constitution and take all the power back again for precisely the same period. If the Senate convicts when I and my friends deem it necessary, the Constitution is proved to be a wise and magnificent instrument in appointing it to try impeachments. If the Senate is "obstropolus" and won't convict, the Constitution needs amending, and the Senate should never be entrusted with such powers. While Congress thinks our way—which is the right way all the world over—Congress is a holy thing; when it thinks differently, it's a useless piece of State machinery, and never was wanted. "Them's my sentiments."

And now allow me a glance at home matters for a moment. Of course you saw Waldron on his return, with his good-looking wife—apparently young at stage business, but graced with the attraction of a very lady-like voice. And as to that last graceful addition to our stage—Madame Scheller, with her delicate play of eye and lid, and her light, but pretty, German accent; it is hard to say whether it is a greater treat to see her as a peasant, overflowing with girlish emotion, or as the high-bred and cultured lady—"lady from brow to instep." Glancing at one or two of her characters, her Pauline is an execution of excellent taste; that abrupt but thrilling waive of her hand, repelling even a touch of her person by the then-discovered gardener's son was a picture. As to her Ophelia, it is sufficient to say that she presents one of the sweetest mad-women on the stage. Dramatic mad ladies are generally very affecting, and Ophelias as a class very mournful and distracting spectacles, but in Madame Scheller's Ophelia we have all the charms and graces of the woman shining through a disordered reason. Mr. Kenzle's Claude was a trifle rantish at first. Without saying that he was a full embodiment of that character, it was at least judiciously played. His expression of a troubled soul, while standing between Beausant and his weak-minded associate, overpowered by a conception of their villainy, was a piece of acting. It only takes enough of such pieces to constitute genius. Referring to presentations in general, one is pleased to notice Mr. Lindsay's evident care and taste. He will, doubtless, yet be able to improve his emotional parts by more intensity of feeling and less sound. Mr. Hardie may, I think, be congratulated on a growing release from stiffness. In the Lady of Lyons, he gave us a very fairly conceived Dumas. Everybody is getting to appreciate Graham's oddities. He accomplishes a deal with his eyebrows—not in Madame Scheller's style of course, but what with them and his constant reference to his pockets he does a big business. Of course, we all miss Dunbar—"Wasting his sweetness on the desert air"—of commerce. Perhaps like the widow who stated on her husband's tombstone, that she "continued the business at the old stand"—we might say here "See his advertisement." Buy your butter of him, and weep that he can tear himself away from us. Turning to an old favorite—Margetts is legitimately ludicrous as ever, but, as with Dunbar, we always want to laugh at him in sentimental parts. There is a touch of grimace in all Margetts's sentiment. Others of our home corps (including some new-comers to our city stage) could be mentioned with pleasure, especially the ladies—our old weakness—painful as it is, a detailed notice of them must be deferred till next month's review; in the meantime, they may be assured that they are admirably watched by—

YOUR "HIRED MAN."
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES RÉADE AND DION BOUCICAULT.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER VII.

General Rolleston’s servants made several trips to the Prosperine, with boxes, etc. But Helen herself clung to the house till the last moment. "Oh, papa," she cried, "I need all my resolution, all my good faith, to keep my word with Arthur, and leave you. Why, why did I promise? Why am I such a slave to my word?"

"No, my darling," replied her mother, with a voice not so firm as usual, "I have always told you that a lady is not to be inferior to a gentleman in any virtue, except courage. I’ve heard our mother say so often; and I’ve taught it to my Helen. And, my girl, where should be the merit of keeping our word, if we only kept it when it cost us nothing?"

He promised to come after, in three months at the farthest; and the brave girl dried her tears, as well as she could, not to add to the sadness he fought against as gallantly as he had often fought the enemies of his country.

The Prosperine was to sail at two o’clock; at a little before one, a gentleman boarded her, and informed the captain that he was a missionary, the Rev. John Hazel, returning home, ashore as steerer; and desired to take a berth in the Prosperine.

The mate looked him full in the face; and then told him there was very little accommodation for passengers, and it had all been secured by White & Co., for a young lady and her servants.

Mr. Hazel replied that his means were small, and moderate accommodation would serve him; but he must go to England without delay.

Captain Hudson put in his gracious word: “Then jump off the jetty at high tide and swim there, no room for black coats in my ship.”

Mr. Hazel looked from one to the other pleasurably. “Show me, gentlemen; my very life depends on it.”

“Very sorry, sir,” said the mate, “but it is impossible. There’s the Shannan, you can go there.”

“But she is under repairs; so I am told.”

“Well, there are a hundred and fifty carpenters on her, and she will come out of port in our wake.”

“Now, sir,” said Hudson, roughly, “bundle down the ship’s side again if you please; this is a busy time. By Jove—rig the whip; here’s the lady coming off to us.”

The missionary heaved a deep sigh, and went down into the boat that had brought him. But he was no sooner seated than he ordered the boatswain, somewhat peremptorily, to pull ashore as he could.

His boat met the Rolleston’s, father and daughter, coming out, and he turned his pale face, and eyed them as he passed. Helen Rolleston was struck with that sorrowful countenance, and when her boat had gone past, she whispered her father, “That poor clergyman has just left the ship.”

She made sure he had been taken away of some beloved one, bound for England. General Rolleston looked round, but the wax face was no longer visible.

They were soon on board, and received with great obsequiousness. Helen was shown her cabin, and observing the minute and zealous care that had been taken of her comfort, she said, “Somebody who loves me has been here,” and turned her back, and went to her father.

Father and daughter were then left alone in the cabin, till the ship began to leave her anchor (she lay just at the mouth of the harbor), and then the boatswain was sent to give Gen. Rolleston warning. Helen came up with him, pale and dispirited. They exchanged a last embrace, and General Rolleston went down the ship’s side Helen hung over the bulwarks and waved her last adieu, though she could hardly see him for her tears.

At this moment a four-oared boat swept alongside, and Mr. Hazel wished to board again. He presented Hudson a written order to give the Rev. John Hazel a passage in the small berth abreast the main hatch. It was signed “For White & Co., James Sceton;” and was endorsed with a stamped acknowl-
dedge of seven pounds.

Hudson and Wylie, the mate, put their heads together over this. The missionary saw them consulting, and told them he had mentioned their mysterious conduct to Messrs. White & Co., and that Mr. Sceton had promised to stop the ship if their authority was resisted. “And I have paid my passage money, and will not be turned out except by force,” said the reverend gentleman, quietly.

Wylie’s head was turned away from Mr. Hazel’s, and on its profile a most ghastly, vindictive look, so much so, that Mr.

Hudson had followed the face with his eyes, with a furtive and a jolly, genial air, and said, “Well, sir, the truth is, we seem not want passengers aboard ships of this class; they get in our way whenever it blows a capful. However, since you are here, make yourself as comfortable as you can.”

“Then, that is enough, pa,” said the capitan, as he drove his offensive way. “Holst the parson’s traps aboard, and steer off your shore boat! Anchor’s speak.”

He then gave his orders in stentorian roars; the anchor’s was hoisted; the boats were hoisted; the ship was driven away; the capitan, the Prosperine’s head came round, and.away she bore for England with a fair wind.

General Rolleston went slowly and heavily along, and often turned his head and looked wistfully at the ship putting out wing upon wing, and carrying off his child like a tiny prey.

To change the comparison, it was only a tender vine detached from a great sturdy elm; yet the tree, thus relieved of its delicate encumbrance, felt bare, and a soft thing was gone that, seeking protection, had bestowed warmth; had nestled and curled between the world’s cold wind and that stalwart stem.

As soon as he got home, he lighted a cigar, and set to work to console himself by reflecting that it was but a temporary parting, since he had virtually resigned his post, and was only waiting in Sydney till he should have handed his papers in order over to his successor, and settled one or two private matters which did not take three months.

When he had thus reasoned away his sense of desolation, Nature put out her hand, and took him by the breast, and drew him gently up stairs to take a look at his beloved daughter’s bed-room, by way of seeing the last of her.

The Prosperine had only one window looking north and another west, the latter commanded a view of the bay. General Rolleston looked down at the floor, littered with odds and ends—the dead leaves that fall about a lady in the great process of pensions—and then gazed through the window at the flying Prosperine. Before the capitan had finished his cigar, before he had stepped off, and put up a little bow of ribbon that lay on the ground, and put it quietly in his bosom. In this act he was surprised by Sara Wilson, who had come up to sweep all such walls and stairs into her own box.

“La, sir,” said she, rather crossly, “why didn’t you tell me, and I’d have tidied the room; it is all bugger-mugger, with miss a leaving.”

And with this she went to tidying the room. General Rolles-
ton followed her movements, and he observed amongst the litter a white handkerchief stained with blood. “What!” said he; “has she had an accident; cut her finger?”

“No, sir,” said Wilson, and with a certain air of restraint she added, “nothing to say to that.”

He examined the girl’s face narrowly, and then the handker-
chief; the blood was of a pale red color. Rolleston had seen a similarly stained handkerchief fifteen years before, in the hands of his young wife a few months before she died of consum-
ption.

“Sara,” faltered Rolleston, “in God’s name, why was I never told of this?”

“Indeed, sir,” said Wilson, eagerly, “you must not blame me, sir. It was as much as my place was worth to tell you. And you said all that will be observed; and she gives me strict orders not to let you know; but she is gone now, and I always thought it was a pity she kept it to dark; but, as I was saying, she would be obeyed.”

“Nothing more, dark ship?”

“Why, sir, her spitting of blood at times; and turning so thin by what she used to be, poor dear young lady.”

General Rolleston groaned aloud. He said no more, but kept looking bewildered and helpless, first at the handkerchief, and then at the Prosperine that was carrying her away, perhaps for ever. He was so used to cruel distress, and he could not guish so mute and male, that the woman Wilson, though not good for much, sat down and shed genuine tears of pity.

But he summoned all his fortitude, told Wilson he could not say she was to blame; she had but obeyed her mistress’s orders; and as a vestal all obeyed. “But now,” said he, “it is me you ought to obey; tell me, does any doctor attend her?”

“None ever comes here, sir. But, one day, she let fall that she went to Dr. Valentine, him that has the name for disorders of the chest.”
In a very few minutes General Rolleston was at Dr. Valentine’s house, and asked him bluntly what was the matter with his daughter.

"Disease of the lungs," said the doctor, simply.

The unhappy father then begged the doctor to give him his real opinion. Valentine had told Dr. Rolleston and Mr. Wardlaw a few questions, and he replied to them curtly, but with a certain nonchalance, treating it as an affair which might be big to them, but was not of particular importance to a merchant doing business on his scale.

To that, Mr. Wardlaw was on somewhat intimate terms, he said, "I wish I could insure the Shannon, at her value; but that is impossible; the City of London could not do it. The Proserpine brings me some cases of specie, but my true treasure is on board the Shannon. She carries my bride, sir."

"Ah, indeed! Miss Rolleston!"

"Ah, I remember: you have seen her. Then you will not be surprised at a proposal I shall make you. Underwrite the Shannon a hundred pounds, to be paid by you if harm befals my Helen. You need not look so astonished; I was only joking.

You gentlemen deal with none but substantial values; and, as for me, a million would no more compensate me for losing her, than for losing my own life."

The tears were in his pale eyes as he said these words; and Mr. Condell eyed him with sympathy. But he soon recovered himself, and was the man of business again.

"Oh, the specie on board the Proserpine! Well, I was in Australia, you know, and bought that specie myself of the merchants whose names are dear in your ears. But the City of London and the Baltic Steam

Co., at Sydney, Penfold will show you the receipt. I intrusted Joseph Wylie, mate of the Proserpine, and a trustworthy person, to see them stowed away in the Proserpine, by White & Bird, with a bond for good man; and the Proserpine a new ship, built by Maunsell. We have nothing to fear but the ordinary perils of the sea."

"So one would think," said Mr. Condell, and took his leave; but at the door he hesitated, and then, looking down a little bashfully, said, "Mr. Wardlaw, may I offer you a piece of advice?"

"Certainly."

"Then double the insurance on the Shannon, if you can."

With these words he slipped out, evidently to avoid questions he did not care to answer.

Wardlaw stared after him, stupidly at first, and then stood up and put his hand to his head in a sort of amazement. Then he sat down again, ashly pale, and with the dew on his forehead, and muttered faintly, "Double—the insurance of the—Shannon!"

Men who walk in crooked paths are very subject to such surprises; doomed, like Ahab, to be pierced, through the joints of their armor, by random shafts; by words uttered in one sense, but conscience interpreting them in another.

It took a good many underwriters to insure the Proserpine’s freight; but the business was done at last.

Wardlaw had a large interest so admirably in that part of his interview with Condell, went, without losing an hour, and raised a large sum of money on the insured freight, to meet the bills that were coming due for the gold (for he had paid for most of it in paper at short dates), and also other bills that were approaching maturity. This done, he breathed again, safe for a month or two from everything short of a general panic, and full of hope from his coming master-stroke. But two months soon pass when a man has a flock of debts in the air. They fly. So now he looked out anxiously for his Australian ship, and turned to Lloyd’s every day to hear if either had been seen, or heard of, by steamers, or by faster sailing vessels than themselves.

And, though Condell had underwritten the Proserpine to the tune of a hundred thousand toasters and the merchant’s ears, and made him so uneasy that he employed a discreet person to sound Condell as to what he meant by "double the insurance of the Shannon."

It turned out to be the simplest affair in the world. Condell had information that the Shannon was in bad repair; so he had advised the shipowners to take it in hand at once. For the same reason, he declined to underwrite her freight himself.

With respect to those ships, our readers already know two things, of which Wardlaw himself, nota bene, had no idea: namely, that the Shannon had sailed last, instead of first, and that his brother had heard of her, but in the Proserpine, two thousand miles ahead.

To that, your superior knowledge, we, posters of the sea and land, are about to make a large addition; and relate things..."
strange, but true. "While that anxious and plotting merchant strained his eyes seaward, trying hard to read the future, we carry you in a moment of time, across the Pacific, and board the leading vessel, the good ship Proserpine, homeward bound."

The ship left Sydney with a fair wind, but soon encountered adverse weather, and made slow progress, being close-hauled, which was her worst point of sailing. She ploughed a good deal, and the captain ordered the sails to be hauled in, and so it went on, sea-sick, but thoroughly out of sorts; and, in one week, became perceptibly paler and thinner than when she started.

The young clergyman, Mr. Hazel, watched her with respectful anxiety, and this did not escape but the feminine observation. Not that dark eyes of his followed her with a mournful tenderness, but withdrew their gaze when she looked at him. Clearly, he was interested in her, but had no desire to intrude upon her attention. He would bring up the subject of his love, should she put on an open, and he was prompt with his arm when the vessel lurched; and showed her other little attentions which are called for on board ship, but without a word. Yet, when she thanked him in the simplest and most direct way, his great eyes flashed with pleasure, and the color mounted to his very temples.

Engaged young ladies are, for various reasons, more sociable with the other sex than those who are still on the universal mock-defensive; a ship, like a distant country, throws even with reserved ladies and women in general, and admits ecclesiastics to certain privileges. No wonder, then, that Miss Rolleston, after a few days, met Mr. Hazel half way; and they made acquaintance on board the Proserpine, in monosyllables at first; but, the ice once fairly broken, the intercourse increased; and at last, they had Mr. Hazel a walking dictionary, and a walking essayist if required.

One day they were discoursing of gratitude; and Mr. Hazel said he had a poor opinion of those persons, who speak of "the burden of gratitude," and make a fuss about being "laid under it." "As for me," said he, "I have owed such a debt, and found the sense of it very sweet."

"But perhaps you were always hoping to make a return," said Helen. "That I was, hoping against hope."

"Do you think people are grateful, in general?"

"No, Miss Rolleston, I do not."

"Well, I think they are. To me at least. Why, I have experienced gratitude even in a convict. It was a poor man, who had been transported, for something or other, and he begged papa to take him for his gardener. Papa did, and he was so grateful that, do you know, he suspected our house was to be robbed, and he actually watched in the garden night and day; and did not get away, it was by a whole gang; but poor Mr. Seaton confronted them and shot one, and was wounded cruelly, but he beat off for us; and was not that gratitude?"

While she was speaking so earnestly, Mr. Hazel's blood seemed to run through his veins like heavenly fire, but he said nothing, and the lady resumed with gentle fervor, "Well, we got him a clerk's place in a shipping-office, and heard no more of him; but he did not forget us; my cabin here was fitted up with every comfort and every luxury. I thanked papa for it: but he looked so blank, I saw directly he knew nothing about it: and now, I think of it, it was Mr. Seaton. I am positive it was. Poor fellow! And I should not even know him if I saw him."

Mr. Hazel observed, in a low voice, that Mr. Seaton's conduct did not seem wonderful to him. "Still," said he, "one is glad to find there is some good left even in a criminal."

"A criminal!" cried Helen Rolleston, firing up. "Pray, who said he was criminal? Mr. Hanchey, no friend of mine, desires such a name as that. A friend of mine may commit some great error or imprudence; but that is all. The poor grateful soul was never guilty of any downright wickedness; that stands to reason."

Mr. Hanchey, worshipper of this feminine logic with his usual ability; he muttered something else, with a trembling lip, and left her so abruptly, that she asked herself whether she had inadvertently said anything that could offend him: and, if so, how easy to repair! The topic was never revived by Mr. Hazel; and his manner, at their next meeting, showed her that he liked her none the worse that she stood up for her friends.

(CLOSED.)
LESSES IN GEOLOGY.—No. 14.

ON THE UPEHAVAL OF VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS.

Volcanoes are in many cases mountains of great elevation, and one of the lessons taught by geology is a knowledge of the circumstances which raised such enormous masses.

To assist your conception of this subject, take in your hand a map of Italy, and blot out the entire island of Sicily. Suppose the whole space now occupied by that island, more than a hundred miles round, to be mere sea. Let your imagination be first a diving-bell, in which you will descend to the bottom of the sea, where you find a calcareous stratum or a bed of limestone, on which the same shells and animals live, which now exist in the surrounding portions of the Meditteranean. Your imagination must now turn miner, and you must dig a shaft deep into the rocks beneath. You dig through a series of limestone rock, 800 feet deep, all of which are tertiary. You at once infer that these rocks were deposited after the period when the Mediterranean fish were created; for the rocks contain very few shells of extinct species.

At the bottom of this limestone you dig into a calcareous bed of different structure, the bed is slaty, and the limestone is sandy, imbedding pebbles of limestone. You now come to a bed of lava. How is this? This proves that long, long ago, when the whole space was under water, a submarine volcano had been in action, and had thrown up lava before the upper beds were deposited. As your shaft descends you come to a blue marl crammed with shells. The Sicilians call this marla creta. You dig through this till you come to another blue bed, but that is clay. This clay has no shells, but it contains beautiful crystals of gypsum, sulphur, etc.

For the present you need not dig any lower, for this blue clay is the lowest bed found in Sicily. It is the stratum of the Val di Noto, and may be traced all round Mount Etna, north, east, and south.

Suppose that at no very early period in the earth's history, you had a boat safely moored at a respectable distance from the spot now occupied by Sicily and its tremendous volcano. The sea becomes disordered and agitated, land appears, it swells up and comes higher and higher. First, above the waters you see, perhaps, the series of limestone beds heaping up; then the slaty layers of pebbly limestone rise to view; anon the blue marl called creta is in sight; and finally the blue clay with gypsum is far above the level of the sea. Up, and still up, the enormous mass is rising till it stands at some thousand feet. The mountain of Etna, as at present constituted, is 10,974 feet above the sea, a height about three times that of Snowdon, in Wales, or Ben Nevis, in Scotland.

The great limestone deposit is found as high as 3,000 feet, the height of Cader Idris in North Wales. The fossils in that limestone can be identified with species now existing in spaces of the Mediterranean which have not been heaved up. It is from this fact that geologists deduce the inference, already mentioned, that Sicily has been raised from the Mediterranean since the present fish had been created.

Between these limestones, and the beds of blue marls and clays, layers of hard and compact lava, with a mixture of volcanic ashes and limestone, are found. This mixture is called by the Sicilians, Tufo, and Peperino. This proves that, after the low beds of marl and clay had been deposited, a volcano beneath the sea came into action and covered much of the Sicilian district with volcanic materials.

That no doubt might remain of the very modern origin of Sicily and Mount Etna, Sir Charles Lyell found near Vizzini, a town twenty-five miles inland, a bed of oysters, in a rock twenty feet thick, identifiable with the oysters which are now eaten.

INSTRUCTIONS TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS.

For June.

Where wheat has been destroyed until the life of the plant is gone, plow for corn and sugar-cane. You may sow again with wheat, barley and oats, if you have seed, and are sure the grasshopper plague is past; but if fears exist plant corn, for the loss in seed will be slight if eaten down. Plant potatoes early in this month, and see to p-tatoes growing in the garden and field. On bench land, loosen the soil around, and hill up slightly. Secure good turnip seed, and where beets and carrots have been destroyed, sow turnip seed in rows from two feet to two feet six inches apart, dropping a small bunch of seed every twelve inches in the row. When grown, thin out, leaving the strongest plants; top dress freely with night-soil and ashes, and work thoroughly. Secure good sugar-cane seed at any price, soak and sprout before sowing, and plant after a rain; if rains do not appear, and the land you mean to plant be bench land—which is the best for sugar cane—water first, and plant when the soil is in a moist condition. Thin out beets and carrots, and hoe them also thin out black-seed onions to six inches apart, hoe and top-dress with night-soil and ashes. Where corn is from four to six inches high in the gardens top-dress. In the fields give it its first plowing. Weed and hoe flower beds, and mulch the plants with rotten manure. Stake and tie up gooseberry and other bushes, that the fruit may be ventilated and kept clean from grit and mildew. Hoe down every weed in the garden and field while young and save time and labor. Continue to plant beans and peas, radishes lettuce, peppergrass mustard, etc.

Carefully mulch strawberries with clean straw, or hay, to keep the fruit from grit. Clean out water ditches, and dress the banks thereof, that they may not become seed beds of grass and noil weeds, and the source of trouble to you and your neighbors. Secure tomato plants; and hunt for cut-worms among your cabbages. Plant squash, pumpkin seed, and also cucumber, and where fruit is scarce grow water and musk-melon seed, and forget not that the early bird catches the first worm.

G. D. WATT.

"WASHING-DAY SPRING."—A correspondent says that "in Saline county, Missouri, is a spring, a few miles from the Missouri river, which flows freely on Fridays, but is dry on every other day, and the people thereabouts call it washing-day spring for this reason." From the above it would seem that the traditional washing-day, usually considered as following Sunday, is not recognized in Saline county. If the spring was heretofore its usefulness would be much enhanced by a change in its day of flowing.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A Wag, having married a girl named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in his life before.

A man much addicted to snoring, remarked to his bedfellow in the morning, "that he slept like a top." "I know the other," said the other, "like a humming top."

"She only wore a single rose," according to the song. Rather a light costume. Wind wasn't, probably, east that day.

A man named Budd said to his friend, "Well, we have all got to lie flat on our backs, one of these days in the grave." "Yes," said his friend, "and you will be a Budd (bud) no longer, but a root."

CURIous.—A Denbighshire paper tells of a man who fell over a precipice at Bethesda, and remarks: "The fall was about fifteen yards, and the poor man, who was going home that way, died instantly."

HIGH CLASS SCHOOL EXERCISE.—"First class in physiology, stand up. Now, when is a man not a man?"—"When he's a bolt in (bolting) the door."

"Right. Now, when is a white man an African?"—"When he's a black in (blacking) his shoes."

A Frenchman, soliciting relief of an English lady, said gravely to his fair hearer, "Madame ne savoirs beg, but dat I have von vife vid several small family dat is growing very large, and nossing to make dere bread out of but de perspiration of my own eyebrow."

TENDER-HEARTED.—Mrs. Jones, a farmer's wife in Connecticut, says: "I b'leeve I've got the tenderest-hearted boys in the world. I can't tell one of 'em to fetch a pail of water but what he'll burst out a cryin."

Two young ladies and an Irish gentleman were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question: "Which of us do you think the elder, Mr. G.—?"—"Sure," replied the gallant Hibernian, "you both look younger than each other."

"How, my dear fellow, can I make a girl love me, who is constantly devoured by love of herself?" asked a young gentleman of his friend.—"Go!" replied the latter "that's the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love until it overflows; all that runs over will be yours."

A BAD LABEL.—Tom bought a gallon of gin to take home, and, by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along, and observing the jug, quietly remarked: "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!"—"Why?" said Tom. "Because somebody might come along with the eight of clubs and take it."

"I say, mister, did you see a dog come by here that looked as if he were a year, a year and a half, or two years old?" said a Yankee to a countryman at the road-side. —"Yes," said the countryman, thinking himself quizzed. "He passed here about an hour, an hour and a half, or two hours ago; and is now a mile, or a mile and a half, or two miles ahead; and he had a tail about an inch, or an inch and a half, or two inches long." —"That'll do," said the Yankee; "you're into me a foot, a foot and a half, or two feet."

"Is it not astonishing," said wealthy individual, "that a large fortune should have been left me by a person who had only seen me once?" "It would have been still more astonishing," said a wag, "if he had left it to you after seeing you twice."

In later years Talleyrand loved wit better than conversation. Leaving his accomplished niece, the Duchess de Dino, to entertain his other guests, he would retire with some of the foreign ambassadors, old friends and old foes, into his own room, and play a scientific rubber, the intricacies of which it was curious to watch, seeing that the talents which were employed to settle the divisions of Europe at the Congress of Vienna were now all concentrated on the odd trick.

The stakes were gold pieces; but they often reached the sum of thousands of francs. One evening at the termination of one of these parties, the English ambassador suddenly dived beneath the table and began fumbling on the carpet.

"What is your excellency about?" asked Talleyrand.

"Looking for a Napoleon which has fallen." "Wait an instant," said Talleyrand, with a twinkle of his light gray eye, and a sarcastic twist of his thin and distorted lip; "you cannot see to find so small a thing."

"As he spoke he twiced a thousand franc bill into a paper match, and, setting fire to it, held it to the ground.

"What are you about?" exclaimed the astonished ambassador, pausing on his hands and knees and looking up. "Merely lighting your excellency," said Talleyrand. Upon which the discomfited minister, understanding the epigram, instantly arose, leaving the Napoleon as a perquisite for the servant who should find it.

DEAN SWIFT'S RECIPE FOR COURTSHIP.

Two or three dairs, and two or three sweet;
Two or three balls, and two or three treat;
Two or three serenades given as a lure;
Two or three vows—how much they endure;
Two or three messages sent in one day;
Two or three times led out from the place;
Two or three tickets for two or three times,
Two or three love-letters writ in rhymes.
Two or three months keeping strict to these rules,
Can never help making a couple of fools.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.
Per Year $7.00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] 4.00

Single Copies, 25 cents; on receipt of which amount, the paper will be mailed to any address.

[This is the end of the document.]
POETRY.

LAUNCHED AWAY.

Long, long beside the moaning sea
I waited while the great ship grew
To perfect shape, and till set free
Like some wild bird it seaward flew.

And far, far still my yearning eyes
Pursued it on its lessen'ning way,
Till on the glowing twilight skies
As jet in molten gold it lay.

And while I gazed came one by one,
Slow-gliding in, like white-winged doves,
Small craft that till the set of sun
Had lingered in the outer coves;

As, crouching 'neath the leaves in fear,
The roving covey near the nest
Will watch some terror disappear,
And then go flittering home to rest.

O Day! I said, whose sweet decline
Now leaves this world so fair to see
In pictured beauty, more divine
The lesson which thou leavest me!

Could I unto Time's balmy sea
Commit in faith this grief that grows
And darkness all the days to be,
And robes the Present of repose—

Then might it float into the Past,
Its gloomy outline, now so clear,
To melt in heaven's own light at last,
Wherein life's woes like gems appear.

And softly on the evening tide,
Home to my lonely heart, maybe
Small craft of hope and love would glide
To curl their sails and rest with me.

Seward is shadowing our house with his glory, and all north the Humber rings with his name? Hast thou thought that all Mercia is in the hands of Leofric our rival, and that Algar, his son, who ruled Wessex in my absence, left there a name so beloved, that had I stayed a year longer, the cry had been 'Algar' not 'Godwin'? for so is the multitude ever? Now aid me, Harold, for my soul is troubled, and I can not work alone; and though I say naught to others, my heart received a death-blow when tears fell from its blood-springs on the brow of Sweyn, my first-born." The old man paused, and his lip quivered.

"Thou, thou alone, Harold, noble boy, thou alone didst stand by his side in the hall; alone, alone, and I bless'd thee in that hour over all the rest of my sons. We'l! well! now to earth again. Aid me, Harold. I open to thee my web: complete the woof when this hand is cold. I would see thee wed. Algar, son of Leofric, hath a daughter fair as the fairest; make her thy bride, that Algar may cease to be a foe. This alliance will render Mercia in truth, subject to our principalities, since the stronger must quell the weaker. It doth more Algar himself has married into the royalty of Wales. Thou wilt win all those fierce tribes to thy side.

"This day, greeting Algar, he told me he meditated bestowing his daughter on Gryffith, the rebel underking of North Wales. Therefore, continued the old earl, with a smile, "thou must speak in time, and win and woo in the same breath. No hard task, methinks, for Harold of the golden tongue."

"Sir, and father," replied the young earl, whom the long speech addressed to him had prepared for its close, and whose habitual self-control saved him from disclosing his emotion, "I thank you duteously, for your care for my future, and hope to profit by your wisdom. I will ask the king's leave to go to my East Anglians, and hold there a folkmuth, and make them and ceorn content with Harold their earl. But vain is peace in the realm if there is strife in the house. And Aldyth, the daughter of Algar, can not be house-wife to me."

"Why?" asked the old earl, calmly, and surveying his son's face, with those eyes so clear, yet so unfathomable.

"Because, though I grant her fair, she pleasest not my fancy, nor would give warmth to my heart. Because, as thou knowest well, Algar and I have ever been opposed, both in camp and in council; and I am not the man who can sell my love, though I may stifle my anger. No bride wants Earl Harold to bring spea-
man to his back at his need; and his lordships he will guard with the shield of a man, not with the spinele of a woman."

"Said in spite and in error," said the old earl coolly.

"Small pain had it given thee to forgive Algar old quarrels, and clasp his hand as a father-in-law—if thou hadst bad for his daughter what the great are forbidden to regard save as a folly."

"Is love a folly, my father?"

"Surely, yes," said the earl, with some sadness—"surely, yes, for those who know that life is made up of business and care, spun out in long years, not counted by the joys of an hour. Surely, yes; thinkest thou that I loved my first wife, the proud sister of Canute, or that Edith, thy sister, loved Edward, when he placed the crown on her head?"

"My father, in Edith, my sister, our house hath sacrificed enow to selfish power."

"I grant it, to selfish power," answered the eloquent old man, "but not enow for England's safety. Ponder it and ask thyself if thy power, when I am dead, is not necessary to the weal of England? and if aught that thy schemes can suggest would so strengthen that power, as to find in the heart of the kingdom a host of friends like the Mercians, or a trouble and bar to thy greatness, a wall in thy path, or a thorn in thy side like the hate or the jealousy of Algar, son of Lecofric?"

Thus addressed Harold's face, before serene and calm, grew troubled; and he felt the force of his father's words when appealing to his reason—not to his affections. The old man saw the advantage he had gained, and prudently forbore to press it. Rising, he drew round him his sweeping gowns lined with furs, and only when he reached the door, he added—

"The old see afar; they stand on the height of experience, as a warden on the crown of a tower; and I tell thee, Harold, that if thou let'st slip this golden occasion, years hence—long and many—thou wilt rue the loss of the hour. And if, as I suspect, thou lov'st some other, who now clouds thy perception, and will then check thy ambition, thou wilt break her heart with thy desertion, or gnaw thine own with regret. For love dies in possession—ambition has no fruition, and so lives forever."

"That ambition is not mine, my father," exclaimed Harold, earnestly, "I have not thy love of power, glorious in thee even in its extremes. I have not thy—"

"Seventy years!" interrupted the old man, concluding the sentence. "At seventy all men who have been great will speak as I do; yet all have known love. Thou not ambitions, Harold! Thou knowest not thyself, nor knowest thou yet what ambition is. That which I see far before me as thy natural prize, I dare not, or I will not say. When time sets that prize within reach of thy spear's point, say then, 'I am not ambitious!' Ponder and decide."

And Harold pondered long, and decided not as Godwin could have wished. For he had not the seventy years of his father, and the prize lay yet in the womb of the mountains; though the dwarf and the gnome were already fashioning the one to the shape of a crown.

While Harold mused over his father's words, Edith, seated on a low stool beside the Lady of England, listened with earnest but mournful reverence to her royal namesake.

The queen's closet opened, like the king's, on one hand to an oratory, on the other to a spacious anteroom: the lower part of the walls was covered with arms, leaving space for a niche that contained an image of the Virgin. Near the doorway were caskets containing the relics of saints. The purple light from the stained glass of a high, narrow window, shaped in the Saxon arch, streamed rich and full over the queen's bended head, like a glory, and tinged her pale cheek, as with a maiden blush; and she might have furnished a sweet model for an early artist in his dreams of St. Mary the Mother, not when, young and blessed, she held the divine Infant in her arms, but when sorrow had reached even the immaculate bosom, and the stone had been rolled over the Holy Sepulcher. For beautiful the face still was, and mild beyond all words: but, beyond all words also, sad in its tender resignation.

And thus said the queen to her godchild:

"Why dost thou hesitate and turn away? Thinkest thou, poor child, in thine ignorance of life, that the world can give thee a bliss greater than the calm of the cloister? Pause, and ask thyself, young as thou art, if all the happiness thou hast known is not bounded to hope? As long as thou hopest, thou art happy."

Edith sighed deeply, and moved her young head in involuntary acquiescence.

"And what is life to the nun but hope? In that hope she knows not the present, she lives in the future; she hears ever singing, the chorus of the angels. On earth her body, in heaven her soul."

"And her heart, O Lady of England?" cried Edith with a sharp pang.

The queen paused a moment, and laid her pale hand kindly on Edith's bosom.

"Not beating child as thine does now, with vain thoughts, and worldly desires; but calm, calm as mine."

"I have known human state, and human debasement. In these halls I woke Lady of England, and ere sunset, my lord banished me, without one mark of honor, without one word of comfort, to the convent of Wherwell—my father, my mother, my kin, all in exile; and my tears falling fast for them, but not on a husband's bosom."

"Ah, then, noble Edith," said the girl, coloring up at the remembered wrong for her queen. "ah then, surely, at least, thy heart made itself heard."

"Heard, yea verily," said the queen looking up, and pressing her hands; "heard, but the soul rebelled. And the soul said, 'Blessed are they that mourn; and I rejoiced at the new trial that brought me nearer to Him who chastens those He loves.'"

"But thy banished kin—the valiant, the wise, they who placed thy lord on the throne?"

"Was it no comfort," answered the queen simply, "to think in the house of God my prayers for them would be more accepted than in the hall of kings? Yes, my child, I have known the world's honor, and the world's disgrace, and I have schooled my heart to be calm in both."

"Ah, thou art above human strength, queen and saint," exclaimed Edith; "and I have heard it said of thee, that as thou art now, thou wert from thine earli-
symbol. Then she closed the door gently, and coming with a quiet step to Harold, said, in a low but clear voice, "Dost thou love the maiden?"

"Sister," answered the earl, sadly, "I love her as man should love woman—more than my life, but less than the ends life lives for."

"Oh, world, world, world!" cried the queen, passionately, "not even to thine own objects art thou true. O world! O world! thou desirest happiness below, and at every turn, with every vanity, thou tramplest happiness under foot! Yes, yes: they said to me, 'For the sake of our greatness, thou shalt wed King Edward.' And I live in the eyes that loath me—and—and—"

The queen, as if conscience-stricken, paused aghast, kissed devoutly the rosary, and continued, with such calmness that it seemed as if two women were blent in one, so startling was the contrast. "And I have had my reward, but not from the world! Even so, Harold the earl, and earl's son, thou lovest yon fair child, and she thee; and ye might be happy, if happiness were earth's end; but, she is not a mark-stone in thy march to ambition: and so thou lovest her as man loves woman—less than the end's life lives for!"

"Sister," said Harold, "thou speakest as I love thee speal!—as my bright-eyed, rose-lipped sister spoke in the days of old; thou speakest as a woman with warm heart, and not as the mummy in the stiff cerements of priestly form; and if thou art with me, and thou wilt give me countenance I will marry thy god-child, and save her alike from the dire superstitions of Hilda, and the grave of the abhorrent convent."

"But my father—my father!" cried the queen; "who ever bended that soul of steel?"

"It is not my father I fear; it is thou and thy monks. Forgettest thou that Edith and I are within the six banned degrees of the church?"

"True, most true," said the queen, with a look of great terror; "I had forgotten. Avant, the very thought! Pray—fast—banish it—my poor, poor brother!" and she kissed his brow."

"So, there fades the woman, and the mummy speaks again!" said Harold, bitterly. "Be it so; I bow to my doom. Well, there may be a time when nature on the throne of England shall prevail over priestcraft; and, in good time for all my services, I will then ask a king who hath blood in his veins to win me the pope's pardon and benison. Leave me that hope, my sister, and leave thy godchild on the shores of the living world."

The queen made no answer; and Harold, auguring ill from her silence, moved on and opened the door of the oratory.

But the image that there met him, that figure still kneeling, those eyes, so earnest in the tears that streamed from them fast and unheeded, fixed on the holy rood—awed his step, and checked his voice. Nor till the girl had risen, did he break silence; then he said gently, "My sister will press thee no more, Edith—"

"I say not that!" exclaimed the queen.

"Or if she doth, remember thy plighted promise under the wide cope of blue heaven, the old nor least holy temple of our common Father!"

With these words he left the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOCIST.

VALENTINE AND THE CATS.

We left Valentine on board the Gravesend steamboat. On his arrival, after amusing himself during the day with the beauties of the place, he proceeded home with his friends, Mr. Jonas Beagie and Mr. Plumpiee, who, together with another friend Miss Madonna, insisted upon his remaining there all night.

Now there happened to be only four bed-rooms in the house; the best, of course, was occupied by Miss Madonna, the second by Mr. Plumpiee, and the third by Mr. Beagie; but that in which Mr. Beagie slept was a double-bedded room, and Valentine had, therefore, to make his election between the spare bed and the sofa. Of course the former was preferred, and as the preference seemed highly satisfactory to Mr. Beagie himself, they passed the remainder of the evening very pleasantly together, and in due time retired.

Valentine, on having his bed pointed out to him, darted between the sheets in the space of a minute, when, as he did not by any means feel drowsy at the time, he fancied that he might have been conveyed to sleep by witchcraft. He, therefore, turned the thing seriously over in his mind, while Mr. Beagie was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

"Now for a beautiful night's rest," observed Mr. Jonas Beagle to himself, as he put out the light with a tranquil mind, and turned in with a great degree of comfort.

"Mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, softly, throwing his voice under the bed of Mr. Beagie. He, therefore, turned the thing seriously over in his mind, while Mr. Beagie was quietly undressing, being anxious for that gentleman to extinguish the light before he commenced operations.

"Hiss!—curse that cat!" cried Mr. Beagie. "We must have you out at all events, my lady." And Mr. Beagie at once slipped out of bed, and having opened the door, cried, "Cat!—cat!" again, emphatically, and threw the breach across the spot, as a witchy-looking spell for the cat to stand not upon the order of her going." When, as Valentine repeated the cry, and made it appear to proceed from the stairs, Mr. Beagie thanked Heaven that she was gone, and the door, and very carefully groped his way again into bed.

"Mew!—mew!" cried Valentine, just as Mr. Beagie had again comfortably composed himself.

"What are you there, still, madam?" inquired that gentleman, in a highly sarcastic tone, "I thought you had been turned out, madam! Do you hear this witch of a cat?" He continued, addressing Valentine, with the view of conferring upon him the honorable office of Tyler for the time being; but Valentine replied with a deep heavy snore, and began to mew again with additional emphasis.

"Well, I don't have a treat every day, it is true; but if this isn't one, why I'm out in my reeling, that's all!" observed Mr. Jonas Beagie, slipping again out of bed. "I don't much care about being bit, I'd of course give you a physical!" and he hissed! again with consummate violence, and continued to hiss, until Valentine scratched the bedpost sharply, a feat which impressed Mr. Beagie with the conviction of his being the disturber of his peace in the act of decamping, when he threw his pillow very energetically towards the door, which he closed, and then returned to his bed in triumph.

The moment, however, he had comfortably tucked himself up again he missed the pillow which he had converted into an instrument of vengeance, and as that was an article without which he couldn't even hope to go to sleep, he had of course to turn out again to fetch it.

"How many more times, I wonder," he observed to himself, "shall I have to get out of this blessed bed to-night? Exercise certainly is a comfort, and very conducive to health; but such exercise as this—why where have you got to?" he asked, aloud, with the best of heart and cheer, for he felt he was for some time unable to find—"Oh, here you are, sir, are you?" and he picked up the object of his search and gave it several very severe blows in the belly, when, having heard it make a sad noise, he exclaimed in a subdued tone, "Well, let's try again!"

Now, Mr. Jonas Beagie was a man who prided himself especially upon the evenness of his temper. He did, however, feel when he violently smote the pillow, that that little ebullition partook somewhat of the nature of passion, and had just commenced reproaching himself for having indulged in that little ebullition, when Valentine cried "Meyow!—pit—Meyow!"

"Hallo! exclaimed Mr. Jonas Beagie, "there again!"

"Mew!" cried Valentine, in a somewhat higher key.

"What, another come to contribute to the harmony of the evening?"

"Meyow!—meow!" cried Valentine, in a key still higher.

"Well, how many more of you?" inquired Mr. Beagie.

"You'll be able to get up a concert by-and-by," and Valentine began to spit and snarl, and the cat fell out.

"Swear away, you beauties!" cried Mr. Jonas Beagie, as he listened to this volley of feline oaths; "I only wish that I was not so much afraid of you for your sakes! At it again? Well this is a blessing. Don't you hear these devils of cats! I'd certainly say, that all the spitting and swearing in the world would not make the situation more grave. Well, this is particularly pleasant!" he continued, as he sat up in bed. "Don't you hear? What a comfort it is to be able to sleep so soundly! which remarkable observation was doubled by no less remarkable fact, that at that particular moment the spitting and swearing become more and more desperate.

"What's to be done?" he inquired very pointedly. "What's to be done? My breeches are right in the midst of them all. I can't get out now; they'd tear the very flesh off my legs; and that fellow there sleeps like a top. Hallo! Do you mean to say don't you hear these cats, how they're going it?" Valentine certainly meant to say no such thing, for the whole of the time that he was not engaged in meowing and spitting, he was meowing and spitting, which was just an effect of his very good effect, and served to fill up the intervals excellently well.

At length the patience of Mr. Jonas Beagie began to evaporate; for the hostile animals continued to battle apparently with great desperation. He, therefore, threw a pillow at the door, which was swallowed up in the middle of the room, and was not heard of again, and the spitting and swearing grew less and less, till at length, that Valentine, feeling that it would be deemed perfect nonsense for him to pretend to be asleep any longer, began to yawn very naturally, and then to cry out "Who's there?"

"Hi!" responded Mr. Jonas Beagie. "Don't you hear those wretched cats?"

"Hiss!" said Valentine, "why there are two of them!"

"Twol!" said Mr. Beagie; "more likely two and twenty! I've turned out a dozen myself. There's a warm, a whole colony of them here; and I know no more how to strike a light than a fool."

"Oh, never mind, let's go to sleep, they'll be quiet by-and-by."

"It's all very fine to say, let's go to sleep; but who's to do it?" cried Beagie emphatically. "Curse the cat! I wish there wasn't a cat under heaven—I do, with all my soul! They're such spiteful vermin too when they happen to be put out, and there's one of them in a passion I know by her spitting, confound her! I don't want the bottom of my heart it was the cat interrupted her."

While Mr. Jonas Beagie was indulging in these highly appropriate observations, Valentine was laboring with great energy in the production of the various bitter cries which are so usual in the cat family, and for a man who possessed but a very slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must in justice be said that he developed a degree of fluency which did him great credit. He purred, and mewed, and cried, and swore, and spilt, until the perspiration composed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had just been "damped for the mangle."

"Well, this is a remarkably nice position for a man to be placed in, certainly," observed Mr. Beagie. "Did you ever hear of a man never going to leave off, you devil?" he added, throwing the bolster with great violence under the bed, and therefore, as he fondly conceived, right among them. Instead, however, of striking the cats therewith, he unhepinny upset a basin which rolled with great velocity from the bed to the floor, and for a man who possessed but a very slight knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language of that race, it must in justice be said that he developed a degree of fluency which did him great credit. He purred, and mewed, and cried, and swore, and spilt, until the perspiration composed from every pore, and made the sheets as wet as if they had just been "damped for the mangle."

"Who's there?" demanded Plumpiee in the passage below, for he slept in the room beneath, and the rolling of the article in question had alarmed him; "Who's there? d'y see hear? Speak loud, or we won't know you. If you feel like a pistol was heard, which in all probability had been fired with the view of convincing all whom it might concern that there was such a thing as a pistol in the house."

"Who's there?" he again demanded; "You vagabonds, I'll be at you!" an intimation that may be held to have been extremely natural under the circumstances, not only because he had not even the slightest intention of carrying so desperate a
design into execution, but because he—in consequence of having snapped off cucumbers and crabs, of which he had fallen behind—had made up his mind to agree with him, and invariably made him suffer, they partook of the nature of forbidden fruit—he had singularly enough been dreaming of being attacked by a party of burglars, and of having succeeded in frightening them away by holding out a precisely similar threat.

"Beagle!" he shouted, after waiting in vain for the street door to bang.

"Here!" cried Beagle, "come up here! It's nothing: I'll explain when you make," he added, addressing Valentine, "open the door," but the latter was too much engaged to pay any attention to any such request.

At this moment the footsteps of Mr. Plumpee were heard upon the stairs, and Mr. Beagle, who then began to feel some what apprehensive, "Come in! my good friend, come in!"

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired Mr. Plumpee, as he entered the room pale as a ghost, in a night shirt, with a pistol in one hand and a lamp in the other.

"It's all right," said Beagle, "'twas I that made the noise. I've been besieged by a horde of cats. They have been as if here making most heathful music under my bed for the last two hours, and in trying to make them hold their peace with the bolt, I upset that noisy affair, that's all."

"Oh, Mr. Plumpee, 'cats—you ate a little too much cucumber, my good fellow, the crabs were heavy for your stomach—you have been dreaming—you've had the nightmare! We haven't a cat in the house; I can't hear them."

"You are mistaken," rejoined Beagle, "they're about here in swarms. If I've turned one cat out this night, I'm sure I've turned out twenty! I've in fact done nothing else since I came up! In and out, in and out! Upon my life, I think I can't have opened that blessed door less than a hundred and fifty times, and that young fellow there has been all the while fast as a church!"

"I tell you, my friend, you've been dreaming! We have never had a cat about the premises."

"Never—never!"

"Now have I been dreaming!" triumphantly exclaimed Mr. Beagle, "now have I had the nightmare?"

"God bless my life!" exclaimed Mr. Plumpee, jumping upon Mr. Beagle's bed, "they don't belong to me!"

"I don't know whom they belong to," returned Mr. Beagle, "nor do I much care; I only know that there they are! If you'll just hook those breeches up here, I'll get out and half murder them. Only hook 'em this way. I'll wring their precious necks off!"

"They out of my reach," cried Plumpee.

"Lah! Lah!" Finding, however, that harsh terms had no effect, he had recourse to the milder and more persuasive cry of "Pussy, pussy, pussy, tit! tit!"

"What are you yelling?" cried Mr. Jones Beagle, who began to be really enraged.

"Titty, titty, titty—puss, puss, puss!" repeated Mr. Plumpee in the blandest and most seductive tones, as he held the pistol by the muzzle to break the back or to knock out the brains of that unfortunate cat that made her appearance; but all this persuasion to come forth had no effect; they continued to be invisible, while the mewing continued in the most melancholy strain.

"What on earth are we to do?" inquired Plumpee. "I myself have a horror of cats."

"The same to me, and many of 'em," observed Mr. Beagle.

"Let's wake that young fellow, perhaps he don't mind them."

"Hollo!" cried Plumpee.

"Huh-lo!" shouted Beagle; but as neither could make any impression upon the profound sleeper, and as both were afraid to get off the bed to shake him, they proceeded to roll up the blankets and sheets into balls, and to pelt him with infinite zeal.

"Who's there? What's the matter?" cried Valentine at length, in the coolest tone imaginable, although his exertion had made him sweat like a tinker.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear young friend," said Mr. Plumpee, "do assist us in turning these cats out."

"Oh, oh, oh, oh—tit—tit—tit!" cried Valentine.

"Oh, that's of no use whatever. I've tried the hissing business myself. All the hissing in the world won't do. They must be beaten out: you're not afraid of them, are you?"

"Afraid of them! afraid of a few cats!" exclaimed valentine, with the assumption of some considerable magnanimity;

"where are they?"

Under my bed," replied Beagle. "There's a brave fellow! Break their blessed necks!" and he leaped out of bed, and after striking the imaginary animals very furiously with the bed, he hissed with great violence, and scratched across the grain of the boards in humble imitation of those domestic creatures scampering out of a room, when he rushed to the door, and proceeded to make a very formidable yawning dig gradually away at the bottom of the stairs.

"Thank heavens! they are all gone at last!" cried Mr. Beagle; "we shall be able to get a little rest now, I suppose;" and after very minutely surveying every corner of the room in which it was possible for one of them to have lingered, he lightly lit Plumpee good night, and begged him to go immediately to Miss Madonna, who had been calling for an explanation very anxiously below.

As soon as Plumpee had departed, Beagle and his fellow-lodger proceeded to remake the bed; and when they had accomplished this highly important business with the skill and dexterity of a couple of thorough-bred chambermaids, the light was again extinguished, and Mr. Beagle very naturally made up his mind to have a six-hours' sound and uninterrupted sleep. He had, however, scarcely closed his eyes when the mewing was renewed, and as he had not even the smallest disposition to "listen to the sounds so familiar to his ear," he started up at once and exclaimed, "I wish I may die, if they are all out now." He threw the counterpane, a blanket, and a pillow over his shoulder, tucked a pillow and a bolster under his arm, and rushed out of the room.

LADIES' TABLE.

BEAD COLLARS.

These are made in beads only, or in beads and bugles. If the latter be employed, they must be about one-third of an inch long, and large enough to pass a needle with strong thread at least twice through. Bead collars are made either in black or white. Alabaster beads are the shades of white which most nearly resemble the color of bugles. You may either form stars, diamonds and other devices, in a mixture of beads and bugles, and tack them at intervals on a paper collar of the proper form and size, filling up the spaces and forming it into a collar by guipuring, if I may use the term, with other beads and bugles, and adding an edge to the same; or you may work on a piece of ribbon long enough to go round the neck, and forming a foundation. In this case you make it like a fringe, but rather full, so as to set well round the shoulders.

It is not needful to give patterns of this kind of work; but I will observe that the edges of the bugles being sharp and very liable to cut the thread, it is always well to shield it by putting on a bead before any part where two or three threads come together. The thread ought always to be waxed. For black work, black crochet silk is better than thread, and less liable to cut.

GOOSEBERRY OR APPLE TRIPLE.—Scald such a quantity of either of these fruits as when pulped through a sieve will make a thick layer at the bottom of your dish; if of apples, mix the rind of half a lemon grated fine, and to both as much sugar as will be pleasant. Mix half a pint of milk, half a pint of cream, and the yolk of one egg; give it a scald over the fire, and stir it all the time; do not let it boil; add a little sugar only, and let it grow cold. Lay it over the apples with a spoon; and then put it on a whip made the day before, as for other trifles.
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AMERICANIZED.

For over a thousand years the "Holy Catholic Church" has been deemed the representative of all that was stagnant, stationary and stereotyped. Its sole object on earth was understood to be to fight for everything that was ancient and worn out. Everything new in religion, science, or politics, was known to be its special horror. In particular was its spirit supposed to be aroused by anything Republican or Democratic. What shall we say then to the fact that Roman Catholicism has achieved its greatest success since the days of Luther, in Republican King-hating America?

In the year 1800 there were but ninety thousand Catholics in America, at the present day there are nearly five million. They have increased faster than the population of the country. We are told that while the general increase of the country has been about thirty-six per cent, the Catholic increase has been one hundred and twenty-five per cent. So rapidly and surely is Catholicism increasing in America that its advocates consider that its becoming the dominant church is only a question of time. They look forward with joyous certainty to the collapsing of the numerous American churches, and the tumbling of the whole into the lap of the papacy at no distant period. Of course the enormous increase made by the Catholic Church just mentioned, is not entirely made up of converts. Large additions have been made by births in Catholic families. Emigration has, of course, also helped the Catholics largely, yet, both these facts are taken into account in the increase of the population of the country of which the Catholic increase is so far ahead.

The great secret of the success of the Catholic Church on this continent lies first in the power of its wonderful organization, and secondly in its adapting itself—contrary to its character in all past times—to the spirit and institutions of the age. In a word it has Americanized itself and so has succeeded. Its advocates in America declare to-day that of all religions it is the most republican, and of all creeds the greatest advocate of freedom of opinion and the use of reason.

What with this new creed thus favoring reason and human judgment, and the imposing grandeur which a united church presents to the mind distracted by the divisions and weaknesses of Protestantism, it is no wonder that Catholicism should succeed. Men inclined to reason cannot bring themselves to believe in the infallibility and divinity of every word in the Bible, as stickled for by Protestants; and they are anxious for a church with something like power and unity—they have both in Catholicism. Hence the idea that "there is no stepping stone between Rome and Reason" is now influencing the minds of thousands with peculiar force.

But not only is Roman America growing fast in numbers, it is increasing with a rapidity unknown to every other church in wealth. Its churches are the finest throughout the land. It rears its marble cathedrals. Its public schools are in almost every city and its religious houses are rising everywhere. Part of its policy for years has been to secure land in every new city, while it is cheap. At this moment it is in this way securing for itself a foothold all over the country. Already, as the result of this course, it owns the finest building sites in every city of importance. It collects money by the thousand where other churches raise but hundreds, with the advantage over Protestantism that it expends the whole of that in the extension of one system, which in Protestantism is distributed and frittered away upon a dozen differing sects. The whole of its wealth is directed through an all-powerful organization, by a priesthood who live but for the glorification and dominion of their Church.

Among other novel accessories to its strength and influence, adopted by the American Catholic Church, is its newly adopted habit of copying everything likely to be useful from its old antagonist, Protestantism. It has copied its Sunday School system. Perhaps more than a million Sunday School children are now taught every Sunday the faith as it is in Rome. It also has adopted the old Protestant idea of Tract distributing, and throws out its four-paged pamphlets by the cord all over the land—meeting the Protestant on their own ground; denying their statements respecting their faith, and quoting scripture for scripture on every point. In fact, as Mr. Parton says, this Church, hearty with age, is exhibiting the effects of "new blood" in its system. Our readers will see that with seven archbishops, forty bishops, three mitered abbots, sixty-five colleges, about two hundred and fifty convents, and nearly five million believers, the "new blood," in question, has a good chance to show what it can do.

It has been supposed by some that Rome denies all modern Revelation and miracles. She denies neither. Great are the cases instance by modern Romanists of miracles occurring under their observation. And as to present Revelation, while they deny that any new Revelation is necessary for the Church on faith and morals, they hold that all can have Revelation for themselves for their individual comfort; and they assert that their Councils are guided by inspiration as to correctly understanding what has already been given. But they expect no revelation of new doctrine, as, in their estimation, all that is necessary on points of faith has already been imparted.

It is amusing to observe the modern members of the Church that imprisoned Galileo for saying that the world moved, take up the cudgels against Protestants on the score of their opposing sciences that are hurtful to their views. The American Romanist says he glories in the revelations of the sciences, they all prove his religion true. His church did not think so once, we are well aware. Again, is it not curious to behold Protestantism, the great champion of the right of individual judgment, defending its fear of human reason. Martin Luther, its founder, said that reason was a "silly blind fool," and he politely termed it the "Devil's bride and a petty strumpet." Catholics say, in rebelling against Rome, and declaring the infallibility of every scriptural text, it has asserted the
right to think, and the right not to think at one and the same time. Refusing a priesthood the power to fetter it, it has simply transferred the power to a book. This they declare to be an inconsistency. There is another idea which the Catholic thinks very ridiculous, namely the Protestant assertion that all human nature is depraved, and, yet, that every individual possessing this depraved human nature is perfectly capable of judging for him or herself on all religious questions.

In the preceding we have endeavored to exhibit some of the phases of the Catholicism of to-day in America. It will be seen that by opening the door to science, it has widened the entrance for the approach of thousands of intellectual men to its sanctuary. By associating with itself modern appliances for its propagation it stands on such vantage ground as it never held before—and now or never it has an open field. Whether this modernization of the habits of this ancient church, is endorsed at heart by the chief of the Catholic Church, or merely permitted by him as the only way of spreading his influence in America, one thing is certain—he has granted a point which the free souls of American Catholics will never yield back to him again. Roman Catholicism in America is henceforth transformed for ever.

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.
No. VI.

HISTORY OF MR. CURWIN'S SYSTEM.

As Mr. Curwin was a clergyman by profession and not a musician, his difficulties were very great indeed in the introduction of a new notation; they were rendered greater by the fact of his not possessing a good ear for music. He tells us that when he first started "he could neither pitch a tune correctly, nor by any means make out from the notes the plainest psalm-tune that he had not heard before."

This defect, however, did not daunt him; and he eventually succeeded in teaching both children and adults.

It appears by a lecture delivered by Mr. Curwin to the teachers of the "Home and Colonial School Society," on the 8th of July, 1846, "that the systems in print in 1841 were as a sealed book to him," but being called to attend a meeting of Ministers, Sunday School Teachers and friends of Sunday Schools, connected with the various denominations of Hull, where congregational psalmody, and the importance of introducing some simple method of singing to the churches and Sunday Schools was discussed, he was commissioned, and in some degree pledged, to give attention to the subject of class teaching in its most simple form. From this pledge he was led to hunt up a system adapted to the requirements of children and congregations.

After studying the systems of Mr. Hullah and others he found their methods altogether unsuitable to his purpose, and he felt at first almost discouraged. However he at last obtained a system compiled by Miss Glover, which he found adapted to his wants. As this system did not pretend to supersede the old, and universal notation, but only to act as a help-mate to its introduction, he felt a hope that he had found the key to success in making vocal music universal.

His success amongst congregations and Sunday Schools was great, and the lovers of the vocal art found what they had so long desired—a simple method whereby they could study with little difficulty or loss of much time.

Personally I must confess, that on first studying Mr. Curwin's system the modulation, or ladders introduced for the changing of keys—and which Mr. Curwin called simple—gave me much trouble to understand; in fact Mr. Curwin was himself in the same fix when he began to inspect this peculiar diagram. His new notation of intervals was easy enough. The signs for the marking of time also presented no difficulty, although it appeared to me at least, quite as much trouble for children and adults of common capacity to understand as was the old notation length of notes and the clefs. However on the whole it was evident that the system would do much good.

The letters D, R, M, F, S, L, T, D, representing the scale or octave, while the modulator points to the sounding of intervals is a most systematic and sure road to a correct knowledge of the peculiarity of each note; and Mr. Curwin's method of describing their effect on the ear, is also excellent.

As the system has been so much studied in the city and settlements, I will simply state that, as Mr. Curwin did not intend to throw the old notation aside, but merely to use the new one as introductory, it is in these respects if in no other a useful adjunct to musical art.

NOTICE TO ALL WISHING TO SUBSCRIBE.

Our friends in the settlements are informed that all persons needing it, will be credited until after harvest. None need fear being unable to pay in consequence of destruction of their crops by grasshoppers as in that case we will grant any further reasonable time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MILKY WAY.—The nebula of the Milky Way—so far as operated upon by instruments of sufficient strength—have been resolved into separate and distinct stars—each a sun for aught we know. It is true that a strong telescope will resolve the nebula into a number of objects which are resolved into stars.

READER.—The scriptural phrase "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north," is in the south of the Holy Land, and Mount Zion on the southern side of Jerusalem, according to the maps. The Mount Zion in question is on "the sides of the north," not south.

RIM—For a cracked hoof in horses, tar and tallow, melted and mixed in equal parts is recommended.

I QUERED.—You are right in that extent. A partial mortality is held by some people. They believe that only such as obtain the benefits of Jesus Christ's death will live for ever. The rest they suppose will be annihilated or undergo a process equivalent to a resurrection. To obtain another life or a continuation of this beyond the grave, for such as believe in him, is considered the special object of Christ's mission.

ANY G.—His object may be to secure a prospective home before he commits himself; other motives of a deliberate nature may also actuate his delay, perhaps his considerations that, already in saying what he has, he has made a virtual offer. Judge by his earnest tone and truthfulness of manner. If he appears to be a trifler, seek better company; but no one should be condemned at once for not making a definite period of marriage until his motives were well understood.
FOUL PLAY.

By CHARLES READE and DON BUCHANAN.

(Continued)

CHAPTER VIII.

The wind steady from the west for two whole days, and the Proserpine showed her best sailing qualities, and ran four hundred and fifty miles in that time.

Then came a dead calm, and the sails flapped lastly, and the mast described an arc; and the sun broiled, and the sailors whistled; and the Captain drank; and the mate encouraged him.

During this calm, Miss Rolleston fell downright ill, and quitted the deck. Then Mr. Hazel was very sad; borrowed all the books in the ship, and read them; and took notes; and when he had done this, he was at leisure to read men, and so began to study Hiram Hudson, Joseph Wylie, and others, and take a few notes about them.

From these we select some that are better worth the reader's attention, than anything we could relate in our own persons at this stagnant part of the story.

PASSENGERS FROM MR. HAZEL'S DIARY.

CHARACTERS ON BOARD THE PROSERPINE.

"There are two sailors, messmates, who have formed an antique friendship; their names are John Welch and Samuel Cooper. Welch is a very able seaman and a chatterbox. Cooper is a good sailor, but very silent; only what he does say is much to the purpose.

"The gabble of Welch is agreeable to the silent Cooper; and Welch admires Cooper's taciturnity."

"I asked Welch what made him like Cooper so much. And he answered, 'Well, he is my messmate, for one thing, and a seaman that knows his work; and then he has been well eddycated, and then he knows when to hold his tongue, does Sam.'"

"I asked Cooper why he was so fond of Welch. He only grunted in an uneasy way at first; but when I pressed for a reply, he let out two words—'Capital company;' and got away from me.

"Their friendship, though often roughly expressed, is really a tender and touching sentiment. I think either of those sailors would bare his neck, and take a dozen lashes in place of his messmate. I too once thought I had made such a friend. Eheu!

"Both Cooper and Welch seem, by their talk, to consider the ship a little warmer than it appears. Welch only smokes, and often lets his pipe out; he is volatile.

"Captain Hudson is quite a character; or, I might say, two characters; for he is one man when he is sober, and another when he is the worse for liquor; and that, I am sorry to see is very frequent. Captain Hudson, sober, is a rough, headstrong man, with a quick, experienced eye, that takes in every robe in the ship, as he walks up and down his quarter-deck. He either evades, or bluntly declares conversation, and gives his whole mind to sailing his ship."

"Captain Hudson, drunk, is a garrulous man, who seems to have drifted back into the past. He comes up to you and talks of his own accord, and always about himself, and what he did fifteen or twenty years since. He forgets whatever has occurred half an hour ago; and his eye, which was an eagle's is now a mole's. He no longer sees what his sailors are doing slow or aloft; to be sure, he no longer cares; his present ship may take care of herself while he is talking of his past ones. But the soundest indolents in husbandry are these two. First, his nose is red. Second, he discourses upon a seaman's 'duy to his employers.' Euloius rings the changes on his 'duy to his employers' till drowsiness attacks his bearers. Ciervo de ofi- cil was all very well at a certain period of one's life; but nibulus nauta de ofiells is rather too much.

"N.B. Except when his nose is red, not a word about his 'duy to his employers.' That phrase, like a fine lady, never ventures into the morning air. It is purely post-prandial, and sacred to occasions when he is utterly neglecting his duty to his employers, and to everybody else.

"His criminality enough, but somewhat alarming. To think that his precious life should be intrusted to the care and skill of so unreliable a captain!"

"Joseph Wylie, the mate, is less eccentric, but even more remarkable. He is one of those powerfully-built fellows, whom Nature, one would think, constructed to gain all their ends by force and directness. But no such thing; he goes about as softly as a cat; is always popping up out of bold or of the quarter-deck; and the watch was usually to hear what I say to her. He is civil to me when I speak to him; yet, I notice, he avoids me quietly. Altogether, there is something about him that puzzles me. Why was he so reluctant to let me on the deck in the afternoon? What was the dark frown he put on? For he said there was no room for me; yet, even now, there are two cabins vacant, and he has taken possession of them.

"The mate of this ship has several barrels of spirits in his cabin, or rather, cabins, and it is he who makes the captain drunk. I learned this from one of the boys. This looks ugly. I fear Wylie is a bad, designing man, who wishes to ruin the captain, and so get his place. But, meantime, the ship might be endangered by this drunkard's misconduct. I shall watch Wylie closely, and perhaps put the captain on his guard against this false friend.

"Last night, a breeze got up out of the north, and H. R. came on deck for half an hour. I welcomed her as calmly as I could; but when she went down the cabin I wrote of her out of the voyage; and, after the voyage tired her much; but it was the last she would have to make. How strange, how heellish (God forgive me for saying so) it seems that such should love him. But, does she love him? Can she love him? Could she love him if she knew all? I shall not find out until before she marries him. For the present, be still, my heart.

"She soon went below and left me desolate. I wandered all about the ship, and, at last, I came upon the inseparables—Welch and Cooper. They were squatted on the deck, and, as usual, were discussing Wylie and the news about this Wylie, and saying that, in all his ships, he had never known such a mate as this; why the captain was under his thumb. He then gave a string of captains, each of which would have given his name to defend him in the gangway, if he had taken so much on him, as this one does.

"'Grog!' suggested Cooper, in extenuation.

"Welch admitted Wylie was liberal with that, and friendly enough with the men; but, still, he preferred to see a ship commanded by the captain, and not by a lubber like Wylie.

"I expressed some surprise at this term, and said I had envied Wylie's nerves in a gale of wind we encountered early in the voyage.

"The talking sailor explained, 'In course, he has been to sea all his life, and managed many a gale.'

"'But so has the cook.'

"'That don't make a man a sailor. You ask him how to send down a to-gallant yard or gimman a bower slip, or even mark a lead line, and he'll stare at you, like Old Nick, when the man is not a sailor; and all the red-tongues, and questioned him out of the Church Catechism. Ask Sam there, if ye don't believe me, Sam, what do you think of this Wylie for a seaman?'

"Cooper could not afford anything so preposterous. In his estimate of things, as a whole; but he lifted a great brawny hand, and gave the captain with his finger and thumb, that disposed of the mate's pretensions to seamanship more expressively than words could have done it.

"The breeze has freshened, and the ship glides rapidly through the water, bearing us all homeward. Helen Rolleston has resumed her place upon deck; and all seems bright again. I ask myself how we existed without the sight of her.

"This morning the wind shifted to the south-west; the captain surprised us by taking in sail. But his sober eye had seen something more than ore; for at noon it blew a gale, and by sunset it was deemed prudent to bring the ship's head to the wind, and we are now lying-to. The ship lurches, and the wind howls through the bare rigging; but she rides buoyantly, and no danger is apprehended.

"Last night, as I lay in my cabin, unable to sleep, I heard some heavy blows strike the ship's side repeatedly, causing quite a vibration. I felt alarmed, and went out to tell the captain; and he took his hand and told me that the noise was the force of the wind. Passing the mate's cabin, I heard sounds that made me listen attentively; and I then found the blows were being struck inside the ship. I got to the captain and told him. 'Oh,' said he, 'ten to one it's the mate nailing down his chest, or the like.' But I assured him the blows struck..."
the sides of the ship, and, at my earnest request, he came out of the gun-room, quite a great oath, and said the lubber would be through the ship's side. He then tried the cabin-door, but it was locked.

"The sounds ceased directly.

"We called to the mate, but received no reply for a long time.

At last Wylie came out of the gun-room, looking rather pale, and asked what was the matter.

"I told him he ought to know best, for the blows were heard where he had just come from.

Blows! I said; 'I believe you. Why, a tierce of butter had gone up, and down the hold like thunder.' He then asked us whether that was what we had disturbed him for, entered his cabin, and almost slammed the door in our faces.

"A man of the captain on his disrespectful conduct.

The captain was civil, and said I was right; he was a cross-grained, unmanageable brute, and he believed he was out of the ship. 'But you see, sir, he has got the ear of the merchant aore; and so I am obliged to hold a candle to the devil, as the saying is.' He then fired a volley of oaths and abuse at the officer, and, not to encourage foul language, I retired to my cabin.

"The wind declined towards daybreak, and the ship recommenced her voyage at 8 a.m.; but under treble-reeded topsails and lower jib.

"'I caught the captain and mate talking together in the friendliest way possible. That Hudson is a humpback; there is some mystery between him and the mate.'

"The wind rose for several hours, conversing sweetly, and looking like the angel she is. But happiness soon flies from me; a steamer came in sight, bound for Sydney. She signalled us to heave-to, and send a boat. This was done, and the boat brought back a letter for me. It seems they took us for Shannon, in which ship she was expected.

"The letter was from him. How her cheek flushed and her eye beamened as she took it. And, O the sadness, the agony that stood beside her unheeded.

"I left the deck; I could not have contained myself. What a thing for a man of wealth, that wretch can stretch out his hand across the ocean, and put a letter into her hand under my very eye. Away goes all that I have gained by being near her, while he is far away. He is not in England now, he is here.

"Has your absence driven me from her. O that I could be a child again, or in my grave, to get away from this hell of love and hate?"

At this point, we beg leave to take the narrative into our own hands again.

Mr. Hazel actually left the deck to avoid the sight of Helen Rollleston's flushed cheek and beaming eyes, reading Arthur Wardlaw's letter.

And here we may as well observe that he retired not merely because the torture was too hard to bear. He had some disclosures to make on reaching England; but his good sense told him this was not the time, or the place, to make them, nor Helen Rollleston to whom, in the first instance, they ought to be made.

While he tries to relieve his swelling heart by putting itsadbob on paper (and, in truth, this is some faint relief, for want of which may a less unhappy man than Hazel has gone mad), let us stay by the lady's side, and read her letter with her:

"Russell Square, Dec. 15, 1865.

"My dear Love: Hearing that the Antelope steam-packet was going to New York, I immediately wrote to the captain, who is under some obligations to me, to keep a good look-out for the Shannon, homeward bound, and board her with these lines, weather permitting.

"Of the chances are that you will not receive them at sea; but still you possibly may; and my heart is so full of you, I seize any excuse for overflowing; and then I picture to myself that bright face reading an unexpected letter in mid ocean, and so I taste beforehand the greatest pleasure my mind can conceive—the delight of giving you pleasure, my own delight.

"Now I have very little. You know how deeply and devotedly you are beloved—know it so well that I feel words are almost wasted in repeating it. Indeed, the time, I hope, is at hand when the word love will hardly be mentioned between us. For my part, I think it will be too visible in every act, and word of mine, to need repetition. We do not speak much about the air we live in. We breathe it, and speak with it, not of it.

"I suppose all lovers are jealous. I think I should go mad if you were to give me a rival; but then I do not understand the nature of love. I have had a taste of its power, and the subject of all affections but the one. I know my Helen loves her father; loves him, perhaps, as well, or better, than she does me. Well, in spite of that, I love him too. Do you know, I never see that man off the ship, that makes his courage and probably come into a room, but I say to myself, 'Here comes my benefactor; but for this man there would be no Helen in the world.' Well, dearest, an unexpected circumstance has given me a little military influence (these things do happen in the city); and I read a letter that puts me in his acknowledged merit (I am secretly informed a very high personage said, the other day, he had not received justice), and the influence I speak of, a post will shortly be offered to your father that will enable him to live, henceforth, in England, with comfort—I might say, affluence. Perhaps he might live with us. That depends upon himself.

"Looking forward to this, and my own still greater happiness, diverts my mind a while from the one ever-present anxiety. But, alas! it will return. By this time my Helen is on the sea—the terrible, the treacherous, the cruel sea, that spare neither beauty nor virtue, nor the longing hearts at home. I have conducted this office for some years, and thought I knew care and anxiety. But I find I knew neither till now.

"I have not the heart to present you with any present. The Proserpine. The Proserpine carries eighteen chests of specie, worth a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. I don't care one straw whether she sinks or swells. But the Shannon carries my darling; and every time I see her face, every day I pray into the great room at Lloyd's and whisper, O God! O God! be merciful, and bring my angel safe to me! O God! be just, and strike her not for my offences!

"Besides the direct perils of the sea are some others you might escape, and I would not have you to suffer them, either.

"But I must not talk to you with tears in my eyes; let me turn to my hopes. How bright they are; what joy, what happiness is sailing towards me, nearer and nearer every day. I ask myself, myself what I am that such a paradise should be mine.

"How I long to see you. One word, Hazel: do not talk to me of marriage; I shall never say a word about it, nor shall I keep commerce, speculation, and its temptations away from your pure sport! Sometimes I think I should like to have neither thought nor occupation unshared by you; and that you would purify trade itself by your contact; at other times I say to myself, 'I am not such a man with your miserable business; but go home to her as if you were going from earth to heaven, for a few blissful hours.' But you shall decide this question, and every other.

"Must I close this letter? Must I say no more though I have scoured the whole space? "Yes, I will end, since, perhaps, you will never see it.

"When I have sealed it, I mean to hold it in my clasped hands, and so pray to the Almighty to take it to you, and to bring you safe to him, who can never know peace nor joy till he sees you once more.

"Your devoted and anxious lover,

ARTHUR WARDLAW.

"Helen Rollleston read this letter more than once. She liked it none the less for being disconnected and business-like. She had seen her Arthur's business letters; models of courteous and refined style, and she could have cut his to pieces. The cautism with which she read, and the careful way in which she studied it, showed that she did. She smiled over it, all beaming and blushmg; she kissed it, and read it again, and sat with it in her lap.

"But, by and by, her mood changed, and, when Mr. Hazel ventured upon deck again, she found her with her forehead sinking on her extended arm, and the hand banding the letter. She was crying.

The whole drooping attitude was so lovely, so feminine, yet so sad, that Hazel stood irresolute, looking wistfully at her.

She caught sight of him, and, by a natural impulse, turned gently away as if to hide her tears. But, the next moment she altered her mind, and, with a quiet dignity that came natural to her at times, 'Why should I hide my cares from you sir? Mr. Hazel, may I speak to you as a clergyman?'

"Certainly," said Mr. Hazel, in a somewhat flat voice.

She pointed to a seat and he sat down near her. She was silent for some time; her lip quivered a little; she was struggling inwardly for that decent composure, which, on certain occasions, distinguishes the lady from the mere woman;
and it was with a pretty firm voice she said what follows:—

"I am going to tell you a little secret; one I have kept from my own father, that I have not very long to live."

Her hazel eye rested calmly on his face while she said these words quietly.

He received them with amusement, at first; amusement, that so deepened into horror. "What do you mean?" he grasped.

"What would you have?"

"Thank you for thinking so much," said she, sweetly, "I will tell you. I have fits of coughing, not frequent, but violent; and then blood very often comes from my lungs. That is a bad sign you know. I have been so for months now, and a hand used to be very plump; look at it now. Poor Arthur!"

She turned away her head to drop a gentle, unseen tear or two; and Hazel stared with increasing alarm at the lovely but wasted hand, she still held out to him, and glanced, too, at Arthur Wardlaw's letter, held slightly by the beloved fingers.

He said nothing, and, when she looked round again, he was pale and trembling. The revelation was so sudden.

"Pray be calm, sir," said she. "We need speak of this no more. But, now, I think you will not be surprised that I come to you for religious advice and consolation, short as our acquaintance is."

"I am in no condition to give them," said Hazel, in great agitation. "I can think of nothing but how to save you. May Heaven help me, and give me strength for that."

"This is idle," said Helen Rolleston, gently, but firmly, "I have had the best advice for months, and I get worse; and Mr. Hazel, I shall never be better. So, add me to bow to the will of Heaven. I do hope you will not think me a horseman to give me to think how my departure will affect those whose happiness is very, very dear to me."

She then looked at the letter, blushed, and hesitated a moment; but ended by giving it to him whom she had applied to as her religion that had just fallen and bonneted him. He felt a natural repugnance to read this letter. But she had given him no choice. He read it. In reading it he felt a mortal sickness come over him, but he persevered; he read it carefully to the end, and he was examining the signature keenly, when the letter was taken from him.

"He loves me, does he not?" said she, wistfully.

Hazel looked half-stupidly in her face for a moment; then, with a cawdun which was part of his character, replied, doggedly, "Yes, the man who wrote this letter loves you."

"Then you will pity him, and I may venture to ask you the favor to—— It will be a bitter grief and disappointment to him. Will you break it to him so gently as you can; will you say that his Helen——?"

He handed her the letter, almost thrusting it upon her, and turned away.

"Mr. Hazel! will you not grant me so small a favor?"

The man faced her, his features convulsed with passion. He covered them for a moment with his trembling hands; then, with, unutterable love in the gaze he fixed upon her, he answered her pleading with one word.

"No."

(To be continued.)

A ROAD PAVED WITH HUMAN BEINGS.

Ishmael Pacha, the present ruler of Egypt, was partly educated in Paris, and is said to be sincerely desirous of effecting reforms in Egypt. Whether it be want of will or want of power, however, certain it is that these reforms are not effected. One of such is the riding of a sacred horesman annually over a road paved with human beings for half a mile or so—a horesman, on a fiery steed, who rides over a road on which human beings are lying down on their faces, as near as they can to the other, so as not to leave any space unoccupied. It is at Ebebek, near Cairo, that this extraordinary ceremony annually takes place, in this wise——

All good Mussulmans are supposed, once in their lives at least, to visit the holy places, Mecca and Medina, in pilgrimage. Those who visit Mecca do so in the state of the Tomb of the Prophet. These presents are despatched in great state from Cairo once a year, enveloped in, or accompanied by, a sacred carpet, which is highly esteemed, and which returns to Cairo holier than ever, in greater state than it left, on the day of the state of the Tomb of the Prophet. The viceroy himself receives it with great state at the gates of Cairo, where is the great mosque, and the holy carpet is shuf up with good deeds of the people, of the citizens, and the poor, and the prayers and the offerings of all. From there it goes to the tomb of the Prophet in Mecca, where it is received in the same manner, and returns to Cairo, where it is again shuf up, and is given to the viceroy, who receives it with the same ceremony as before. It must be a white horse without blemish, with one black mark—and only one—on its forehead, and another on its off hind leg. The white horse selected for this holy ceremony is not allowed out of the stable all the year; he appears in public only on this one day. He is carefully attended to, excellently fed and groomed, and it may be easily supposed that when he does come forth he is impatient and difficult to control. Four attendants assist the high priest to manage the white horse.

When the high priest, after having delivered up the holy carpet, in the great mosque in the citadel, returns on the sacred white horse to his own mosque at Ebbebek, an innumerable crowd of Arabs fill the road, to welcome him with shouts of "Allah qura, God is true," and the white horse and the white horse are both holy and sacred that day.

As the procession is seen approaching, the crowd in the narrow road throw themselves on their faces, wedging well together, so that not a foot of ground may remain unoccupied; and from nearly the whole crowd is singing, and the holy carpet, at a cantar over the living road, the four attendants running by his side, two and two. The iron hoofs of the horse sink here and there into the backs of the devotees, sometimes fracturing the spine, sometimes the skull, but no cry of pain escapes from the sufferers. If they die, it is without lament, and heaven and the houries are ready for them; if they are wounded, it is for their faith, and great will be their reward hereafter, if they escape unscathed, they have performed a highly meritorious religious duty, almost equal to the pilgrimage itself. The devotees do not rise from the ground till the high priest has entered into his own mosque; and great is the spiritual pride of those over whom the charger has cantered, and great the envy of the spectators who had no place on the ground, but were obliged to content themselves with witnessing the ceremony from the side of the road, standing.

It is true that this absurd ceremony is not inculcated in the Koran, and that it takes place in no other country but Egypt; still, it is one of those nauseous Arabs, who annually celebrate it, and one that probably no ordinary viceroy would consider it safe to meddle with.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Conundrums, No. 8.—Why ought a fisherman to be very wealthy? No. 9. Why is a man in debt like a misty morning? No. 10. Who was the first who bore arms? Charade, 4.

My first is found in every house; From wintry winds it guards; My end is found in every box card; In every pack of cards. My whole, a Scottish chief, is praised By ballad, bard, and story; Who for his country gave his life, And, dying, fell into story. Answers to No. 22, Page 262. Riddle.—The letter R. Conundrums, 6.—A pack of cards. No. 7.—Because words are passing between them.

Charade, 3.

THE PRESSURE OF THE AIR SHOWN BY A WINE-GLASS.

Place a card on a wine-glass filled with water, then invert the glass, the water will not escape, the pressure of the atmosphere on the outside of the card being sufficient to support the water.
LESIONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 15.

ON THE UPEHAUL OF VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS.

After the whole mass of those rocks composing the present island of Sicily had been swelled up and raised to 3,000 feet, the beds violently burst, and cracked into several fissures, which afterwards became filled up with basaltic lava. The lava imbedded in these cracks formed hard rocks and are called by geologists dikes.

The height of Mount Etna is 10,874 feet above the level of the sea. The first three thousand feet upward from the sea is formed by the calcareous beds, and their associated lavas and clays as already mentioned. The remaining 7,000 or 8,000 feet upward have been formed by successive eruptions from the volcano. The upper or the 1,100 feet consist of the cone of the crater, which rises from an irregular plain, about nine miles in circumference. In the summit of this cone is the grand crater which is perpetually sending forth sulphurous vapors.

It is an unsettled point among geologists, whether the prodigious masses which now lie above the limestone 3,000 feet high, were produced since the island of Sicily rose above the sea, or whether a large portion of them had not been thrown up and scattered by the volcano while under the sea.

The balance of the probability is in favor of the hypothesis that the volcanic rocks which lie over the tertiary limestones were formed before the island arose from the water, and those masses rose with the upheaval of the limestones and clays. It is supposed that the first appearance of Sicily would be like a cone above the reach of the waves, which would, at every eruption, vomit forth volcanic matter into the sea on all sides, as the mountain was in the process of being heaved up.

There is one phenomenon very remarkable in the structure of the lower beds of the stratification of this vast mountain. The inferior clay beds of which we have spoken are found on the north, the east, and the south of Etna, to dip inward towards the mountain. This looks as if they had fallen in from the sudden and free escape of the melted matter that had held them up, rather than they had fallen outward as if they had cracked from being heaved up. They appear as if they had first of all been heaved up by an enormous power of melted matter from below, which by suddenly and freely escaping, caused a cavity, into which these horizontal beds fell on all sides with a dip inward.

Since these lower beds of clay dip inward towards the mountain, instead of lying on the same slope as the sides of the mountains, and since this inward dipping is found all round Etna, except to the west, where it is not in sight, it is evident that these clay strata were once continuous; were a horizontal rock occupying the space now covered by the volcanic mountain; and were penetrated by the eruptive forces of the volcano. They, therefore, lie under the whole mountain, and may be said to be sub-Etenean. In some places, even these lower beds appear in hills a thousand feet high; though in others much lower. Their beds appear in some instances 300 feet thick, and without any mixture of lava.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

DR. BUCHANAN ON CELLARS.

While I would condemn cellars and basements entirely, the common plan of building in their absence must be condemned also. The house being built above the surface of the earth, a space is left between the lower floor and the ground, which is even closer and darker than a cellar, and which becomes, on a smaller scale, the source of noxious emanations. Under-floor space should be abolished as well as cellars and basements.

The plan that I have adopted with the most satisfactory success, to avoid all these evils, is the following:—Let the house be built entirely above the ground; let the lower floor be built upon the surface of the earth, at least as high as the surrounding soil. If filled up with any clean material a few inches above the surrounding earth, it would be better. A proper foundation being prepared, make your first floor by a pavement of brick, laid in hydraulic cement upon the surface of the ground. Let the same be extended into your walls, so as to cut off the walls of your house with water-proof cement from all communication with the moisture of the surrounding earth. Upon this foundation build according to your fancy. Your lower floor will be perfectly dry—impenetrable to moisture and to vermin; not a single animal can get a lodgment in your story. By adopting this plan, your house will be dry and cleanly; the atmosphere of your ground-floor will be fresh and pure; you will be entirely relieved from that sickly and corrosive air which is produced by basements and cellars; and if you appropriate the ground-floor to purposes of store-rooms, kitchen, etc., you will find that the dry apartments thus constructed are infinitely superior to the old basements and cellars. And if you place your sitting and sleeping-rooms on the second and third floors, you will be as thoroughly exempt from local miasmas as architecture can make you.

SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

The noise of cannon has been heard a distance of more than two hundred and fifty miles by applying the ear to the solid earth.

ELECTRICITY IN A VACUUM.—A new apparatus for demonstrating the fact that the electric spark will not pass through a perfect vacuum has been contrived by M. M. Alvergniat, of Paris. At a distance of three thirtyCONDS of an inch electricity ceases to pass.

POROSITY OF IRON.—The porosity of cast-iron is a well-known fact. Many years ago, Mr. Perkins forced water through thick plates of it; hence it is not astonishing that gasses pass with ease. A few years ago, a physician at Chambery was struck with the circumstance that an epidemic of fever occurred in Savoy every winter; and he fancied that he had traced the cause of the visit of the contagion to contiguous cast-iron stoves, which allowed the gasses of combustion to pass into the atmosphere of the room. The subject has been investigated by M. Deville and Troost, and they find, by a very carefully conducted experiment, that hydrogten, carbonic acid, and carbonic acid, and carbonic oxide, do actually pass through the walls of a cast-iron stove, at a dull as well as a bright red heat.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

A Walkers dictionary—the mile stones.

What nation produces marriage most?—Why, Fascination.

Cutting for the cutter.—Hairdresser (anxious to puff his anti-beard's grease): "excuse me sir, but you are a little bald." Old gentleman: "Bald, eh? Yes I was born so!"

A man about town was lately invited to a sewing party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment came off. Oh, it was very amusing," he replied, "the ladies hommed, and I sawed.

Stationary.—"What would you be, dearest," said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I was to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

A subscriber to a moral reform paper called at the post-office the other day and inquired if the Friend of Freedom had come. —"No," said the postmaster, "there has been no such person here for a long time."

An honest old lady in the country, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone! It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now my husband's gone, too, poor man!"

The Little Rascal.—A grocer bad for his virtues obtained the name of "The Little Rascal." A stranger asked him why this appellation had been given him. "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all great rascals."

Tiger Hunting.—A Frenchman, who had been in India, speaking of tiger-hunts, pleasantly remarks: "When ze Frenchman hunts ze tiger, ah! ze sport is grand, magnifique! but when ze tiger hunts ze Frenchman, one! zero is ze very devil to pay."

An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his language about himself, the old lady said, when he was leaving, "Tak' guide care o' yours, when ye are away, for; mind ye, they eat puppies in China!"

A Frenchman, who had just purchased a country-seat, was complaining of the want of birds in his garden.—"Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa, and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within two hundred miles. I hung a pair of earrings and a collar upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

"Sir," said a fierce lawyer, "do you, on your solemn oath, declare this is not your handwriting?" "I reckon not," was the cool reply. "Does it resemble your handwriting?" "Yes, sir, I think it don't." "Do you swear that it don't resemble your handwriting?" "Well, I do, old head," "You take your solemn oath that this writing does not resemble yours in a single letter?" "Y-e-s, sir." "Now how do you know?" "'Cause I can't write!"

Absent.—Colonel M'Clung of Mississippi kicked a man out of a bar room, and the fellow failed to resent it. Afterwards M'Clung saw this same fellow kick another man out of a house in New Orleans. The Colonel remarked to the fellow that he had more pluck in New Orleans than in Mississippi.—"No, colonel, not that," he replied; "it is only because you and I know whom to kick."

Coroner's Verdict.—A Yankee genius out West, conceiving that a little gunpowder thrown upon some green wood would facilitate its burning, directed a small stream upon the smoking pile; and not possessing a hand sufficiently quick to cut this off at a desirable moment, he was blown into pieces. The coroner thus reasoned out the verdict: "It can't be called suicide, because he didn't mean to kill himself; it wasn't a visitation of God, because he wasn't struck by lightning; he didn't die for want of breath, for he hadn't anything left to breathe with. It's plain he didn't know what he was about, so I shall bring in, 'died for want of common sense.'"

The Barrister and the Witness.—At the assizes held during the past year at Lincoln, after both judge and counsel had had much trouble to make the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; there was called into the box a young ostler, who appeared to be simplicity personified. "Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone he would at any other time have denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak up." "I hope not, zur," was shouted, or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building. "How dare you speak in that way sir?" said the counsel. "Please zur, I can't speak any louder, zur," said the astonished witness, attempting to shout louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be his speaking too softly. "Pray, have you been drinking this morning," shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost his temper. "Yes, zur," was the reply. "And what have you been drinking?" "Coffee, zur." "And what did you have in your coffee, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel. "A spune, zur," was the answer innocently spoken, amidst the roars of the whole court—excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief, and rushed out of court.

OUR ADVICE.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clo'es,
But learn for the sake of your soul's repose,
That wealth's a bubble, that comes—and goes!
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER


SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year .................................................. $7 00
Per Half Year [26 weeks] ...................... 4 00

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESERT NEWS."
POETRY.

LOVE AND HOPE.

Oh! the world is dark, and the world is bright,
And the worm gnaws out life's flowers;
But a golden morning shall follow the night,
And the rainbow follow the showers;
Sweet wife!

And the rainbow follow the showers.

Oh! the world is grey and weary, and old
When the birds have ceased to sing,
But the love of true hearts need never be cold,
When winter shall follow the spring;
Sweet wife!

When winter shall follow the spring.

There's a star in the darkest cloud of heaven,
When a soft eye looks from above;
There's a yellow sheaf where the plow hath driven
And a crown over the cross of love;
Sweet wife!

And a crown over the cross of love,

Oh! the world hath a dark and sunny side,
And the light in darkness glows,
And the dawn will shine for us all, our bride,
As when first on our love it rose:
Sweet wife!

As when first on our love it rose.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

DEATH AND LOVE.

Descending a staircase without the walls—as even in royal halls the principle staircases were then—Harold gained a wide court, in which loitered several house carles and attendants, whether of the king or the visitors; and, reaching the entrance of the palace, took his way towards the king's room, which lay round and near what is now called "The Painted Chamber," then used as a bed-room by Edward on state occasions.

And now he entered the ante-chamber of his royal brother-in-law. Crowded it was but rather seemed it the hall of a convent than the ante-room of a king. Monks, pilgrims, priests, met his eye in every nook; and not there did the earl pause to practice the arts of popular favor. Passing erect through the midst, he beckoned forth the officer, in attendance at the extreme end, who, after an interchange of whispers, ushered him into the royal presence.

On entering, he found there a man in the prime of life, and, though richly clad, in embroidered gowns, and with sartorial richey gilt at his side, still with the loose robe, the long mustache, and the skin of the throat and right hand punctured with characters and devices, which proved his adherence to the fashions of the Saxon. And Harold's eyes sparkled, for in this guest he recognized the father of Aldyth, Earl Alger, son of Leofric. The two nobles exchanged grave salutations, and each eyed the other wistfully.

"Thou art welcome, Harold," said the king with less than his usual listlessness, and with a look of relief, as the earl approached him.

"Our good Algur comes to us with a suit well worthy consideration, though pressed somewhat hotly, and evincing too great a desire for goods worldly; contrasting in this his most laudable father, our well-beloved Leofric, who spends his substance in endowing monasteries and dispensing alms; wherefore he shall receive a hundred fold, in the treasure-house above."

A good interest, doubtless my lord, the king," said Algur, quickly, "but one that is not paid to his heirs and the more need, if my father (whom I blame not for doing as he lists with his own) gives all he hath to the monks—then more need, I say, to take care that his son shall be enabled to follow his example. As it is, most noble king, I fear me that Algur, son of Leofric, will have nothing to give. In brief, Earl Harold," continued Algur, turning to his fellow thane—"in brief, thus stands the matter. When our lord the king was first graciously pleased to consent to rule in England, the two chiefs who most assured his throne were thy father and mine. Now, therefore, I come to my lord, and I ask, 'What lands and what lordships canst thou spare in broad England to Algur, once Earl of Wessex, and son to the Leofric whose hand smoothed the way to thy throne?' My lord the king is pleased to preach to me contempt of the world; thou dost not despise the world, Earl of the East Angles—what sayest thou to the heir of Leofric?"

"That thy suit is just," answered Harold, calmly, "but urged with small reverence."

Earl Algur bounded like a stag that the arrow had startled.

"It becomes thee, who hast backed thy suits with war-ships and mail, to talk of reverence, and rebuke one whose fathers reigned over earldoms, when thine were no doubt coeors at the plough. But for Edric..."
Streeone, the traitor and low-born, what had been
Welnoth, thy grandsire?"

So rude and hasty an assault in the presence of the
kings, who, though personally he loved Harold in his
loving prostration, yet like all weak men, was not
pleased to see the strong split their strength against
each other, brought the blood into Harold’s cheek;
but he answered calmly—

"We live in a land, son of Leofric, in which birth,
though not disesteemed, gives of itself no power in
council or camp. We belong to a land where men
are valued for what they are, not for what their dead
ancestors might have been. So has it been for ages
in Saxon England, where my fathers, through God-
win, as thou sayest, might have been ceorls; and so, I
have heard, it is in the land of the martial Danes,
where my fathers, through Githa, reigned on the
thrones of the North."

"Thou dost well," said Algar, gnawing his lip, "to
shelter thyself on the spindle side, but we Saxons of
pure descent think little of your kings of the North,
pirates and idolaters, and eaters of horseflesh; but en-
joy what thou hast, and let Algar have his due."

"It is for the king, not his servant, to answer the
prayer of Algar," said Harold, withdrawing to the
farther end of the room.

Algar’s eye followed him, and observing that the
king was fast sinking into one of the fits of religious
reverie, in which he sought to be inspired with a
decision, whenever his mind was perplexed, he moved
with a light step to Harold, put his hand on his shoul-
der, and whispered—

"We do ill to quarrel with each other—I repent me
of hot words—enough. Thy father is a wise man,
and sees far—thy father would have us friends. Be it
so. Hearken: my daughter Aldyth is esteemed not
the least fair of the maidens in England; I will give
her to thee as thy wife, and as thy morganet gift, thou
shalt win me from the king the ealdormy forfeited by
thy brother Swynn, now parcelled out among sub-ea-
rels and thegnedoms, save the ealdormy of North
Suffolk. By the shrine of St. Alcind, dost thou hesitate,
man?"

"No, not an instant," said Harold, stung to the
quick. "Not, couldst thou offer me all Mercia as thy
dower, would I wed the daughter of Algar, and bend
my knee; as a son to a wife’s father, to the man who
disposes my lineage, while he tralkes to my power."

Algar’s face grew convulsed with rage; but with-
out saying a word to the earl, he strode back to Ed-
ward, who now with vacant eyes looked up from the
rosary over which he had been bending, and said ab-
ruptly—

"My lord the king, I have spoken as I think it be-
comes a man who knows his own claims, and believes
in the gratitude of princes. Three days will I tarry
in London for your gracious answer; on the fourth I
depart. May the saints guard your throne!"

When the son of Lotic had left the chamber, the
king rose wearily, and said "Leave me, then, Harold,
sit so it must be. Put thine ealdord in order, attend
to the monasteries and the poor, and return soon. As
for Algar, what sayest thou?"

"I fear me," answered the large-souled Harold,
with a victorious effort of justice over resentment,
"that if you reject his suit you will drive him into
some perilous extremes. Despite his rash and proud
spirit, he is brave against foes, and beloved by the
ceorls, why oft like best the frank and hasty spirit.
Wherefore some power and lordship it were wise to
give without dishonor, to others, and not more wise
than due, for his father served you well."

"And hath endowed more houses of God than any
earl in the kingdom. But Algar is no Leofric. We
will consider your words and heed them. Bless you
beau fere! and send in the champion, who waits
without with the thumb of St. Jude! What a gift to
my new church of St. Peter! The thumb of St. Jude!
Non nobis Gloria! Sancta Maria! The thumb of St. Jude!"

Harold, without waiting once more to see Edith,
and nor even taking leave of his father, repaired to Dun-
wich, the capital of his earldom. In his absence, the
king wholly forgot Algar and his suit; and in the
meantime the only lordships at his disposal, Stigand,
the grasping bishop, got from him without an effort.
In much wrath Earl Algar, on the fourth day, assem-
bling all the loose men-at-arms he could find around
the metropolis, and at the head of a numerous disor-
derly band, took his way into Wales, with his young
daughter Aldyth, to whom the crown of a Welsh
king was perhaps some comfort for the loss of the fair
earl; though the rumor ran that she had long since lost
her heart to her father’s foe.

Edith, after a long homily from the king, returned
to Hilsta; nor did her godmother renew the subject of
the convent. All she said on parting was, "Every
in youth the silver cord may be loosened, and the golden
bowl may be broken; and rather perhaps in youth
than in age when the heart has grown hard, wilt thou
recall with a sigh my counsel."

Godwin had departed to Wales; all his sons were
at their several lordships; Edward was left alone to
his monks and relic-venders. And so months passed.

Now it was the custom with the kings of England
to hold state and wear their crowns thrice a year, at
Christmas, at Easter, and at Whitsuntide; and in
those times their nobles came round them, and there
was much feasting and great pomp.

So, in the Easter of the year of our Lord 1053,
King Edward kept his court at Windshore, (Windsor)
and Earl Godwin and his sons, and many others of
high degree, left their homes to do honor to the king.
And Earl Godwin came first to his house in London—
the Tower Palatine, in what is now called the
Fleet—and Harold the earl, and Tostig, and Leofwine,
and Gurth, were to meet him there, and so thence,
with the full state of their sub-thegns, and cnets, and	house carvies; their falcons, and their hunts, and their
beast men of such breast, who were the heart of King Edward.

Earl Godwin sent with his wife, Githa, in the room
out of the hall—that room which looked on the Thames
—awaiting Harold, who was expected to arrive ere
night-fall.

"Githa," said the earl, "thou hast been to me a good
wife and a true, and thou hast borne me tall and bold
sons, some of whom have caused us sorrow, and some
joy; and in sorrow and in joy we but have drawn
closer to each other. Yet when we wed thou went in
thy first youth, and the best part of my years was
fled; and thou wert a Dane and I a Saxon; and thou
a king’s niece, and now a king’s sister, and I but
tracing two descents to thegn’s rank."
Moved and marvelling at this touch of sentiment in the calm earl, in whom, indeed, such sentiment was rare, Githa roused herself from her musings and said simply and anxiously—"I fear my lord is not well, that he speaks thus to Githa!"

The earl smiled faintly.

"Thou art right with thy woman's wit, wife. And for the last few weeks, though I said it not to alarm thee I have had strange noises in my ears, and a surge, as of blood to the temples."

"Oh Godwin, dear spouse," said Githa tenderly, "and I was blind to the cause, but wondered why there was some change in thy manner! But I will go to Hilda to-morrow; she hath charms against all disease."

"Leave Hilda in peace, to give her charms to the young; age defies Wigh and Wicca. Now hearken to me. I feel that my thread is nigh spent, and, as Hilda would say, my Fylyia forewarns me that we are about to part. Silence, I say, and hear me. I have done proud things in my day; I have made kings and built thrones, I stand higher in England than ever them or earl stood before. I would not, Githa, that the tree of my house, planted in the storm, and watered with lavish blood, should wither away. So wife mine, of all our six sons, Harold alone dauntless as Tostig, mild as Gurth, hath his father's thoughtful brain. And, if the king remains as aloof as now from his royal kinsman, Edward the Atheling, "who"—the earl hesitated and looked around—"who so near to the throne when I am no more, as Harold, the joy of the coeurs, and the pride of the thegnes?—be whose tongue never falters in the Witan, and whose arm hath never known defeat in the field."

Githa's heart swelled, and her cheek grew flushed.

"But what I fear most," resumed the earl, "is, not the enemy without, but the jealousies within. By the side of Harold stands Tostig, rapacious to grasp, but impotent to hold—able to ruin, strengthless to save."

"Nay, Godwin, my lord, thou wrongest our handsome son.

"Wife, wife," said the earl stamping his foot, "hear me and obey me; for my words on earth may be few, and while thou gainsayest me the blood mounts to my brain, and my eyes see through a cloud."

"Forgive me, sweet lord," said Githa, humbly.

"Mickle and sore it repenteth me that in their youth I spared not the time from my worldly ambition to watch over the hearts of my sons. But what we can not alter we must amend; and if thou survivest me, and if, as I forbode, dissension break out between Harold and Tostig, I charge thee by memory of our love, and reverence for my grave, to deem wise and just all that Harold deems just and wise. For when Godwin is in the dust, his house lives alone in Harold. Heed me now, and heed ever. And so while the day yet lasts, I will go forth into the marts and the guilds, and talk to the burgesses, and smile on their wives, and be, to the last, Godwin the smooth and the strong."

So saying, the old earl arose, and walked forth with a firm step; and his old hound sprang up, pricked his ears, and followed him; the blinded falcon turned his eye toward the clapping door, but did not stir from the dossel.

Then Githa again leaned her cheek on her hand, and again rocked herself to and fro, gazing into the red flame of the fire—red and fitful through the blue smoke—and thought over her lord's words. It might be the third part of an hour after Godwin had left the house, when the door opened, and Githa, expecting the return of her sons, looked up eagerly, but it was Hilda, who stooped her head under the vault of the door; and behind Hilda came two of her maidsens, bearing a small cyst, or chest. The Valsa motioned to her attendants to lay the cyst at the feet of Githa, and that done, with lowly salutation they left the room.

The superstitions of the Danes were strong in Githa; Christianity added to them, not removed, and she felt an indescribable awe when the Valsa stood before her, the red light playing on her stern, marble face, and contrasting robes of funeral black. But with all her awe, Githa, who not educated like her daughter Edith, had few feminine recourses, loved the visits of her mysterious kinswoman. She loved to live her life over again in discourse on the wild customs and dark rites of the Danes; and even her awe itself had the charm the ghost tale has to the child, for the illiterate are ever children.

Githa rose to welcome the Valsa, and said:

"Hail, Hilda, and thrice hail! The day has been warm and the way long; and ere thou takest food and wine, let me prepare for thee the bath for thy form, or the bath for thy feet. For as sleep to the young, is the bath to the old."

Hilda shook her head.

Then seating herself in Godwin's large chair, she leaned over her seid-staff, and was silent, as if absorbed in her thoughts.

"Githa," she said at last, "where is thy lord? I came to touch his hand and look on his brow."

"He hath gone forth into the mart, and my sons are from home; and Harold comes hither, ere night, from his earldom."

A faint smile, as of triumph, broke over the lips of the Valsa, and then suddenly gave way to an expression of great sadness.

"Is it not strange," said she "that I, though tasking the Normans not to afflict a foe, but to shape the career of those I love—I find, indeed, my predictions fulfilled; but how often, alas! only in horror and doom!"

"How so, kinswoman, how so?" said Githa awed, yet charmed in the awe, and drawing her chair nearer to the mournful sorceress. "Didst thou not foretell our return in triumph from the unjust outlawry, and, lo, it hath come to pass? and hast thou not?" (here Githa's proud face flushed) "foretold also that my stately Harold shall wear the diadem of a king?"

"Truly, the first came to pass," said Hilda; "but—" she paused, and her eye fell on the chest; then breaking off, she continued, speaking to herself rather than to Githa—"And Harold's dream—what did that portend? the runes fail me, and the dead give no voice. And beyond one dim day, in which his betrothed shall clasp him in the arms of a bride, all is dark to my vision—dark—dark. Speak not to me, Githa; for a burden heavy as the stone on a grave, rests on a weary heart."
So saying, the Vala's lips closed; and again both
the women sat silent by the great fire, as it flared and
sickened over the deep lines and high features of
Githa, the earl's wife, and the calm, unwrinkled, so-
lemn face of the melancholy Vala.

While these conferences took place in the house of
Godwin, Harold, now more conscious of his train to precede him to his father's roof, and striking
across the country, rode fast and alone toward the old
Roman abode of Hilda.

Months had elapsed since he had seen or heard of
Edith. News about his doings, mainly at the request of special nuncios, or passing pilgrim, or borne from lip
to lip by the scattered multitude. But even in his
busy and anxious duties, Harold had in vain sought
to banish from his heart the image of that young girl,
whose life he needed no Vala to predict to him was
interwoven with the fibres of his own. The obstacles
which, while he yielded to, he held unjust and tyrannic-
ical, only inflamed the deep strength of the solitary
passion his life had known; a passion that, dating
from the very childhood of Edith, had, often unknown
to himself, animated his desire of fame, and mingled
with his visions of power. Nor, though hope was far
and dim, was it extinct.

The legitimate heir of Edward the Confessor was a
prince living in the court of the emperor, of fair re-
puete, and himself wedded, and Edward's health, al-
ways precarious, seemed to forbid any very prolonged
existence to the reigning king. Therefore, he thought, that through the successor, whose throne
would rest its safety upon Harold's support, he might
easily obtain that dispensation from the pope which
he knew the present king would never ask—a dispensa-
tion rarely indeed, if ever, accorded to any subject,
and which, therefore, needed all a king's power to
back it.

So in that hope, and fearful lest it should be
quenched forever by Edith's adoption of the veil and
the irrevocable vow, with a beating, disturbed, but
joyful heart, he rode over field and through forest to
the old Roman house.

He emerged at length to the rear of the villa, and
the sun fast hastening to its decline, shone full upon
the rude columns of the Druid temple. And there, as
he had seen her before, when he had first spoke of
love and its barriers, he beheld the young maiden.

He sprang from his horse, and leaving the well-
trained animal loose to browse on the waste land, he
ascended the knoll. He stole noiselessly behind
Edith, and his foot stumbled against the grave-stone
of the dead Titan-Saxon of old. But the apparition,
whether real or fancied, and the dream that had fol-
lowed, had long passed from his memory, and no su-
perstition was in the heart springing to the lips that
eried "Edith" once again.

The girl started, looked round, and fell upon his
breast.

It was some moments before she recovered con-
sciousness, and then withdrawing herself gently from
his arms she leaned for support against the Teuton
altar.

She was much changed since Harold had seen her
last; her cheek had grown pale and thin, and her
rounded form seemed wasted; and sharp grief, as he
gazed through the soul of Harold.

"Thou hast pined, thou hast suffered," said he,
mournfully; "and I, who would shed my life's blood
to take one from thy sorrows, or add to one of thy
joys, have been afar, unable to comfort perhaps only
a cause of thy woe."

"No, Harold," said Edith, faintly, "never of woe:
avways of comfort, even in absence. I have been ill,
and Hilda hath tried rume and charm all in vain. But
I am better, now that spring hath come tardily forth,
and I look on the fresh flowers, and hear the song of
the birds."

But tears were in the sound of her voice while she
spoke.

"And they have not tormented thee again with the
thoughts of the convent?"

"They? no; but my soul, yes. O Harold, release
me from my promise; for the time already hath come
that thy sister foretold to me; the silver cord is loosed,
and the golden bowl is broken, and I would fain
take the wings of the dove and be at peace."

"Is it so? Is there peace in the home where the
thought of Harold becomes a sin?"

"Not sin then and there, Harold, not sin. Thy sis-
ter hailed the convent when she thought of prayer for
those she loved.""""Prate not to me of my sister!" said Harold, through
his set teeth.

"It is but a mockery to talk of prayer for the heart
that thou thyself rendest in twain. Where is Hilda?
I would see her."

"She hath gone to thy father's house with a gift;
and it was to watch for her return that I sate on the
green knoll."

Then the earl drew near and took her hand, and
sate by her side, and they conversed long. But
Harold saw, with a fierce pang, that Edith's heart was
set upon the convent, and that even in his presence,
and despite his soothing words, she was broken-spir-
ited and despondent. It seemed as if her youth and
life had gone from her, and the day had come in
which she said, "There is no pleasure."

Never had he seen her thus; and, deeply moved,
as well as keenly stung, he rose at length to depart;
his hand lay passive in his parting clasp, and a slight
shiver went over her frame.

"Farewell, Edith; when I return from Windborne, I
shall be at my old home yonder, and we shall meet
again."

Edith's lips murmured inaudibly, and she bent her
eyes to the ground.

Slowly Harold regained his steed, and, as he rode
on, he looked behind and waved off his hand. But
Edith sate motionless, her eyes still on the ground,
and he saw not the tears that fell from them fast and
burning; nor heard he the low voice that groaned
amidst the heathen ruins, "Mary, sweet mother, shel-
er me from my own heart!"

(To be continued.)

THE SEWING GIRL.

"I am so tired of this kind of life," said Lilian Dewey.
She sat in her low, open phaeton, with one cheek resting
on her pink gloved hand, and the tangled golden hair escaping
from her dauntly crepe bonnet like an aureate mist—the last
creature in the world from whom one would expect to hear
such a discontented little speech.

THE SEWING GIRL.

"I am so tired of this kind of life," said Lilian Dewey.
She sat in her low, open phaeton, with one cheek resting
on her pink gloved hand, and the tangled golden hair escaping
from her dauntly crepe bonnet like an aureate mist—the last
creature in the world from whom one would expect to hear
such a discontented little speech.
Farmers, Bruce, rather confused in his ideas. "Miss Denton, she says her name is."
And Lily slept that night in a room where honey-suckles spread their fragrant blossoms, and a violin-poor-sang in the moonlight among the branches of the giant maple in front.

"Why Aunt Retural, what a bewitching little seamstress you have got in there!" some days after said Charlie Bruce, who, tall, handsome, and mischievous as ever, was smoking his cigar.

"I always hear Charlie," said Lily, "what the honey-suckles were. But just as the August sun was going down behind the blue creases of the distant hills.

"Yes, but Charlie!" said the sage aunt, giving her knitting needles a little shake, and a violin-poor-sang in the moonlight among the branches of the giant maple in front.

"Why not, ain'ty? I am sure she appreciates it."

"She is a nice gal, Charlie, but—"

"But what, Aunt Retural!"

"I mean, Charlie and, and you know Squire Ten- ners's darter al's fied you, and Squire Tenner's darter'll have ten thousand dollars of her own!"

"Ten thousand fiddle-stings," said the reverent nephew, jockeying his cigar into the raspberry bushes. "I tell you, aunt, I have lost my heart to your little sewing girl's blue eyes and golden hair, and I mean to ask her if she will marry me!"

Aunt Retural held up both her hands in astonishment. "Charlie Bruce! You, with all your accomplishments and advantages, to marry a sewing girl!"

"I shall not marry a sewing-girl merely—that is, always provided Miss Denton will honor me by accepting my hand—but I shall marry a beautiful young lady whose intellect has been cultivated to an extraordinary degree, and whose ..."

"And for her place, I mean to ask her if she will marry me!"

The three weeks they had passed together under the shadow of the maple trees at Blackbrook Farm had somehow drawn them very near together.

"But, Charlie," said Lily softly, when the matter was all settled, "I have deceived you in one thing."

"What is it?" demanded Charlie, giving her hand an extra squeeze.

"My name is not Lilian Denton—it is Lilian Dewey; and I am not a sewing girl; the part was merely assumed—to assure myself that I was loved just for my own sake.

"Heh-lo!" said Charlie, looking in the blue, downcast eyes, "and you are the little Lily I used to play with years ago!"

"Yes, Charlie," said the hearse, remembering the time when Charlie had gained the prize for which half the "exquisites" of New York had striven in vain during the last two seasons, came to the wise conclusion that "Squire Tenner's darter" was nowhere at all.

Lilian Dewey. The woolen wood for slowly at last—wood and wool—[Golden Era.]

# LADIES' TABLE.

**PATCHWORK.**

The first care is to select a design, and it should be chosen with reference to your collection of scraps. If, for instance, you have an abundance of two leading colors, you may be able to work a pattern which would be impossible to you by chance bits of a given color. Octagons, hexagons, cubes, stars, diamonds, triangles. If you are going to do a large piece of work, it is well worth procuring a die for stamping out a pattern of each of the sections, as you then attain an accuracy hardly otherwise possible. When you stamp out the various pieces of paper, you gossip writing paper; and then cover one side of each with the material, turning over the edges, and tacking them round. They are sewed together, on the wrong side, in their proper places, and the papers are generally, but not always, after the material. The principal care needed is to make the colors combine well.
THE LIFE OF JESUS, FROM TWO STAND-POINTS.

Two books of late have been making a great stir in the world. One by a learned Frenchman named Renan, entitled the "Life of Jesus," and the other by an unknown author (an Englishman, probably), called "Ecce Homo," which means "Behold the Man," both works being attempts, from new and opposite stand points, to solve the character and mission of the most remarkable being that ever trod the earth.

M. Renan is a great traveller; he has visited the scenes of Christ’s birth, youth, and manhood, that he might study on the spot the surroundings which might be supposed to have influenced, and, to an extent, have produced, his character. The conclusions he has come to are, that Jesus was a simple Galilean youth, with a very slender amount of education or knowledge of the world outside of his countrymen; but who, possessed of singular and incomparable beauty of disposition, and purity of life, drew from the fountain of truth welling up in his own heart those simple and sublime truths which have immortalized him to all time—an individual who, in fact, proclaims God from the God dwelling within himself.

As to his miracles, M. Renan supposes that such of them as really ever appeared to take place, were contrivances effected by the disciples, and connived at by Jesus, who stopped them to humor and meet the ignorance of a multitude, who could only be trained to see anything as divine by associating it with something miraculous; and who were therefore deceived in their own interest, and with the purest purpose.

The author of "Ecce Homo," on the other hand, views Jesus as divine, but as one who, in his earlier years, was unconscious of his divinity, till he awoke to it by the development of his nature. The special object of his mission upon earth is asserted to be, to develop a love and passion for doing good amongst mankind. The kingdom he came to set up, simply a combination and assemblage of persons in whom an enthusiastic love for humanity was to be the prevailing purpose of their lives. The Christian Church—nothing more than an organization effected for the purpose of keeping this flame of love practically in existence. This is the author’s principal idea of the Church of Christ. He recognizes nothing about priesthood, or the special virtue of belief in the efficacy of Christ’s death. The creation and sustaining of warm-hearted and humanizing feelings towards the world at large are everything. He accuses the Christian Church of having failed miserably of this mission. These ideas presented, as they are, in powerful and eloquent language, evidently the product of a polished but powerful mind, have somewhat startled modern Christians out of their propriety.

Some idea of the excitement and interest created by these books may be obtained from the fact that, of Renan’s "Life of Jesus," over a million copies have been sold; while "Ecce Homo" has been, and still is, passing through repeated editions.

According to Renan, Jesus is the sublimest personage ever upon earth—the noblest and the purest—the man nearest to God of all the race. He therefore writes in no scoffing spirit. He simply seeks to explain away the miraculous, but it has been remarked that "the great miracle of all—the wonder which Renan has only made clearer by his book, and for which he has not a word of explanation, is that, a Judean peasant has revolutionized the religions of the world. A Judean peasant is at this moment receiving divine honors, not in dark and uncivilized regions, but in the most enlightened countries of the world."

"In order to realize the phenomenon," we are asked, supposing, "M. Renan had undertaken to reconstruct the biography of Socrates, or of Plato, or of Mahomet, with equal learning; equal graces of style, would the results have been the same? Would a million copies have been sold? and would people have quivered and palpitated through all the civilized world, as if somebody had touched the apple of their eye?"

"Why this interlacing of the human heart-strings with the name of Jesus? Why this strange imperishable sympathy?"

We venture to say that the reason why a "Judean peasant" rules the instincts of the civilized world today is, because that peasant drank at the stream of eternal inspiration, and thus presented truths in harmony with science and civilization in all time to come.

Never before since the establishment of Christianity, has the real position of Jesus and his relationship to God and man been so thoroughly agitated. The fact that the religious as well as the irreligious world thus dare to entertain questions which seem to threaten to shake the basework of modern faith, shows that the world is awaking from the slumber of ages; that men dare to think, and that no doctrinal point will hereafter receive the blind assent of former times.

It will be seen that two new stand points of Jesus’ character are before the world, both differing from any previous views of his character, and both likely to find hosts of receivers. One sustaining the idea that God dwells more or less developed in every man, waiting to be discovered and understood by those who search into the holiest aspirations and conceptions of their own nature. Of this class Jesus—without partaking of any special divinity more than is common to the race—is held up as the highest example. This is Renan’s theory. The other, that Jesus is specially divine; but, instead of coming expressly to entitle men to a place in a future world, on the simple ground of their believing in him in this, that he came solely with the work before him of organizing a society in which all the generous impulses of life should be warmly cultivated, and receive their fullest and most practical realization upon earth.

As lookers-on at the world and its movings; as watchers upon its troubled sea of thought, we present these ideas to our readers, as indexes of a coming time when, by the upward and onward progress of free thought, "all that can be shaken will be shaken," and the truth alone remain for the blessing and benefaction of future times.
RICHARD THE THIRD.-MISS CHARLOTTE CRAMPTON, &c.

Richard III., one of the most distinct and vivid creations of Shakespeare's genius, was put upon our stage on Saturday evening—Miss Charlotte Crampton figuring as the hero of the piece. We say "a creation" of Shakespeare, for, wonderful as the character of Richard is in conception, and strongly as it is outlined, it is certain that it is a huge exaggeration of historical truth. The Richard of Shakspere never lived, thank Providence. Richard was partly manufactured for Shakespeare by the vulgar traditions of the days of Elizabeth, in which he lived. Elizabeth being a descendant of Richard's conqueror, Richardmond, it was of necessity the proper thing in her time, to clothe with deeds of blackness the characters of all the aspirants to the throne of the once rival but then defunct house of York. Richard the Third is an illustration of the fact that one of the most foolish things a man can do, is to allow himself to be killed, and let his conquerors write his history. He will be a monster for certain. It was a pious duty incumbent on Richardmond and his descendants to prove Richard a monster because the greater beast Richard, the more holy and righteous Richmond for killing him and appropriating his crown. That Richard did not commit some deeds of blackness on his way to the throne, we would not assert; but that he was such a chuckling, murder-glorifying wretch, such a compound of hypocrisy and devilism—choosing such monstrous times as the funeral of the man he had murdered to court the affection of the murdered one's children; or selecting the moment of revenge and bitterness in the childless bosom, of a mother he had bereaved, as an appropriate time for requesting the hand of that mother's daughter—while it evinces the force of Shakspere's genius, is both incredible and unnatural.

That in Richard III. Shakespeare conceived of a character surpassing in intellectual wickedness, in natural depravity and crookedness of soul, any being of this earth we admit; and had Richard been a myth, like Hamlet, or a glorified fable like Milton's Lucifer, as a specimen of dramatic art, he would be interesting to gaze upon; but as a painting of an historical personage, the picture is unpleasant because untrue.

We say this with all respect to the "Divine William," and with the same respect, we consider some of the scenes in Richard preposterous. Fancy a funeral being stopped in the public street, while a man picks out the chief mourner to make love to her—the procession standing still the while for their accommodation. Of course, in the fulness of our souls we exclain—"Oh William, William, we couldn't stand this from anybody but you."

Of Miss Crampton's Richard, we can say that it is a "masterly" performance for a lady, but open to the objection that all renderings of male characters by ladies are—that of being illegitimate. Admiraible as a curiosity, but useless for the purpose of true dramatic effect. We enjoy Richard just in proportion as we remember that it is not Richard, but a lady we are seeing. Miss Crampton's elocution is, as a general thing, very pleasing; her articulation is remarkably distinct, but we must object to the stagey rattling of R's, and the skii-yi and blee-u-ing of so excellent an elocutionist. Here we will mention an orthodox folly,—but for which Miss Crampton is no more blamable than any one else—that of making a crowned King like Richard rush about with a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand on all sorts of occasions. For instance we have Richard paying a private visit to the Tower, for the purpose of transacting a comfortable and quiet murder, with a sceptre in his hand, and about 27 pounds of jewelry upon his head—as if kings or queens ever wore those fearfully uncomfortable appendages, except for an hour or two on state occasions, and when they were otherwise compelled to.

But that Miss Crampton is an excellent "swordman," it might seem ungentle to run a tilt with a lady upon a conception of character. But the idea of Richard coolly wiping the blood of Henry off his sword, with the air of a tof, on a delicate white pocket handkerchief, appears to us more sensational than legitimate; as, also, Richard's jumping up and struggling to get the crown off Richmond's head, after Shakspere has got him properly killed, is another point upon which we might justly take issue. The latter idea, however, is, probably, as near to the facts of history, as that of Richard and Richmond ever fighting at all. The probability being that they both kept as much as possible out of each other's way.

We wish distinctly understood that all the previous growing has been done under the inspiration of "Our HIred Man," who having no wife nor family of his own, doesn't care whose feelings he hurts—doubtless he will get his reward. He will get married some day, and then he will suffer sufficiently for all his sins. Leaving him to his fate, we will remark that the closing scenes of the play were rendered with an energy and skill before which all representations of masculine parts by ladies that we have ever seen fade into utter insignificance. We cannot imagine but that a lady displaying so much talent and ability in parts of this nature, must be capable of something very excellent in a more legitimate role.

It is almost unnecessary to state that Madame Scheller's Lady Ann displayed the highest taste and delicacy of rendering. Miss Coblebrook's queenly aid gave considerable promise of tragic power at some future day. This lady needs but study, and the opportunities, to excel in this line. Mr. Kenzie looked a Richmond, and fought Richard at considerable odds to the latter gentleman. Of other points, as well as other performances, we have much to say, but must await another occasion for the opportunity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CATHOLICISM.—Catholicism is pronounced Catholiksm, not Catholikism.

BEQUESTS.—All "washing and bleaching powders" more or less injure clothing. The attempt to supersede hand-labor by the use of strong chemicals can only result in destroying the fabric of the materials washed.

PAVILION.—Your poem is pretty good, but limps a little in some of the jewels.

A FERRARI.—A receipt for cure of cancer suitable for this country is asked for. Who will forward it?

JANET.—We will publish offers for exchange of books or other reading matter.—See No. 15.

The remainder of our answers must stand over till next week.
FOUL PLAY.

By Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault. [Cont'd] Chapter IX.

This point-blank refusal enraged Helen Rolleston; all the more that it was uttered with a certain sullenness, and even asperity, she had never seen till then in this gentle clergyman.

It made her fear she had done wrong in asking it; and she looked ashamed and distressed. However, the explanation soon followed.

"My business," he said, "is to prolong your precious life; and, making up your mind to die is not the way. You shall have no encouragement in such weakness from me. Pray let me be your physician."

"Thank you," said Helen, coldly, "I have my own physician."

"No doubt; but he shows me his incapacity, by allowing you to live on pastry and sweets; things that are utter poison to you. Disease of the lungs is curable, but not by drugs and wholesome food."

"Mr. Hazel," said the lady, "we will drop the subject, if you please. It has taken an uninteresting turn."

"To you, perhaps; but not to me."

"Excuse me, sir, if you took that real friendly interest in me and my condition I was vain enough to think you might, you would hardly have refused me the first favor I ever asked you; and, in drawing herself up proudly, "need I say the last?"

"You are unjust," said Hazel, sadly, "unjust beyond endurance. I refuse you anything that is for your good! Who would lay down my life with unmixed joy for you?"

"Mr. Hazel!"

And she drew back from him with a haughty stare. Then she trembled violently; but soon recovering herself, she said, with overpowering spirit and dignity—

"Sir, you have taught me a lesson—a bitter one. You have abused your position, and the confidence it gave me; from this moment, of course, we are strangers."

After this, Helen Rolleston and Mr. Hazel never spoke.

She walked past him on the deck with cold and haughty courtesy.

He quietly submitted to it; and never presumed to say one word to her again. Only, as his determination was equal to his delicacy, Miss Rolleston found, one day, a paper on her table, containing advice as to the treatment of disorders lung, expressed with apparent sincerity, and backed by a string of medical authorities, quoted memoriter.

She sent this back directly, endorsed with a line in pencil, that she would try hard to live, but should use her own judgment as to the means. Yes women will be women. She had carefully taken a copy of this advice, before she cast it out with scorn.

He replied, "Live, with whatever motive you please; only live!"

To this she vouchsafed no answer; nor did this unhappy man trouble her again, until an occasion of a very different kind arose.

One fine night he sat on the deck, with his back against the mast, in deep melancholy and loneliness, and felt, at last, into a doze, from which he was wakened by a peculiar sound below.

It was a beautiful and stilly night; all sounds were magnified; and the father of all rats seemed to be gnawing the ship down below.

Hazel's curiosity was excited, and he went softly down the ladder to see what the sound really was. But that was not so easy, for it proved to be below decks; but he saw a light glimmering through a small scuttle shaft the mate's cabin, and the sounds were in the neighborhood of that light.

It now flashed upon Mr. Hazel that this was the very quarter where he had heard that mysterious knocking when the ship was lying to in the gale.

Upon this, a certain degree of vague suspicion began to mingle with his spirit.

He stood still a moment, listening acutely; then took off his shoes very quietly, and moved with noiseless foot towards the scuttle.

The gnawing still continued.

He put his head through the scuttle, and peered into a dark, dismal place, whose very existence was new to him. It was, in fact, a vacant space between the cargo and the ship's run. This wooden cavern was very narrow, but not less than fifteen feet long. The candle was at the farther end, and between it and his position was the mate, working with his flack turned towards the spectator. This partly intercepted the light; but still it revealed in a fitful way the huge ribe of the ship, and her inner skin, that formed the right hand portion, so to speak, of the ship, and close outside those gaunt timbers was heard the wash of the sea.

There was something solemn in the close proximity of that tremendous element, and the narrowness of the wooden barrier. The bare place, and the gentle, monotonous wash of the liquid monster, on that calm night, conveyed to Mr. Hazel's mind a thought akin to David's.

"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death."

Judge whether that thought grew weaker or stronger, when, after straining his eyes for some time, to understand what was going on at that midnight hour, in that hidden place, he saw who was the workman, and what was his occupation.

It was Joseph Wylie, the mate. His profile was illuminated by the candle, and looked ghastly. He had in his hands an august of enormous size, and with this he was drilling a great hole through the ship's side, just below the water-mark; an act, the effect of which would be to let the sea bodily into the hold, and sink her, with every soul on board, to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean.

"I was surprised; and my heart stood on end, and my tongue froze to my jaws."

Then does one of Virgil's characters describe the effect his mind produced upon his body, in a terrible situation.

Mr. Hazel had always ridiculed that trite line as a pure exaggeration; but he altered his opinion after that eventful night.

When he first saw what Wylie was doing, obstinately; he was merely bemused; but, as his mind realised the fiendish nature of the act, and its tremendous consequences, his hair actually bristled, and, for a few minutes at least, he could not utter a word.

In that interval of stupor, matters took another turn.

The anger went in up to the haff: then Wylie caught up with his left hand a wooden plug he had got ready, jerked the anger away, caught up a hammer, and swiftly inserted the plug.

Rapid as he was, a single jet of water came squirming violently in. But Wylie lost no time, he tapped the plug smartly with his hammer several times, and then, lifting a mallet with both hands, gained heavy blows on it that drove it in, and shook the ship's side.

He found his voice, and he uttered an ejaculation that made the mate look round; he glared at the man, who was glaring at him, and, staggering backward, trod on the light, and all was darkness and dead silence.

All but the wash of the sea outside, and that louder than ever.

Chapter X.

But a short interval sufficed to restore one of the parties to his natural self-possession.

"Lord, sir," said Wylie, "how you startled me! You should not come upon a man at his work like that. We might have had an accident!"

"What were you doing?" said Hazel, in a voice that quavered in spite of him.

"Repairing the ship. Found a crack or two in her inner skin. There, let me get a light, and I'll explain it to you, sir."

He groped his way out, and invited Mr. Hazel into his cabin. There he struck a light, and, with great civility, tendered an explanation. The ship, he said, had laboried a good deal in the last gale, and he had discovered one or two flaws in her, which were of no immediate importance; but experience had taught him that in calm, weather a ship ought to be kept tight. As they say sabore, a stitch in time saves nine.

"But drilling holes in her is not the way," said Hazel, sternly.

The mate laughed. "Why, sir," said he, "what other way is there to stop it in a ship, irregular crack; we can frame nothing to fit it. The way is to get ready a plug, measured a trifle larger than the aperture you are going to make; then drill a round hole, and force in the plug. I know no other way than that; and I was a ship's carpenter for ten years before I was a mate."

This explanation, and the manner in which it was given, re-
moved Mr. Hazel's apprehensions for the time being. "It was very alarming," said he; "but I suppose you know your busi-
ness."

"Nobody better, sir," said Wylie. "Why, it is not one seaman in three who would trouble about a flaw in a ship's inner skin; but I'm a man that looks ahead. Will you have a glass of grog, sir, now you are here? I keep that under my eye, too; between ourselves, if the skipper had as much in his cabin as you and I have in our pockets, it wouldn't be worse for us all than a crack or two in the ship's inner skin."

Mr. Hazel declined to drink grog at that time in the morning, but wished him good night, and left him with a better opinion of him than he ever had till then.

Wylie took his hat off, drank a tumbler of neat spirits, drank half, and carried the rest back to his work.

Yet Wylie was a very sober man in a general way. Rum was his tool; not his master.

Mr. Hazel questioned him of it all next day, he did not feel quite so easy as he had done. The inner skin? But when Wyl-
ie withdrew his auger, the water had squirted in furiously. He felt it hard to believe that this keen jet of water could be caused by a small quantity that had found its way between the skin of the ship and her copper, or her top bottling; it seemed rather to be due to the direct pressure of the liquid monster outside.

He went to the captain that afternoon, and first told him what he had found, and of his discoveries on the inner skin. The sugges-
tion, was in an ambivalent state; neither wet nor dry; and his reply was altogether exceptional. He received the communi-
cation with pompous civility; then swore a great oath, and said he would put the mate in irons: "Confound the lubber! he will be the death of me."

"But, stop a moment," said Mr. Hazel. "It is only fair you should also hear how he accounts for his proceeding."

The captain listened attentively to the explanation, and al-
tered his tone. "Oh, that is a different matter," said he. "You need be under no alarm, sir; the thundering lubber knows what he is about. Why, he has been a ship's carpenter all his life. Him a seaman! If anything ever hap-
pens to me, and Joe Wylie is set to navigate this ship, then you may as well resign your present job, and sit up in your duck-pond. But I'll tell you what is it," added this worthy, with more pomposity than neatness of articulation, "here's a respectabl passenger brought me a report; do my duty to me, employers, and -- take a look at the well."

He accordingly chalked a plumb-line, and went and sounded the well.

There were eight inches of water. Hudson told him that was no more than all ships contained from various causes; "in some cases, one can knock that much off, and will not crack up the eight inches." Then suddenly grapping Mr. Hazel's hand, he said, in tearful accents. "Don't you trouble your head about Joe Wylie, or any such scum. I'm skipper of the Proserpine, and I know what to do in these cases."

Mr. Hazel, seeing that the well moment, if my duty to me, employers required it. I'll lie down here this minute, and never move to all eternity and a day after, if it was my duty to me, employers."

When Hazel came to think it over, no. But I think you can serve your employers better in other parts of the ship."

"He then left him, with a piece of advice; "to keep his eye upon that Wylie."

Mr. Hazel kept his own eye on Wylie so constantly, that at eleven o'clock p.m., he saw that worthy go into the captain's cabin with him.

The coast was clear; the temptation great.

These men then were deciding him with a soiled antago-

The voice broke in with an unmistakable tone of superiority. "Be-

lay all that chat, and listen to me. It is time we settled some-

thing. I'll hear what you have got to say; and then you'll do

what I say. Better this way than have the squalls come at the present; this is business. I know you are good for jaw; but what are you going to do for the governor's money? Anything?"

"More than you have ever seen or heard tell of, yo lubber," replied the Irritated skipper. "Who has ever served his em-

ployer like Hiram Hudson?"

"Keep that song for the quarter-deck," retorted the mate,
on to the shaft, and before we could clear away for anchoring, brrump!—there she was hard and fast. A stiff breeze got up at sunrise, and she broke up. Next day I was slipping my sloop and reading the 'Bengal Courier,' and it told the disastrous wreck off the coast of Peru. I know of many of these no lives lost, and the owners fully insured. Then there was the bark Sally. Why, you saw her yourself distressed, on a lee shore."

"Yes," said Wylie. "I was in that 'tab, the Grampus, and we arrived to claw off the Seillys, yet you in your smart Sally got ashore. What luck!"

"Lucky by a blow!" cried Hudson, angrily. "Somebody got into the chains to sound; and cut the weather halyards. Next tactic was to go into the boat; but we were too late; and I saw him take the boat."

"Lives were lost there, that's true!" said Wylie, gravey.

"What is that to you?" replied Hudson, with the sudden rise of a drunken man. "Mind your own business. Pass me the bottle."

"Yes, lives was lost; and always will be lost in sea-going ships, where the skipper does his duty. There was a sight more lost at Trafalgar, owing to every man doing his duty. Lives lost, ye lubber! And why not mine? Because their time came not? Did we see you one thing, Joe Wylie? If she took fire and runs before the wind till she is as black as a coal, and belching flame through all her portholes, and then explodes, and goes aloft in ten thousand pieces no bigger than my hat, or your knowledge of navigation. Hudson is the last man to leave her bones: Duty—Some day perhaps I shall be ashamed myself along with the craft. I have escaped till now, all owing to not being insured; but if ever my time should come, and you should get clever, promise me, Joe, to see the owners, and tell 'em Hudson did his duty."

Here a few tears quenched his noble arbor for a moment. But he soon recovered, and said, with some little beauty, "You have got the bottle again. I never saw such a fellow to get hold of the bottle. Come, here's Duty to our employers! And now I'll tell you how we managed with the Cargosbrook and the Amelia."

Caped promised was followed by fresh narrative; in particular, of a vessel he had run upon the Florida reef at night, where wreckers had been retained in advance to look out for signals, and come on board and quarrel in pretence and set fire to the vessel, insured at thrice her value.

Hudson got quite excited with the memory of these exploits, and told each successive feat louder and louder. But now it was Wylie's turn. "Well," said he, very gravely, "all this was child's play." But there was one incident that marked Hudson's astonishment. Then he broke out, "Child's play, ye lubber! If you had been there your gills would have been as white as your Sunday shirt; and a d-d-dealer whiter."

"Come, be civil," said Wylie. "I tell you, all the ways you have you were too suspicious. Our governor is a high-dyer; he pays like a prince, and, in return, he must not be blown on; it is over so little. "Wylie," says he, 'a break of suspicion would kill me. 'Make it so much,' says I, 'and that break shall never blow on you.' No, no, skipper, none of those ways will do for us; they have all been worked twice too often. It must be done in fair weather, and in a way—fill your glass, and I'll fill mine. Capital run this. You talk of my gills turning white; before long, you shall see whose keeps their color best, mine or yours, my Bo.'"

There was silence, during which Hudson was probably asking himself what Wylie meant: for, presently, he broke out in a loud, but somewhat unsteady voice. "Why, you mad, drunken devil of a ship's carpenter, red-hot from hell, I see what you are at; now, you are going—"

"Hush!" cried Wylie, alarmed in his turn. "Is this the sort of thing to be bothered about or the watch to watch? Whisper, now."

This was followed by the earnest mutterings of two voices. In vain did the listener send his very soul into his ear to hear. He could catch no single word. Yet he could tell, by the very tones of the speakers, that the dialogue was one of mystery and importance.

He was in a situation at once irritating and alarming; but there was no help for it. The best thing, now, seemed to be to withdraw unobserved, and wait for another opportunity. He did so, and he had not long retired, when the mate came out staggering, and flushed with liquor, and that was a thing that had never occurred before. He left the cabin door open, and went into his own room.

Soon after, sounds issued from the cabin, peculiar sounds, something between grunting and snoring.

Mr. Hazell came and entered the cabin. There he found the captain of the Providence in a position very unfavorable to longevity. His legs were crooked over the seat of his chair, and his head was on the ground. His handkerchief was tied round his neck, and the man himself dead drunk, and purple in the face.

Mr. Hazell quietly undid his stock, on which the gallant seaman muttered inarticulately: he then took his feet off the chair, and laid them on the ground, and put the empty bottle under the animal's neck; he gave the prostrate figure a heavy kick that almost turned it over; and the words, "Duty to my employers," gurgled out of its mouth directly.

It really seemed as if these sounds were independent of the mind, and resided at the tip of Hudson's tongue; so that a thorough good kick could, at any time, shake them out of his inanimate body.

Thus do things ludicrous, and things terrible, mingle in the real world; only, to those who are in the arena, the ludicrous passes unnoticed, being overshadowed by its terrible neighbor.

And so it was with Hazell: he saw nothing absurd in all this; and in that prostrate, insensible hog, commanding the ship, forsooth, and carrying all their lives in his hands; he saw the mysterious and alarming only; saw them so, and felt them, their value, their weight, and they, like the leaves of the flower, at the touch of the hand. He was watching, with flashing eyes and commanding voice, the seaman turn sahy pale; and drew his shoulders together like a cat preparing to defend her life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF A ROSE.

Hold a red rose over the blue flame of a common match, and the color will be discharged wherever the fingers rest upon the petals, so as to render it beautifully varied, or entirely white. If it be then dipped into water, the redness, after a time, will be restored.

CONUNDRUMS.

11. Spell eye-water with four letters.

12. Why is brassing like an old cat?

13. Why is a thump like a hat?

CHAPARDLES.

In camps about the centre I appear; In smiling mornings as throughout the year; The silent auger views me in the streams; Must trace me through the leaves of dreams. I fly In the mob conspicuous I stand, Proud of the head, and ever in command.

ANSWERS TO NO. 23, PAGE 774.

CONUNDRUMS.

No. 8. Because it is all wet profit.

No. 9. Because it is surrounded with dogs (dew). No. 10. Adam.

CHAPARDLES.

No. 4. Wallace.
PHOTOGRAPHS. -- "INSTRUCTIONS TO MECHANICS.

HOW TO BUILD FRAME HOUSES -- A FARMER'S METHOD.

The following is an American farmer's method of building a balloon framed house, as explained to the American Farmer's Club by Mr. Solon Robinson.

"I ask the indulgence of the Club, while I start a balloon house from the foundation and finish it to the roof. I would saw all my lumber for a frame-house, or an ordinary frame outbuilding of the following dimensions: Two inches by eight; two by four; two by one. I have, however, built them, when I lived on the Grand Prairie of Indiana, many miles from a saw-mill, nearly all of split or hewed stuff, making use of rails or round poles, reduced to straight lines and even thickness on two sides, for studs and rafters. But sawed stuff is much the easiest, though in a timber-country the other is far the cheapest. First, level your foundation, and lay down two of the two-by-eight pieces, flatwise, for sidewalks. Upon these set the floor-sleepers, on edge, thirty-two inches apart. Fasten one at each end, and, perhaps, one or two in the middle, if the building is large, with a wooden pin. These end-sleepers are the end-sills. Now lay the floor, unless you design to have one that would be likely to be injured by the weather before you get the roof on. It is a great saving though of labor, to begin at the bottom of a house and build up. In laying the floor first, you have no studs to cut and fit around, and can let your boards run out over the ends, just as it happens, and afterwards cut them off by the sill. Now set up a corner post, which is nothing but one of the two-by-four studs, fastening the bottom by four nails; make it plumb, and stay it each way. Set another at the other corner, and then mark off your door and window places, and set up the side studs and put in the frames. Fill up with studs between, sixteen inches apart, supporting the top by a line or strip of board from corner to corner, or stayed studs between. Now cover up that side with rough sheathing boards, unless you intend to side-up with clap-boards on the studs, which I never would do, except for a small, common building. Make no calculation about the top of your studs; wait till you get up that high. You may use them of any length, with broken or stub shot ends, no matter. When you have got this side boarded as high as you can reach, proceed to set up another. In the mean time, other workmen can be lathing the first side. When you have got the sides all up, fix upon the height of the upper floor, and strike a line upon the studs for the under side of the joists. Cut out a joint four inches wide, half-inch deep and nail on firmly one of the inch strips. Upon these strips rest the chamber floor joists. Cut out a joint one inch deep, in the lower edge, and lock it on the strip, and nail each joint to each stud. Now lay this floor, and go on to build the upper story, as you did the lower one; splicing on and lengthening out wherever needed, until you get high enough for the plate. Splice studs or joists by simply butting the ends together; and nailing strips on each side. Strike a line and saw off the top of the studs even upon each side—not the ends—and nail on one of the inch-strips. That is the plate. Cut the ends of the upper joists the bevel of the pitch of the roof, and nail them fast to the plate, placing the end ones inside the studs, which you will let run promiscuously, to be cut off by the rafter. Now lay the garret floor by all means before you put on the roof, and you will find that you have saved fifty per cent. of hard labor. The rafters, if supported so as not to be over ten feet long, will be strong enough of the two-by-four stuff. Bevel the ends and nail fast to the joist. Then there is no strain upon the sides by the weight of the roof, which may be covered with shingles or other materials—the cheapest being composition or cement roofs. To make one of this kind, take soft, spongy, thick paper, and tack it upon the boards in courses like shingles. Commence at the top with hot tar and saturate the paper, upon which sift evenly fine gravel, pressing it in while hot—that is, while tar and gravel are both hot. One coat will make a tight roof; two coats will make it more durable. Put up your partitions of one by four, unless where you want to support the upper joists—then use stuff two by four, with strips nailed on top, for the joist to rest upon, fastening altogether by nails, wherever timbers touch. Thus you will have a frame without a tenon, or mortice, or brace, and yet it is far cheaper, and in calculably stronger when finished, than though it was composed of timbers ten inches square with a thousand auger holes and a hundred days work with chisel and adze, making holes and pins to fill them."

SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

FLYING ALOFT.—The English Society for Navigating the Air, offer the following prizes to be awarded at their approaching exhibition in the London Crystal Palace:—

For the best form of kite or other aerial contrivance for establishing communication between ship and shore in the case of a wreck, or between two vessels at sea, $250.

For any machine whatever be its motive power, which shall sustain itself in the air at a height not less than ten feet from the ground for a period of twenty minutes, $250.

For an apparatus (not a kite or a balloon) that shall ascend with a man to the height of 120 feet, $500.

For the lightest engine in proportion to its power, whatever its power may be, $250.

BURSTING ALIVE.—A method for determining when death has taken place without that of actual decomposition, which in very cold weather might be delayed for weeks, has always been a desideratum. The fear of being buried alive, which has undoubtedly occurred in many instances, has proved a source of anxiety to persons during life, and of sad conjecture to their surviving friends. It is said that it has been recently discovered that if the skin of a deceased person is blistered, as by holding the flame of a candle against the body when punctured the blister will give out only air, whereas if death has not taken place the flame causes inflammation and a watery serum will be deposited under the blister. It is claimed that this is a certain test when inability to feel the pulse, cold skin, no deposit of breath on glass, and other methods fail.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

No wonder the squirrel is accused of chattering; he is certainly a great tail-bearer.

A Jockey sold a nag as a “honest” horse, because he always threw his rider when he threatened to.

It is said that whiskey is a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. But what will cure the bite of the whiskey?

Why do birds feel depressed early in a summer morning?—Because their little bills are all over (due) dew.

“Are you near-sighted, miss?” said an impudent fellow who did not once choose to notice him.—“Yes; at this distance I cannot tell whether you are a pig or a puppy.”

An old author quaintly remarks: “Avoid argument with ladies, in spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worsted and twisted. And when a man is worsted and twisted, he may consider himself wound up.”

AMERICAN MARRIAGES.—A Western editor remarks that he is glad to receive marriage notices, but requests that they be sent soon after the ceremony, and before the divorce is applied for. He has had several notices spoilt in this way.

THE LAST GAME.—Seven gamblers were about to be hanged, when one of them remarked, sorrowfully, “Well Jim, we’ve had our last game.”—“No,” replied Jim, “one more, and that will be the game of seven up.”—“Well,” replied the other, “there’s one consolation, that game will hold out till the last trump is played.”

GLASGOW FRENCH.—A frank and “furthy” son of St. Mungo—one who in his time has shared some of the civic responsibilities—was lately sojourning at one of the metropolitan hotels. Meditating an early walk one morning, he called to a tidy Abigail, who was tripping down stairs, “Fetch me shoon, lassie.” The girl hesitating to make herself understood, at length replied, “I don’t talk French, but I’ll send Louis.”

A DARK MORNING.—Two farmers on their way to a distant market, slept in the same room at an inn by the wayside. After a comfortable sleep, one asked the other if he would “rise and look what kind of a morning it was.” The latter accordingly rose, and mistaking a cupboard door for the window shutters, opened the former, and after gazing in for a few moments, told his companion that “it was awful dark, and had a terrible smell out of peasemeal.”

“Get up, get up,” said a watchman the other night, to a chap who had fallen a grade below the door-step sleepers, and who had taken lodgement in the gutter, “you musn’t lie here.” “Liev you’re another!—y-you lie yourself! Not lie here! I tell you w-what, old fellow, that may do in slave state streets, but I’ll let you know,” said the agrarian, sputtering a mouthful of mud in the watchman’s face, “that this is a free state!”

Two Robbers.—A somewhat amusing incident is told of a woman whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly, without leaving any will. The widow desirous of securing the whole of the property, concealed her husband’s death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made. Accordingly he was closely muffled in bed, as if very sick, and a lawyer was called in to write the will. The shoemaker, in a feeble voice, bequeathed half of all the property to the widow. “What shall be done with the remainder?” asked the lawyer. “The remainder,” replied he, “I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street, who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man; thus securing a rich bequest for himself. The widow was thunder-struck with the man’s audacious cunning, but did not dare to expose the fraud, and so two rogues shared the estate.

A MEDICAL FACT.—An Irish surgeon who had cought a catarrh and restored the sight of a poor woman in Dublin, observed in her case what he considered a phenomenon in optics, on which he called together his professional brethren, declaring himself unequal to the solution. He stated to them that the sight of his patient was so perfectly restored that she could see through the smallest needle, or to perform any other operation which required particular accuracy of vision. But when he presented her with a book she was not able to distinguish one letter from another. This very singular case excited the ingenuity of all the gentlemen present, and various solutions were offered, but none could command the general assent. Doubt crowded on doubt, and the problem grew darker and darker from every explanation, until it was discovered that—the woman had never learned to read.

EGGS—A TENDER LAY.

Be gentle to the new laid egg,
For eggs are brilliant things;
They cannot fly until they’re hatch’d,
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can’t redress;
The ‘yolk and white’ will all run out,
And make a dreadful mess.
’Tis but a little while, at best,
That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs may addle be,
That were quite fresh to-day.
Oh! let the touch be very light
That takes them from the leg;
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg!
Ahi! touch it with a tender touch,
For till the egg is boil’d
Who knows but that, unwittingly,
It may be smash’d and spoil’d.
The summer wind that ‘gains it blows,
Ought to be still’d and hush’d,
For eggs, like youthful purity,
Are “orful, when they’re squash’d.”

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
Office: Godbe’s Exchange Buildings.
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.
Per Year ...........................................$7 00
Per Half Year, 26 weeks .................................. 4 00

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE “DESSERT NEWS.”
POETRY.

IT'S ONLY A LITTLE GLOVE.

It's only a little glove,
So ragged, and old, and worn—
You scarce would stoop in your daily path
To look at the thing forlorn;
You never would think by those fingers small
A heart could be rent and torn.

It's only a tiny thing,
This treasure I hoard and keep;
But many a vision of joy it brings,
And sometimes it makes me weep,
And I dream a dream of a fair-ha'rd boy
Under the flowers asleep.

It's only a little glove,
Yet dearer it is to me,
For the restless feet that pitter'd and beat
Their music upon my knee—
Dearer for sorrow, and care, and pain,
Than the riches of land or sea.

It's only a tiny thing,
But I love it with deepest love—
A golden link in the chain that binds
My soul to the world above;
And I know I am nearer to heaven each time
I bow o'er that tiny glove.

HILDA'S WINDING SHEET.

The sun had set before Harold gained the long and spacious abode of his father. All around it lay the roofs and huts of the great earl's special tradesmen, for even his goldsmith was but his freed ceorl. The house itself stretched far from the Thames inland, with several low courts built only of timber, rugged and shapeless, but filled with bold men, then the great furniture of a noble's halls.

Amidst the shouts of hundreds, eager to hold his stirrup, the earl dismounted, passed up the swarming hall, and entered the room, in which he found Hilda, and Githa, and Godwin, who had preceded his entry but a few moments.

In the beautiful reverence of son to father, which made one of the lovliest features of the Saxon character [as the frequent want of it makes the most hate-

ful of the Norman vices,] the all-powerful Harold bowed his knee to the old earl, who placed his hand on his head in benediction, and then kissed him on the cheek and brow.

"Thy kiss, too, dear mother," said the younger earl; and Githa's embrace if more cordial than her lord's, was not more fond.

"Greet Hilda, my son," said Godwin, "she hath brought me a gift, and she hath tarried to place it un-
der thy special care. Thou alone must heed the trea-
ure, and open the casket. But when and where my kinswoman?"

"On the sixth day after thy coming to the king's hall," answered Godwin, "not returning the smile with which Godwin spoke, "on the sixth day, Harold, open the chest, and take out the robe which hath been spun in the house of Hilda for Godwin the earl. And now, Godwin, I have clasped thine hand, and I have looked on thy brow, and my mission is done; and I must wend my way homeward."

"That shalt thou not, Hilda," said the hospitable earl; the meanest wayfarer hath a right to bed and board in this house for a night and a day, and thou wilt not disgrace us by leaving our threshold, the bread unbroken and the couch unpressed. Old friend, we were young together, and thy face is welcome to me as the memory of former days."

Hilda shook her head, one of those rare, and most touching expressions of tenderness of which the calm and rigid character of her features, when in repose, seemed scarcely susceptible, softened her eye, and relaxed the firm lines of her lips.

"Son of Wolnoth," said she gently, "not under thy roof-tree should lodge the raven of bode. Bræfli have I not broken since yester'en, and sleep will be far from my eyes to-night. Fear not, for my people without are stout and armed, and for the rest there lives not the man whose arm can have power over Hilda."

She took Harold's hand as she spoke, and leading him forth, whispered in his ear, "I would have a word with thee ere we part." Then, reaching the threshold, she waved her wand thrice over the floor and muttered in the Danish tongue a rude verse, which translated, ran thus:—

"All free from the knot,
Glide the thread of the skin;
And rest to the labor,
And peace to the pain!"

"It is a death-dirge," said Githa, with whitening lips, but she spoke inly, and neither husband nor son heard her words.
Hilda and Harold passed in silence through the hall, and the Vala's attendants, with spears and torches, rose from the settles, and went before the outer court, where sported impatiently her black palfrey.

Halting in the midst of the court, she said to Harol in a low voice—

"At sunset we part—at sunset we shall meet again.

And behold the star rises on the sunset; and the star, broader and brighter, shall rise on the sunset then! When they hand draws the robe from the chest, think on Hilda, and know that at that hour she stands by the grave of the Saxon warrior, and that from the grave dawns the future. Farewell to thee."

Then Harold turned back, and his heart was full; and when he reached the house, his father was sitting in the hall on his chair of state; and Githa sate at his right hand, and a little below her sate Tostig and Leofwine, who had come in from the bear-hunt by the river-gate, and were talking loud and merrily; and thegn and cnecht sate all around, and there was wassail as Harold entered. But the earl looked only to his father, and he saw that his eyes were absent from the gle, and that he was bending his head over the eold falcon, which sate on his wrist.

No subject of England, since the race of Cerdic sate on the throne, ever entered the court-yard of Windshore with such train and such state as Earl Godwin. Proud of that first occasion, since his return, to do homage to him with whose cause that of England was bound, all truly English at heart among the thegnes of the land, dwelled his retinue. Whether Saxon or Dane, those who alike loved the laws and the soil, came from north and from south to the peaceful banner of the old earl.

So rode the earl and his four fair sons, all abreast, into the court-yard of Windshore. Now when King Edward heard the tramp of the steeds and the hum of the multitudes, as he sate in his closet with his abbots and priests, all in still contemplation of the thumb of St. Jude, the king asked—

"What army, in the day of peace, and the time of Easter, enters the gates of our palace?"

Then an abbot rose and looked out of the narrow window, and said with a groan—

"Army thou mayest well call it, O king! and foes to us and to thee, head the legions—"

"Inprinisi!" quoth our abbot the scholar; "thou speakest, I trow, of the wicked earl and his sons?"

The king's face changed.

"Coffe they," said he, "with so large a train! This smells more of vaunt than of loyalty; naught—very naught."

"Alack!" said one of the conclave, "I fear me that the men of Belial will work us harm; the heathen are mighty, and—"

"Fear not," said Edward, with benign loveness, observing that his guests grew pale, and himself, though often weak to childishness, and morally wavering and irresolute—still so far king and gentleman, that he knew no craven fear of the body. "Fear not for me, my fathers; humble as I am, I am strong in the faith of heaven and its angels."

The churchmen looked at each other, sly yet abashed; it was not precisely for the king that they feared.

Then spoke Alfred, the good prelate and constant peace-maker—fair column and lone one of the fast crumbling Saxon Church. "It is ill in you, brethren, to arraign the truth and good meaning of those who honor your king; and in these days that lord should ever be the most welcome who brings to the halls of his king the largest number of hearts, stout and leal."

"By your leave, brother Alfred," said Stigand, who, though from motives of policy he had aided those who besought the king not to peril his crown by resisting the return of Godwin, benefitted too largely: by the abuses of the Church to be sincerely esposed to the cause of the strong-minded earl—"by your leave, brother Alfred, to every leal heart is a ravenous month; and the treasures of the king are well nigh drained in feeding these hungry and welcomeless visitors. Durst I counsel my lord, I would pray him, as a matter of policy, to baffle this atute and proud earl. He would fain have the king feast in public, that he might daunt him and the Church with the array of his friends."

"I conceive thee, my father," said Edward, with more quickness than habitual, and with the cunning, sharp, though guileless, that belongs to minds undeveloped, "I conceive thee; it is good and most politic. This our orgulous earl shall not have his triumph, and, so fresh from his exile, brave his king with the parade of his power. Our health is our excuse for our absence from the banquet. Wherefore, Hugoline, my chamberlain, advise the earl, that to-day we keep fast till the sunset, when temperately, with eggs, bread and fish, we will sustain Adam's nature. Pray him and his sons to attend us—they alone be our guests."

And with a sound that seemed a laugh, or the ghost of a laugh, low and chuckling—for Edward had at moments an innocent humor which his monkish biographer disdained not to note—he flung himself back in his chair.

The priests took the cue, and shook their sides heartily, as Hugoline left the room, not ill-pleased, by the way, to escape an invitation to the eggs, bread and fish.

Alred sighed and said, "For the earl and his sons, this is honor; but the other earls, and the thegnes, will miss at the banquet him whom they design but to honor, and—"

"I have said," interrupted Edward, dryly, and with a look of fatigue.

"And," observed another churchman, with malice, at least the young earls will be humbled, for they will not sit with the king and their father, as they would in the hall, and must serve my lord with napkin and wine."

"Inprinisi!" quoth our scholar the abbot, "that will be rare! I would I were there to see. But this Godwin is a man of treachery and wife, and my lord should beware of the fate of murdered Alfred, his brother!"

The king started, and pressed his hands to his eyes.

"How darest thou, Abbot of Fatchere," cried Alfred, indignantly; "how darest thou revive grief without remedy, and slander without proof?"

"Without proof?" echoed Edward, in a hollow voice. "He who could murder, could well stoop to forswear! Without proof before man; but did he try the ordeals of God? did his feet pass the ploughshare? did his hand grasp the seething iron? Verily, verily,
thou didst wrong to name to me Alfred my brother! I shall see his sightless and gore-dripping sockets in the face of Godwin, this day, at my board."

The king rose in great disorder; and after pacing the room some moments, disregardful of the silent and scared looks of his churchmen, waved his hand, in sign to them to depart.

All took the hint at once save Alfred; but he, lingering the last, approached the king with dignity in his step and compassion in his eyes.

"Banish from thy breast, O king and son, thoughts unmeet, and of doubtful charity! All that man could know of Godwin's innocence or guilt—the suspicion of the vulgar—the acquittal of his peers—was known to thee before thou didst seek his aid for thy throne, and didst take his child for thy wife. Too late is it now to suspect; leave thy doubts to the solemn day, which draws nigh to the old man, thy wife's father!"

"Hal!" said the king, seeming not to heed, or willfully to misunderstand the prelate, "Ha, leave him to God—I will!"

He turned away impatiently, and the prelate reluctantly departed.

Tostig chafed mightily at the king's message; and, on Harold's attempt to pacify him, grew so violent that nothing short of the cold, stern command of his father imposed sullen peace on his son's rugged nature.

But the taunts heaped by Tostig upon Harold disquieted the old earl, and his brow was yet sad with prophetic care when he entered the royal apartments.

Under the canopy of state were placed but two chairs, for the king and the queen's father; and the four sons, Harold, Tothig, Leofwine, and Gurth, stood behind. Such was the primitive custom of ancient Teutonic kings.

The earl's mind, already embittered by the scene with his sons, was chafed yet more by the king's unloving coldness; for it is natural to man, however worldly, to feel affection for those he has served, and Godwin had won Edward his crown; nor, despite his warlike though bloodless return, could even monk or Norman, in counting up the old earl's crimes, say that he had ever failed in personal respect for the king.

So the old earl's stout heart was stung; and he looked from those deep, impenetrable eyes, mournfully upon Edward's chilling brow.

And Harold, with whom all household ties were strong, but to whom his great father was especially dear, watched his face and saw that it was very flushed. But the practiced courtier sought to rally his spirits, and to smile and jest.

From smile and jest, the king turned and asked for wine. Harold, starting, advanced with the goblet; as he did so, he stumbled with one foot, but lightly recovered himself with the other; and Tothig laughed scornfully at Harold's awkwardness.

The old earl observed both stumble and laugh, and willing to suggest a lesson to both his sons, said—laughing pleasantly—"Lo, Harold, see how the left foot saves the right!—so one brother, thou seest, helps the other!"

King Edward looked up suddenly.

"And so, Godwin, also, had my brother Alfred helped me, hadst thou permitted."

The old earl, galled to the quick, gazed a moment on the king, and his cheek was purple, and his eyes seemed blood-shot.

"O Edward!" he exclaimed, "thou speakest to me hardly and unkindly of thy brother Alfred, and often hast thou thus more than hinted that I caused his death."

The king made no answer.

"May this crumb of bread choke me," said the earl, in great emotion, "if I am guilty of thy brother's blood!"

But scarcely had the bread touched his lips, when his eyes fixed, the long warning symptoms were fulfilled, and he fell to the ground, under the table, sudden and heavy, under the stroke of apoplexy.

Harold and Gurth sprang forward; they drew their father from the ground. His face, still deep-red with streaks of purple, rested on Harold's breast; and the son, kneeling, called in anguish on his father: the earl was dead.

Then said the king, rising—

"It is the hand of God: remove him!" and he swept from the room, exulting.

For five days and five nights did Godwin lie speechless. And Harold watched over him night and day. And the leaches would not bleed him, because the season was against it, in the increase of the moon and the tides, but they bathed his temples with wheat flour boiled in milk, according to a prescription which an angel in a dream had advised to another patient; and they placed a plate of lead on his breast, marked with five crosses, saying a paternoster over each cross; together with other medical specifics in great esteem. But, nevertheless, five days and five nights did Godwin lie speechless; and the leaches then feared that human skill was in vain.

The effect produced on the court, not more by the earl's death-stroke than the circumstances preceding it, was such as defies description.

With Godwin's old comrades in arms it was simple and honest grief, but with all those under the influence of the priests, the event was regarded as a direct punishment from Heaven. The previous words of the king, repeated by Edward to his monks, circulated from lip to lip, with sundry exaggerations as it traveled, and the superstition had the more excuse, inasmuch as the speech of Godwin was an apparent defiance of one of the most popular ordeals of the day—viz. that in which a piece of bread was given to the supposed criminal; if he swallowed it with ease, he was innocent, if it stuck in his throat, or choked him, nay, if he shook and turned pale, he was guilty. Godwin's words had appeared to invite the ordeal God had heard and stricken down the presumptuous perjurer.

Unconscious, happily, of these attempts to blacken the name of his dying father, Harold, toward the gray dawn succeeding the fifth night, thought that he heard Godwin stir in his bed. So he put aside the curtain, and bent over him. The old earl's eyes were wide open, and the red color had gone from his cheeks, so that he was pale as death.

"How fares it, dear father?" asked Harold.
Godwin smiled fondly, and tried to speak, but his voice died in a convulsive rattle. Lifting himself up, however, with an effort, he pressed tenderly the hand that clasped his own, leaned his head on Harold’s breast, and so gave up the ghost.

When Harold was at last aware that the struggle was over, he laid the gray head gently on the pillow; he closed the eyes, and kissed the lips, and knelt down and prayed. Then, seating himself at a little distance he covered his face with his mantle.

At this time his brother Gurth, who had chiefly shared watch with Harold—for Tootig, foreseeing his father’s death, was busy soliciting thegim and earl to support his own claims to the earldom about to be vacant; and Leofwine had gone to London on the pre-

vious day to summon Githa who was hourly expected—Gurth, I say entered the room on tiptoe, and see-

ing his brother’s attitude, guessed that all was over. He passed on to the table, took up the lamp, and looked long on his father’s face. That strange smile of the dead, common alike to innocent and guilty, had already settled on the serene lips; and that no less strange transformation from age to youth, when the wrinkles vanish, and the features come out clear and sharp from the hollows of care and years, had al-

ready begun. And the old man seemed sleeping in his prime.

So Gurth kissed the dead, as Harold had done be-

fore him, and came up and sat himself by his brother’s teet, and reést his head on Harold’s knee; nor would he speak till appalled by the long silence of the earl, he drew away the mantle from his brother’s face with a gentle hand, and the large tears were rolling down Harold’s cheeks.

"Be soothed, my brother," said Gurth; "our father has lived for glory, his age was prosperous, and his years have been no less than those which the psalmist allotted to man. Come and look on his face, Harold; its calm will compose thee."

Harold obeyed the braid that led him like a child; in passing toward the bed, his eye fell upon the chest which Hilda had given to the old earl, and a chill shot through his veins.

"Gurth," said he, "is not this the morning of the sixth day in which we have been at the king’s court?"

"It is the morning of the sixth day."

Then Harold took forth the key which Hilda had given him, and unlocked the chest, and there lay the winding-sheet of the dead, and a scroll. Harold took the scroll, and bent over it, reading by the mingled light of the lamp and the dawn—:

All hail, Harold, heir of Godwin the great, and Githa the king-born! Thou hast obeyed, Hilda, and thou knowest now that Hilda’s eyes read the future, and her lips speak the dark words of truth.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AN ALPINE PRECIPICE.

At a龄 twenty-one I was light of heart, light of foot, and, I fear, light of head. A fine property on the bank of the Arno, near Florence, acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life in Paris.

The month was October; the air was bracing, and the mode of conveyance was stage-coach or diligence. The other passengers were few—but three in all—an old grey-headed vine grower of Tuscany, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature about seventeen, and his son about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which the young lady discoursed in tones so eloquent and with such energy that the coach-windows, elicited an observation from my charming companion, that I noticed how night passed on. Presently there was a low rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive showers of lightning, woke all the echoes of the Alps, over which we were traveling. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan by turns through the forest trees.

From the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see, at intervals, huge jutting rocks far away down on the sides, and the sight made me solicitous for the fate of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths that were between us and eternity; a tiny billet of wood, a stray branch of a tempest-torn tree, a resolute bower, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublime existence with the sound of thought.

"Tis a good place, indeed," said the young lady, as I drew my head from the window.

"How I love a sudden storm! There is something so grand in the power of the winds when fairly loose among the mountains, and in our present route dangerous yet exciting."

"By no means," I replied, in an easy tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But, heavens! what’s that?"

The driver gazed earnestly on the grass of a sheet of lightening that illumined the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity.

Feal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a flash of lightning directly over the swimter-red heart, and with the deep moaning of the tempest. If in dreadful anguish breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Lucilla, my beautiful fellow traveler, became pale in the face. She held her eyes wide open from the ghastly aspect of lightening that approached her and sent to her ears a noise that I thought, by looking at her face, I knew that Lucilla’s voice faintly articulating in my ear, the appalling words. "The coach is being moved backwards!"

Heavens! never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I staggered at that coach door, and called on the driver to return it if I was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained it at vain; it would not yield a jot.

Alas! alas! I felt the coach mine. I heard Lucilla’s "The coach is being moved backwards!"

What followed was of such swift occurrence, it seems to me like a frightful dream. I rushed against the door with all the strength, and it knocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down.

The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper and deeper; and I knew from the desperate struggles against its own feet, that the coach was overthrown. Crash upon crush, thunder rolled over the mountains, and vivid sheets of lightening played around our devoted vehicle, as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old vine-grower standing erect, with his hand on his sword, holding out his apron to me, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Lucilla turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes raised towards me, as if imploring my protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young swain flashing indignant defiance at the descending coils, the war of elements, and the awful danger that assaulted him.

There was a roll of thunder, a desperate plunge, as if of an animal in the last throes of dissipation, a harsh, grating jar, a violent lurch to the left, a sharp snap, and the coach Lucilla firmly on one side, the waist, and seized the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.
SPIRIT WRITING.

An old man related to me a few days ago a story which I suppose would, in the slang of the day, be termed "sensational!" It may interest readers who are fond of the marvelous and mysterious.

As a vessel was sailing prosperously on the sea, a man from below came up to the captain on deck, and told him he had just seen a strange man in his cabin, seated and apparently writing. The captain could not believe it; saying that he knew where every man in the ship was. However, he went to see for himself; and on entering his cabin, he found no one there. He saw, however, upon the table a slate, on which were written these words: "Steer south-west." The writing did not appear to be that of any one on board the ship; but the captain, to make sure, called every man who could write into the cabin singly, and turning the blank side of the slate uppermost, desired each one to write these three words. The writing of no one among them at all resembled what appeared on the slate. It was a perfect mystery. The captain, however, consulted his chief men, and observed that to steer south-west would not be much out of their track; and as there might be something in the strange admonition, he issued a command in that direction, which the vessel followed far when they fell in with a ship in distress, and indeed, in a sinking state. They were barely in time to afford assistance, but happily succeeded in bringing off safely the captain and all his crew.

The men were in a very exhausted state, but one of them much worse than the rest. When he was safely got on board, the man who first gave the information to the captain at once recognised him, and declared positively that he was the man whom he had seen a few hours before in the cabin. This only made the affair doubly mysterious. The captain, not knowing to whom he was to speak, ordered privately of the captain of the wrecked vessel if he had observed anything remarkable about that man. He answered, that he had been so ill and exhausted that for four hours they had had no hopes of saving him, and had indeed given him up as dead, but that when he revived a little, he told the captain to give that advice which he believed would come to them that afternoon. This was all he could tell about him.

When the man was sufficiently recovered, the captain called him into his cabin alone, and asked him if he could write. He replied that he could. "Then," said the captain, "be so good as to write me the words, 'Steer southwest.'" The man did so; and on turning over the slate, the writing on both sides was found to correspond perfectly.


**LADIES' TABLE.**

EMBROIDERY.

Perhaps of all the various kinds of fancy work, with the exception of point lace, this may be considered the most artistic. The materials are velvet, satin, kid, or cloth, with silks, clematis, gold bullion, and gold and silver thread. The design is first marked, in outline, on the article to be ornamented; and to do this a pattern or a sketch must be prepared, and then transferred to the material. It is then put in a frame and stretched, like canvas. We will now suppose, for the convenience of description, that the design is a group of roses and morning-glories. The chief things to consider are the roses and morning-glories, and how to represent them in the work, the silks being applied to the material. It is therefore, no break in the working, but that part which falls back towards the stem is always the darkest. All the stiches are taken from the centre of the flower; and when the dark and somewhat pointed stiches occur, the silk must be changed accordingly. A long stich, something like that of Irish embroidery, is used, and they must lie side by side very evenly. As of course the inner circle is much smaller than the outer one, some of the stitches must be made shorter. The general rule is to make them more regularly, and to produce a clear, even, well-defined edge. The large leaves may be worked from the centre-vein to the edge, in the same way. The veins are done in silk shade dordor, and in "half-polka" stitch; that is, one stitch of the eighth of an inch, with the needle only half the length, but double the length, sloping always in the same direction; all the following ones, of the length of the last, half beside it and half beyond.

Stems are done in the same way as the above; but for broad ones, the stitches are taken more across. The roses are worked petal by petal; and if the center of the flower is seen, it must be represented by a few French knots, done in yellow silk. The leaves are in yellow green, the edges carefully serrated, the center vein like that of the morning-glory. The very small leaves are made shorter. The green tint is a shade deeper, and at one end. The center is a green, which is the middle of the two shades, and in using shaded silks, be careful to join on every new needleful to match the shade with which you left off.

**CUSTARDS WITHOUT EGGS.—One quart of new-milk, four table-spoonfuls of flour, two of sugar. Season with nutmegs or cinnamon, and add salt to your liking. The milk should be placed over a quick fire, and when at a rolling point, the flour should be added, being previously stirred up in cold milk. As soon as thoroughly scalded, add the sugar, spices and salt.
It was a necessity of his nature that he should expose them "on the housetop," or get out of their way.

Well the writer remembers, in company with a friend, visiting the deceased at his home one morning on some matters of business. The family were convened for prayers, and not a reference could be allowed to the cause of the visit until that duty was disposed of. "Brother Heber" was clearly away from all the world in his feelings, and of all the simple, heartfelt utterances that we ever remember hearing, the memory of that prayer will live the longest. God, to him, was absolutely present. It was like a child unbosoming itself to a parent without a veil between. Shortly he commenced to talk, and in the course of conversation he evinced a momentary curiosity respecting some remarks which were, so to speak, interpolated within his own. But just as we were about to leave he came affectionately forward, "Stop," said he, "Have you anything against me? Have I hurt you; because, if I have, make it all right before you go." He was assured that he had said nothing which could hurt anyone, and that the remarks he had noticed were intended to "back up his own." "Yes," he replied, playfully, "but you know you shouldn't back up a door till it is properly opened;" and again repeating his hope that everything was "quite right" he bade us good morning. That visit laid open to the writer a deeper insight into Bro. Heber's character. The innocence and child-like simplicity of the man were unveiled before us.

By the decease of Pres. Kimball one of the staunchest advocates of the doctrine of the unchangeable nature of man's spirit—the permanence of every quality of the human soul beyond the grave, has gone to test that reality for himself. With him there was no dividing line between this life and the next. Man, in the full blossom of every faculty, unborn of a single power, existed there— not in another life, but in this continued. The spirit world ushered no soul into Eternity's domain. To him Eternity was always here, enveloping the race as much to-day, as it will when the last trump has sounded, and all things mutable have passed away.

Upon a great man's grave men lay the tribute of admiration—upon a good one, that of love. Hence Jesus is embalmed in the affections of the world, while a Napoleon, or a Richelieu, are enshrined in their imaginations alone. In the hearts of a host of living coadjutors Heber C. Kimball will be preserved; and far beyond the circle of the community be assisted to combine he will yet have a distinguished place, when the world, tired of worshipping at the shrine of intellectual idols, shall have learned the lesson that, "great hearts and not alone great heads should rule mankind."
M A N ’ S R E S E M B L A N C E T O D E I T Y.

The death of President Kimball, an ardent champion of the doctrine of man’s relationship to Deity, furnishes an opportune period for the presentation of the following considerations in favor of that doctrine. The object is to show from the glorious developments of our nature, even here in mortality, how reasonable is the idea that mankind possess divine qualities, although crude and undeveloped at present—powers awaiting only the opportunities of an eternal field of action to move towards divine perfections.

Man possesses a great and insatiable nature, which nothing can absolutely fill or supply. No sooner are his greatest aspirations obtained than he finds them inadequate to fill the yearnings of his soul, and something of greater magnitude still, has to be sought out, which promises to be the thing that will really satisfy his demands; but as quickly as obtained, it in turn diminishes in significance, alongside the still greater capacities of his soul, within which it is swallowed up and lost, and he still cries for more. No matter whether the desired object be something to possess, such as lands, or a matter of enterprise or discovery, the least seems great till obtained, and then the biggest seems mean and unimportant as the smallest. So wide is the nature of man, that the more he knows, the more he wants to know; the more he gets, the more he wants to gain; and thus from height to height he vaults along, and only stops when he comes to the boundary of his powers and researches imposed by the vail between life and death.

In addition to these restless ambitions—these endless aspirations, man holds within his nature a combination of powers and impulses, which in their exercise make him a very type of his Creator.

While God possesses the attributes of mercy, love, pity, benevolence, justice, integrity, judgment, and truth, so does man, in greater or less proportion, according to the cultivation and development which they have received at his hands.

While Jehovah manifests in his movements governing, controlling, and managing powers, so does man bear them in due proportion. Does He exhibit in His character great constructive abilities, seen in workmanship hung in mighty masses in the regions of space? Does He display great contriving, adapting, and proportioning skill, as manifested in elements mixed and combined, and seen in the adaptation of men, beasts, and plants to peculiar regions and climates? A great painter, adorer, and lover of decorative skill is He, as declared in the combined hues and glorious forms of life He has produced? So man, (made in His image,) moving in his little cramped up sphere to the extent of his field of operations, exercises constructive abilities till he stands a tiny thing beside the monuments of his own skill, displays an inventing and combining genius, and produces also His conceptions of beauty, grace, and skill in a thousand forms of loveliness and joy.

Such, then, we perceive is man. He embodies within himself Jehovah’s attributes. He is allied in his nature to the Infinite and Supreme. He possesses impulses that keep him ever soaring for mastery and might—ever treading out, subdiving all to his will. He holds energies that are ever penetrating, explor-
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DON BOUGICAUT.

CHAPTER X.

(continued)

"I plan to destroy a vessel, Mr. Wylie. You never heard me say such a word; and don't you wish that such a thing in the ship, or you will get yourself into trouble?"

"That depends on you."

"How so, sir?"

"I have not suspected you."

"You need not tell me that, sir."

"But I have not communicated my suspicions. And now that they are certainties, I come first to you. In one word, will you forego your intention, since it is found out?"

"Boys and I did go what new, was in untruthful?" said Wylie.

"Cast away the ship! Why there's no land within three thousand miles. Founder a vessel in the Pacific! Do you think my life is as sweet to me as yours is to you?"

Wylie eyed him keenly to see the effect of those words, and by a muddled expression that came over his face, saw at once he had assumed a more exact knowledge than he really possessed.

Hazel replied that he had said nothing about foundering the ship; but there were many ways of destroying one. "For instance," said he, "I know how the Neptune was destroyed—and so do you; how the Rose and the Antelope were cast away—and so do you."

At this enumeration, Wylie lost his color and self possession for a moment, and saw Hazel had been listening.

Hazel followed up his blar. "Promote me now, by all you hold sacred, to forego this villany; and I hold my tongue. Attempt to defy me, or to throw dust in my eyes, and I go instantly among the crew, and denounce both you and Hudson to them."

"Good Heavens!" cried Wylie, in unsoiled terror. "Why, the men would mutiny on the spot."

"I can't help that," said Hazel, firmly, and took a step towards the door.

"Whosoever," said the mate, and, springing before the clergyman, he set his back against the door. "Don't be in such a nation hurry; for, if you do, it will be bad for me, but worse for you."

The above was said so gravely, and with such evident sincerity, that Mr. Hazel was struck, and showed it. Wylie followed up that trilling advantage "Sit down a minute, sir, if you please, and listen to me. You never saw a mutiny on board ship, I'll be bound. It is a worse thing than any gale that ever blew: begins fair enough, sometimes, but how does the mutiny go? A mate to stand in the wheel room, and drinking to madness ravishing the women, and cutting a throat or so for cer tain. You don't seem so fond of the picture, as you was of the idea. And then they might turn a deaf ear to you after all. Ship is well and sound, and a collision scared out freely."

"I'll tell you why it won't suit your little game to blacken me to the crew, upon the bare chance of a mutiny," he paused for a moment, then resumed in a lower tone, and revealed himself to the extraordinary man he was,

"You see, sir," said he, "when a man is very ready to sus spect me, I always suspect him. Now you was uncommon ready to suspect me. You didn't wait till you came on board; you began the game ashore. Oh! that makes you open one eye, does it? You thought I didn't know you again. Know you, my unregretted board. I never forget a face; and dis dains don't pass on me."

"It was now Hazel's turn to look anxious and discomposed. "Well, then, the moment I saw you suspected me I was down upon you. You came aboard under false colors. We didn't want a chap like you in the ship; but you would come. What the devil is to be expected afterwards?" says I, and watches. You was so in tent suspecting me of this, that, and other, that you unguard ed yourself, and that is common too. 'I'm blomed if it isn't the lady he is after,' says I. With all my heart: only she might do better, and I don't see how she could do worse, unless ship went to old Nick for a mate. Now, I'll tell you what it is. My Ticket o' Leave. I've been in trouble myself, and don't want to be had on a poor devil, just because he sails under an alias, and lies near the wind as he can, to weather on the beaks and the boats. But one good turn deserves another: keep your dirty suspicions to yourself; for if you dare to open your lips to the men, in five minutes, or less than that, you shall be in irons, and confined to your cabin; and we'll put you ashore at the first port that flies a British flag, and hand you over to the authorities, till one of Her Majesty's cruisers sends in a boat for you."

At this threat Mr. Hazel hung his head in confusion and dismay. "Come, get out of my cabin, Parson Alias," shouted the mate; "and bely your foul tongue in this ship, and don't make an enemy of Joe Wylie, a man that can rise you up and split you out again, and never brag. Sheer off, I say, and be d—d to you."

Mr. Hazel, with a pale face and sick heart, looked agash at this dangerous man, who could be fox, or tiger, as the occasion desired. Surprised, alarmed, outwitted, and outmatched, he retired with disordered countenance, and uneven steps, and hid himself in his own cabin.

While he weighed the whole situation, the more clearly he did see that he was utterly powerless in the hands of Wylie. A skipper is an emperor; and Hudson had the power to iron him, and set him on shore at the nearest port. The right to do it was another matter; but even on that head, Wylie could find a plausible excuse for the act.

Retribution, if it came at all, would not be severer, and would be three or four years coming, and who fears it much when it is so dilatory, and so weak, and so conflicting into the bargain? He succumbed in silence for two days; and then, in spite of all that Wylie's men said, he made one timid attempt to approach the subject with Wylie, and at last he consented, instantly, and sent them forward to reef topsails. And whenever he tried to enter into conversation with the pair, some sailor or other was sure to come up and listen.

Then he saw that he was spotted; or, as we say now—a-days, picketed.

He was at his wit's end. He tried his last throw. He wrote a few lines to Miss Rolleston, requesting an interview. Aware of the difficulties he had to encounter here, he stilled his heart by main force, and made his plan of campaign carefully measured. He begged her to believe he had no design to intrude upon her, without absolute necessity, and for her own good. Respect for her own wishes forbade this, and also his self-respect.

"But," said he, "I have made a terrible discovery. The mate and the captain certainly intend to cast away this ship. No doubt they will try and not sacrifice their own lives and the ship, but ruin the men, in the very nature of their design. Before troubling you, I have tried all I could, in the way of persuasion and menace; but am defeated. So now it rests with you. You alone, can save us all. I will tell you how, if you will restrain your repugnance, and accord me a short inter view, I will say that no other subject shall be introduced by me. In England, should we ever reach it, I may perhaps try to take measures to regain your good opinion; but here, I am aware, that is impossible; and I shall make no attempt in that direction, upon my honor."

To this there came a prompt and feminine reply.

"The ship is ours. The captain and the mate are able men appointed by him; I shall hand them your letter; and I request, sir, this may be your last communication with any kind with Helen Anne Rolleston."

That night Wylie came to his cabin and laid on the table before him his letter to Miss Rolleston.

"Now, looky here, mate," said the man, "what's to be done between you and me? Has love for this gal druv you off your head? Take warning, and a last one, mind ye! If you stir your eye to cross my business, I blow the gaff. I'll introduce you to the lady under your true colors, and introduce your reverend aunts to irons atween decks! What's got into you?" And the name of the mate, advancing his face close to Hazel's. And the rogue looked down into the honest man's eye, that qualified before him. When Hazel looked up, he was gone. The poor fellow gazed on the letter, which Helen had handed to the captain; he saw that resistance was useless; his eyes wandered about in despair; his arms hung listlessly by his side. He was beaten.
His mental distress brought on an attack of that terrible malad
sour. 
He crept about, yellow as a guinea; a very scarecrow. 
He took no exercise; he ate little food. He lay, listless and
detected, about the deck. 
The ship now encountered an adverse gale, and, for three
whims, the pumps were unable to keep up with the water. The
large ship went under stress of weather; and she took in a good
date of water on this occasion. On the fourth day it fell calm, and
Captain Hudson, having examined the well, and found three
feet of water, ordered the men to the pumps. 
At this time, the well was sounded again, and the water was
so much reduced that the ganges
were taken off; and the ship being now becalmed, and the weather
lovely, the men were allowed to dance upon deck to the ship's
drift. 
While this passed went on, the sea, large and red, reached the
horizon, and diffused a roseate light over the entire ocean.
Not one of the current descriptions of heaven approached the
actual grandeur and beauty of the blue sky flecked with ruby
and gold, and its liquid mirror that lay below, calm, dimpled,
and glorified by that translucent, rosy tint.
While the eye was yet charmed by this enchanting bridal of
the sea and sky, and the ear amused with the merry ditty
and the nimble feet, that tapped the sounding deck so deftly at
every new crupper, who had been sounding the well, ran for
ward all of a sudden, and flung a thunderbolt in the midst
"A LEAK!"

CHAPTER XI. 
The fiddles ceased in mid-tune, and the men crowded aft with
anxious faces.
The captain sounded the well, and found three feet and a
half water in it. He ordered all hands to the pumps.
They turned to with a good heart, and pumped, watch and
watch. 
Their exertions counteracted the leak, but did no more; the
water in the well was neither more nor less perceptibly.
This was a relief to their minds, so far; but the situation was
a very serious one. Suppose foul weather should come, and the
right before the wind, the ship in a minute would be helpless in
the vast sea; if the pumps were not pulling the water into the
well, the ship would go down by the head, or go up by the stern.
Now, all those who were not on the pumps, set to work to
find out the leak and stop it if possible. With candles in their
hands, they crept about the ribs of the ship, narrowly inspecting
every corner, and applying their ears to every suspected
place, if happily they might hear the water coming in. The
place where Hazel had found Wylie at work was examined.
along with the rest; but neither there nor anywhere else could
the leak be discovered. Yet the water was still coming in, and
required some means to keep it under. It was then sug-
gested by Wylie, and the opinion gradually gained ground,
that some of the seams had opened in the late gale, and were
leaking in the water by small but numerous apertures.
Fears began to look cloudy; and Hazel, throwing off his
leathern coat, walked up the main pump with the rest.
When his gang was relieved he went away, bathed in per-
spiration, and, leaning over the well, sounded it.
While thus employed, the mate came behind him, with his
catlike step, and said, "See what has come on us with your
fothegods." It was the blackest thing in the world to talk
about losing a ship when she is at sea."
"You are a more dangerous man on board a ship than I am,"
was Hazel's prompt reply.
The well gave an increase of three inches.
Mr. Hazel now showed excellent qualities; working like a
horse, and, finding the mate skulking, he reproached him be-
fore the men, and, stripping himself naked to the waist, invited
him to do a man's duty. The mate, thus challenged, com-
plied with a scowl.
They labored for their lives, and the quantity of water they
discharged from the ship was astonishing; not less than a
hundred and ten tons every hour. 
They got upon the leak—only two inches; but, in the
struggle for life, this was an immense victory. It was the turn
of the tide.
A light breeze sprung up from the south-west, and the cap-
tain ordered the men from the boats to make all sail on the
ship, the pumps still going.
When this was done, he ordered the ship's company, and put
her head to the wind, for the island of Juan Fer-
andez, distant eleven hundred miles, or thereabouts. 
Probably it was the best thing he could do, in that awful
waste of water. But its effect on the seamen was bad. It was
like giving in. They got a little disheartened and flurred; and
the ship, passionless water seized the advantage. It is possi-
ble, too, that the motion of the ship through the sea, aided the
leak. 
The Proserpine glided through the water all night, like some
terror-stricken creature, and the incessant pumps seemed to be
beating away at the heart with breathless fear.
At day-break she had gone a hundred and twenty mles. But
this was balanced by a new and alarming feature. The water
from the pumps no longer came up pure, but mixed with what
appeared to be blood.
This got through one redder, and struck terror into the
more superlitions of the crew.
Even Cooper, whose heart was stoned, leaned over the bul-
arks, and eyed the red stream, rushing into the sea from the
boots. "Aye, blood to death, ye bitch! We shan't be long behind ye."
Hazel inquired, and found the ship had a quantity of dye-
wood amongst her cargo; he told the men this, and tried to
keep up their hearts by his words and his example.
He succeeded with some; but others shook their heads. And
by-and-by, even while he was working double tires, for them
as well as for himself, ominous murmurs met his ear. "Parson
aboard!" "Man aboard, with other world in his face!"
And the more sinister glances to match.
With soundings Wylie and Welch and Cooper. They
promised to stand by; and Welch told him it was all the
mate's doing; he had gone amongst the men, and poisoned
them.
The wounded vessel, with her ever-beating heart, had run
three hundred miles on the new tack. She had almost ceased
to bleed, but what was as bad, or worse, small fragments of her
cargo and stores came up with the water, and their miscel-
aneous character showed how deeply the sea had now pene-
trated.
This, and their great fatigue, began to demoralise the sailors.
The pumps and buckets were still pilled, but it was no longer
with the uniform manner of brave and hopeful men. Some
stock doggedly to their work, but others got flurried, and ran
from deck to deck, sending down the water as fast as the man would stop, and burst out crying; then to work again in a
desperate way. One or two lost heart altogether, and had to be
driven. Fi-
ally, one or two succumbed under the unremitting labor.
Despair crept over others; their features began to change, so
much so, that several countenances were hardly recognisable,
and each, looking in the other's troubled face, saw his own
fate pictured there.
Six feet water in the hold. 
The captain, who had been sober beyond his time, now got
deadrunk.
The mate took the command. On hearing this, Welch and
Cooper left the pumps. Wylie ordered them back. They re-
formed; the pumpliners, with flags aloft, an alteration took
place, which was brought to a close by Welch.
"It is no use pumping the ship," said he. "She is doomed.
D'yke we think are blind, my mate and me? You got the long
boat ready for yourself before ever the leak was sprung. Now
get the cutter ready for my mate and me.
"At these simple words Wylie lost color, and walked aft
without a word.

Next day there were seven feet water in the hold, and quan-
tities of bread coming through the pumps. 
Wylie ordered the men from the pumps to the boats. The
jolly-boat was provisioned and lowered. While she was towing
astern, the cutter was prepared, and the ship left to fill.
All this time Miss Rolleston had been kept in the dark, not
as if the other were in danger, but as to its extent. Great was her surprise when Mr. Hazel entered her cabin, and cast an inadmissible look of pity on her. 
She looked up surprised, and then angry. "How dare you!" she began.
She waved his hand in a sorrowful but commanding way.
"Oh, this is no time for prejudice or temper. The ship is sink-
ing; we are going into the boats. Pray make your preparations,
Here is a list I have written of the things you ought to take;
and it may be weeks at sea in an open boat."
The story was ended; the bridge caught up her carpet-
bag, and threw her work-box into it for a beginning. He
then laid hands upon some of her preserved meats, and marmalade, and carried them off to his own cabin.
Hopeful, cheered, and cheered, and passed in rapid review,
all the wants that men had endured in open boats. 
He got hold of Welch, and told him to be sure and see there
was plenty of spare canvas on board, and sailing needles, sci-


DOB'S DOGS,

Did ever you hear of Jehosophat Dobbs, A dealer and raiser of all sorts of dogs?

"No! then I'll endeavor in doggerel verse,

To just the main points of the story relate.

Dobbs had a good wife, the joy of his life,

There was nothing better than his dog to strike,

Except her dear E's dogmatic employment;

And that she averred, did mar her enjoyment.

She often had begged him to sell off his dogs,

And instead to raise turkeys, spring chickens, or hogs.

She made him half promise, but on no distant day,

He would sell the whole lot, not excepting old Tray;

And as good luck would have it, but few days intervened

When, excepting old Tray's, every kennel was cleaned.

Ah, his dear Dolly with a voice glad and jolly,

Did soft-soap her dear for quitting his folly.

"And now, my dear J., please don't say me nay,

But the first opportunity sell also old Tray;"

"I will, my dear Dolly, and solemnly vow

I'll give you the money to buy a good cow,

And thus the case rested, till one summer night,

When Tray came home with a heart happy and light.

Old Tray was not with him. "Ah, ha, my good wife,

This will be far the happiest day of your life.

"Oh, bless you, dear J., how much did you say,

Please tell me at once what you got for old Tray?"

"I got forty dollars, " you did! " gnat his spouse,

"Why that of a certainty will buy two cows;"

I'll ask that duck and chemise!" "Hold on, if you please;"

Says J., in a tone sounding much like a tease;

"It's just as I told you, the price is all right.

And the man is to pay me next Saturday night;

But instead of the dollars in X's and Y's,

He gives me four puppies at ten dollars a piece.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WARMTH OF DIFFERENT COLORS.

Place upon the surface of a box, as upon the window sill in bright day-light, or sunshine pieces of cloth of the same size and quality, but of different colors, blue, black, blue, green, yellow and white; the black cloth will melt the snow beneath it, and sink downward; next the blue, and then the white, and the glass will then be the last, and the snow beneath the white cloth will melt as fast as at first.

COVENOURS.

14. Why is an iron like a berial-ground? Because if you put a ton of coals over the fire, it would go on as it was.

23. What word is that to which if you add a syllable it will make it shorter?

ANSWERS TO NO. 24, PAGE 286.

Co VENORS.

No. 11. Tear.

No. 12. Because it is a bad habit.

No. 13. Because it is felt.

O seB'S c.'

The letter M.
LESSONS IN GEOLOGY.—No. 16.

THE CREATION OF A BURNING MOUNTAIN.

In the hypothesis which has been presented to you in the preceding lessons, the characters which are found inscribed in the beds, the fissures, and the dikes, may seem to you rather as hieroglyphics than as an alphabet which you can spell and read for yourself. Amid these cases of difficult interpretation to a beginner, you will be interested in the phenomena of the upheaval of a volcano which has taken place almost within the memory of the present generation.

You must now take a voyage across the Atlantic to South America, in the direction of Mexico, a region lying between the 19th and 22d degrees of north latitude. Instead of the voyage, perhaps your map will do. Look at these latitudes, and between them you will find a high table-land, from 2,000 to 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. How came that table-land to be formed? It is surrounded by mountains of granite, which, after their first appearance on the earth's crust, was attended with a large system of deep valleys. But now, these valleys, originally many thousand feet deep, have been filled up with volcanic materials, until every valley was exalted to form the surface of the present high table-land of Mexico.

This region is called the Plain of Malpays, and the basaltic hills of the neighborhood show that, at some very early period in geological time, the district had been the theatre of those volcanic eruptions which had filled up the original valleys. But, from the time of the discovery of America, up to the year 1759, it was never suspected that either in or beyond the neighborhood there was a volcano. It was not only firm ground and undisturbed, but it was a country of picturesque beauty, cultivated for fields of sugar, indigo, and bananas. It was watered by two purling streams called Rio Cutimbo, and the Rio De San Pedro.

In June, 1759, deep hollow murmuring began to be heard, and from that time to September, earthquakes followed each other in rapid succession. The surface soil, at last, swelled up like a large bladder, three or four miles square. The soil cracked, and flames issued forth, and then burning fragments of rock were hurled up to great heights in the air. In various parts of the area, six different vents appeared, which were in the form of cones formed by eruptive cinders and lava. The lowest of these cones was 800 feet high.

Towards the close of September, the next mighty move was made. The vast mountain, Jorullo itself, was pushed up, in a few days, to the elevation of 1889 feet above what was a plain before June, 1759. From the crater of Jorullo, immense streams of basaltic lava issued forth, and continued to flow till February, 1760.

After 1760, the district seemed to have attained its former stability. When the Indians saw that tranquility was restored, they tried to occupy the land, but they found that the soil was far too hot to be habitable. When Humboldt visited Jorullo, in 1803, he found around the base of the great cone, and spreading from the cone as from a centre to the extent of four square miles, a mass of matter of convex form, about 500 feet high near the cone, but sloping gradually as it receded from it. This mass was still in a heated state, though more than forty years after the eruption. The temperature had been decreasing every year, but Humboldt says that, in 1780, twenty years after the outburst, the heat was sufficient to light a cigar. About the year 1825, forty-four years later, Mr. Bullock found the cones still smoking.

When Schleiden visited it in 1846, eighty-seven years after the upheaval, the aspect of the mountain was as he has represented.

In connexion with this sudden upheaval of a volcano in modern times, it is the remarkable fact that the two rivers Cutimbo and San Pedro ran into the crater, and lost themselves below at the eastern limit of the plain, but afterwards re-appeared on the western limit as hot springs.

The instances of such volcanoes as Etna in Europe and Jorullo in South America, have been selected to assist your conception of the geological principles implied in the theory of craters of elevation, as presented to you in past lessons.

SCIENTIFIC AND CURIOUS.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

TRANSPARENT SOAP.—A patent has just been issued to Morgan W. Brown, of New York City, for the following method of making transparent soap:

Dissolve or melt any settled curd or grained soaps in any suitable vessel to which heat can be conveniently applied. As soon as the soap is melted and hot, pour it into twenty-five to thirty pounds of sal-soda, previously melted without water, to every hundred pounds of soap while hot. Agitate the soap and sal-soda and very thoroughly incorporate the paste at a low degree of heat, as it mixes much better than at a high degree. Now pour slowly from 100 to 125 pounds of concentrated glycerin to every 100 pounds of the soap. Keep up a moderate heat, and agitate the whole until it is a liquid, and thin as a sirup, and as soon as it forms a thin transparent fluid, let it settle well under cover, and draw off the settled fluid into the cooling molds or soap frames, when, as soon as it is cold and hard, it is cut into bars or cakes, in the usual manner, or cast in molds, press, etc.

THE PLANCHENSCOPIC—One of the latest improvements in medical practice is to make the patient swallow a lantern in order to enable the physician to see the inside of his body. This is literally throwing light on the seat of disease. The instrument, which is put down the throat, is called a planchroscope, and consists of a glass cylinder from which air has been exhausted, or which has been filled with nitrogen, hydron or carbonic acid, through which a voltaic current is sent. This is a light without heat, and when introduced by an esophagoscope into the stomach of a dog, enabled the spectators to see with perfect distinctness every detail of the animal's stomach. When introduced into the esophagus of a man, the skin became transparent, and the internal membrane of the deeply-seated hidden visceras became perfectly visible. The instrument has not been invented long enough to enable physicians to determine all the uses to which it may be put.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

Some fishermen use cotton for bait; so do some women.

Why wasn't Eve tried for stealing the apple?—Because there was no court of appeal-at law jurisdiction.

A kind-hearted Irishman, riding on horse-back to a mill, placed a bag of corn across his own shoulders, so as not to burden his horse with it.

A gentleman who recently traveled over a Western railroad, declared that it was the safest in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running in front of the train to drive off the cows and sheep.

An undertaker thus gratefully responds to a friend who had done him a favor, "If you ever want a coffin call on me. I shall be most happy to bury you and all your family at the lowest cost price!"

Warning.—A servant-girl told her master, the other morning, that she was about to give his wife warning and quit the house.—"Happy girl!" responded the indescribable brute, "would that I could give her warning, too!"

"Now then, sir," roared an angry barrister at a dull witness, "will you tell me which is the oldest—you or your brother?" "He is the oldest now, but if I live three years longer, we shall both be of the same age."

"If I catch you at this again," yelled an exasperated farmer at a boy whom he had detected stealing his fruit but failed to catch, "I'll shut you up in my ice-house—and—and—warm your jacket for you, you young vagabond!"

A town in Iowa, bears the name of Semicolonville. According to our old spelling-book, a traveler would have to stop there only "long enough to count two." The landlord should petition the Legislature to make it Periodville, requiring a full stop.

Safe Offer.—An eminent journalist of New York has offered for sale 1,000 dollars for a tale that will make his hair stand on end. Before ambitious authors enter the field of competition, it may be well for them to understand that the generous journalist is perfectly bald.

Pickled Snow.—A meteorological curiosity in the shape of salt snow, surprised the peasants at Sunyog, Hungary, some weeks ago. The cattle driven on the pasture partook of it with great avidity, and the peasants found it so salt that they filled a great quantity of jars with it. They hope it will soon rain beef, to be cured with the salt.

A Devonshire farmer catechising his lad one day on "the chief end of man," said, "Who made thee?" "God," answered the boy, and nodded his head.—What did God make thee for?" No reply. "Speak, munchance—what did God make thee for?" The boy looked up and said, "To drive th' hay cart to Crowboor, master.

Didn't Require it.—A clergyman was attending a soldier on his death-bed, in one of the hospitals in Washington, during the late war, when, observing a drummer in the same ward, whom he took for an invalid, he exhorted him to join them in prayer. "Thank'ee" rejoined the hero of the drumstick, "I do not require it, the doctor tells me I am getting better."

Wait a Bit.—There is a certain lady of rank and fashion in Paris who constantly believes herself to be dying. To her husband who is on a political mission, she recently sent the following telegram:—"Return instantly! I am very ill—dying!"—To which M. de replied, "Pressing business! Wait a fortnight!"—Madam de—has waited.

An Editor's Ears.—A Western paper says that the editor of its rival sheet went skating recently and broke through the ice. He went up to the cars, but the hole was not large enough to let him through. While he was waiting for some one to take him out his ears froze, and they have been amputated, and are now used for door-mats.

Horse versus Donkey.—A green servant-girl was told by her mistress to wash her clothes, and hang them on a horse to dry. Biddy O' Flannagan, having washed the articles, suddenly disappeared, and in about an hour returned leading a donkey. "What on earth," says the lady, "do you want that for?" "Och, sure," cried Biddy, "I could not find a horse, but I've got a donkey, and won't that do as well?"

A few days since a young lawyer was examining a bankrupt as to how he had spent his money. There were about three thousand dollars unaccounted for, when the lawyer put on a severe scrutinizing face, and exclaimed, with much self-complacency, "Now, sir, I what you did with that three thousand dollars?" The bankrupt put on a serio-comic face, winked at the audience, and exclaimed, "The lawyers got that!" The judge and audience were convulsed with laughter, and the counsellor was glad to let the bankrupt go.

Long Sermons.—A preacher, whose custom was to preach very long sermons, exchanged with one who preached but half as long. At about the customary time for dismissing the audience grew impatient and began to go out. This Hegira continued till all had left but the sexton, who stood it as long as he could, and then, walking up the pulpit stairs, said to the preacher, in a whisper, "When you get through, please look up, will you and leave the key at my house, next door to the church?"

DREAMS.

The earth was bright with fairest flowers,
The birds sang sweet on every tree;
I dwelt in an Elysian bower,
And everything seem'd fair to me.

But soon the bright scene pass'd away;
The sweet birds ceased to sing;
A rude voice sounded in my ear,
"Get up—you lazy thing!—Get up."

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E.L.T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.


SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year ........................................ $7.00
Per Half Year, 26 weeks ....................... 4.00

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT NEWS."
POETRY.

LOVE WITHOUT CHANGE.

The summer days are ended;
The afterglow is gone;
The nights grow long and sordid;
The winds begin to moan;
The pleasant leaves are fading;
The bonny swallow fills;
Yet welcome is the winter
That brings my love to me.

No voice of bird now ripples
The air; no wood-walk rings;
But in my happy bosom
The soul of music sings.
It sings of dearest heaven,
And summers yet to be;
Then welcome is the winter
That brings my love to me.

A world of gather’d sunshine
Is this warm heart of mine.
Where life hath heart the frugality,
And love hath hid the wine;
And though it leave no flower
In field, nor leaf on tree;
Yet welcome is the winter
That brings my love to me.

Last of all lingered Leofric, the great Earl of Mercia; and when all the rest had departed, he took the pale hand, that lay heavy on the coverlid, in his own, and said—

“Old foe, often stood we in Witan and field against each other; but few are the friends for whom Leofric would mourn as he mourns for thee. Peace to thy soul! Whatever its sins, England should judge thee mildly, for England beat in each pulse of thy heart, and her greatness was thy own!”

Then Harold stole round the bed and put his arms round Leofric’s neck and embraced him. The good old earl was touched, and he laid tremulous hands on Harold’s brow locks and blessed him.

“Harold,” he said, “thou succeedest to thy father’s power; let thy father’s fees be thy friends. Wake from thy grief; for thy country now demands thee—the honor of thy house, and the memory of the dead. Many even now plot against thee and thine. Seek the king demand thy right thy father’s earldom, and Leofric will back thy claim in the Witan.”

Harold pressed Leofric’s hand, and raising it to his lips replied—“Be our houses at peace henceforth and forever!”

Tostig’s vanity indeed misled him, when he dreamed that any combination of Godwin’s party could meditate supporting his claims against the popular Harold—not less did the monks deceive themselves, when they supposed, that with Godwin’s death, Godwin’s power would fail.

There was more than even the unanimity of the chiefs of the Witan, in favor of Harold; there was that universal noiseless impression throughout all England, Danish and Saxon, that Harold was now the sole man on whom rested the state—which, whenever it so favors one individual, is irresistible. Nor was Edward himself hostile to Harold, whom alone of that house, as we have before said, he esteemed and loved.

Harold was at once named earl of Wessex; and relinquishing the earldom he held before, he did not hesitate as to the successor to be recommended in his stead. Conquering all jealousy and dislike for Algar, he united the strength of his party in favor of the son of Leofric, and the election fell upon him. His election probably saved the state from a great danger, in the results of that angry mood and that irritated ambition with which he had thrown himself into the arms of England’s most valiant aggressor, Gryffyth king of North Wales.
The successor of the first great founder of a house succeeds to more than his predecessor's power, if he but know bow to wield and to maintain it. For who makes his way to greatness without raising foes at every step? and who ever rose to power supreme, without grave cause for blame? But Harold stood free from the enemies his father had provoked, and pure from the stains that slander or repute cast on his father's name. The sun of the yesterday had shone through cloud; the sun of the day rose in a clear firmament. Even Tostig felt at once the superiority of his brother; and after a strong struggle between baffled rage and covetous ambition, yielded to him as to a father. He felt that all Godwin's house was centered in Harold alone; and that only from his brother (despite his own daring valor, and despite his alliance with the blood of Charlemagne and Alfred, through the sister of Matilda, the Norman duchess), could his avarice of power be gratified.

"Deport to thy home, my brother," said Earl Harold to Tostig, "and grieve not that Algur is preferred to thee. For, even had his claim been less urgent, ill would it have beenseemed to us to arrogate the lordships of all England as our dues. Rule thy lordship with wisdom: gain the love of thy lieutenants. High claims hast thou in our father's name, and moderation now will but strengthen thee in the season to come. Trust on Harold somewhat on thyself more. Thou hast but to add temper and judgment to valor and zeal, to be worthy mate of the first earl in England. Over my father's corpse I embraced my father's foe. Between brother and brother shall there not be love, as the best bequest of the dead?"

"It shall not be my fault, if there be not," answered Tostig, humbled though chafed. And he summoned his men and returned to his domains.

Fair, broad, and calm set the sun over the western woodlands. And Hilda stood on the mound, and looked with undazzled eyes on the sinking orb. Beside her, Edith reclined on the aard, and seemed with idle hand tracing characters in the air. The girl had grown paler still, since Harold last parted with her on the same spot, and the same listless despondent apathy stamped her smileless lips and her bended head.

"See, child of my heart," said Hilda, addressing Edith, while she still gazed on the western luminary, "see, the sun goes down to the far deeps where Rana and Ægir watch over the worlds of the sea; but with morning he comes from the golden gates of the East and joy comes in his train. And yet thou thinkest, sad child, whose years scarce have passed into woman, that the sun, once set, never comes back to life! But even while we speak, thy morning draws near, and the dunness of cloud takes the hues of the rose!"

Edith's hand paused from its vague employment, and full droopingly on her knee;—she turned with an unquiet and anxious eye to Hilda, and after looking a few moments wistfully at the Vala, the color rose to her cheek, and she said in a voice that had an accent half of anger—

"Hilda, thou art cruel!"

"So is fate," answered the Vala. "But men call not fate cruel when it smiles on their desires. Why call'st thou Hilda cruel, when she reads in the setting sun the runes of thy coming joy?"

There is no joy for me," returned Edith, plaintively; "and I have that on my heart," she added, with a sud-
The Vala gazed on him with an earnest eye, that partook of admiration, and yet more of gloom; but she spoke not, and Harold resumed, "Let the dead rest, Hilda—proud names with glory on earth, and shadows escaped from our ken, submissive to mercy in heaven. A vast chasm have my steps overlooked since we met, O Hilda—sweet Edith—a vast chasm but a narrow grave." His voice faltered a moment, and again he renewed, "Thou weepest, Edith; ah, how thy tears console me! Hilda hear me! I love thy grandchild,—loved her by irresistible instinct since her blue eyes first smiled on me. I loved in her childhood as in her youth—in the blossom as in the flower. And thy grandchild loves me. The laws of the church proscribe our marriage, and therefore we parted, but I feel, and thy Edith feels, that the love remains as strong in absence: no other will be her wedded lord, no other my wedded wife. Therefore, with a heart made soft by sorrow, and, in my father's death sole master of my fate, I return, and say to thee in her presence, 'suffer us to hope still!' The day may come when under some king less enthralled than Edward by formal Church laws, we may obtain from the pope absolution for our nuptials—a day, perhaps far off; but we are both young, and love is strong and patient: we can wait." 

"O Harold," exclaimed Edith, "we can wait!" "Have I not told thee, son of Godwin," said the Vala solemnly, "that Edith's sake of life was enwoven with thine? Dost thou deem that my charms have not explored the destiny of the last of my race? Know that it is the decree of the fates that ye are to be united, never more to be divided. Know that there shall come a day, though I can see not its morrow, and it lies dim and afar, which shall be the most glorious of thy life, and on which Edith and fame shall be thine—the day of thy nativity, on which hitherto all things have prospered with thee. In vain against the stars preach the monk and the priest: what shall be, shall be. Wherefore, take hope and joy, O Children of Time. And now, as I join your hands, I betroth your souls."

Rapture unalloyed and unpropitious, born of love deep and pure, shone in the eyes of Harold, as he clasped the hand of his promised bride. But an involuntary and mysterious shudder passed over Edith's frame, and she leaned close, close for support on Harold's breast; and, as if by a vision, there rose distinct in her memory a stern brow, a form of power and terror—the brow and the form of him who but once again in her waking life the prophetess had told her she should behold. The vision passed away in the warm clasp of those protecting arms; and, looking up into Harold's face, she there beheld the mighty and deep delight that transfused itself at once into her own soul.

Then Hilda, placing one hand over their heads, and raising the other towards heaven, all radiant with bursting stars said in her deep and thrilling tones—"Attest the betrothal of these young hearts, O ye powers that draw nature to nature by spells which no galda can trace, and have wrought in the secrets of creation no mystery so perfect as love—attest it, thou temple thou altar!—attest it O sun and O air! While the forms are divided, may the souls cling together—sorrow with sorrow, and joy with joy. And when, at length bride and bridegroom are one—O stars, may the trouble with which ye are charged have exhausted its burthen; may no danger molest and no malice disturb, but, over the marriage bed, shine in peace O ye stars!"

Up rose the moon. May's nightingale called its mate from the breathless boughs; and so Edith and Harold were betrothed by the grave of the son of Cerdic. And from the line of Cerdic had come, since Ethelbert, all the Saxon kings who with sword and with scepter had ruled over Saxon England.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD AND NEW SYSTEMS OF TEACHING VOCAL MUSIC.

CONCLUDED.

ADVANTAGES OF THE OLD AND NEW SYSTEM COMPARED.

Musical works record the failure of many clever musicians who were fanatical enough to think they could produce a notation to supersede the old one; but found that after a sojourn of almost a life-time, that they were doomed to disappointment. The question arises, what would the world do with a variety of musical notations? The result would only be, that students of new systems could not understand each other's music, while the students of the old one could read and enjoy music in common all over the world.

The New York Musical Gazette published in 1868, in reviewing E. H. Farndham's system of his musical Galin Method observes: "The objection to any one of these new notations which meets us at the onset is, that after one has learned to read music written in it, he has gained almost nothing."

"The music of all civilized nations, is written and printed in a common notation, which is thus universal. Therefore, after one has learned the Galin, or any other system, he cannot read music as ordinarily printed." The Gazette further observes, "That one having a desire to acquaint himself with English literature, and to be able to read it at sight, might, therefore, as well learn the Greek alphabet."

"He could perhaps read it at sight, but it would be the Greek alphabet not the English. Whatever difficulty there may be in acquiring a knowledge of music it does not arise from the intricacy of its notation, and is not to be overcome by the invention of a new system of writing. Music would exist as a science and art, just as perfectly if it were unwritten, and had no notation."

As it is not Mr. Carwin's intention to compel his pupils to stick to the new notation further than an introduction to musical art, he is justified in introducing simplicity as an introduction. But it is clear when students do not progress from the new to the old, no system, be it ever so good, can make universal musicians.

Besides a vocal notation that does not take in instrumental music, must be alone, an imperfect one. The horizontal form would render it impossible to read rapid passages at sight, with instrumental, and even with vocal music there is a difficulty of enunciation.

Having thus reviewed these two popular systems, of vocal music, I feel justified in leaving the question of the relative value of "Old And New Systems" to the judgment of the reader.
NEW THEORIES OF CREATION.

At present there are two schools of philosophers in the world—neither of them, apparently, very respectful to Moses or the prophet; both professing to explain the exact principle upon which men, animals, plants, etc., are placed upon this earth.

The chief exponent of one school is Mr. Darwin, the celebrated author and chief propounder of the "Darwinian Theory." Some of the advocates of which, hold that all the successive races of man, birds, beasts and plants have been developed, or derived from no more than some half-a-dozen forms, at the beginning. Others of that school do not go so far as this, but suppose that at least one type or grand-head was created as the parent of each species; thus: that possibly, all animals of the wolph-like kind have been derived from some wolph-like creature; or that all the varied specimens of the deer kind have, in the process of ages, been obtained from some one pair of creatures resembling the deer, stag, or antelope, and so of all the rest. It will be seen, that neither of these development theories are orthodox, but if the latter class were accused of opposing the Mosaic history, they would probably reply that the scriptural account does not define exactly whether the Almightly created a distinct parent of each variety of the species, or only one grand progenitor of the whole, from which every variety of that species has been obtained. For instance, it does not distinctly show whether a great ancestral Cat, Leopard or Tiger, was created separately to begin with, or whether all have been derived from some one cat-like animal. The most eminent of the believers of the Development school, however, hold that no distinct head of each species was created, but that a few simple forms of life, only very distantly resembling the present organizations were formed, which in turn have given birth to the thousand-fold varieties of creatures and plants around us to day.

One of the great baseworks of the Development theory is found by its disciples in Geology. In peeling the earth, (if we may use the expression) or theoretically stripping off its skin layer by layer, the Geologist asserts that as he descends towards the center of the globe, and thus goes down step by step, to what constituted the surfaces of the earth in earlier and still earlier ages, so he finds the remains of plants and animals embedded in the rocks, to be of a simpler and still simpler organization—until he comes down to a period when the only organized beings existing were the poor mollusks—creatures almost without shape or signs of life—at least without limbs of any kind. He then says he has reached the hidden surface of the earth, and again passes by the layers that have formed successively the floor of the earth in different periods of its formation, so he finds these shapeless creatures to be each superceded, or at least accompanied in turn, by something better and more highly organized still, until he comes to the present surface, where man, the crowning glory of creation, is found embodying within himself all the beauties and utilities of every form of being preceding him. In harmony with this it is asserted that in the rocks of the remotest period, he discovers the mollusk, in later ones the fish, then the reptile and bird, later still the mammal, and finally, not in the rocks, but above all—man himself. This arrangement the Development disciple, imagines to be nature's revelation of the very order in which these various forms or types of beings were introduced into existence and from which, during the geological periods of the earth's existence, he imagines, were evolved or developed all the forms of animal life this earth has ever displayed.

The same gradations of existence, supposed to be discovered in animals, are also asserted by this class to exist in plants. In the rocks formed in the remotest ages they find plants only of the most primitive and rudimentary kind, as mosses, ferns, etc. Traveling upward they come to vegetation of a more stately and developed order, progressing in exact correspondence to what one would suppose to be their relative values as specimens of Creative skill.

In different animal organizations, the Development believer imagines he can trace the very steps by which the most complicated and wonderful arrangements of the human form have been gradually reached. Take, for instance the foot with its numerous bones; he supposes he can discover the history of that foot in a backward direction among the lower order of beings, first in the imperfect foot of the monkey; then in the still less perfectly divided specimens of animal paws; until he comes to a foot with only two divisions in the case of the ox, and finally, to a single hoof with no division as that of the horse.

The conditions of the human brain, in its various stages of progress previous to birth, are also, sometimes referred to as an evidence in favor of these views. Whether fanciful or not, the human brain in this period of existence, is said successively to bear a resemblance to the brain of the different classes of creatures embedded in the rocks, in the order in which they are there found.

It would take more space than that at our command to fully explain the various methods by which nature is supposed to have developed new classes of creatures out of older and simpler forms. The best representatives of each variety of beast, bird and plant are supposed to have survived the dangers of existence and perpetuated a continually improving kind, while the poorer specimens would naturally perish out of the way. New varieties of species are accounted for by the power of adaptation possessed by nature to fit each creature to fresh conditions of life. Just as the skin of the mechanic is made to harden, and the muscle of the laborer to expand to meet his necessities so teeth, wings, limbs, etc. are imagined to have been produced by prolific nature to meet new conditions of existence—not perfect but only rudimentary at first, each generation developing the wing, tooth, or limb more perfectly, until, in the course of countless ages the matchless organizations upon which we gaze with speechless admiration were exhibited on our globe.

It is not our purpose to dispute or approve of any of these views, but simply to gather up from all sources the novelties of thought as evolved in the rapid age, presenting them for the judgment of our readers. Without attempting to controvert the opinion of the Development philosophers, we may re
mark that although creatures in almost every stage of limb and feature can be found, no experience can yet certify to the transition of any one form to another no matter how nearly allied.

In our next we will present the theories of quite an opposite school. The truth may possibly be found somewhere between the two

Notice.—After this date, we will credit any of our subscribers on their account one dollar for the name of every new subscriber, forwarded by them to us, who will take the Magazine from the beginning.

FOUL PLAY

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAULT. [CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XII.

"Hold your tongue," said Welch, with an oath.

Mr. Hazel looked at Miss Rolleston, and, as if at her. It was a momentary glance, and her eyes sank directly, and filled with patience tears.

For the first few minutes after the Proserpine went down, the survivors sat benumbed, as if awaiting their turn to be engulfed.

They seemed so little, and the Proserpine so big; yet she was swallowed before their eyes, like a crumb. They lost, for a few moments, all idea of escaping.

But, true in that, that, "while there’s life there’s hope;" and, as soon as their hearts began to beat again, their eyes roved round the horizon, and their elastic minds recollected at despair.

This was rendered easier by the wonderful beauty of the weather. There were men there who had got down from a sinking ship, into boats heaving and tossed against her side in a gale of wind, and yet been saved; and here was all calm and delightful.

To be sure, in those other shipwrecks, land had been near, and their greatest peril was over when once the boats got afloat of the distressed ship without capsizing. Here was no immediate peril; but certain death menaced them, at an uncertain distance.

Their situation was briefly this. Should it come on to blow a gale, these open boats, small and loaded, could not hope to live. For before they had two chances for life, and no more, they must either make land—or be picked up at sea—before the weather changed.

But bow? The nearest known land was the group of islands called Juan Fernandez, and they lay somewhere to leeward; but distant more than one thousand miles, and should they prefer the other chance, then they must beat three hundred miles and more to windward; for Hudson, notwithstanding the leak, as is supposed, had run the Proserpine fully that distance out of the track of trade.

Now the ocean is a highway—in law; but, in fact, it contains a few highways, and millions of by-ways; and once a cockleshell gets into those by-ways, small indeed is its chance of being seen and picked up by any passing vessel. Wylie, who was leading, lowered his sail, and hesitated between the two courses we have indicated. However, on the cutter coming up with him, he ordered Cooper to keep her head north-east, and so run all night. He then made all sail he could, in the same direction, and soon outsailed the cutter. When the sun went down, he was about a mile ahead of her.

Just before sunset, Mr. Hazel made a discovery that annoyed him very much. He found that Welch had put only one bag of biscuits, a ham, a bag of spirits, and a small barrel of water, on board the cutter.

He repudiated with him sharply. Welch replied that it was all right; the cutter being small, he had put the rest of her provisions on board the long boat.

"On board the long boat," said Hazel, with a look of wonder. "You have actually made our lives depend on that roundel! Wylie again. You deserve to be flung into the sea. You have no forethought yourself; yet you will not be guided by those that have it."

Wylie hung his head a little at these reproaches. However, he replied, rather gruffly, that it was only for one night; they could signal the long boat in the morning, and get the other bags, and the cask, out of her. But Mr. Hazel was not to be appeased.

"The morning! Why, she sails three feet to our two. How do you know he won’t run away from us? I never expect to get within ten miles of him again. We know him; and he knows we know him."

Cooper got up, and patted Mr. Hazel on the shoulder, soothingly. "Boat hook ast," said he to Welch.

He then, by an ingenious use of the boat-hook, and some of the spare canvas, contrived to set out a studding-sail on the other side of the mast.

Meantime he held him warmly. "But, oh, Cooper! Cooper!" said he, "I’d give all I have in the world if that bread and water were on board the cutter instead of the long boat."

The cutter had now two wings, instead of one; the water bubbling loud under her bows marked her increased speed; and all fear of being greatly outsailed by her consort began to subside.

A slight sea-fret came on, and obscuréd the sea in part; but they had a good lantern and compass, and steered the course exactly, all night, according to Wylie’s orders, changing the helm every four hours.

Mr. Hazel, without a word, put a rag round Miss Rolleston’s shoulders, and another round her feet.

"Oh, not both, sir, please," said she.

"Am I to be discovered by everybody?" said he.

Then she submitted in silence, and in a certain obsequious way that was quite new, and well calculated to disarm anger. Sooner or later, all slept, except the helmsman.

At day-break, Mr. Hazel was wakened by a loud hail from a man in the long boat.

All the sleepers started up.

"Long boat not in sight!"

It was too true. The ocean was blank; not a sail, large or small, in sight.

Many voices spoke at once.

"He has carried off till he has capsized her."

"He has given us the slip."

Unwilling to believe so great a calamity, every eye peered and stared all over the sea. In vain. Not a streak that could be a boat’s hull, not a speck that could be a sail.

The little cutter was alone upon the ocean. Alone, with scarcely two days’ provisions, one thousand miles from land, and eight hundred miles of land on the nearest sea-road.

Hazel, seeing his worst forebodings realised, sat down in moody, bitter, and bustling silence.

Of the other men some raged, and cursed. Some wept aloud, wept.

The lady, more patient, put her hands together, and prayed to Him, who made the sea, and all that therein is. Yet her case was the cruellest. For she was by nature more timid than the men, yet she must share their desperate peril. And then to be alone with all these men, and one of them had told her that her name was a Wednesday, and hated the man she was betrothed to! Shame tortured this delicate creature, as well as fear. Happy for her, that of late, and only of late, she had learned to pray in earnest.

It was now a race between starvation and drowning, and either way death stared them in the face.

CHAPTER XIII.

The long boat was, at this moment, a hundred miles to windward of the cutter.

The fact is, that Wylie, the evening, had been secretly perplexed as to the best course. He had decided to run for the island; but he was not easy under his own decision; and, at night, he got more and more discontented with it.

Finally, at nine o’clock, p.m., he suddenly gave the order to luff and tack, and by day-break he was at the place where the Proserpine went down; whereas the cutter, having cut out before the wind all night, was, at least, a hundred miles to leeward of him.

But he was not sure he was taking the best or safest course. The cutter might be saved, after all, and the long boat lost.

She contained one man at least who knew he had scuttled the Proserpine; and therefore it was all important to him to get to
London before her, and receive the two thousands, which was to be his reward for that abominable act.

But the way to get to London before Mr. Hazel, or else to the bottom of the ship before him, was to get back into the sea-road, at all hazards.

He was not aware that the cutter's water and biscuit were on board his boat; nor did he discover this till noon next day. And, on making this fearful discovery, he showed himself himself, and then sat, staring wildly. Finally, like a true sailor, he got to the run, and stupified his agitated conscience for a time.

While he lay drunk, at the bottom of the boat, his sailors carried out his first instructions, beheading southward right in the wind's eye.

Five days they boat to windward, and never saw a sail.

Then it fell dead calm; and so remained for three days more.

The men began to suffer greatly from cramps, owing to their number and confined position. During the calm, they rowed all day, and with this, a light weatherly breeze that sprung up, they got into the sea-road again; but having now sailed three hundred and fifty miles to the southward, they found a great change in the temperature; the nights were so cold that they had to huddle together to keep a little warmth in their bodies.

On the fifteenth day of their voyage it began to rain and blow, and then they were never a whole minute out of peril. Hazel, for ever observing, would ease her at her greatest cost; and, with all this care, the spray eternally flying half way over her mast, and often a body of water making a clean break over her, and the men bailing night and day with their very hats, or she could not have lived an hour.

At last, when they were almost dead with wet, cold, fatigue, and danger, a ship came in sight, and crept slowly, about two miles to windward of the distressed boat. With the beave of the waters they could see little more than her sails; but they ran up a bright bandana handkerchief to their mast-head; and the men stowed off to and fro. She hoisted Dutch colors, and continued her course.

Then the poor abandoned creatures wept, and raved, and cursed, in their phrenzy, glaring after that cruel, shameless man, who could do such an act, yet hoist a color, and show of what nation he was the native—and the disgrace.

But one of them said not a word. This was Wylie. He sat shivering, and remembered how he had abandoned the cutter, and all on board. Loud sighs broke from his laboring breast; for he now saw the margin of his ruin, and seemed written in fire on the night of clouds, and howled in his ears by the wind—Retribution!

And now came a dirty night—to men on ships; a fearful night to Wylie, who was the last man on the watch. The boughs of the willows, that broke over them every minute; their light was washed out; their provisions drenched and spoiled; bales as they would, the boat was always filling. Up to their knees in water; cold as ice, blinded with spray, dejected with fear, in constant presence of a mummy, and seemed to be waiting and cursed, and cursed, the water, and cursed, and cursed, and cursed, and cursed.

Day broke, and the first sight it revealed to them was a brig to windward staggering along, and pitching under close-reefed topsails.

They started up, and waved their hats, and cried aloud. But the wind carried their voices to leeward, and the brig staggered on.

They ran up their little signal of distress; but still the vessel staggered on.

Then the miserable men shook hands all round, and gave themselves up for lost.

But, at this moment, the brig hoisted a vivid flag all stripes and stars; and altered her course a point or two.

She crossed the boat's track a mile ahead, and her people looked over the bulwarks, and waved their hats to encourage those tossed and desperate men.

Having thus given them the weather gage, she hove-to for them.

They ran down to her, and crept under her lee; down came ropes to them, held by friendly hands, and friendly faces abone down at them; eager grasps seized each as he went up the ship's side, and so, in a very short time, they sent the woman up, and the child being all sail, and close topmasts, they were safe on board the whaling brig Maria, Capt. Slocom, of Nantucket, U.S.

Their log, compass, and instruments, were also saved.

The boat was cast adrift, and was soon after seen bottom upwards on the crest of a wave.

The good Samaritan and the Maria supplied them with dry clothes out of the ship's stores, good food, and medical attendance, which was much needed, their legs and feet being in a deplorable condition, and their own surgeon crippled.

A south-easterly gale induced the American skipper to give Cape Horn a wide berth, and the Maria soon found herself three degrees south of that perilous coast. There she encoun-
tered field-ice. In this labyrinth they dodged and worried for three days and nights, running a chance of being frozen in, a chance of which he promptly availed himself; and in forty hours they sighted Terra del Fuego.

During this time, the rescued crew having recovered from the effects of their hardships, fell to in the work of the ship, while the good Samaritan handled them, freely, with short-handed; but trimmed and handled by a full crew,—and the Proserpine's men, who were first-class seamen, worked with a will because work was no longer a duty,—she exhibited a spectacle that was almost forgotten in the craft. Now speed at sea means economy, for every day added to a voyage is so much off the profits. Slocom was part owner of the boat, and hurriedly alive to the value of the seamen.

When ab out three hundred miles south of Buenos Ayres, Wylie had given them a letter to Captain Slocom, from whence they might be transferred to a vessel bound for home. This was objected to by Slocom, on the ground that by such a devia-
tion from his course he must lose three days, and the port-
dues at Buenos Ayres were heavy.

Wylie undertook that their friend Wardlaw and Son should indemnify the brig for all expenses and losses incurred.

Still the American hesitated; at last he honestly told Wylie he wished to keep the men; he liked them—they liked him. He then said he had no objection to join his ship, and sign articles for a three years' voyage, but they did not thereby forfeit the wages to which they would be entitled on reaching Liverpool. Wylie went forward and asked the men if they would take service with the Yankee captain. All but those three had families in England, and refused. The mate gave the orders for release, and an order on Wardlaw & Co. for their full wages for the voyage; then they signed articles with Captian Slocom, and entered the American Mercantile Navy.

Wylie was sitting on the taffrail, and conversing with Slo-
com. when the look-out forward sung out, "Sail ho!"

Another voice almost simultaneously yelled out of the fog, "Port your helm."

Suddenly, out of the mist, and close aboard the Maria, ap-
ppeared the hull and canvas of a very large ship. The brig was crossing her course, and her great bowprit barely missed the brig's mainmast. It stood for a moment over Wylie's head. He looked up, and there was the figure-head of the ship looming almost with a reach. It was a colossal green woman; on arm extended grasped a golden harp, the other was pressed to her head in the attitude of holding back her wild and flowing hair. The face seemed to glare down upon the two men; in men, a moment the monster, gilding on, just missing the brig, was lost in the fog.

"That was a narrow squeak," said Slocom.

Wylie made no answer, but looked on in the darkness after the vessel.

He had recognised her figure-head.

It was the Shannon!!

CHAPTER XIV.

Before the Maria sailed again with the men who formed a part of Wylie's crew, he made them sign a declaration before the English Consul at Buenos Ayres. This document set forth that they were British subjects; that they were cast away; it was artfully made up of facts, enough to deceive a naive listener; when Wylie read it over to them, he stuttered over certain parts, which he took care, also, to express in language above the comprehension of such men. Of course, they assented eagerly to what they did not understand, and signed the declaration con-
scientiously.

So Wylie and his three men were shipped on board the Bow-
dices, bound for Liverpool, in Old England, while the others sailed with Captain Slocom for Nantucket, in New England. The Boudicca was a clipper laden with hides and a miscellaneous cargo. After seventeen days she flew before a southerly gale, becalmed on her best sailing point, and after one of the shortest passages she had ever made, she lay-to outside the bar, off the Mersey. It wanted but one hour to daylight, the tide was flowing; the pilot sprang aboard.

"What do you mean by cutting off the master?"

"Fifteen feet, barely," was the reply.

"That will do," and the vessel's head was laid for the river.

The passenger passed a large barque, with her top-sails backed.

"Ay," remarked the pilot, "she has waited since the half-ebb; there ain't more than four hours in the twenty-four that such craft as that can get in."

"What is she? An American liner?" asked Wylie, peering through the gloom.

"No," said the pilot; "she's an Australian ship. She's the Shannon, from Sydney."

The mate started, looked at the man, then at the vessel. Twice the Shannon had thus met him, as if to satisfy him that his object had been attained, and each time she seemed to him not an insubstantial thing, but a silent accomplice. A chill of fear struck through the man's frame as he looked at her. There she lay, and in her hold were safely stowed £181,000 in gold, marked lead and copper.

"Tell me the factor's orders to effect him on board; he landed, and having bestowed his companions in a sailors' boarding-house, he was hastening to the shipping agents of Wardlaw & Son to announce his arrival and the fate of the Prosperine."

"The ship is in the dock, there is no urgent need to effect him on board—why not be the bearer of his own news? He did require to turn the idea twice over, but resolved for many reasons to adopt it. As he hurried to the railway-station, he tried to recollect the hour at which the early train started; but his confused mind failed to perform the function of memory. The Shannon dazed him."

As the railway-station he found that a train had started at 4 a.m., and there was nothing until 7.30. This check sobered him a little, and he went back to the docks; he walked out to the observer of that noble line of berths, and sat down on the verge with his legs dangling over the water. He waited an hour; it was six o'clock by the great dial at St. George's Dock. His eyes were fixed on the Shannon, which was running up the river, the name painted on the stern. The few sails were made to give her steerage, fell. Her anchor-chain rattled, and she swung round with the tide. The clock struck the half-hour; a boat left the side of the vessel, and made straight for the steps near where he was seated.

"You are the captain of the Coxswain?" called a voice. He put his arm out, and, after exchanging a few words with the boat's crew, he mounted the steps which led him to Wylie's side, followed by one of the sailors, who carried a portmanteau.

He stood for a single moment on the quay, and stamped his foot on the broad stones; then hearing a deep sigh of satisfaction, he turned round—"Thank God!"

He turned towards Wylie.

"Can you tell me, my man, at what hour the first train starts for London?"

"There is a slow train at 7.30, and an express at 9."

"The express will serve me, and give no time for breakfast at the Adelphi. Thank you, good morning," and the gentleman passed on, followed by the sailor.

While looked after him; he noted that erect military carriage, and crisp, grey hair, and thick white moustache; he had a vague idea that he had seen that face before, and the memory troubled him.

At 7.30 Wylie started for London; the military man followed him in the express train, and caught him up at 12 yds; together they passed on, south of the station at Euston Square; it wanted a quarter to three. Wylie hailed a cab, but, before he could struggle through the crowd to reach it, a railway porter threw a portmanteau on its roof, and his military acquaintance took possession of it.

"All right," said the porter. "What address, sir?"

Wylie did not hear what the gent said, but the porter shouted it to the cabman, and then he did hear it.

"No. — Russell Square."

It was the house of Arthur Wardlaw! Wylie took off his hat, rubbed his frowzy hair, and gaped after the cab.

He entered another cab and told the driver to go to "No. — Fenchurch Street."

It was the office of Wardlaw & Son.

[To be continued.]

ADVENTURE WITH A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

After an inspection of the scaly monster, duly cared for in his chest, and swathed in blankets, Mr. R. became possessor of the head-alarmed, and as the steamer for Civita Vecchia, by which he intended to reach Rome, lay at her moorings not far off from the trader from Brazil, the chest and contents were soon transferred, and Mr. R. and his prize shortly after started. On arrival at Civita Vecchia, Mr. R., posing as an agent of the Government made the transfer of himself and luggage from the steamer to the railway for Rome a matter of small delay, and in the due course of travelling found himself at the gates of Rome.

Leaving his general luggage in the care of a servant, Mr. R. started in a hired carriage with his Brazilian prize for his residence in the Via, and on arrival, with the assistance of the coachman of the vehicle, he conveyed the chest and contents to his room, where he was left for the first time in quiet possession of the creature; but he dragged the chest into the middle of a large kitchen, and fastening the door for fear of interruption, unlocked the chest, and peeping within the folds of the blankets, contemplated with eager satisfaction the movements of the huge reptile. But, while he looked, and wondered at its vast girth, its huge folds wreathing one within the other suddenly the head appeared; and, whether from the long confinement, the shak- ing it had received, or feeling the incipient pangs of hunger, (longing for a feast of chicken or tender rabbit,) with one sharp hiss the creature slid from its wrappings and the shelter of its box, and was in a moment careering round the chamber.

Mr. R. watched with delight and pleasure scarcely to be imagined (except by such an enthusiast) the graceful movements of the beautiful creature, as, now running along the room at an incredible speed, and with its huge head thrown back and the furniture seemed to inspect each and every article separately, while its every movement was power, yet horrible in its grace. Mr. R. at last observed that the box leaving its movements among the furniture of the room, suddenly turned, and in a moment it was across the apartment; when, resting upon its coils, it reared itself up and confronted him—its head opposite to his, and its eyes gleaming fiercely into his own.

It dashed upon him in an instant that the reptile had possi- bly no knowledge of his being upon the board, and that hunger pressing it on obtaining liberty, he himself would be its first victim. He stood transfixed but for a moment whilst the perspiration burst from his forehead; and his lonely situation with the chamber door secured and the frightful chance of a terrible death, rose instantly to him. But that one moment only he paused, then threw himself at the snake, and clutched it by the neck with a grip such only as despair and horror could give. In that one moment we may faintly imagine, as it is said with drowning persons, or those in extreme peril, he lived his life over again years were comprised within the retrospect- tive glance of a second. In an instant the coils of the serpent were around his waist, he felt himself lost; but his presence of mind was not wholly gone, and he perceived that the tail of the creature was not coiled back over him, with with nervous despair, held it off with his other arm; then dragging himself away form the folds that were loosened, he dashed the serpent within the chest, and violently closing it, he threw himself, now breathless and horror-struck, upon the lid.

Here he sat not daring to move, for, as he argued, "Should I do so, again I may have to renew the struggle and no power can save me." By degrees, as he became composed, he found that he could reach a heavy chair, and with the help of that chair, he drew forward another, he placed upon the chest, adding other portions of furniture. Seeing the key of his chamber, he rushed to the door, unlocked it, and shouted for help. His servant had but then arrived with his effects, and other help was being summoned. He now raised the lid, removed the reptile into safer quarters. They cautiously lifted the lid; the captive did not stir; they touched the clannish folds, no corresponding writhing was seen. In line, the serpent was dead—kiln 1 by the convulsive clench with which Mr. R., in his struggle for dear life, had seized it.
HUMOROUS READINGS.

The oldest lunatic on record—time out of mind.
A long-headed man is never head-long.
Josh Billings says:—"The best cure I know of for tight boots is small feet."

Why is a man annoyed by a fool like one who falls into the sea? Because he is a man over-bored.

May not a bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather bed?

How to cook a Goose.—Suspend yourself in front of a brisk fire, and revolve carefully and regularly until you are done brown.

Husbandry.—The pleasantest husbandry known to man is said to be the destroying of weeds—a widow's weeds by marrying the widow, for instance.

A Person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order: "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under it: "Has been tried, and acquitted."

In Prison.—Mrs. Foote, mother of the immorta Sam Foote experienced the caprices of fortune nearly as much as her son. The following laconic letters passed between them:—"Dear Sam I am in prison." Answer: "Dear mother so am I."

In a meeting-house in which it was customary for the men to sit on one side of the room and the women on the other, there was so much talking, one Sabbath, that the minister had finally to speak of it—"I hope you'll take notice that it's not on our side of the house," responded one of the women—"So much the better," said the minister, "so much the better, for then it'll be sooner over."

Taking a Shot at It.—"What are all those white things for?" inquired the lady Arabella on the day of the Review, pointing to the hammocks tied along the bulwarks of the ship. "Aw," responded Lord Fitzmoodle, "ships, you know want ballast, and those white things—aw—are sand bags, and they—aw—put 'em at the side to keep the vessel straight."

"How do ships weigh their anchors?" inquired the lady presently. Replied the gentleman, "Aw—spose they—aw—put 'em in the scales."

Titles of Books.—The title of a book ought somehow to express its character. In the sixteenth century, titles were very queer and quaint: "A Footpath to Felicity;" "A Swarm of Bees;" "A Plant of Pleasure and a Grove of Grace." In the time of Cromwell the names of Books were so odd as the names of men. In Praise God Barebone's library was "A Pair of Bellows to Blow off the Dust Cast upon John Fry." In Tribulation Butler's bookcase was "A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion Breathed out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel Known to Men by the Name of Samuel Fisher." In the will of Jeroboam Crandall, he bequeathed to his daughter Keziah, "A Reaping-Hook Well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation," which when examined turned out to be a book.

A FAMILY VOLUME.

With this number we complete the first volume of the Utah Magazine. A glance at the accompanying index will give the best idea of the variety and utility of its contents. Having served the purpose of a weekly entertainer, our subscribers have now a family volume ready for binding, and suitable for purposes of study or entertainment for years to come. Among the numerous stories that of Harold, when completed, will be found to bear reading again and again, and can be recommended to our youth as well as those with older heads for the beauty of its language and its historical information. The Keka of St. Peran will tell of the way they did things in the good old times at Rome; while Fool Play will give its readers a splendid idea of sea life and enough sensation to keep them awake. Charles Dickens' pathos and humor will alternately make them cry and laugh, while Valentine Vox will supply everyone all they want of practical jokes. To our young folks PANTOMIMES will be an inexhaustible fund of amusement and tend to create a reliif for home.

The student will, we trust, find something for reflection in the Editorial descriptions of Curious Creeds, National Traits, and the Novelties of modern science; as also in the articles on Geology, Music, and French—while the practical man—Farmer, or Mechanic, will discover instructions suitable for their calling; and the no less practical lady, some useful directions for the parlor, or kitchen table.

When the above is added, a batch of small but striking tales, Exciting Adventures, Humorous Readings, Sentimental and Comic Poetry, and a host of taking selections from the best Magazines of the day. We believe that in the first Volume of the Utah Magazine we present a volume worth preservation in the Family Library.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

About two months ago we sent East for the paper for our second Volume, up till within a few days we have been anticipating its arrival in time to continue our issue without a day's suspension. As there now seems to be a possibility of some little delay in its arrival, we present the following note from Messrs. Godbe and Mitchell on the subject. Should the paper not arrive in time for our regular issue (which we hope will not be the case) we trust our readers will bear with us in the interval.

PUBLISHER Utah MAGAZINE
EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, July 2nd, 1868.

INVITATION of the paper for your second volume were received from New York some weeks ago, and trains chartered by us to fetch it and other goods left this day under contract to be at the Railway by the 16th of June last. One train at least, we know to be now on its way back. We anticipate your paper will be in with but little delay to your subscribers, but cannot give the exact date.

GODBE & MITCHELL.

We now take pleasure in notifying our readers, that the next volume will contain an increased number of Editor. And other aid in prospect, we hope to present in Volume 2, a still more interesting and engaging visitor to their homes. Will our friends help us to this end?

NOTICE.—Our subscribers will confer a favor by forwarding us any pay at their command no matter how trivial in amount.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

E. L. T. HARRISON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
SALT LAKE CITY, U. T.

TERMS.

Per Year $7.00
Per Half Year, 26 weeks $4.00

PRINTED AT THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE "DESSERT FRESHING FACTORY,"
PREFACE.

With the completion of the Second Volume, herewith presented to our readers, we make the circuit of a year in the history of Magazine Literature in Utah, during which period we have received an amount of encouragement greater than could have been anticipated under the circumstances.

Owing to the non-fulfilment of special orders to our paper manufacturer East, and our remoteness from the great paper markets of the country, the present Volume labors under the disadvantage of being printed on paper as inferior to our first Volume as we intend it to be to all our future ones.

We shall commence our Third Volume with the pleasurable assurance that we have passed the rubicon, and that the existence of the Magazine is no longer problematical. We commence at a period when the shriek of the Engine in our Valley announces the close of our era of isolation as a community—the commencement of a period which we confidently assert will yet find Utah as much distinguished for Art, Science, and Literature, as she already is for her grand Theology.

That in the accomplishment of this great future the Utah Magazine may play a useful part as the "HOME JOURNAL OF THE PEOPLE" is the sincere wish

Of the

PUBLISHER.
CONTENTS.

ADVENTURE with a Serpent. 29
At Home. 115

BRIGHTON and his Problem. 66
Bordell versus Pickwick. 71. 82
Bogus Titles. 138
Beauty of Virtue. 179
Boncinianl and Shakespear. 187

CORRECTNESS of a Sensuous Religion. 30
Crocodiles, Tame. 35
Capital and Labor. 78
Coast of Panama, The. 137
Chinese Spiritual Mediums. 161
Christmas Pantomine, A. 180

DIAMOND Stealers, The. 248, 260, 272, 284, 296, 305
Down in the Tombs of Egypt. 16
Death, Natural Causes of. 65
Drama of the Gods, The. 108
Dinner for the Poor, A. 113
Diamond cut Diamond. 132
Days without Nights. 137
Dancing Parties and the Ladies. 210
Does the World Advance. 246

EDITORIALS:

Brigham and his Problem. 66
Bogus Titles. 138
Boncinianl and Shakespear. 187
Correctness of a Sensuous Religion. 30
Capital and Labor. 78
Dancing Parties and the Ladies. 210
Does the World advance. 246
Era of Isolation, The. 102
Is it Orthodox. 223
Is the World advancing. 246, 238, 270, 282
Marriage and Giving in Marriage. 126, 150, 162
Mohammed and his Mission. 18

New Theories of Creation. 6
Not Forgotten. 211
Our Shakespearian Revival. 174
Signs of Character. 51
Spiritualism and Priesthood. 199
To our Home Manufacturers. 90
To our Patrons. 301

Universal Man. 111
World's Earnest Men, The. 42
Woman and Plural Marriage. 150, 162

EDITORIAL NOTES:

First Utah built Steam Engine. 125
Utah Grapes. 125
The Beehive Songster. 101
The next Volume of the Magazine. 166
An Invitation to all. 210
Items from the Elders' Journals. 233
Saxey's Articles. 234
Demosten's Monthly. 234
Misake a Prospectus. 247
Saxey's History. 259
Fifteenth Ward Educational Solicitor. 294
Additional Attraction. 295

Era of Isolation, The. 102
Edmund Kean, Incidents in the Life of. 149
Elder's Journals, Items from. 238

FOOT PLAY 7, 19, 30, 43, 56, 68, 79, 91, 103, 116
127, 139, 151, 164, 176, 188, 200, 212, 244, 236

Family Literature. 104
Fakie who was Buried Alive, The. 112

GEOLGY, LESSONS in. 5, 28, 53, 75, 100, 124
Gutta Percha Tree, The. 41

HAROLD 1, 13, 25, 31, 49, 61, 73, 85, 97, 109,
121, 133, 145, 157, 169, 181, 193, 205, 217,
229, 241, 253, 265, 271, 289, 301

Hanging Gardens of Babylon, The. 34
Hair, The. 59

Is it Orthodox. 223
Is the World advancing. 246, 258, 270, 282

JAPANESE, Customs of the. 76
Josh Billings' Papers. 171
Jingle. 245

LESSON in Love, A. 11
Lion in his Old Age, The. 60
Late Deliveries. 125
Louis XVI and Marie Antionette. 143
Lesson on Physics, A. 144
Last Days of King Theodore. 209

LADIES' TABLE.

Knotting. 48
Lace-work. 60
CONTENTS.

Guipure Edging in Tatting........................................... 72
Receipts............................. 132 168
Insertion for Babies’ Garments in Crochet.............. 216

MOHAMMED and his Mission......................................... 18
Man, Every.................................................. 65
Mammoth Cave, The............................................. 72
Mother’s Blessing, The........................................... 106
Moon and the Weather, The................................. 113
Marrying and Giving in Marriage 126, 150, 162
Mysteries, Bed, The............................................. 192

New Theories of Creation........................................ 6
New Theory of the Polar Regions............................. 51
Narrow Escapes.................................................. 88
Nobility of Blood............................................... 197
Not Forgotten..................................................... 211
Norwegian Peasant Costume.................................. 220
Novels with Illustrations..................................... 234

"Our Jailed Man".................................................. 24
And Store Pay.................................................. 131
In Wells, Fargo & Co’s Coach................................. 131
In the Flour Trade.............................................. 186

Our Shaksperean Revival......................................... 174
Oliver Cromwell.................................................. 255
Oaths of Different Nations.................................. 264

PENUTRICATION POINTS.............................................. 84
Power of Gentleness............................................. 144
Public Business.................................................. 156
Plancheette...................................................... 204, 216

PORTRAIT GALLERY:
Charles Dickens.................................................. 34
Wesley and Whitfield............................................. 41
Mrs. Le Vefri and Harriet Beecher Stowe................. 64
Meyerbeer......................................................... 84
Prince Imperial of France.................................... 111
Anne, Queen of Richard III.................................. 135
General Prim and the Spanish Revolution.................. 160
Lord Brougham.................................................. 228
Hogarth.......................................................... 244

Ride for Life, A..................................................... 10
Rafts on the Rhine.............................................. 36
Remarkable Meteor, A.......................................... 220

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH:
W. Jennings....................................................... 151, 196
Joseph A. Young.................................................. 208
Daniel Spencer.................................................. 232, 233
W. J. Sillers...................................................... 258
D. O. Calder....................................................... 268
T. E. Stenhouse.................................................. 268
John T. Calce...................................................... 269
Savage & Ottenger.............................................. 269
Dan, A. Weggeland.............................................. 269
Howard Eng......................................................... 269
Lot Smith.......................................................... 269
Seth M. Blair..................................................... 269
Philip Margents................................................... 300
Henry Bowring................................................... 303
Rep’s electric Boys of Utah—"Savy," 227, 239, 247, 251, 252, 254

SUMMER
Signs of Character.............................................. 54
Saved by a Whirlwind.......................................... 23
Sound, Curiosities of.......................................... 96
St. Petersburgh and Moscow Railroad was built how the

St. Peter’s and the Vatican...................................... 112
Steam Engine, First Utah built.............................. 125
Sierra Leone Wedding, A.................................... 119
Sensible Man, A.................................................. 180
Scheller, Madame.................................................. 198
Spiritualism and Priesthood.................................. 199
Saxey, Dig at...................................................... 251

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH:
Heber C. Kimball.................................................. 146
D. H. Wellis......................................................... 159
George A. Smith.................................................. 178
Willard Woodruff............................................... 178
Edward Hunter..................................................... 192

To Our Home Manufacturers................................... 90
Turtle and Turtle Eaters...................................... 120
Tough Stories, Some........................................... 183

UNIVERSAL Man.................................................... 114
Utah Grapes...................................................... 235

Valentine Vox at the Auction.................................. 46
WATER.......................................................... 40
Water and Life.................................................... 112
Woman, Sluts on.................................................. 149
Woman and Plural Marriage.................................. 150, 162
Woman’s Sphere in Utah....................................... 262

POETRY.
A Little Girl......................................................... 1
Autumn............................................................ 37
Beautiful Dreams............................................... 265
Childhood.......................................................... 26
Change............................................................. 49
Death................................................................. 145
Fame................................................................. 13
Good Bye.......................................................... 201
Happy Days......................................................... 391
In Memoriam...................................................... 192
Life’s Dreams...................................................... 5
Lines to a Favorite................................................. 169
Love Song.......................................................... 217
Life’s Voyage....................................................... 244
Lovelv work......................................................... 277
My Angel Dress.................................................... 265
My First Love...................................................... 289
Not in Vain......................................................... 85
Only Wailing...................................................... 121
Oh, Softly Sleep my Bonnie Bair................................ 228
Post’s Reasons, A.................................................. 157
Rose Bud, The...................................................... 168
Summer Land, The................................................ 17
Sunshine and Clouds............................................. 48
Spiritual and Physical, The.................................. 61
Sills in Heaven.................................................... 73
Song of Winter, A.................................................. 97
Sleighing............................................................ 215
They Name be Praised............................................. 223
United for Ever.................................................... 181
Whom God Hath Joined........................................... 109
What is True Love.................................................. 133

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.
Experiments in Galvanism, p. 12, 26—Secret Writing, 24—The Artificial Landscape, 48—Tape Trick, 60—A Powder which catches Fire when exposed to the Air, 72—to Make a Pyramid of Alum, 81—the Vanished Half-Dime 98—the Magnificent Bottle, 108—To Liquidate a Solid, 120—How to Make Colored Flames, 132—the Magnetic Table, 141—the Money Game, 150—Elasticity of Air, 152—to Tell the Number of Cards by the Weight, 193—Hot Water Lighter than Cold 216—an Egg put into a Phial, 234—How to Lift a Heavy Man, 240—the Card found at the Second Grace, 260
POETRY.

A LITTLE GIRL.

As sleepeth the odor in the rose,
When still a bud it gems the tree,
Ere yet its perfumed lips uncloose;
So sleepeth thy woman's love in thee.

The morn arises, and the flower
Unfurls its petals and is fair,
And lends with each advancing hour
A fresher fragrance to the air.

And long may thy serenest love
Make joyons all life's summer day,
Thine earth be fair as heaven above,
And thou more beautiful than they.

And other lips, perchance, shall praise
The perfect flower's perfect scent,
When lone I spend the far-off days
In self-inflicted banishment;

When I shall say, on hearing them
Who chant their hymn of praise to thee,
I knew the perfect parent stem,
I knew how fair the flower would be.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. DULWORTH LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

There was great rejoicing in England. King Edward had been induced to send Alfred the prelate to be court of the German emperor, for the heir presumptive to his throne, Edward Atheling, the son of the great Ironside. In his childhood, this prince, with his brother Edmund, had been committed by Canute to the charge of his vassal, the king of Sweden; where he remained forgotten in his exile, until now suddenly recalled to England as the presumptive successor of his childless namesake. He arrived with gatha his wife, one infant son Edgar, and two daughters, Margaret and Christina.

Great were the rejoicings. The vast crowd that followed the royal visitors in their procession to the old London palace (not far from St. Paul's,) in which they were lodged, yet swarmed through the streets, when two thegns, our old friends, Vebba and Godrith, who had personally accompanied the Atheling from Dover, and had just taken leave of him, now sat in a tavern near old London bridge refreshing themselves and discussing the dainties of the season.

"Well, Vebba, and how likest thou the Atheling? he is of the old line," said Godrith.

The Kent man looked perplexed, and had recourse to the ale which he preferred to all more delicate liquor, before he replied.

"Why he speaks English worse than king Edward, and as for his boy Edgar, the child can scarce speak English at all. And then their German caroles and dithers! As I had known what manner of folk they were, I had not spent my mauncuses in running from my homestead to give them the welcome. But they told me that Harold the good earl, had made the king send for them: and whatever the earl does, must I thought be wise, and to the weal of sweet England."

"That is true," said Godrith with earnest emphasis, for, with all affection of Norman manners, he was thoroughly English at heart, and was now among the staunchest supporters of Harold, who had become no less the pattern and pride of the young nobles than the darling of the humbler population—"that is true, and Harold showed us his noble English heart when he so urged the king to his own loss."

As Godrith thus spoke, nay, from the first mention of Harold's name, two men richly clad, but with their bonnets drawn far over their brows, and their long gonnas so worn as to hide their forms, who were seated at a table behind Godrith, and had thus escaped his attention, had paused from their wine cups, and they now listened with much earnestness to the conversation that followed.

"How to the earl's loss?" asked Vebba.

"Why, simple thegn," answered Godrith, "why, suppose that Edward had refused to acknowledge the Atheling as his heir, suppose the Atheling had remained in the German court, and our good king died suddenly—who, thinketh thou, could succeed to the English throne?"

"Marly, I have never thought of that at all," said the Kent man scratching his head.

"No, nor have the English generally; yet whom could we choose but Harold?"

A sudden start from one of the listeners was checked by the warning finger of the other; and the Kent man exclaimed—"Body o' me! But we have never chosen king
(save the Danes) out of the line of Cedric. These be new cranks, with a vengeance; we shall be choosing German, or Saracen, or Norman next!

"Out of the line of Cedric! but that line is gone, root and branch, save the Atheling, and he thou seest is more German than English. Again I say, failing the Atheling, whom could we choose but Harold, brother-in-law to the king; descended through Githa from the royalties of the Norse, the head of all armies under Herliam, the chief who has never fought without victory, yet who has always preferred conciliation to conquest—first counselor in the Witan—the first man in the realm—who but Harold? answer me, staring Vebea?"

"I take in thy words slowly," said the Kent man, shaking his head, "and after all it matters little who is king so he be a good one; Yes, I see now that the earl was a just and generous man when he made the king send for the Atheling. Drink hail! long life to them both!"

"Washed," answered Goddrith, draining his hogs to Vebea's more potent ale; "long life to them both! may Edward the Atheling reign, but Harold the earl rule! Ah, then, indeed, we may sleep without fear of fierce Algar and still fierce Gryffith the Walloon—now, who is true, are stilled for the moment, thanks to Harold."

"So little news hear I," said Vebea, "and in Kent so little are we plagued with the troubles elsewhere (for there Harold governs us, and the hawks come not where the eagle holds nest)!—that I will thank thee to tell me something about our old earl for a year, Algar the restless, and this Gryffith the Webley king, that I may seem a wise man when I go back to my homestead."

"Why, thou knowest at least that Algar and Harold were ever opposed in the Witan, and hot words thou hast heard, pass between them?"

"Marry, yes! But Algar was as little match for Earl Harold in speech as in sword play."

Now again one of the listeners started (but it was not the same one as before,) and muttered an angry exclamation.

"Yet he is a troublesome foe," said Goddrith, who did not hear the sound Vebea had provoked, "and a thorn in the side both of the earl and of England; and sorrowful for both England and earl was it, that Harold refused to marry Alyth, as his father, wise Godwin, counseled and wished.

"Ah, but I have heard stops and harpers sing pretty songs that Harold loves Edith the fair, a wondrous proper maiden they say!"

"It is true; and for the sake of his love he played ill for his ambition."

"I like him better for that," said the honest Kent man; "why does he not marry the girl at once; she hath broad lands, I know, for they run from the Sussex shore into Kent."

"But they are cousins five times removed, and the church forbids the marriage, nevertheless Harold lives Edith; they have exchanged the true-love, whispered that Harold hopes the Atheling becomes to be king, will get him the pope's n. But to return to Algar; in a day most gave his daughter to Gryffith, the most b-king the land ever knew, who, it is said content till he has won all Wales for himself without homage or service, and the Marches for a book. Well I see that Gryffith will never be a friend with the English, and that no handless stronger than Harold's can keep in check a spirit as fiery as Algar's: therefore did I wish that Harold might reign."

"Well," quoth the honest Kent man, "I hope nevertheless, that Algar will sow his wild oats, and drive the Wallonians to the hem of their own bowl, for, though he is not of the height of our Harold, a true Saxon, and we liked him well enough when we ruled us. And how is our earl's brother Tostig esteemed by the Northmen? It must be hard to please those who had Seward of the strong arm for their leader.

"Why, at first, when Harold secured to Tostig, the Northumbrian earl, Tostig went by his brother counsel, and ruled well and won favor. Of later, that the Northmen murmur. Tostig is a man, deed dour and hungry."

After a few more questions and answers on the news of the day, Vebea rose and said—

"Thanks for thy good-fellowship; it is time for now to be pumping homeward. I left my coals up horses on the other side of the river and must go them."

"But I should like to have said a kind word or two to Earl Harold—for he was too busy and too great to come across him in the old palace yonder, have a mind to go back and look for him at his house."

"You will not find him there," said Goddrith, "for he know that as soon as he hath finished his conference with the Atheling, he will leave the city; and I should be at his own favorite muse across the water at sea to take orders for repairing the forts and the dykes of the Marches. You can fancy awhile and meet us where we know his old lodge in the forest land?"

"Nay, I must be back and at home ere night. All things go wrong when the master is away."

"Indeed, my good wife will scold me for not having shaken hands with the handsome earl."

"Then shall not come under that sad infliction," said Goddrith, "for the good-natured Goddrith, who was pleased with the thegn's devotion to Harold, and who knew the great weight which Vebea, (homely and seemed) carried in his important county, was particularly anxious that the earl should honor so sturdion fellow. Then shall not some thy wife's kiss me."

For, look you, as you ride back you pass by a hall old house, with broken columns at the back."

"I have marked it well," said the thegn, "who have gone there in that way, with heap of queer stones, and a little billock, which they say the witches or the wraiths haed bowed together."

"The same. When Harold leaves London, I well towards that house will his road wind; for that lives Edith the swan-neck, with her garland grand, the Wican. If thou art there a little after moon, pend on it we will see Harold riding that way."

"Thank thee heartily, friend Goddrith," said Vebea taking his leave; "I see thou art a good Saxon, and a franklin of Kent—and so the saints keep thee."

Vebea then strode briskly over the bridge; Goddrith, animated by the wine he had drunk, turned gaily on his heel to look among the crowded table some chance friend with whom to while away another hour or so at the games of hazard then in vogue.
Sweeney had been turned, when the two listeners, who, having paid their reckoning, had moved under the shade of one of the arcades, dropped into a boat which they had summoned to the margin by a noiseless signal, and were rowed over the river. They preserved a silence which seemed thoughtful and gloomy until they reached the opposite shore, then one of them pushing back his bouquet, showed the sharp and haughty features of Algar.

"Well friend of Gryffyth," said he with a bitter accent, "thou hearest that Earl Harold counts so little on the oaths of thy king, that he intends to fortify the Marches against him; and thou hearest also that naught save a life as fragile as the reed which thy feet are trampling, stands between the throne of England and the only Englishman who could ever have humbled my son-in-law to swear oath of service to Edward."

"Shame upon that hour," said the other, whose speech, as well as the gold collar round his neck, and the peculiar fashion of his hair, betokened him to be Welsh. "Little did I think that the great son of Blewellyn, whom our hands had set above Roderic Mawr, would ever have acknowledged the sovereignty of the Saxons over the hills of Cyrmr."

"Tut, Meredydd," answered Algar, "thou knowest well that no Cymric ever deems himself dishonored by breaking faith with the Saxons; and we shall yet see the lions of Gryffyth searching the sheepfolds of Hereford."

"So be it," answered Meredydd, fiercely. "And Harold shall give to his Atheling the Saxon land, shorn at least of the Cymric kingdom."

"Meredydd," said Algar, with a seriousness that seemed almost solemn, "no Atheling will live to rule these realms! Thou knowest that I was one of the first to hail the news of his coming—I hastened to Dover to meet him. Methought I saw death writ on his countenance, and I bribed the German leech who attends him to answer my questions; the Atheling knows it not, but he bears within him the seeds of a mortal complaint. Thouittest well what cause I have to hate Earl Harold; and were I the only man to oppose his way to the throne, he should not ascend it but over my corpse. But when Godrich, his creature, spoke, I felt that he spoke the truth; and, the Atheling, dead on no head but Harold's can fall the crown."

"Ha!" said the Cymric chief, gloomily—"thinkest thou so indeed?"

"I think it not, I know it. And for that reason, Meredydd, we must wait not until he yields against us all the royalty of England. As yet, while Edward lives, there is hope. For the king loves to spend wealth on relics and priests, and is slow when the marriages are wanted for fighting men. The king too, poor man! is not so ill pleased at my outbursts as he would fain have it thought— he thinks, by pitting earl against earl, that he himself is the stronger. While Edward lives, therefore, Harold's arm is half crippled—wherefore, Meredydd, ride thou, with good speed, back to King Gryffyth, and tell him all I have told thee. Tell him the time to strike the blow and renew the war will be amid the dismay and confusion that the Atheling's death will occasion. Tell him that if we can entangle Harold himself in the Welsh doyles it will go hard but we will find some arrow or dagger to pierce the heart of the invader. And were Harold but slain—who then would be king of England? The line of Cerdic gone—the house of Godwin lost in Earl Harold (for Tostig is hated in his own domain, Leofwine is too light, and Gyrth too slight for such ambition;) who then, I say, can be king in England but Algar, the heir of the great Leofric? And I, as king of England, will set Cymry free and restore to the realm of Gryffyth the shires of Hereford and Worcester. Ride fast, O Meredydd, and heed well all I have said."

"Dost thou promise and swear, that wert thou king of England, Cymry should be free from all service?"

"Free as air, free as Arthur and Uther I swear it. And remember well how Harold addressed the Cymric chiefs, when he accepted Gryffyth's oath of service?"

"Remember it—ny," cried Meredydd, his face lighting up with extreme ire and revenge—"the stern Saxo said, 'Ifed well, ye chiefs of Cymry, and thou Gryffyth the king, that if again ye force, by ravage and rape, by sacrilege and murther, the majesty of England to enter your borders, duty must be done—God grant that your Cymric ion may leave us in peace—it not, it is mercy to human life that bids us cut the talons and draw the fangs.'"

"Harold, like all calm and mild men, ever says less than he means," returned Algar—"and were Harold king, small pretext would he need for cutting the fangs and drawing the fangs."

"It is well," said Meredydd, with a fierce smile, "I will go now to my men who are lodged yonder; and it is better that thou shouldst not be seen with me."

"Right; so St. David be with you—and forget not a word of my message to Gryffyth my son-in-law."

"Not a word," returned Meredydd, as with a wave of his hand he moved toward an hostelry, to which, as kept by one of their own countrymen, the Welsh habitually resorted in the visits to the capital which the various intrigues and discussions in their unhappy land made frequent.

The chief's train, which consisted of ten men, all of high birth, were not drinking in the tavern—for sorry customers to mine host were the abstruse Welsh. Stretched on the grass under the trees of an orchard that backed the hostelry, and utterly indifferent to all the rejoicings that animated the population of Southwark and London, they were listening to a wild song of the old heroic days from one of their number; and round them grazed the rough, shagged ponies which they had used for their journey. Meredydd, approaching, gazed round, and seeing no stranger was present, raised his hand to bough the song, and then addressing his countrymen, briefly in Welsh—briefly, but with a passion that was evident in his flashing eyes and vehement gestures. The passion was contagious; they all sprang to their feet with a low but fierce cry, and in a few moments they had caught and saddled their diminutive paltries, while one of the band, who seemed singled out by Meredydd, salled forth alone from the orchard, and took his way, on foot, to the bridge. He did not tarry there long; at the sight of a single horseman, whom a shout of welcome, on the swarming thoroughfare, proclaimed to be Earl Harold, the Welshman turned, and with a fleet foot regained his companions.

Meanwhile Harold smilingly returned the greetings
he received, cleared the bridge, passed the suburbs, and soon gained the wild forest land that lay along the great Kenilworth road. He rode somewhat slowly, for he was evidently in deep thought; and he had arrived about half-way toward Hilda's house when he heard behind quick pattering sounds, as of small cloven hoofs he turned and saw the Welshmen at the distance of some fifty yards. But at that moment they passed, along the road in front, several persons bustling into London to share the festivities of the day. This seemed to disconcert the Welsh in the rear and, after a few whispered words, they left the high road and entered the forest land. Various groups from time to time continued to pass along the thoroughfare. But still, over through the glades, Harold caught sight of the riders, now distant, now near. Sometimes he heard the snort of their small horses, and saw a fierce glaring through the bushes; then, as at the sight or sound of approaching passengers, the riders wheeled short, and shot off through the brakes.

The earl's suspicions were aroused; for the various insurrections in Edward's reign, had necessarily thrown upon society many turbulent disbandied mercenaries.

Harold was unarmed, save the spear— which, even on occasions of state, the Saxon noble rarely laid aside, and the ategbar in his belt; and, seeing now that the road had become deserted, he set spurs to his horse, and was just in sight of the Druid Temple, when a javelin whizzed close by his breast, and another transfixed his horse, which fell head foremost to the ground.

The earl gained his feet in an instant, and that haste was needed to save his life; for as he rose ten swords flashed around him. The Welshmen had sprung from their palfreys as Harold's horse fell. Fortunately for him, only two of the party bore javelins (a weapon which the Welsh wielded with deadly skill,) and, those already wasted, they drew their short swords, which were probably imitated from the Romans, and rushed upon him in simultaneous onset. Vexed in all the weapons of the time, with his right hand seeking by his spear to keep off the rush, with the ategbar in his left parrying the strokes aimed at him, the brave earl transfixed the first assailant, and sore wounded the next; but his tunic was dyed red with three gashes, and his sole chance of life was in the power yet left him to force his way through the ring. Dropping his spear, shifting his ategbar into his right hand, wrapping round his arm his gonna as a shield, he sprang fiercely on the onslaught, and on the flashing swords. Pierced to the heart full one of his foes— dashed to the earth another—from the hand of a third (dropping his own ategbar) he wrenched the sword. Loud roose Harold's cry for aid, and swiftly he strode toward the hilllock, turning back, and striking as he turned; and again fell a foe, and again new blood oozed through his own garb. At that moment his cry was echoed by a shriek so sharp and so piercing that it startled the assailants;—it arrested the assault; and ere the unequal strife could be resumed a woman was in the midst of the fray;—a woman stood dauntless between the earl and his foes.

"Back! Edith. O, God! Back, back!” cried the earl, recovering all his strength in the sole fear which that strife had stricken into his bold heart; and draw-
LESSEON IN GEOLOGY. — No. 17.

PHENOMENA OF VOLCANIC VENTS AND CONES.

In the crater of a volcano, and on the sides of a volcanic mountain, there are generally a great number of smaller vents, which emit nothing but aqueous vapours and corrosive gases. In the crater itself the lava may be burning and boiling for years, without either eruption of scoria or an overflow of lava.

In this case a multitude of small conical vents are formed, which rise out of the cooled surface of the molten lava; and these vents are constantly giving out plumes of smoke and sulphuric acid gas. Such a vent is called in Europe a Fumerole, or Moffet, and in Mexico, a Hornito, or small oven.

Besides these vents which are found within the circumference of the boiling crater, there are other vents produced, sometimes on the wall of the crater, and sometimes on the sides of the mountain. These are formed by the jets of scoria thrown up, and which in falling accumulate around the mouth of the vent.

You will have a better conception of these conical vents, which are formed in a lake of burning lava, if you fancy yourself upon the edge of the great crater Mount Vesuvius, and contemplate them in their terribler perspective. Before you reach the summit of Vesuvius from Naples, you arrive at a lofty cone. As you ascend the sloping sides of this cone, the whole scene appears to you to be nothing but a heap of loose materials, a mere heap of rubbish, thrown down and out in a disorderly manner. But when you reach the edge of the crater, and look on the cliffs stretching before you in the opposite walls of the chasm, you find that the volcanic materials, which have been successively thrown up, have been disposed in regular strata or strata, corresponding, first of all, with the spigging or dipping sides of the original cone, and then the various volcanic envelopes which have mantled over the preceding bed of cooled materials.

Suppose yourself to be on some elevated spot where you have a full view of the boiling crater below, and of the vents or fumeroles of different heights formed by the fall of jetted materials.

This crater of Vesuvius is perpetually changing its form. Before the year 1631, what is now a burning crater was an awful dingle or cleugh, five miles in circumference, and about one thousand feet deep. On the sides of the cliffs, a forest of brushwood grew luxuriously; and, on the bottom there where is now a lake glowing lava, there was a fine plain, furnishing pasturage which cattle browsed. In this plain there were three pools of water; one hot and bitter, the second, saltier than sea water; and the third, hot, but without any taste. But in December, 1631, the whole forest of brushwood on the sides, and the whole plain at the bottom, were blown up into the air with fearful explosions. The volcano then rested for nearly two years.

Again. Between 1800 and 1822, this vast crater was becoming gradually filled up by lava boiling upwards from below, and also by jets of cinders and ashes, which were falling down from the smaller vents which had been formed both in the centre of the crater, and on the sides or ledges of the cliffs. The result was, that, instead of a deep, regular cavity, there appeared once more at the bottom a rocky plain.

In October, 1822, a series of detonations, and of loud explosions, took place, and continued for nearly a month. The force from below broke up this rocky plain of lava blocks at the bottom, and hurled them all into the air, so as to leave behind a tremendous gulph or chasm of irregular form, but above three miles long, and three-fourths of a mile across, and stretching from north-east to south-west. Its depth was at first stupendous. It was supposed to be two thousand feet—about half the depth of Snowden. As, however, the walls or cliffs of the crater continued to fall in, the gulph became eventually less than half that depth. When this action of the volcano commenced, the summit of the cone around the crater was 4,200 feet high; but through the powerful activity of the fire such prodigious masses of the lofty mountain were worn down, that its elevation was reduced to that of 3,400 feet.

In the year 1834 the great crater had been filled up nearly to the brim with lava, which had swelled up from beneath, and which had consolidated, and had formed a plain, level and unbroken, except in one spot, where a small cone had been thrown up by the eruption of scoria, and which now appeared in the plain as a small island in a lake.

Eventually this plain of consolidated lava was, once more, burst into a fissure. Along the line of this fissure very numerous small cones were formed, and which, emitted vapour and scoria. It was supposed, at first, that these smaller cones began to be formed by a swelling from below, which caused an upheaval of the beds of lava previously resting horizontally and that this upheaval continued until the bed snapped, and allowed the gases and vapours to escape through the vent in the centre. This supposition was not established by fact. In 1834, a great subsidence of the lava that had filled the crater took place; in consequence of which the whole formation of the central cone was brought to light. It was then seen that the cone had not been formed by upheaval, but by the fall of cinders and ashes around the mouth of the vent.

LIFE'S DREAMS.

Childhood dreams, and smiles in sleep,
Dreams of home, just left awhile;
Angels their glad vigil keep.
Recognition wakes the smiles.

Youth hath dreams: fond dreams of love;
Dreams of earth, the shadowed past.
Just clouded life's impulses move
In translit orbit, swiftly cast.

Manhood dreams of riches, fame,
Ambition, power, these forces swell
Till pride of life and self, affame
Hath burned the record—memories toll.

So old age dreams, life's ebbing tide
Bids all the old dreams come once more.
While angels draw the veil aside
Of Home beyond times' rugged shore.

Thus Life is but a rounded dream
Its portals veil, unvel at will,
Immortal lives, and heavens bright gleam:
As Gods their purpose ends fulfill.
NEW THEORIES OF CREATION.

PART II.

From the doctrine of "Development" we now turn to present a brief sketch of the "Creatory Theory." At the head of this theory stands the great naturalist Professor Agassiz. It is called the "Creatory Theory" because most of its propounders hold that every species of animals or plants were originated upon this globe by a separate and distinct act of creation, instead of being derived or developed from other kinds. Professor Agassiz, however, carries this theory further than this. He holds that just as certain specimens of beasts and vegetation were created for special districts of the earth, and fitted for peculiar climes; so various species or races of men were especially created for different regions of the earth, and were placed in those regions as communities, each as peculiarly adapted to their special locality as the Elephant and the Lion to the plains of India, or the White Bear and the Seal to the polar regions. Upon what grounds Professor Agassiz rests his belief that mankind were originated in communities instead of commencing in single pairs in the respective localities which he supposes them to have been created for, we do not know; but his reasons for believing in the non-relationship of the races of mankind are clearly stated.

One of the reasons assigned by the Professor for disbeliefing in the common origin of mankind are, that certain races of men are confined to certain zoological limits the same as certain animals and plants; that is to say; peculiar races of men are found allotted to the regions assigned to peculiar species of animals etc.; hence, Professor Agassiz supposes, that plants, animals and man, are the special property of the respective portions of the globe upon which they are found, and were expressly created for them.

Another reason presented by Agassiz is based upon what he declares to be the actual differences existing between different races of men. He says: "I am prepared to show that the differences existing between the races of men are of the same kind as the differences observed between the different species of monkeys or other animals, and that these different species of animals differ as much in the same degree one from the other as the races of men; may, the differences between distinct races [of men] are often greater than those distinguishing species of animals one from the other. The chimpanzee and the gorilla do not differ more one from the other than the Mandingo and the Guinea negro; they together, do not differ more from the orang than the Malay or the white man differs from the negro."

At this fearful rate Agassiz launches at the question of the equal rights of men, so far as equal rights rest on the ground of similarity of origin. One would imagine that negro worshipers would hardly admire the great savan. He says that upon personal analysis and anatomy he is prepared to prove that the negro and the white man are not of the same race. That there is "as much difference between them as there is between the horse and the ass or the eagle and the owl;" that they are different in the very chemical materials of which the bones are composed; and he asserts a similar difference to exist between other races.

As remarked, all believers in the Creatory theory do not go this far. Most of such persons simply claim that by a distinct and special act of creation each species were introduced to this planet, in fact, that no one species was derived from another; in this respect, it will be seen that they are the exact opposites of the Developmental philosophers, who trace all the varieties of species from a few simple forms.

As we have said, the truth may be found somewhat between the two. Both Creatory and Developmental theories may be partially right. Taking birds for an illustration, the Scriptures state that the Almighty created "the fowl to fly in the midst of heaven"—but they do not say how many tribes or species were thus created. So far as the Scriptures are concerned there may have been only one kind then produced or there may have been fifty thousand, as they are classed under one head without any distinction whatever. There may, therefore, have been at that time, a distinct head of each of our present species introduced to the earth, and consequently this portion of the Creatory theory may be true in regard to the Adam creation. Then in respect to the ages in which the earth was preparing as an abode for man the Development theory may be more or less true. The simple order of beings may first have been introduced into its troubled waters; then as more peaceful times rolled over deep, the more developed fish may have appeared; then the reptile, inhabitant both of land and water, may "have dragged its slow length along after which the inhabitants of the air may for the time have winged their flight over seas and land and eaten their day; by which time a sufficiency of land having permanently appeared above the waters of the quadrupeds of every variety may have been introduced upon the scene. All of these species—fleas, lice, birds and beasts—huge and monstrous as we know them to be,—being unfitted for the times of peaceful man, by some grand, wise, redressive agent may then have passed away; and when the last ray of the earth from the bosom of the deep, and man's appearance on the soil, may have come the superior race of animals and plants around us to-day—settled with respect to their superior fitness for companionship with man upon the earth, and suitability to his times.

We are aware that these views do not fully satisfy the demands of either of these schools of philosophy; nor do we particularly wish to satisfy them; but simply wish to introduce the results of their respective studies to our readers, and show in what parts of the truth the truth may be found. And this we do because believe that all great and notable discoveries are the inspirations of God; and that it is impossible for the human mind to labor continuously and earnestly at any department of knowledge without discovering, at least, the germs of great and important truths calculated for the enlightenment of the world.

Notice.—Persons intending to discontinue their subscriptions, must return this number clean and uncut, or their names will be continued on our lists.
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES MADE AND DON DUCCIALLI.

CHAPTER XV.

Our scene now changes from the wild ocean and its perils, to a snug room in Fenchurch Street; the inner office of Wardlaw & Son; a large apartment, panelled with fine old mellow panelling, and well furnished; the furniture in keeping; the carpet, a thick Axminster of sober cut, the long sofa, co, very substantial; a large office table, with oak legs like very columns, substantial; two Milner safes; a globe of unusual size, with a handsome tent over it, made of roan leather, all in their resources, about six inches broad, containing rolled maps of high quality, and great dimensions; to consult which, oak-scelpted tipped with brass books stood ready; with these the great maps could be drawn down and inspected; and, on being released, flew up into their proper places. Besides these, were hung up a few drawings, representing outlines, and inner sections, of vessels; and, on a smaller table, lay models, blueprints, etc. The great office table was covered with writing materials and papers, all but a square space enclosed with a little silver rail, and inside that space was placed a large writing-desk.

This apartment was so situated, and the frames of the plate glass windows so well made and substantial, that, let a storm rage without, it could not be felt, nor heard, in Wardlaw's inner office.

But appearances are deceitful; and who can wall out a sea of troubles, and the tempests of the mind?

The innate of that office was battling for his commercial existence, and he had allowed, and was driven to a corner, to back events rather too freely against time; had allowed too slight a margin for unforeseen delays. For instance, he had averaged the Shanon's previous performances, and had calculated on her arrival, twenty days. She was a fortnight over due, and that delay brought perils.

He had also counted upon getting news of the Proserpine. But not a word had reached Lloyd's as yet.

At this very crisis came the panic of '67. Overend & Gurney broke his honor. Arthur knew money too well; but here, it was locked, and contained an exquisite portrait of Helen Rolleston.

This apartment was so situated, and the frames of the plate glass windows so well made and substantial, that, let a storm rage without, it could not be felt, nor heard, in Wardlaw's inner office.

But appearances are deceitful; and who can wall out a sea of troubles, and the tempests of the mind?

The innate of that office was battling for his commercial existence, and he had allowed, and was driven to a corner, to back events rather too freely against time; had allowed too slight a margin for unforeseen delays. For instance, he had averaged the Shanon's previous performances, and had calculated on her arrival, twenty days. She was a fortnight over due, and that delay brought perils.

He had also counted upon getting news of the Proserpine. But not a word had reached Lloyd's as yet.

At this very crisis came the panic of '67. Overend & Gurney broke his honor. Arthur knew money too well; but here, it was locked, and contained an exquisite portrait of Helen Rolleston.

This apartment was so situated, and the frames of the plate glass windows so well made and substantial, that, let a storm rage without, it could not be felt, nor heard, in Wardlaw's inner office.
freight of the Proserpine. Forty-five thousand ounces of gold
should be here by this time. She is in the Channel at this
moment, no doubt.”

“Excuse me; she is overdue, and the underwriters uneasy.
I have made inquiries.”

“At any rate, she is fully insured, and you hold the policies.
Besides, the name of Wardlaw on your books should stand for
pillage.”

Bennetshaw shook his head. “Names are at a discount to-mor-
row, sir. We can’t put you down on our counter. Why, our de-
positors look cross at Bank of England notes.”

To an inquiry, half ironical, whether the managers really
expected him to find £80,000 cash at a few hours’ notice, he
merely replied, sorrowfully, “I am not asking for the money
whilst depleting their own; but that, after all, it was a debt; and,
and, if short, if he could find no means of paying it, they
must suspend payment for a time, and issue a statement—and—
He did not complete his sentence, and Wardlaw did it for
him. “And ascribe your suspension to my inability to re-
fund this advance!” said he, bitterly.

“I am afraid that is the construction it will bear.”

Wardlaw rose, to intimate he had no more to say.

Bennetshaw, however, was not disposed to go without some
clarer understanding. “May I say we shan’t hear from you,
sir?”

“Yes.”

And so they wished each other good-morning; and Wardlaw
sank into his chair.

In that quiet dialogue, ruin had been inflicted and received
without any apparent agitation; ay, and worse than ruin—ex-
posure.

Morland’s suspension, on account of money lost by Ward-
law & Son, would at one time drag Old Wardlaw to London, and
the affairs of the firm would be investigated, and the son’s false
system of book-keeping be discovered.

He sat supped awhile, then put on his hat, and rushed to
his solicitor; by the way, he fell in with a great talker, who
was being told there was a rumor the Shannon was lost in the
Pacific.

At this he nearly fainted in the street; and his friend took
him back to his office in a deplorable condition. All this time
he had been feeling anxiety about the Proserpine, and con-
cerning its real anxiety about the Shannon. To do him justice
he lost sight of everything in the world but Helen. He sent
Penfold in hot haste to Lloyd’s to inquire for news of the
ship; and then he sat down sick at heart; and all he could do
was to read a paper, and gaze at it through ever-
blined with tears. Even a vague rumor, which he hoped
might be false, had driven all his commercial manoeuvres out
of him, and made all other calamities seem small.

And so they all are small, compared with the death of the
one we love.

While he sat thus, in a supper of fear and grief, he heard a
well-known voice in the outer office; and next, after Burten-
shaw’s, it was the one that caused him the most apprehen-
ion of his father’s.

He had rarely visited the office now; and this was
not his hour. So Arthur knew that something extraordinary
had brought him up to town. And he could not doubt that it
was the panic, and that he had been to Morland’s, or would
go there in course of the day; but, indeed, it was more probable
that he had already heard something, and was come to investi-
gate.

Wardlaw senior entered the room.

“Good morning, Arthur,” said he. “I’ve got good news for
you.”

Arthur was quite startled by an announcement that accorded
so little with his expectations.

“Good news—for me?” said he, in a faint, incredulous
voice.

“My, glorious news! Haven’t you been anxious about the
Shannon? I have; more anxious than I would own.”

Arthur started up. “The Shannon! God bless you,
sir.”

“She lies at anchor in the Mersey,” roared the old man, with
all the father’s pride in bringing such good news. Why, the
Rollstons will be in London at 2:30, yes, here is his tele-
gram.”

At this moment, in ran Penfold, to tell them that the Shan-
on was up at Lloyd’s; had anchored off Liverpool last
night.

There was a hearty shaking of hands, and Arthur Ward-
law was the happiest man in London—for a little while.

“Got the telegram at Elmiree this morning, and came up
the first express.”

The telegram was from Sir Edward Rolleston. “Read
Liverpool last night; will be at Euston, twenty-three.”

“Not a word from her!” said Arthur.

“Oh, there was no time to write; and ladies do not use
telegrams. But she’s safe, and十余ed, anybody. Perhaps she thought coming
person would do as well, or betters, eh?”

“But why does she telegraph you instead of me?”

I am sure I don’t know. What does it matter? Yes, I know. It is settled that he and Helen are to come to me
before long, and was the proper person to telegraph. I’ll go
meet them at the station; there is plenty of time. But, I ask
Arthur, have you seen the papers? Bartley Brothers obliged
to wind up. Maple & Cox, of Liverpool, gone; Atlantic stea-
ing. Terry & Brown, suspended; International credit gone
in. High, some of the railways; contractors, failed; sir; liabilities, seven thousand thousand
pound and more.”

“Yes, sir,” said Arthur, pompously; “1866 will long be
memorized for its revelations of commercial morality.”

The old gentleman on this asked his son; with a
vexed look, and, after he had got to ill in stealing clear of speculate
sir, he then congratulated him on having listened to good advice
and stuck to legitimate business. “I must say, Arthur,” he
added, “your books are models for any trading firm.”

It is said that Sir Edward had, in secret under this pretext
for it, parted from his father that, in a few days, his father would discover those books
were all a sham, and the accounts a fabrication.

However, the unpleasant topic soon interrupted the efficiency,
too; for Michael looked in, with an air of satisfaction at the
high, some of the railways, and said, “Gentlemen, an
arrival! Here is Nancy Rowse’s sweetheart, that was
dreamed was drowned.”

“What is the man to me?” said Arthur, peevishly. He did
not recognize Wylie under that title.

“La, Mr. Arthur! why is the name of the Proserpine
said Penfold.”

“What! Wylie! Joseph Wylie!” cried Arthur, in a sudden
excitement, that contrasted strangely with his previous insen-
sation. “What is that?” cried Wardlaw senior, “the Proser-
peaceful?”

“Show him in at once.”

Now this caused Arthur Wardlaw considerable anxiety; for
obvious reasons he did not want his father and this sailor
to change a word together. However that was inevitable now;
the door opened, and the bronzed face and sturdily figure of
Wylie, clad in a rough pea jacket, came strolling in.

Arthur went hastily to meet him, and gave him an expres-
sion of hearsay. He looked at the clock, warning, even while he welcomed him, it could be
no more than ten minutes.

“Glad to see you safe home,” said Wardlaw senior.

Thank ye, guv’nor,” said Wylie. “Had a squawk for it
time.”

“Where is your ship?”

Wylie shook his head sorrowfully. “Bottom of the Pacific.”

“Good heavens! What! Is she lost?”

“That she is, sir. Foundered at sea, 1200 miles from the
Horn, and more.”

“And the freight, the gold?” put in Arthur, with a
weighed anxiety.

“Not an ounce saved,” said Wylie, disconsolately. “A hund-
dred and sixty thousand pounds gone to the bottom.”

“God save us!”

“Ye eso, sir,” said Wylie, “the ship encountered one gale
after another, and laboured a good deal, first and last; and
all her seams must have opened; for we never could find
the leak that sunk her,” and he cast a meaning glance
at his mate.

“Non o annoforti”

“Non o annoforti”

“No matter how it happened,” said the old merchant; “as
we are insured to the full—that is the first question.”

“To the last shilling.”

“Well done, Arthur.”

“But still it is most unlucky. Some weeks must elapse be-
fore the insurances can be realised, and a portion of the gold
was paid for in bills or at short date.”

“The rest in cash?”

“Cash and merchandise.”

“Then there is the proper margin. Draw on my private
account at the Bank of England.”

Those few simple words showed the struggling young mer-
chant a way out of all his difficulties.
His heart leaped so, he dared not reply, lest he should excite the old gentleman’s suspicions. But, ere he had well drawn his breath for joy, came a freeze.

"Mr. Burtonsaw, sir!"

"Bid him wait," said Arthur aloud, and cast a look of great anxiety on Penfold, which the poor old man, with all his simplicity, comprehended well enough.

"Burtonsaw, from Moreland’s. What does he want of us?"

knitting his brow. Arthur turned cold all over. "Perhaps to ask me not to draw out my balance. It is less than usual; but they are run large, and, as you are good enough to let me draw on you—by the by, perhaps you will sign a cheque before you go to the station."

"How much do you want?"

"I really don’t know, till I have consulted. Penfold; the gold was a large, and advantageous purchase, sir."

"No doubt of this problem. I’ll give you my signature; and you can fill in the amount."

He drew a cheque in favor of Arthur Wardlaw, signed it, and left him to fill in the figures.

Arthur looked at his watch, and remarked they would only have time to get to the ship before it sailed.

"Good Heavens!" cried Arthur; "and I can’t go. I must state the particulars of the loss of the Proserpine, and prepare the statements at once for the underwriters."

"Well, you know what I can go."

"But what will the think of me? I ought to be the first to welcome her."

"I’ll make your excuses."

"No, No; say nothing: after all it was you who received the telegram telling them they naturally meet her: but you will bring her here, father: you can bring her, I have made a few moments sooner, the ingenious Arthur would have availed himself of it as well as it, he preferred to take the high and mighty tone. "I decline to make any concession," said he. "Mr. Penfold, you have the cheque to the Bank of England. [414, 415.] I hel that is the back of the cheque, and interest, up to noon this day: hand the sum to Mr. Burtonsaw, take his receipt, or, if he prefers it, pay across the counter, to my credit. That will perhaps arrest the run."

Burtonsaw simmered out his thanks. Wardlaw cut him short. "Good morning, sir," said he. "I have business of importance, Good day," and bowed him out.

"This is a highflyer," thought Burtonsaw.

Wardlaw then opened the side door, and called his shorthand writer.

"Mr. Aikins, please step into the outer office, and don’t let a soul come into me. Mind, I am out for the day. Except to Miss Rolleston and her father."

He then closed all the doors, and sunk exhausted into a chair, muttering "Thank Heaven! I have got rid of them all for an hour or two. Now Wylie."

Wylie seemed in no hurry to enter upon the required subject. Said he evasively, "Why guv’nor, it seems to me you are among the breakers here, yourself."

"Nothing of the sort, if you have managed your work clever-
leave the ship. "I think I see him now, with his cutlass in one hand, and his rum bottle in the other, and the waves running over his poor, silly face, as she went down. Poor Hiram! he and I made many a trip together, before we took to this."

And Wylie shuddered, and took another gulp at the last drop of rum.

While he was drinking to drown the picture, Wardlaw was calmly reflecting on the bare fact. ""Hum,"" said he, ""we must use that circumstance. I'll get it into the journals. Heroic Captain. Went down with the ship. Who can suspect Hudson in such a fact? Now, pray go on, my good Wylie. The boat?"

""Well, sir, I had the surgeon and ten men, and the lady's maid, on board the long boat; and there was the parson, the sick lady, and five sailors aboard the cutter. He called together till night, seeking for John Fernandes, then I gave them up, and we lost sight of the cutter, and I altered my mind and judged it best to beat to windward, and get into the track of ships; which we did, and were nearly swamped in a squall west, but, by good luck, a Yankee whaler picked us up, and took us to Buenos Ayres, where we shipped for England. That was left of us, only three, beside myself; but I got the signatures of the others to my tale of the wreck. It is all as square as a die, I tell you."

""Well done. Well done. But, stop, the other boat, with that sham privateer on board who knows all. She will be picked up, too, perhaps."

""There is no chance of that. She was out of the track of trade; and, I'll tell you the truth, sir."" He poured out half a tumbler of brandy and handed it to the Captain of the cutter, and went on. ""The first time, his hand trembled as he lifted the glass. ""Some fool had put the main of her provisions aboard the long boat; that is what drives me, and won't let me sleep. We took a chance, but we didn't give one. I think I told you there was a woman among them, who had wrapt up her child among her clothes. But it was hard line for her, poor thing! I see her face, pale and calm; oh, lord, so pale and calm; every night of my life; she knelt aboard the cutter with her white hands clasped together, praying."

""Certainly, it is all very shocking,"" said Wardlaw; ""but, then, we were all in the same boat, and they would have expected us. Believe me, it is all for the best."" Yule looked at him with wonder. ""Away,"" said he, after staring at him a long time; ""you can sit here at your ease, and down a slave and murder a man, if you like. But it was hard line for her, poor thing! It was all the more shocking, for she was supposed to have no child."

""Hold your tongue, ye fool!"" cried Wardlaw, losing his sangfroid in a moment, for he heard somebody at the door.

It opened, and there stood a military figure in a traveling cap—General Rolloston.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

BY A DEALER IN THE FAIR WIND.

For several years past I have been engaged in buying horses in the United States, and disposing of them among the wealthy Mexicans in the vicinity of Mendova and Santa Rosa. The route passed over in my journeys was infested with robbers on almost every mile; and, if one wanted to save his money and his life, he had to be ever on the alert, and possessed of the utmost caution. A driver is not often molested with his droves, for they know that his pockets are empty, and there is nothing to be gained, unless indeed some large band take a fancy to some wagon, and make it with a rush, and the horses, than to besiege for the death of their owners. When you return laden with the dollars of the rich purchasers, then is that a man must look out for his life.

At the time the adventure that I am about to relate befell me, I had been very successful while I was at my store, and was on my way back in company with my partners, and three other men, whom we had employed to aid us on our passage from the States; and we were glad of their company on our return, as they were a stout fellows, and could be depended on in any emergency.

Some thirty miles this side of Santa Rosa, the road we were pursuing was filled with robber bands, who combed the region, that had the reputation this score of years of losing one of the most dangerous routes in the eastern portion of Mexico, with scarcely an inhabitant, dark forests of heavy timber set in places where fires had raged over large districts, backed by mountains, with forests of dense growth, and rocks which rose to free tops, and oftentimes along one of the worst possible roads. Taken all in all, a better place for murder and pillage could not be found.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening that we left the vast little village on the western hill of the mountain, and struck into the most dangerous part of our journey. Thirty-five miles over a terrible road would bring us to San Miguel, where we hoped to be before the darkness became too dense to proceed any further.

I had never passed this way before, and, upon inquiry of the innkeeper, he had told us that we could do the distance in four hours; but, before half a dozen miles had been passed over, we knew that he had deceived us. He had told us that the three times the highest point in the route was gained; but, instead of descending, every mile grew worse and worse, until, at last, all our horses could do was to pick their way along at a slow walk. However, we kept our spirits up by the expectation of something better ahead; but in this we were deceived to disappointment.

A dozen miles, and the miserable path, that had been dusted down a road, because almost impassable for our accreted horses, had been broken by the sun shining on the mountains, and the day broke gray with the dawn of a dark sky, and soon the rain began to pour down in torrents.

Beneath the branches of a large tree that stood by the road side, we halted for consultation. What was to be done? To proceed was hopeless, and to return was impossible; for the next day was now gathering in; while to remain where we were, was hazarding the extreme, from the cause I have mentioned. To be sure, there were five of us, expert in the use of guns, and what would that be, when taken unawares in the night time in the midst of the mountains; when it was well known to the borders that infested the country often numbered twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty, under one leader.

The ugly question came up for us to decide, should we go on and try to make our way from the right track in the dark night, or should we stay, and either come and double back? After discussing the matter, we decided to stay where we were until daylight. We would camp for the night; and that, too, on the very spot where we were.

A wild-looking spot it was, in a south, for a camp. On each side of the path was a dense forest, seemingly impenetrable to man or beast: so much so, that we had to tether our horses in the road, to the trees on either side. The mountains frowned before us, and seemed to look down upon us, and the black horser, either hand, all conspired to make the place as wild and gloomy as it was possible for any place to be. It made me shudder even now, with all you about me, when I think of our situation that night; and then I almost wished that the heavy bag of gold that was to our relief, and which we now beheld, so shiningly low as I had never known it to do before, was back among the treasures from whence it had been gathered.

We had plenty of food with us; and, after making a hearty supper, we, having previously constructed a shelter, turned in all safe and comfortable. The situation was so helpless that, if I had died it would be impossible for me to sleep. A persistent sentiment of danger that I could not get rid of hung over me, and entirely precluded all thoughts of repose. An hour, and then another, and then another, I heard nothing but the pitter of the rain drops, and the wind sighing through the branches of the trees, and the low dec. now and then, the startling cry of some wild animal falling distant, and the blackness of the forest. But we were not for light. Brutes were oftentimes bitter friends than men.

Half an hour passed, and my heart was up; but I did not call out the one that succeeded me. Never was more wide awake in my life, and felt not the need of rest.

Suddenly I was startled by a dismal sound, and I listened intently. Again I heard it away back on the road over which we had been proceeding, but I was not alarmed. Again the sound fell on my ear, and this time there could be no mistake. It was the tread-
A LESSON IN LOVE.

"Well, then, you won't have me?" questioned Fred Barton, as he stood in the doorway with a smiling countenance and folded arms, his six feet two inches of attitude calmly drawn up, towering high above Milly Vaughan's curvy head.

The usual routine of courtship seemed to be somewhat changed in this individual case; for Milly was very much embarrassed, twirling her pink silk saffron round and round, while Fred was provokingly cool and sarcastic, as if he had not just listened to that fatal little monosyllable "no."

"I am so very young, Fred," she faltered; "just eighteen, you know, and I hardly know my own mind yet; and it is so cruel of you to ask such a prompt answer! And—"

"Now, Milly, this will never do," said the young man, firmly detaining her with one hand, "Will you answer me?"

"Then, no!" exclaimed Milly, with flashing eyes and pallid cheeks; "his strange one answer is not sufficient."

"Ah, very well; just as you please, Miss Millicent," replied Fred, very complacently. "I am obliged to you for pronouncing that little monosyllable so decidedly. You are very pretty, but you don't suit me exactly. We should soon get tired of one another; we have been brought together, and you seem like a sister; sameness is always tiresome. You are a lovely blonde, but I should prefer a brunette; and besides, I can now go peaceably off to college, without any incumbrance in the shape of an engagement. The drug was hard to take, but I have no doubt it will do me good. Adieu, Milly—i wish you much happiness and a good husband."

And off walked Mr. Fred, whistling in regular cavalier style, looking most provokingly handsome in his cool disdain.

Millicent Vaughan hardly knew what to make of the young student's audacious self-possession. She had never had a real lover before; but she quite was certain it was not often they acted in this way after being rejected.

Somewhere she had a notion that Fred Barton had been making fun of her, and she was very sure she had done a sensible thing in saying no. Besides, she had fully thought that he would not take her at her word. Why didn't he coax, and implore, and make a great fuss? Why didn't he take her by storm—in short, as all lovers in novels did? Milly Vaughan hurried at the window until her discarded lover was out of sight, and then she ran up to her room, locked herself in, and cried long and passionately.

"Dear me, Milly, how flushed your cheeks are, and your eyes are so red!" said Mrs. Vaughan, as the girl took her place at the well-spread tea-table. "What ails you? Are you ill?"

"It's setting up late nights reading those trashy periodicals," growled Squire Vaughan. Shell be blind afore she's twenty-five years old at this rate, or will have to wear specs, and a gal in specs don't have much chance to catch a beau. Hallo! what's the matter with the child?"

For Milly had burst into passionate sobbing, and left the room. Ah, it was a sore, a very sore little heart that beat under Milly's black velvet bodice.

If she could only have lived that day over again, she thought. But the sun was low in the crimson tide of the great western skies, and the young moon was rising up, and the day, with all its chances and changes, was gone, to return—all I nevermore.

- Slowly the months rolled by, and our heroine grew quieter, and more sober and thoughtful, every day. The fair forehead was not less fair for the shade of sweet gravity on its smooth expanse, and the blue
eyes shone more lustrous through her drooping lashes. Milly had changed, but she was more beautiful than ever.

She read the news from college with interest, yet she never once mentioned Fred Barton’s name, not even when she saw in the daily papers that he had graduated, taking a double-first.

“You will come to-night, won’t you, Milly? Mr. Barton has promised to honor me—really his first appearance as a lawyer in his native town. The spring assizes are just on, you know,” laughed Miss Blake, as she rose to take her leave, after a morning call.

“Yes, I’ll come,” sighed Milly; for she knew that if she were obliged to meet him, the first sharp pang might as well be passed through now and again. But oh, how hard that Emma Blake should first have known of his return! That Emma’s house should have been the first at which he had called.

Carefully she arranged the folds of her white muslin dress that evening; she was long in adjusting the spray of green leaves in and out among her golden curls, and even then she was dissatisfied with the pretty image reflected in the mirror. But Milly was hard to please; she never looked more lovely in all the years of her life.

As she entered Emma Blake’s crowded drawing-room, the first person upon whom her eyes fell was Fred Barton, tall and handsome as ever. He was talking with spirit and animation, the centre of a knot of young people, and did not even see her. Ah, she might have expected it; and Milly leaned tearfully against the window, mechanically playing with her pink fan. She did not even hear the flutter of the silk dresses as they surged past her in the dance; her thoughts were far otherwise inclined.

All of a sudden a hand was laid lightly upon her, and she looked up with a nervous start into the brown sparkling depths of Fred Barton’s eyes.

“Milly, were you not going to speak to me?”

“I was afraid, Fred.”

Those tell-tale blue eyes—they betrayed in one tear-bright gleam the secret she would have given world’s to have kept within her own bosom. Fred Barton was not versed in cloy language; yet he read Milly’s instantaneously.

“You have not forgotten me then, Milly.”

“Forgotten you, Fred!”

She would have added more; but her voice faltered and hesitated. He was silent an instant, then spoke in a low tone.

“Do you recollect our last interview, Milly? Do you remember I said I thanked you for the rejection of my suit? Milly, I have changed my mind since then.”

Milly turned scarlet and pale, looking upward and glancing downward, half smiling and half crying as she replied—

“And so have I, Fred.”

She took both the trembling hands in his with a glad, bright face.

“Milly, my heart’s dearest love, I lay my heart at your feet a second time. Will you accept it now?”

He needed no answer save what he read in her blushing cheeks and happy eyes; they both said “Yes,” and pretty emphatically, too.

“What made you think I was worth two courtship’s, Fred?” she asked, long afterwards.

“Milly,” said he, quietly, “when I was at college there were some things which seemed impossible to overcome. But it was only for a little while; we tried again. The second time we carried the laurels. Now, don’t laugh, Milly, if I tell you I carried that college lesson in the field of love. I was repulsed at first—but I tried again, and here is my sign of victory.”

He held a plain gold wedding-ring towards her, as he spoke.

“For to-morrow, love!”

Yes, he had indeed been victorious, and true, loving little heart was his captive for life.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EXPERIMENTS IN GALVANISM.

1. Place a thin plate of zinc upon the upper surface of the tongue, and a half dollar or a piece of silver upon the under surface. Allow the metal to remain for a little time in contact with the tongue before they are made to touch each other, that the taste of the metals themselves may not be confounded with the sensation produced by their contact. When the edges of the metals which project beyond, are then suffered to touch, a galvanic sensation is produced, which it is difficult accurately to describe.

2. Place a silver teaspoon as high as possible between the gums and the upper lip, and a piece of zinc between the gums and the under lip. Gradually bringing the extremities of the metals into contact, a vivid sensation, and an effect like a flash of light across the eyes, will be perceived. It is strange that this light is equally vivid in the dark and in the strongest light, and whether the eyes be shut or open.

CHARADE. 5.

My first is a part of the day, My last a conductor of light, My whole to take measure of time, Is useful by day and by night.

RIDDLE 2.

There was a man who was not born, His father was not born before him, He did not live, he did not die, And his epitaph is not over him.

CONDRUMS.

17. Why are handsome women like bread? 18. Who is an avaricious man like one with a short memory? 19. What river in America answers the question, Who is there?

ANSWERS TO No. 23. PAGE 298.

COINERY.
No. 14. Because it is a resting place for the traveler. No. 15. To ashes. No. 16. Short.

PRESENT VERSUS FUTURE.

Who but a bachelor, eating the sourness of sour grapes, could deliberately have penned and made public the following verses:

THREE “WEEKS” AFTER MARRIAGE.

(sugar)

My dearest are you going out? Indeed, 'tis very cold. Let me, sweet love, around your neck.

This handkerchief enfolds.

You know how anxions for your health, My own dear George, am I; One loving kiss before we part—

Good-by, sweet chuck—good-bye.

THREE “YEARS” AFTER MARRIAGE.

(vinegar)

You’re going out—why don’t you go? I cannot help the rain; It will not grieve me very much If you never come back again.

Unmelled: don’t know where it is; What next to excite one’s wrath? Don’t pester me about your cold, Good gracious!—go to Bath!
THE UTAH MAGAZINE;
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 19, 1868.

POETRY.

FAIRY.
FROM SCHILLER.

"What shall I do last life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the ray of noisy brass;
What need'st thou rue?
Remember eye the ocean deeps are mute—
The shallows roar;
Worth is the ocean—fame is but theruit
Along the shore.

"What shall I do to be for ever known?
"Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet sleep unknown—
Oh! never, never!
Thinkst thou perchance that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel-trumps their praise in heaven is blown,
Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
"Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rite;
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect schemes of action thou devise
Will life be fed;
While he, who ever acts as Conscience points,
Shall live though dead.

not to be left in the hands of woman, or Wicia. I shall go back to the great town, and summon the earl's own leech. And I beg thee to heed, meanwhile, that every head in this house shall answer for Harold's."

The great Vala, and high-born Hildegarde, little accustomed to be accosted thus, turned round abruptly, with so stern an eye and so imperious a mien, that even the stout Kent man felt abashed. She pointed to the door opening on the ladder, and said, briefly:

"Depart! Thy lord's life hath been saved already, and by woman. Depart!"

"Depart, and fear not for the earl, brave and true friend in need," said Edith, looking up from Harold's pale lips, over which she bent; and her sweet voice so touched the good thane, that, murmuring a blessing on her fair face, he turned and departed.

Hilda then proceeded, with a light and skillful hand, to examine the wounds of her patient. She opened the turret, and washed away the blood from four gaping orifices on the breast and shoulders. And as she did so, Edith uttered a faint cry, and, falling on her knees, bowed her head over the dropping hand, and kissed it with stifling emotions, of which, perhaps grateful joy was the strongest; for over the heart of Harold was punctured, after the fashion of the Saxons, a device—and that device was the knot of brotbral, and in the centre of the knot was graven the word "Edith."

Whether owing to Hilda's runes, or to the merely human arts accompanying them, the earl's recovery was rapid, though almost a loss of blood had sustained him awhile weak and exhausted. But perhaps, he blessed the excuse which detained him still in the house of Hilda, and under the care of Edith.

He dismissed the leech sent to him by Vebba, and confided, not without reason, to the Vala's skill.

And happily went his hours beneath the old Roman roof!
It was not without a superstition, more characterized, however, by tenderness than awe, that Harold learned that Edith had been indefinitely impressed with a foreboding of danger to her betrothed, and all that morning she had watched his coming from the old legendary hill. Was it not that in which that good Fylnge saved his life?

Indeed there seemed a strange truth in Hilda's assertions, that in the form of his betrothed, his tutelary spirit lived and guarded. For smooth every step, and bright every day, in his career, since their troth had been plighted. And gradually the sweet superstition,
had mingled with human passion to hallow and refine it. There was a purity and a depth in the love of these two, which if not uncommon in woman, is most rare in men.

Harold, in sober truth, had learned to look on Edith as on his better angel; and, calming his strong manly heart in the hour of temptation, would have recoiled, as a sacrilege, from aught that could have sullied that image of celestial love. With a noble and sublime patience, of which, perhaps, only a character so thoroughly English in its habits of self-control and steadfast endurance could have been capable, she saw the months and the years glide away, and still contended herself with hope—hope, the sole godlike joy that belongs to men.

And Edith, though yet in the tenderest flush of beautiful youth, had, under the influence of that sanctifying and scarce earthly affection, perfected her full nature as woman. She had learned so to live in Harold’s life, that—less, it seemed, by study than intuition—a knowledge graver than that which belonged to her sex and her time, seemed to fall upon her soul—fall as the sunlight falls upon the blossoms, expanding their petals, and brightening the glory of their hues.

Hitherto, living under the shade of Hilda's dreamy creed, Edith, as we have seen, had been rather Christian by name and instinct than acquainted with the doctrines of the gospel, or penetrated by its faith, but the soul of Harold lifted her out of the valley. Thus from Harold might Edith be said to have taken her very soul. And with the soul and through the soul, woke the mind from the mist of childhood.

In the intense desire to be worthy the love of the foremost man of her land; to be the companion of his mind as well as the mistress of his heart, she had acquired, she knew not how, strange stores of thought, and intelligence, and pure, gentle wisdom. In opening to her confidence his own high aims and projects, he himself was scarcely conscious how often he confided but to consult—how often and how insensibly she colored his reflections and shaped his designs. Whatever was highest and purest, that, Edith ever, as by instinct beheld as the wisest. She grew to him like a second conscience, diviner than his own. Each, therefore, reflected virtue on the other, as planet illuminates planet.

All these years of probation, then, which might have soured a love less holy, changed it into weariness, a love less intense, had only served to wed them more intimately soul to soul; and in that spotless union what happiness there was, what rapture in word and glance, and the slight, restrained, caress of innocence, beyond all the transports love only human can bestow.

It was a bright, still summer noon, when Harold sate with Edith amid the columns of the Druid temple, and in the shade which thosevast and mournful relics of a faith departed east along the sward. And there were conversing over the past, and planning the future, when Hilda approached from the house, and entering the circle of the war-god, and gazing on Harold with a calm triumph in her aspect said—

"Did I not smile, son of Godwin, when, with thy short-sighted vision, thou didst think to guard thy land and secure thy love, by urging the monk king to send over the seas for the Atheling? Did I not thee, 'Thou dost right in obeying thy judgement not but the instrument of fate; and the coming of the Atheling shall speed thee nearer to the ends of life not from the Atheling shalt thou take the crown thy love; and not by the Atheling shall the throne of Athelstan be filled?"

"Alas!" said Harold, rising in agitation, 'let mine hear of mischance to that noble prince. He sees sick and feeble as I parted from him; but joy beseems a great restorer, and the air of native land gives joy health to the exile."

"Hark!" said Hilda, "you hear the passing bell of the soul of the son of Ironside!"

The mournful knell, as she spoke, came dull on the roofs of the city afar, borne to their ears by the exceeding stillness of the atmosphere. Edith crossed herself and murmured a prayer, according to the custom of the age, then raising her eyes to Harold, murmured, as she clasped her hands—

"Be not saddened, Harold, but hope still."

"Hope!" repeated Hilda, rising proudly, from a recumbent position, "Hope in that knell of St. Peter's Bell."

"A bell indeed is thine ear, O Harold, if thou best not the joy-bells that inaugurate a future king."

The ear, started, his eyes shot fire, his brows heaved.

"Leave us, Edith," said Hilda in a low voice; after watching her grandchild's slowness, reluctant to descend the knoll, she turned to Harold, and led him towards the grave-stone of the Saxon king—

"Rememberest thou the spectre that rose from the mound—rememberest thou the dream that followed it?"

"The specter, or deceit of mine eye, I remember well," said the earl, "the dream—only in my brain, with jarring fragments."

"I told thee then that I could not unridge the dream by the light of the moment; and that the dead slept below never appeared to men, save for some sordid bent of doom to the house of Cerdic. The portents of my prophesy fulfilled: the heir of Cerdic is no more. To whom should the great Scin-lace, but to him who shall be a new race of kings to the Saxon throne."

Harold breathed hard, and the color mounted blushing and glowing to his cheeks and brow.

"I cannot gainsay thee, Vara. Unless, despite the conjecture, Edward should be spared to earth till the Atheling's infant son acquires the age when beseems the man shall acknowledge a chief, I look round England for the coming king, and all England reflects but in its own image."

His head rose erect as he spoke, and already his brow seemed auster, as if circled by the diadem of Basileus."

"And if it be so," he added, "I accept the summons trust, and England shall grow greater in my gaze."

"The flame breaks at last from the smouldering fuel" cried the Vara, "and the hour I so long for is come: to thee hast come."

Harold answered not, for high and kindling emotions deafened him to all but the voice of a grand announcement, and the awakening of a noble heart.

"And then—and then," he exclaimed, "I shall now need no mediator between nature and monk-craft; the
dith, the life thou hast saved will indeed "be thine!"
le paused, and it was the sign of an ambition long re-
seised, but now rushing into the vent legitimately
pened, for it had already begun to work in the char-
acter hitherto so self-reliant, when he said, in a low
oice, "But that dream which hath so long lain locked,
of lost, in my mind; that dream of which I recall-
ly vague remembrances of danger yet defiance,
able yet triumph—canst thou unravel it, O Vala,
ng the auguries of success?"
"Harold," answered Hilda, "thou didst hear at the
ose of thy dream the music of the hymns that are
nted at the crowning of a king—and a crowning
shall thou be; yet fearful foes shall assail thee—
reshown in the shape of the lion and raven, that
ue over the blood-red sea. The two stars in the
venetoken that the day of thy birth was also the
irth-day of a foe, whose star is fatal to thine; and
rns thee against a battle-field, fought on the day
then those stars shall meet. Further than this
the mystery of thy dream escapes my lore; wouldst thou
arn thyself, from the phantom who sent the dream;
tand by my side at the grave of the Saxon hero, and
will summon the Sein-lecica to counsel the living,
or what to the Vala the dead may deny, the soul of
ng on the brave may bestow."
Harold listened with a serious and musing attention,
ich his prattle or his reason had never accorded to
arnings of the Vala before. But his sense was
yet fascinated by the voice of the charmer, and he
swered with his wonted smile, so sweet, yet so
ugly—
"A hand outstretched to the crown should be armed
for the foe, and the eye that would guard the living
ould not be dimmed by the vapors that encircle the
ad."

But from that date changes, slight, yet noticeable
and important, were at work both in the conduct and
character of the great earl.

Hitherto he had advanced in his career without cal-
culation; and nature, not policy, had achieved his
ower. But henceforth he began thoughtfully to ce-
ent the foundations of his house, to extend the area,
rengthen the props. Policy now mingled with
justice that had made him esteemed, and the gen-
osity that had won him love. Before, though by
mer conciliatory, yet, through honesty, indifferent
to the enmities he had provoked, in his adherence to
that his conscience approved, he now laid himself out
nt to propitiate all ancient feuds, smooth all jealousies,
nd convert foes into friends. He opened constant
nd friendly communication with his uncle Sweyn, King
f Denmark; he availed himself sedulously of all the
fluence over the Anglo-Danes which his mother's
irth had made so facile. He strove also, and wisely, to
unciliate the animosities which the Church had cer-
shed against Godwin's house; he concealed, his con-
empt of the monks and monk-ridden; he showed
mself the patron and friend; he endowed largely the
onvents, and especially one at Waltham, which had
allen into decay, though favorably known for the
ity of the brotherhood. But if in this he played a part
atural to his opinions, Harold could not, even in
imation, administer to evil. The monasteries he fa-
ored were those distinguished for purity of life, for

benevolence to the poor, for bold denunciation of the
cesses of the great.

But though in themselves the new politic arts of
Harold were blameless enough, arts they were and as
arts they corrupted the genuine simplicity of his ear-
ler nature. He had conceived, for the first time, an
ambition apart from that of service to his country.
It was no longer only to serve the land, it was to serve
it as its ruler, that animated his heart and colored his
thoughts. Expediences began to dim his conscience
the healthful loveliness of truth. And now too, gradually,
that empire which Hilda had gained over his brother
Sweyn, began to sway this man, heretofore so strong
in his sturdy sense. The future became to him a
dazzling mystery, into which his conjectures plunged
themselves more and more. He had not yet stood in
the Runic circle and invoked the dead; but the spells
were around his heart, and in his own soul had grown
up the familiar demon.

Still Edith reigned alone, if not in his thoughts
at least in his affections; and perhaps it was the hope
of conquering all obstacles to his marriage that main-
ly induced him to propitiate the Church, through
whose agency the object he sought must be attained;
and still that hope gave the brightest lustre to the
distant crown. But he who admits ambition to the
companionship of love, admits a giant that
oustrides the gentle footsteps of its con-

Harold's brow lost its benign calm. He became
thoughtful and abstracted. He consulted Edith less,
Hilda more. Edith seemed to him now not wise enough
to counsel. The smile of his Fylgia, like the light of
a star upon a stream, lighted the surface, but could
not pierce to the deep.

Meanwhile, however, the policy of Harold thrive
and prospered. He had already arrived at that
height, that the least effort to make power popular
redoubled its extent. Gradually all voices swelled
the chorus in his praise; gradually all men became
familiar with the question, "If Edward dies before Ed-
ger, the grandson of Ironside, is of age to succeed,
where can we find a king like Harold?"

In the midst of this quiet but deepening sunshine of
his fate, there burst a storm, which seemed destined
either to darken his day or to disperse every cloud
from the horizon. Algar, the only possible rival to
his power—the only opponent no arts could soften—
Algar, whose hereditary name endeared him to the
Saxon laity, whose father's legacy was the love of the
Saxon Church, whose martial and turbulent spirit had
only the more elevated him in the esteem of the war-
like Danes in East Anglia, (i.e. earldom in which he
had succeeded Harold,) by his father's, death, lord
of Mercia—availed himself of that new power to
break out again into rebellion. Again he was outlawed
again he was leagued with the fiery Gryffyth. All
Wales was in revolt; the Marches were burned and
laid waste. Rolf, the feeble Earl of Hereford, died
at this critical juncture, and the Normans and hire-
lings under him mutinied against other leaders; a fleet
of vikings from Norway ravaged the western coasts,
and sailing up the Menai, joined the ships of Gryffyth
and the whole empire seemed menaced with dissolution
when Edward issued his Herr-ban, and Harold at the
head of the royal armies marched on the foe.
Dread and dangerous were those defiles of Wales; amidst them had been foiled or slaughtered all the soldiers under Rolf the Norman; no Saxon armies had won laurels in the Cymriun's own mountain home within the memory of man, nor had any Saxon ship gone down the fateful hand of the terrible Viking of Norway. Fail, Harold and farewell the crown!—succeed, and thou hast on thy side the last argument of kings, the heart of the army which thou art chief.

SOMNAMBULISM.

A writer relates the following remarkable case, taken from the French Encyclopaedia:

Perhaps the most interesting case on record is that of a young clergyman, the narrative of which is from the immediate communication of the Archbishop of Bordeaux. The young ecclesiastic, when the prelate was at the same college, used to rise every night, and write out either sermons or pieces of music. To study his condition, the bishop bought himself several nights, consecutively, to the chamber of the man, where he made the following observations:

The young clergyman used to rise, take paper, and begin to write. Before writing music, he would take a stick and rub the lines. He wrote the notes with the corresponding words, both with the utmost accuracy; or when, by chance, he had written the words too wide, he altered them. After completing a sermon, he would read it aloud, from beginning to end. If any passage displeased him, he erased it, and wrote the amended passage correctly over the other. On one occasion, in order to ascertain whether he used his eyes, the bishop interposed a sheet of pasteboard between his face and the writing. The sleeper took not the least notice, but went on writing as before.

The limitations of his perceptions to what he was thinking about were very curious. A piece of biscuit cake that he had sought for, he ate approvingly; but when, on another occasion, a piece of the same cake was put in his mouth, he spat it out. It is to be observed that he always knew when his pen had ink in it, and if they actually changed his paper when he was writing, he knew it if the sheet substituted was of a different size from the former, and in that case he seemed embarrassed. But if the fresh sheet of paper which was substituted for that which was exactly of the same size with it, he appeared not to be aware of the change, and he would continue to read off his composition from the blank sheet of paper as thence as when the manuscript lay before him; nay, more, he would continue his corrections, and introduce an amended passage, written upon the precise place in the blank sheet corresponding with that which he would have occupied on the already written page.

Such are the feats of somnambulism! The ecclesiastic, indeed, seems at first to have seen through a sheet of pasteboard; but the concluding fact in his case shows that he really used his perception only to identify the size and place of the sheet of paper. His writing upon it was the mechanical transcript of an act of "mental" priesthood. The corrections fell into the right places upon the paper, owing to the fidelity with which he retained the mental picture.

DOWN IN THE TOMBS OF EGYPT.

The writer of the following spent eight days at Thebes, the crowning glory of Egypt. We present his description of the tomb of one of the earliest and greatest of the Pharaohs—that of the 14th dynasty king, Mentuhotep I. The tomb, in the form of a vast rectangular brick structure, was supposed to represent the four great divisions of mankind, among them the negro. So little has the latter changed during a period of over 3,000 years that an "American citizen of African descent" might recognize his portrait among the figures on the walls. The sepulchral paintings present an easterly and westerly disposition of the figures are given by the artist, but the coloring is not put on. What great events—what sudden calamity—prevented the completion of the task? You have entered the studio of an artist during his temporary absence.

If you ascend the staircase showing about these designs are scattered thither and thither; the paint is hardly dry upon the canvas at which he wrought; a multitude of outlines and shadows—of faintly drawing perspective and zombies back and forth. The same long wainscots are now covered with sheets of glass, and the whole of the upper portion of the walls is filled with locks. All the various figures are buried beneath these glass sheets, and cannot be seen till the glass is removed. It is impossible to enumerate all the images, which are in the different tombs, each of which contains a vast number of figures. Some are only the heads, others the heads and limbs, others the whole body covered with ornaments. There are chairs and sofas of elegant forms and richly ornamented; e. g., a sofa of the same style, with the heads of the various hieroglyphics are depicted, and all the peculiarities of the costumes and dress of the people are represented with great accuracy. The figures are depicted in the most varied attitudes, and are extensively employed in the decoration of walls and ceilings. The artist has paid particular attention to the expression of the faces, and has endeavored to give a striking effect to each individual figure. The artist has paid special attention to the expression of the faces, and has endeavored to give a striking effect to each individual figure. The artist has paid special attention to the expression of the faces, and has endeavored to give a striking effect to each individual figure.
I was desirous of looking in upon the "pits" of the more ignoble deal. My curiosity was satisfied by a narrow path, thickly strewn with fragments of rummicles—bands, feet, arms, trunks, scattered about in charming confusion—to a small opening in the side of the mountain. Through this I was compelled to crawl, some fifteen or twenty feet, to a larger opening. Lighting a torch, we continued our way until we came to a chamber filled with human rummicles. Piled upon one another, to a depth of I, I know not how many feet. Walking remorselessly over this horrible pavement, we came to another chamber, similarly filled; then another, and another, tenanted by the same ghastly denizens. Sometimes I would link to the knives into this mass of withered human carrion, sometimes my cruel heel would unwittingly crush in a grinning face, or "go through" a mass of blackened bowels. There they lay, sullied, a dozzen deep, some headless, some missing half upright, leering at vacancy, some lying helplessly with face downward, some with feet upward. There was one huge fellow, looking as if he might have been an extinct prize-fighter, minus a head, who was measured over six feet from neck to heel. We turned him over, laid open his peep chest, and left him to his fate. I did not take the census of this sordid congregation, but there must have been several hundred in a single "pit." Sir Gardener Wilkinson estimates that there are nine millions of mummies in the mountains about Thebes.

"To this complexion hath it come at last." This reckoning was once warm with life. Each had its little world in which its little statesman kept its hand upon the great stage, and thought that hour when the pivot-point upon which the world's destiny would turn evermore. There were stripes and buckles and heartaches, there were rivalries and civic, and cabals, and petty wars, and pros, and enmities flourished then as now. Noisy parades, paraded from the stump, fanatics howled from the rostrum, and office seekers wandered up and down the earth. —[Overland Monthly]

THE SUMMER LAND.

In sympathy with a dear friend, W. G. W."

In mortals who have earned a summer land,
Ye see in hearts, wheresoe'er from earth's rugged scene,
There is no death—Oh, no, no! to immortality to mortals unseen.

There beauty perennial swells to all hearts;
No bright tear, no sorrow, no tear finds a place;
There the sick heart full sweeterly, no shadows impairs.
For all things are light, where God hides not his face.

No death—Oh, what rapture, no death reveals near.
Delivered? Ah no, never; he hath not been there;
Life, exaltered joyous, eternal, as dear.
To the gods as to man, in those realms ever fair.

I hail thee, thou Paradise, Heaven is thy name
And my heart stretches out to thy mansions of bliss,
Well pleased to exchange this poor flickering flame,
For the light of that land from the darkness of this.

Can dust hope for rest beneath thy skies to sorrows?
May man dwell on high with the seraphim band?
Ere heaven within hath the prophecies born,
It will still be finished in that fair summer land.

And the pulse which quivers with parting on earth,
To peace shall be still when we grasp hands again,
And the sorrow bowed head shall be lifted to mirth.
With the means of greeting the loved ones again.
Mohammed, and his Mission.

The rise of that wonderful religious power, which for so many centuries has dominated over a large section of our globe under the title of Islamism, has often been the theme of philosophic minds. The great question whether there was a God in the movement, or whether it is to be traced solely to blind fanaticism and imposture, has often been discussed. On this interesting subject we find an elaborate article from the pen of Mr. E. W. Tullidge, published in the Phrenological Journal. Mr. Tullidge commences by observing:

"It has been the habit of Christian writers to stigmatize Mohammed as "the great false prophet" and as an anti-Christ; but in this age of liberal views, even such believers in the divine mission of the Christ from chosen Isaac's seed can afford to do justice to the great prophet who sprang from the loins of his brother Ishmael. Heterodox philosophers, on their side, will class the whole race of prophets and apostles together, and view them simply as marvelous psychological and sociological problems. They will treat the genius of this peculiar order as rare types of beings whose visionary and inquisitive natures saw empires in their own fervid minds. Out of such as these new civilizations and empires have grown; and it has ever been found in the course of nations that when the old empires have been rapidly passing through their states of decay, and the world needed a new impulse, then human giants have risen with their peculiar dispensations.

In Mohammed and his mission there is a genuine assumption of the Abrahamic covenant claimed by a descendant of the eldest son of the "Father of the Faithful;" and unless we give due weight to this fact, and its workings in the mind of this great representative of the line of Abraham's first-born, we shall make discordant that which is in itself grandly harmonious. "In thee, and in thy seed, shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed," was the covenant made to the "Father of the Faithful;" and Mohammed claimed his portion thereof. Yet did the Arabian prophet magnanimously give unto the seed of Isaac the principal succession in the sacred prophetic line, affirming that, though it was latent in the race of Ishmael, the gift of prophecy, with the holy apostleship, was not vouchsafed to any of his seed until he (Mohammed), the last of the Prophets, came, while from Isaac had sprung a long succession of prophets to carry on the Abrahamic dispensations."

Then briefly reviewing the traditions respecting the early days of Mohammed he observes:

"Stripped of their fabulous dress, these traditions (concerning Mohammed) indicate that very early in youth rare qualities began to manifest themselves in Mohammed. It is a marked characteristic of those endowments which we call genius to show their sign in a wonderful degree and precocity in extraordinary children. Hence, when we find it in the musical composer, we have a Mozart astonishing the courts of Europe at seven years of age, by performing at sight the most difficult compositions of Handel and Bach, and already himself a celebrated composer."

"At the age of twelve, with his darling imagination wrought up to the highest pitch, he clung to Abu Taleb, who was preparing to mount his camel to set out with his caravan, and imploring his indulgent kinship to be permitted to go with him to Syria. "For what, uncle, will I take care of me when thou art gone to plead the boy. Abu Taleb granted the prayer of his nephew, and the caravan started on its route, to return due time loaded with its merchandise, and the mind of the future prophet more abundantly laden with the superstitions of the desert, a knowledge of the sacred Hebrew writings and of the mission of Christ."

"At a Nestorian convent where Abu Taleb and his nephew were entertained with great hospitality; one of the monks, surprised at the precocious intellect of the young Mohammed, and his astonishing capacity for religious mission, held frequent conversations with him upon the sacred Scriptures. The subjects which engaged the ardent mind of the future prophet were those relating to his forefather Abraham, Moses, and the new dispensation opened in the ministry of Christ. One has only to read the Koran to trace the early conception of the germs of Islamism, and how much youth the daring and capacious mind of Mohammed became pregnant with the ideas of new dispensation in an Abrahamic succession. In that Nestorian convent, in an ancient city of the Levites, Ishmael's progeny was born for the mission, and from that hour its new dispensation was nascent in Mohammed's soul.

Moslem writers say that the origin of the interdict taken by the monk Sergius in the young Arabian was in consequence of his having accidentally discovered the seal of prophecy which the angel Gabriel had stamped between his shoulders; but impartial writers attribute this interest to the desire of a zealous monotheistic to proselyte an extraordinary youth whose qualities of mind and earnestness would well fit him in after-years to become a great apostle of Christianity to the Arabian nations.

Mohammed returned with his uncle to Mecca. The seeds of a great religious mission deeply planted in his mind. The son of Ishmael had been to the land of which Abraham sojourned when he departed out of Chaldea and out of the house of his idolatrous fathers, leaving his denunciation against idolatry, and carrying with him a knowledge of the true religion."

Mr. Tullidge then presents a vigorous sketch of the dishheartening delays and fanatical opposition encountered by Mohammed, which culminated in his fatal flight to Medina, and remarks:

"The star of Mohammed's mission was now rising over his enemies, by their very warfare against the fair and peaceful, were fast rolling the wheel of empire toward him and their rejection of the new revelation was but preparing the way for the epoch of his military ascendancy."

"New dispensations have ever found their crowning opportunities made by the force of the action against them, as though an over-ruling power worked in his
many from opposite sides. The Egyptian bondage brought forth the exodus of the chosen people—the exodus the nationality of Israel. So also from the flight of the Arabian fanatic grew up the Mohammedan empire.

From this point, Mr. Tulidge traces onward the extraordinary and marvellous career of conquest which attended the Mohammedan empire until, under Omar, the second successor of Mohammed, "was completed the conquest of Egypt, Syria, and Persia," and Islamism became dominant over nearly all the Eastern Hemisphere.

Scarcely less singular than the work performed by Mohammed himself was that accomplished by his immediate successors. As though raised by providence to assure the permancy and effect the extension of Mohammed's work, he was succeeded by a line of men equal to the execution of the great programme of the master-mind.

In review of these providences Mr. Tulidge asks:

"What shall we say of this wonderful man and his mission? This: if there be a God, then must that God, of necessity, be in all the world's great issues. Surely, then, into the hands of Mohammed Providence committed one of the greatest of these issues.

Mr. Carlyle's philosophy of the life of the man utterly rejects the popular notions of Mohammed. He believes that "the rude message he delivered was a real one withal—an earnest, confused voice from the unknown deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no inanition and simuletum; a fierce mass of life cast up from the great bosom of nature herself." He discerns in him a rugged, deep-hearted son of the wilderness—"one of those who can not but be in earnest—whom nature herself has appointed to be sincere." "From old a thousand thousand thoughts, in his pilgrimmages and wanderings, had been in this man: What am I? What is this unfathomable thing I live in, which men name universe? What is life—what is death? What am I to believe? What am I to do? The grim rocks of Mount Hara, of Mount Sinai, the stern, sandy solitudes answered not. The great heaven, rolling silent overhead, with its blue glancing stars, answered not. There was no answer The man's soul, and what of God's inspiration dwelt there, had to answer." At length, Carlyle thinks the answer came in his own grand conception, that "there is one God in and over all.

With this annunciation, made by his own soul, he became possessed with the spirit of a mission to establish in Arabia the truth that there is but one God. That there was a deity in Mohammed's life working out one of the world-issues seems to be Mr. Carlyle's opinion. "Are we to suppose," he asks, "that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legendarism, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died? I, for my part, can not form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this great work at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here." Accordingly, he holds that Mohammed's dispensation was legitimate and successful, advancing the nations which received it from their state of idolatry to a higher stage of civilization, and to the faith of One God."

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READS AND DON ROUCUAL.

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XVI.

As some eggs have actually two yolk, so Arthur Wardlaw had two hearts, and at sight of Helen's father, the baize one ceased to beat with the Shannon's.

He ran to General Rolleston, shook him warmly by the hand, and welcomed him back to England with sparkling eyes. It is pleasant to be so welcomed and the stately soldier returned his grasp in kind.

"Is Helen with you, sir?" said Arthur making a movement to go to the door: for he thought she must be outside in a cab.

"No, she is not," said General Rolleston.

"There now," said Arthur, "that cruel father of mine has broken his promise, and carried her off to Elstree."

At the mention of Wardlaw senior, returned, to tell Arthur that he had been just too late to meet the Rollestons, "Oh, here he is!" said he, and there were fresh greetings.

"Well, but," said Arthur (where is Helen?"

"I believe she is with Wylie," said Rolleston gravely, "I telegraphed you at Elstree, thinking of course she would come with you to meet me at the station. "It does not matter a few hours: but her not coming makes me uneasy, for her health was declining when she left me. How is my child, Mr. Wardlaw? Pray tell me the truth."

Both the Wardlaws looked at one another and at General Rolleston, and the elder Wardlaw said that there was certainly some misunderstanding here.

"We fully believed that your daughter was coming home with you from your shooting."

"Come home with me, why, of course not. She sailed three weeks before me. Has she not arrived?"

"No," replied old Wardlaw, "we have neither seen nor heard of her."

"Why, what ship did she sail in?" said Arthur.

"In the Prosperine."

CHAPTER XVII.

Arthur Wardlaw fixed on the speaker a gaze full of horror, his jaw fell, a livid palor overspread his features; he echoed in a hoarse whisper; "the Prosperine!" and turned his scared eyes upon Wylie, who was himself leaning against the wall; his staid, warlike frame beginning to tremble.

"The sick girl," murmured Wylie, and a cold sweat gathered on his brow.

General Rolleston looked from one to another with strange misgivings, which soon deepened into a sense of some terrible calamity, for now a strong convolution swelled Arthur Wardlaw's heart; his face worked fearfully, and with a sharp and sudden cry, he fell forward on the table, and his father's arm alone prevented him from falling like a dead man on the floor. Yet though crushed and hopeless, he was not insensible, that blessing was denied him.

General Rolleston implied an explanation.

Wylie's face fell, his averted, bearded face, began to simmer disconnected and unintelligible words; but old Wardlaw silenced him and said, with much feeling, "Let none but a father tell him. The Prosperine! How can I say it?"

"Lost at sea," replied Wylie.

At these fatal words the old warrior's countenance grew rigid; his large, bony hands gripped the back of the chair, on which he leaned, and were white with their own convulsive force, and he bowed his head under the blow, without one word.

His agony was too great and mute to be spoken; and there was silence in the room, broken only by the hysterical moans of the miserable plotter, who had drawn down this calamity on his own head. He was in no state to be left alone, and even the little girl, who listened on the watch of her father's sole protector, who loved his lost child so well; and the two old men took him home between them, in a helpless and pitiable condition.

CHAPTER XVIII.

But this utter prostration of his confederate began to alarm Wylie, and rouse him to exertion. Certainly he was very sorry for what he had done, and would have undone it and forfeited his £2,000 in a moment if he could. But, as he could not unde...
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

[Sept. 19, 1868.

The crime, he was all the more determined to reap the more. Why that $2,000, for ought he knew was the price of his life, and it was his right to go gratis.

He finished the rest of his braney, and went after his men, taking them true to him by promise; but the next day he came to a cousin in Fenchurch Street, and asked anxiously for Wardlaw. Wardlaw had heard the story, and Michael told him with considerable anxiety, that this was the situation his young master had missed coming three or five years.

In the course of the day several underwriters came in, and with long faces, to verify the report which had now reached London, that the Preserver had foundered at sea.

"It is too true," said Michael; "and poor Mr. Wyile has barely escaped with his life. He was the mate of the ship, gentlemen."

Upon this each visitor questioned Wyile, who returned the same statement, only answering all inquiries; one heavy gale after another had so tried the ship that her beams had opened, and men in more water than all the emotions of the crew and passengers could discharge; at last they had to take to the boat; the long boat had been picked up; the cutter had never been heard of since.

They nearly all asked after the ship's log. "I have got it safe at home," it was in his pocket all the time.

Some asked him where the other survivors were. He told them five had stopped on board the Chios, and three were with him at Peralta, one disabled by the hardships they had endured.

One or two complained of Mr. Wardlaw's absence at such a time. "Well, good gentlemen," said Wyile, "I'll tell you. Mr. Wardlaw's sweetest recent was the ship. He is a comet broken hearted. He valued more than all the gold that you may take your oath on."

This stroke, coming as it did from a rough fellow in a press gang, was as simple as he was cunning, advanced re

monstrance, and went far to damsel suspicion, and so pleased Michael Penfold, that he said, "Mr. Wyile you are interested in this business, would you mind going to Mr. Wardlaw's house and asking that we do not to go out."

I'LL give you his address and a line, begging him to make an effort and see you. Business is the heart's best comfort. Oh, dear Mr. Wyile, I have known grief too; and I thought I should have gone mad when they took my poor son away, but for business, especially the summing up of long columns, etc.

Wyile called at the house in Russell Square, and asked to see Mr. Wardlaw.

The servant shook his head. "You can't see him he is very ill."

"Very ill," said Wyile, "I am sorry for that; but I shan't make him any worse: and Mr. Penfold says I must see him. It is very particular, I tell you. He won't thank you for refusal, when he comes to hear of it."

He said he would, and the servant, after a short hint, begged him to sit down in the passage a moment. He then went into the dining-room, and shortly reappeared holding the door open. "Can't, the junior but the sen-

for Wardlaw.

"My son is in no condition to receive you," said he gravely; "but he is not dead, your service, what is your business?"

Wyile was taken off guard, and stumbled onto something about the Shannon.

"The Shannon? what have you to do with her? You belong to the Proprietary to the Shannon."

"Ay, sir, but I had his orders to ship forty casks of lead and smelted copper on board the Shannon."

"Well?"

"Yes, sir," said Wyile, "Mr. Wardlaw was particular that the Lead, smelted, should be sent to him, and no another vessel."

"Have you not the captain's receipt?"

"That I have, sir, at home. But you could hardly read it for salt-water."

"Well," said Wardlaw, "I will direct our recent at Liverpool to look after them, and send them up to my cousin in Enfield right away. Very important to Lead and Copper, I think, sir."

And he took up a side of this directly. Wyile was not a little discouraged at this unexpected turn things had taken, but he hid his tongue now. For fear of making bad worse, Wardlaw went on to say that he should have to conduct the business of the firm for awhile in spite of old age and failing health.

This announcement made Wyile perspire with anxiety, and his £2,000 seemed to melt away from him.

"But never mind," said old Wardlaw, "I am very glad you can come for you are the very man I wanted to see. My poor collected and went, but asked you for several times. I be good enough to follow me?"

He led the way into the dining-room, and there sat the sad father, in all the quiet dignity of calm, unthorough sorrow.

Another gentleman stood upon the rug with his back to the fire, gazing for Mr. Wardlaw; this was the family physician, who had been sitting down from Arthur's bedroom, and had entered by another door, through the drawing-room.

"Well, doctor," said Wardlaw, anxiously, "what is your report?"

"Very good as I could wish, but nothing to excite immediate alarm. Upset trained brain; sick; weakened and unable to support this calament. However, we have reduced the fever; the symptoms of delirium have been checked, and I think we shall escape brain-favour if he is kept quite quiet. I could not have said as much this morning.

The doctor then took his leave, with a promise to call next morning and as soon as he was gone, Wardlaw turned to General Rolleston, and said, "Here is Wyile, sir, come forward my man and speak, to the General. He wants to know if you can point out to him the chart the very spot where the Preserver was lost."

"Well sir," said Wyile, "I think I could."

The great chart of the Pacific was then spread out upon the table; and rarely has a chart been examined as this was, with the blackness of his eye.

The young sailor became an oracle; the others hung upon his words, and followed his brown finger on the chart with fearful interest.

"He see, sir," said he, addressing the old merchant, for there was something on his mind that made him avoid speaking directly to General Rolleston, "when we came out of Sydney, the wind south and by east, Hudson took the easterly course.

The weather freshened from the same quarter, so that, with one thing and another by when we were a month out, she was five hundred miles or so to windward of her true course. But that wasn't all; when the break gained upon us, Hudson ran the ship three hundred miles by my reckoning to the north-east; and, I remember, the day before she was in latitude forty, and Easter Island bearing due north."

"Here is the spot, then," said General Rolleston, and placed his finger on the spot.

"Ay, sir," said Wyile, "addressing the merchant; but she ran out of course that was no Easterly course. No wind on her starboard quarter, and being deep in the water, she'd make less way—say eighty-two miles north-east by east."

The General took eighty-two miles off the scale with a pair of dividers, and set out that distance on the chart. He held the instrument fixed on the point thus obtained.

Wyile eyed the point, and after a moment's consideration nodded his head.

"There, or thereabouts," he said in a low voice, and looking at the merchant.

A pause ensued, and the two old men examined the speck prickled on the map, as if it were the waters covering the Proprietary.

"But, sir," said Rolleston, "trace the course of the boat, and he handed Wyile a pencil.

The sailor slowly averted his head, but stretched out his hand and took it, and traced two lines, the one short and straight running nearly north-east.

"That's the way the cutter went, and we lost her in the night." The other line ran parallel to the first for half an inch, then turning, bent backward and ran due south.

"This is our course," said Wyile.

General Rolleston looked up, and said, "Why did you desert the cutter?"

The mate looked at old Wardlaw, and, after some hesitation, replied, "After we lost sight of her, the men with me declared that we could not reach either Juan Fernandez or Valparaiso with our stocks of provisions, and insisted on standing on the sea track of Australian lines between the horn and South."

This explanation was received in silence. Wyile fidgeted in his seat, and his eyes wandered round the room.

General Rolleston applied his compasses to the chart. "I
find that the Proserpine was not 1000 miles from Easter Island. Why didn't you take the land for that last hour? We had no charts, sir," said Wylie to the merchant, "and I'm no navigator."

"I see no land laid down hereabouts, north-east of the spot where the ship went down."

"No," said Wylie, "that's what the men said when they made me 'bout ship."

"Then why did you lead the way north at all?"

"I'm no navigator," answered the man, sullenly.

Then simmered out, "Ask my men what we went through. Why, sir, they can hardly believe that I am alive and sit here talking to you about this cursed business. And nobody offers me a drop of anything."

Wardlaw poured him out a tumbler of wine. His brown hand trembled a little, and he gulped the wine down like water.

General Rolleston gave Wardlaw a look, and Wylie was dismissed. He slouched down the street all in a cold perspiration; but still clinging to his $2,000, though small was now his hope of ever seeing it.

When he was gone General Rolleston paced that large gloomy room in silence. Wardlaw eyed him with the greatest interest, but avoided speaking to him. At last he stopped, and stood erect as veterans bated, and pointed down at the floor.

"I'll start for that," spot said be. "I'll go in the next ship bound to Valparaiso, where there's a small vessel, and rush those waters for some trace of my poor lost girl."

"Can you think of no better way than that?" said old Wardlaw, gently, and with a slight smile of reproach.

"No—not at this moment. Oh, yes, well, by the bye, the Greyhound and Dreadnought are going out to survey the islands of the Pacific. I have interest enough in the Greyhound to secure a berth."

What go in a government ship under the orders of another man, put in the only of a Board. If you heard our poor girl was alive upon a rock, the Dreadnought would be sure to run up a bunch of red-tops to the fore to recall the Greyhound, and the Greyhound would go back. No, said be, rising suddenly, and confronting the General, and with the colour mounting for once in his favour, as you in no blue but one owned by Wardlaw & Son, and the captain shall be under no orders but yours. We have bought the steam sloop Springbuck, 700 tons. I'll victual her for a year, man her well, and you shall go out in less than a week. I give you my hand on it.

They grasped hands.

But this sudden warmth and tenderness coming from a man habitually cold, overpowered the stout general. "What, sir," he faltered; "your own son lies in danger, yet your heart goes with me—such goodness—it is too much for me—!

"No, no," faltered the merchant, affected in his turn, "it is nothing. Your poor girl was coming in that cleared-up barge. You lies till for love of her; God help him and me too; but you most of all. Don't, General; don't! We have got work to do; we must be brave sir; brave I say; and compose ourselves. Ah, my friend, we are of one age; and in a heavy blow in our sorrow; you say in no blue but it has made us brothers; she was to be my child as well as yours; now she is my child, and our hearts blest together."

At this, the truth must be told, the two stout old men embraced one another like two women, and cried together a little.

But that was soon over with such men as these. They sat together and plunged into the details of the expedition, and they talked themselves into hope.

In a week the Springbuck steamed down the Channel on an errand inspired by love. But by reason; to cross one mighty ocean and gape for a lost daughter in another.

Chapter IX.

We return to the cutter, and her living freight.

After an anxious, but brief consultation, it was agreed that their best chance was to traverse as many miles of water as possible, while the wind was fair; by this means they would increase their chance of being picked up, and also of falling into a large head, at all events into a lovely climate, where intense cold was unknown and, gales of wind were uncommon.

Mr. Hazel advised them to choose a skipper, and give him absolute power, especially over the provisions. They selected to this. He then recommended Cooper for that post. But he had not fattomed the sterling virtues of that taciturn seaman; as well as one most Ben Welch, instead.

"I put myself over Sam Cooper," said he, "not likely."

Then their choice fell upon Michael Morgan. The other sailors' names were Prince, Fenner, and Mackintosh.

Mr. Hazel urged Morgan to put the crew and passengers on short allowance at once, viz: two biscuits a day, and four table-cloths. But Morgan was a common sailor; he could not see clearly very far ahead; and, moreover, his own appetite counteracted this advice; he dooted out a pound of biscuit and an ounce of ham to each person, night and morning, and a pint of water during the day.

Hazel declined his share of the ham, and begged Miss Rolleston to seriously not to touch it, that she yielded in silent compliance.

On the fourth day the sailors were all in good spirits, though the provisions were now very low. They were hungry and spun yards. This was partly owing to the beauty of the weather.

On the fifth day Morgan announced that he could only serve out one biscuit per day; and this sudden decline caused some dissatisfaction and alarm.

Next day, the water ran so low, that only a teaspoonful was served out night and morning.

There were murmurings and forbodings.

In all heavy trials and extremities some man or other has to be chosen out as chief, and it was Ben Welch himself. And this general observation was verified on the present occasion, as it had been in the Indian mutiny, and many other crises. Hazel came out.

He encouraged the men, out of his multifarious stores of learning. He related at length stories of wrecks and sufferings around the coast, of whalers, and the story of the ship that had enabled those hungry spectators to survive, and traverse thousands of miles, and that in spite of hunger, thirst, disease, and rough weather.

By these means, he diverted their minds, in some degree from their own calamity, and taught them the lessons they most needed.

The poor fellows listened with more interest than you could have thought possible under the pressure of bodily distress. And Helen Rolleston's hazel eye dwelt on the narrator with unceasing wonder.

Yes, learning; and fortitude, strengthened by those great events, were to give them a superiority even in the middle of the Pacific; and not the rough sailors, only, but the lady, who had rejected and scorned his love, hung upon the brave student's words; she was compelled to look up, with wonder, to the man she had hated and despised in her hours of estrangement.

On the sixth day the provisions failed entirely. Not a crust of bread: not a drop of water.

At 4 p.m., several flying fish driven into the air by dolphins, and cat fish, fell into the sea near the boat, and one struck the sail sharply, and fell into the boat. It was divided and devoured raw, in a moment.

The next morning the wind fell and, by noon, the ocean became like glass.

The horrors of a storm had been often palatable; but who has described, or can describe, the horrors of a calm to a boat-load of hungry, thirsty creature, whose only chances of salvation or relief, are wind and rain.

The sea seemed touched by one vault of purple, with a great flaming jewel in the center, whose vertical rays struck, and parched, and scorched, the living sufferers; and blistered, and baked the boat itself, so that it hurt their hot hands to touch it. The beautiful remorseless ocean was one shore, and rain, and cold, and all evil bad that could educe the intolerable beat of heat upon those poor wretches, who were gasped to death by hunger; and their raging thirst was darer still.
Towards the afternoon of the eighth day, Mackintosh dipped a vessel into the sea, with the manifest intention of drinking the salt water.

"Stop him!" cried Hazel, in great agitation; and the others seized and overpowered him; he cursed them with such horrible curses, that Miss Rolleston put her fingers in her ears, and shuddered from head to foot. Even this was new to her, to hear foul language.

A calm voice rose in the midst and said:—"Let us pray." The man was immediately rescued, and Mr. Hazel kneeled down and prayed loud and fervently; and while he prayed, the various odes recited for a while and deep groans only were heard.

He prayed for food, for rain, for wind, for Patience.

The men were not so far gone but they could just manage to say Amen.

He rose from his knees, and gathered the pale faces of the men together in one glance; and saw the intense expression of agony, which physical pain could mould with men's features; and then he strained his eyes over the brassy horizon, but no cloud, no veil of vapor was visible.

Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink.

"We must be mad," he cried, "to die of thirst with all this water around us!"

His invention being stimulated by this idea, and his own dire need, he eagerly scanned everything in the hold, and his eyes lighted upon the gallon casks in themselves, but it struck him that he could use them in combination. These were a common glass bottle; and Miss Rolleston's life-preserving jacket, that served her for a catch. He drew this garment over the casks, and connected them all with the brass hose through which the jacket was inflated, and so left a tube, some nine inches in length, hanging down from the neck of the garment.

He now applied his breath to the tube, and the jacket swollen rapidly proved that the whole receptacle was air-tight. He then allowed the air to escape. Next, he took the bottle and filled it with water from the sea, then he inserted, with some difficulty, and great care, the neck of the bottle into the orifice of the tube; this done he detached the wire of the mouth, and whipped the tube firmly round the neck of the bottle.

"Now light a fire," he cried, "no matter what it costs."

The foret jar was chopped up, and a fire soon spluttered and crackled, for ten eager hands were feeding it; the bottle was then suspended over it, and, in due course, the salt-water began to throw off vapor, and the bottle of the jacket began to heat and stir, Hazel then threw cold water on the outside, to keep it cool, and while the men eagerly watched the bubbling brine, the sight made Mr. Hazel prevalent to explain what was now going on under their eyes was, after all, only one of the great processes of Nature done on a small scale. "The cold is," said he, "are but vapors drawn from the sea, by the heat of the sun, and condensed in the cold."

Now, indeed, we are now raising from salt, water, will be fresh. We can't make whiskey, or brew beer, but, thank Heaven, we can brew water; and it is worth all other liquors ten times told.

A wild "Hurrah," greeted these words.

But every novel experiment seems doomed to fail or meet with some disaster. The water in the bottle had been reduced too low, by vaporisation, and the bottle burst suddenly, with a loud report. That report was followed by a pitiful wail.

"Oh, the pain! Oh, the pain!"

But recovering himself, he said, "That is unfortunate, but it was a good servant while it lasted: give me the baller, and, Miss Rolleston, can you lend me a thimble?"

The tube of the life-preserver was held over the baller and out of reach, a small quantity of pure water, two thimblesfuls a-piece. Even that, as it passed over their swollen tongues and parched swallow, was a heavenly relief; but alas, the supply was then exhausted.

The men were now uppermost, and the men gnawed and chewed their tobacco pouches; and two caps which had been dressed with the hair on, were divided for food.

None was given to Mr. Hazel or Miss Rolleston; and this to do the poor creatures justice, was the first instance of injustice or partiality the sailors had shown.

They were long tormented by hunger, was more magnani-

mous; she offered to divide the contents of her little medicine chest; and the globules were all devoured in a moment.

And their tortures were aggravated by the sight of abundance. They drifted over coral rocks, at a considerable depth, but the water was so exquisitely clear that they could see five fathoms down. They could discern small fish drifting over the bottom, they looked like a driving cloud, so vast was their numbers every now and then there were schools among them, and porpoises broke in and feasted on them. All this they saw, yet could not catch one of those countless billions for their lives. Thus they were tantalised as well as starved.

The next day was like the last, with this difference, that the sufferers could no longer endure their torments in silence.

The lady moaned constantly; the sailors groaned, lamented

cursed.

The sea baked, and blistered; and the water glared.

The sails being useless, the sailors rigged them as awnings, and salt water was constantly thrown over them.

Mr. Hazel took a baller and drenched his own clothes and those of Miss Rolleston's upon their bodies. This relieved the suffocating heat; that could not be induced to practise it.

In the afternoon Hazel took Miss Rolleston's Bible from her wasted hands, and read aloud the forty-second Psalm.

When he had done, one of the sailors saluted him to pass the Bible forward. He did so, and in half-an-hour the leaves were wet to the skin, the velvum binding had been cut off divided and eaten.

He looked pleasantly at the leaves, and, after a while, fell upon his knees and prayed silently.

"I have to thank the gentleman's consent, offered the man the leaves as well. "It is the Bread of Life for men's souls, not their bodies," he said. "But God is merciful; I think he will forgive you; for your need is bitter."

Cooper replied that the binding was man's, but the pages were God's. She is holy, he said. If you or more-obvious reasons, the leaves were declined for food.

All that afternoon Hazel was making a sort of spool out of a fragment of wood.

The night that followed was darker than dismal, and about midnight a hand was laid on Hazel Rolleston's shoulder, and a voice whispered, "Hush! say nothing. I have got something for you."

At the same time, something-sweet and deliciously fragrant, was placed to her lips; she opened her mouth, and received a spoonful of marmalade. Never did marmalade taste like this. Before. It dissolvari itself like Ambrosia over her palate, and even relieved her parched throat in some slight degree by the saliva it excited.

Nature could not be resisted; her body took whatever he gave. But her high mind rebelled.

"Oh, how base I am," she said and wept.

"Why is it your own," said he, soothingly; "I took it out of your cabin expressly for you.

She blushed. "I am sorry, you see yourself, sir," said Helen, "or (with a sudden burst), I will die ere I Will touch another morsel."

"I feel the thrill, Miss Rolleston; but I do not need it, for I am very, very hungry. But no, if I take any I must divide it all with him. If this will help me unjacket, the will, I will suck the inside—after you."

Helen gazed at him and wondered at the man, and at the strange love which had so bitterly offended her, when she was surrounded by comforts, but now it exerted her respect.

They unzipped the jacket, and found some moisture left. They sucked it and it was a wonderful, an incredible relief to their parched gullets.

The next day was a fearful one. Not a cloud in the sky to give the sailors hope, but the sun sank into the sea from them along, and the sea glared, and the sun beat on the poor wretches, now tortured into madness with hunger and thirst.

The body of man, in this dire extremity, can suffer internal agony as acute as any that can be inflicted on its surface with fire and steel. Five men in the 23rd December, off Forehead, were cut off from the rest of the crew, interned, that laid from the boat, were not to be distinguished from the cries of men horribly wounded in battle, or writhing under some terrible operations in hospitals.

They had to see and bear the boat-load of ghastly victuals, with hollow eyes, going groaning, cursing, and shrieking loud, upon that fair isle, below that purple vault and glorious sun.

Towards afternoon, the men got together, forward and heated Miss Rolleston alone in the stern. This gave him an opportunity of speaking to her confidentially. He took advantage of it, and said, "Miss Rolleston I wish to consult you. Am I justified in accusing the insalubriest any longer? There is nearly a spoonful a-piece."

THE UTAH MAGAZINE, [Sert. 19, 1868.}
SAVED BY A WHIRLWIND.

The sun was driving, with his broad strong glances, American fog and darkness alike before him, into the dim distant vistas of the past. As the genial light of his countenance illumines the rocky ranges that confine the lovely valley of the Yosemite in their fold, dark embrace, the reflection thrown from a pool of crystal water, falls full upon the face of a young man, who, even in sleep, is pre-eminently handsome; his posture, careless though it is, brings into view the majesty and beautiful symmetry of his limbs. One and is thrown across his breast, grazing that deadliest of weapons, the never-failing Spencer seven-shooting; a belt of dressed buckskin, confining in its embrace a large hunter's knife, serves also to bind the loose woolen hunting-shirt at the waist; plain but substantial deerskin moccasins complete his outfit, for head-covering he has none. His countenance is open and manly.

But what noise was that in the thick wood to his right? See, he has heard it, and, rousing, springs to his feet, the ever-ready rifle poised for a shot! Carefully he scans the dense mass of brush from whence the sound arose. - Hark! Another crash, and snorting with pain of some kind, a grizzly bear, the king of his kind, bursts into the small clear space, and fronts our hunter with an angry glance of astonishment in his deep-set and sparkling eyes. A moment's scrutiny reveals his ornaments; numberless horns encircle his shaggy head, keeping both paws at work in the futile attempt to demolish his tormenting little foes; mean after mean of pain gargles up from his distended jaws. While he stands thus, the hunter raises his rifle; but there he can catch his aim, is himself attacked and stung by the poisonous insects. Pain drives him crazy; and he dashes, head down, into the thick brush to divest himself of his foes.

The bear, thoroughly roused and angered by the repeated stings upon his front-piece, and seeing something tangible in the form of the bleeding man who seemed to taunt his vengeance, rushed after him, breaking through the matted and thorny brush with rapidity, if not perfect ease. Not so with our hunter, however. He pauses after a moment's dash, upon finding himself clear of the little pests, only to realize the proximity of a greater danger in the shape of a maddened bear of hugest dimensions. He turns to flee, with ruin close behind. A few rapid leaps, and with a cry of dismay he disappears from view. On rushes the bear. A crash, and bruin, too, has vanished from sight, but not from hearing; for yell after yell of rage bursts upon the otherwise still air.

Let us draw near, in our privileged character, and penetrate the mystery. 'Tis easily done. Both bear and man have fallen down an old forgotten shaft, some twenty-five feet in depth, and singularly clear from rubbish. At the bottom lies the partially stunned form of the youth, whose fortunes we have thus far followed; and, still more dreadful sight, midway between the mouth and bottom, wedged in between a stout iron bar, crossing the pit from side to side, and the gravelly clay that formed the side, hung poor bruin, head down.

Soon the hunter regained consciousness, and his eye took in the true nature of his peril, he shivered with dread. His rifle, tried and true, was useless, broken in his fall; his knife—bah! what could he do with that? kill the bear? Perhaps he might; but not before he suffered injury, and perhaps death. Even a slight wound now, in his present position, would no doubt incapacitate him from escaping; even though he were so fortunate as to kill the bear. He saw that but little time would be afforded him to decide on his course, as bruin, in his struggles, was gradually cutting the soft dirt away and each moment slipping further down. A bright thought seems to take possession of his brain. See, it is even so; for he begins to cut out the wood around his hands. With the broken and bent barrel of his rifle, he drives the splintered stock into the soft dirt upon the side opposite the bear; next, the light, metal sheath of his knife is driven in, and still higher, almost within reach of bruin's fore arms, the knife itself finds a sheath in the soil. What can he mean? His knife, his last defense, gone! Ha! the bear is free; he falls, and lies, for a moment, stunned upon the gravel at the shaft's bottom. With quick, sure movements, the hunter mounts the rude stairs he has fashioned, and, by great exertion, reaches the iron bar, upon which he succeeds in swinging himself. "Safe, safe, thank heaven!" bursts from his pale and compressed lips, For a moment, those lips move as if in prayer.

Bruin is on his feet again, and seeing his enemy seated above him, tries to reach him by using the frail staircase; but alas for bruin's hopes! they will not support his weight. Standing upright, he can reach within a foot of the iron-bar; seeing which, the hunter rises to his feet by supporting himself against the sides of the pit—below him sure death; a few feet above, liberty and life! How easy to succumb to one, how difficult to reach the other! For hours the two captives gaze at each other.

Four o'clock in the afternoon has just passed; the bear and man still preserve their positions. Our young hunter allows his head to droop in despair; for hours he has tortured his brain for a means of escape, but to no purpose.

Suddenly a change takes place: the air grows hot and oppressive, the very birds expand their wings, and with open mouths seek a cool retreat. - Hark! What is it? mentally asks the young man. A moment, and the fierce gust of wind sending a shower of stone and loose dirt down the shaft, gave the explanation he desired. "Oh, heaven!" he cried, "a whirlwind." Poor young man, the very thing you fear, will prove your salvation. Crash, and down comes a large pine directly across the mouth of the pit, one of its broken branches entering the shaft and almost overthrowing the hunter from the bar. Ere the bough ceased vibrating, the hunter had grasped it, and was crawling and climbing along to safety. Twas but a
moment ere he cast himself in humble prayer on the earth above his prison, the storm yet raged, trees, strong and hardy, the heroes of a hundred years, bent and and broke like rods in the fierce blast.

When the youth arose, its fury was gone. He looked around upon the scene of devastation, and inwardly thanked his Maker. Down in the pit he could see his late dreaded foe: he gazed a moment at him and turning, walked limping away; now that the excitement was over, his bruises began to feel still and sore. Night saw him safe in his comrades camp, three of whom next day found the trail and killed the bear.

OUR HIRED MAN AND STORE-PAY.

As stated in our last Number "Our HIRED Man's" mind was in a rabid condition on the subject of Store-pay. The huge cash payments he has received from the Railroad loving completely unhinged his slender faculties on that subject. As he has declared that he will never work for Store-pay again, the Editor in chief, the Assistant Editor, the sub-Assistant Editor, the sub-sub-Assistant Editor and our ten Locals have concocted the following philosophic defence of Store-pay, which it is hoped will bring him to his senses.

Store-pay is an ancient and venerable institution and originated with some patriarchal tally shop in the dark ages. Tubal Cain, who kept a blacksmith's shop, undoubtedly gave orders on his store, as greenbacks are known to have been very scarce in his times. If he did, the probability is that he signed the orders by dipping his ind instead of "dubbing" it on the paper and then giving the order a gentle tap with the thick end of his hammer by way of a private seal.

Ever since mankind has been man, or in clearer language, ever since man has been mankind! the advantage of compelling your neighbors to buy something of you whenever you wish to sell to them, has struck all intelligent and enterprising individuals. The weak minded practice of paying a man in coin or currency, simply amounts to paying one's debts without making a profit thereby, and cannot be too strongly reprehended. Paying one's debts takes time and labor, and is withal a very vicious action, and all vicious actions should be properly rewarded.

Store-pay has many decided advantages over currency. A good store-order will always command 20 per cent. less cash; this is a great benefit, for one has not so much to carry away; thus saving capital and the anxieties attendant upon managing a great list of worldly goods which only cannon the soul.

Then, again, store-pay is a great promoter of plain dealing—in fact, very plain dealing. Clerks are very often compelled to look pleasant, whether they want to or not, whenever they see cash rolling out and they have to wink, and bow, and look fascinating, a thing very liable to some men whereas when Store-pay is practiced everybody knows that they are perfectly natural, just as they were made—only more so, which clearly proves Store-pay to be a natural and heavenly institution.

Another great evil avoided by Store-pay is partiality. Man's nature is prone to evil and he is liable when he has cash and isn't suited in one store to go to another thus creating jealousies, and all that. If he has Store-pay he must, very properly, take his order out whether he is suited or not. He may get a pair of boots 6 inches too long, or a hat a foot too high, but such things only teach him humility. He may have to take home a monstrap and a tumble, or a pack of butts and screws, for all of which he has no earthly use, "just to take the order out," but this only develops his powers of calculation as to what he shall do with them when he gets home. Besides all this store-pay promotes penmanship and book-keeping and other noble arts. Every article obtained has to be written and most or six times as often as it otherwise would be and an abruse and highly profitable calculation has to be made, as to how many cents are "left on the order," while Mr. Toddlekin or Miss Jigssie waits to know how much is to come. It takes up time, too, which leads to a mutual acquaintance between all parties. The writer knows just twenty-five uncommonly blissful marriages which have resulted from the gentlemanly clerks serving having extra time to look at the young ladies while they were writing on the back of the orders. But for Store-pay twenty-five bleeding hearts might be now wildly rushing over this desolate earth in search of twenty-five other bleeding hearts in a similarly surgical and painful condition.

The above powerful reasons in defence of Store-pay are affectionately submitted to "Our HIRED Man" with the assurance that if he returns to his labors all shall be forgiven.

If after these brilliant arguments he is still determined to take nothing but cash, we can only advise him as a father—in fact as a set of fathers—to give up editing at once and take another contract on the Railroad.

PABLO AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SHORT WRITING.

Can your young readers decipher the following! The Key to unlock the little mystery is given below. We will give the answer next week. The mean-time let our readers see what they can do.

A LOOK FOR MR. ROBB'S PICK.

Toll 24th (.) 24th (.) 21st (.) 11th (.) 6th (.) 1st (.) 22d (.) 23d (.) 24th (.) 1st 22d (.) 3d (.) 4th (.) 5th (.) 6th (.) 7th (.) 8th (.) 9th (.) 10th (.) 11th (.) 12th (.) 13th (.) 14th (.) 15th (.) 16th (.) 17th (.) 18th (.) 19th (.) 20th (.) 21st (.) 22d (.) 23d (.) 24th (.) 1st 22d (.) 3d (.) 4th (.) 5th (.) 6th (.) 7th (.) 8th (.) 9th (.) 10th (.) 11th (.) 12th (.) 13th (.) 14th (.) 15th (.) 16th (.) 17th (.) 18th (.) 19th (.) 20th (.) 21st (.) 22d (.) 23d (.) 24th (.) 1st 22d (.) 3d (.) 4th (.) 5th (.) 6th (.) 7th (.) 8th (.) 9th (.) 10th (.) 11th (.) 12th (.) 13th (.) 14th (.) 15th (.) 16th (.) 17th (.) 18th (.) 19th (.) 20th (.) 21st (.) 22d (.) 23d (.) 24th (.) 1st 22d (.) 3d (.) 4th (.) 5th (.) 6th (.) 7th (.) 8th (.) 9th (.) 10th (.) 11th (.) 12th (.) 13th (.) 14th (.) 15th (.) 16th (.) 17th (.) 18th (.) 19th (.) 20th (.) 21st (.) 22d (.) 23d (.) 24th (.)

HERE IS THE ANSWER.

The Letters are represented by the figures and symbols below the line, with this key the enigma be solved:

\[ a b e d e f g h i 1 j k l m n o p \]

\[ 1 8 2 9 0 1 ; 3 ; 7 \]

The stops enclosed in brackets, are used in their capacity of adding a period to the characters in front.

ANSWERS TO No 31, PAGE 12.

Hardee 6—Four or see.

Biddle 9—A man named Nott.

No 17. Because they are often too bold.

No 18. Because he has always got something.

No 19. I don't. 
POETRY.

CHILDHOOD.

O happy childhood! dreamy time
When care nor sorrow comes not near;
Earth seems to thee but in her prime.
An Eden fair with blossoms rare,
And sunshine bright thro' all the year.

The song of birds on leafy trees,
The noise of babbling brook and rill,
And sighing of the summer breeze
Among the flowers on woodland bowers,
Thy heart with sweetest music thrilled.

When toil is o'er, and tired and sad
We trudge along the dusty way,
How sweet to know young hearts and glad
Will smile away the cares of toil
Till with them we must romp and play.

Oh earth would seem a desert drear
Were there no passion-flowers at home.
With song and smile and kiss to cheer
When o'er our way by night and day
The shades of grief and sorrow come.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCT. 3, 1868.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR R. BLUNDELL LUTTON.

SWEYN'S DEATH.

It was one day in the height of summer, that
And the Sire de Graville in the marches of Wales
A Benedictine convent. De Graville had just dined
Th' abbot, in whom he had discovered a Norman

"How camest thou in England?" asked the abbot,
"nolly for reasons different from those that bring thee ther. In a word ambition brought thee to England.

"And ambition brings me hither."

"Hail! and how? Mayest thou thrive better than
in this sustyle?"

"You remember," renewed De Graville, "that Læn-

𝑢𝑡ℎ 𝑂𝑢𝑡ℎ 𝑀𝑎𝑔𝑎𝑧𝑖𝑛𝑒; 𝑏𝑒𝑣𝑜𝑡𝑒𝑑 𝑡𝑜 𝑙𝑖𝑡𝑒𝑟𝑎𝑡𝑢𝑟𝑒, 𝑠𝑐𝑖𝑒𝑛𝑐𝑒, 𝑎𝑟𝑡, 𝑎𝑛𝑑 𝑒𝑑𝑢𝑐𝑎𝑡𝑖𝑜𝑛. 𝑝𝑢𝑏𝑙𝑖𝑠ℎ𝑒𝑑 𝑤𝑒𝑒𝑘𝑙𝑦.

No. 29.

[Vol. 2

return from Rome, with the pope's dispensation for
Count William's marriage with his cousin, he became
William's most trusted adviser. Both William and
Lanfranc were desirous to see an example of learning
to our Latinless nobles and therefore my scholarship
found grace in their eyes. In brief—since then I have
prospered and thriven. I have fair lands by the Seine
free from the clutch of merchant or Jew. I have
founded a convent, and slain some hundreds of Breton
marauders. Need I say that I am in high favor.
Now it so chanced that a cousin of mine, Hugo de
Magnanville, a brave lance and franc-tire, chanced to
murder his brother in a little domestic affray, and bei-
ing of conscience tender and nice, the deed preyed on
him, and he gave his lands to Odo of Bayeux, and set
off to Jerusalem. There, having prayed at the Tomb,
the knight crossed himself "I felt at once miracu-

José, par amours, and only escaped at last by setting fire
to paynim and prison. Now, by the aid of the Virgin,
he has got back to Rouen, and holds his own lands
again in feef from proud Odo, as a knight of the
bishop's. It so happened, that passing homeward
through Lyca, before these misfortunes befell him,
he made friends with a fellow-pilgrim who had just
returned, like himself, from the Sepulcher, but not light-
ened like him, of the load of his crimes. The poor
palmer lay broken-hearted and dying, in the hut of an
eremite, where my cousin took shelter; and, learing that
Hugo was on his way to Normandy, he made
himself known as Sweyn, the once fair and proud
Earl of England, eldest son to old Godwin, and father
unto Hugo, whom our count still holds as a hostage. He
besought Hugo to intercede with the count for Haco's
speedy release and return, if King Edward assented
thereto; and charged my cousin, moreover, with a
letter to Harold, his brother, which Hugo undertook
to send over. By good luck, it so chanced that,
through all his sore trials, Cousin Hugo kept safe
around his neck a leaden effigy of the Virgin. The
infidels disdained to rob him of lead, little dreaming
the worth which the sanctity gave to the metal. To
the back of the image Hugo fastened the letter, and so,
though somewhat tatterd and damaged, he had it
still with him on arriving in Rouen.

"Knowing then, my grace with the count, and not,
despite absolution and pilgrimage, much wishing to
trust himself in the presence of William, who thinks
gravely of fratricide, he prayed me to deliver the
message, and ask leave to send to England the letter."
“It is a long tale,” quoth the abbot.

“Patience, my father! I am nearly at the end. Nothing more in season could chance for my fortunes. Know that William has been long moody, and anxious as to matters in England. The secret accounts he receives from the Bishop of London, make him see that Edward’s heart is much alienated from him, especially since the Count has had daughters and sons; for, as thou knowest, William and Edward both took vows of chastity in youth, and William got absolved from his, while Edward hath kept firm to the plight. Not long ere my cousin came back, William had heard that Edward had acknowledged his kinsman as natural heir to his throne. Grieved and troubled at this, William had said in his hearing, ‘Would that amidst you statues of steel, there were some cool head and wise tongue I could trust with my interests in England and would that I could devise fitting plea and excuse for an envoy to Harold the earl!’ Much had I mused over these words, and a light-hearted man was Mallet de Graville when, with Sweyn’s letter in hand, he went to Lanfranc the abbot and said, ‘Patron and father! thus knowest that I, almost alone of the Norman knights, have studied the saxon language. And if the duke wants messenger and plea, here stands the messenger, and in this hand is the plea.’ Then I told my tale. Lanfranc went at once to Duke William. By this time, news of the Atheling’s death had arrived, and things looked more bright to my eye. Duke William was pleased to summon me straightway, and give me his instructions. So over the sea I came alone, save a single squire, reached London, learned the king and his court were at Winchester (but with them I had little to do,) and that Harold the earl was at the head of his forces in Wales against Gryffyth the Lion King. The earl had sent in haste for a picked and chosen band of his own retainers, on his demesnes near the town. These I joined, and learning thy name at the monastery near Gloucester, I stopped here to tell thee my news and hear thine.

“Dear brother,” said the abbot, looking enviously on the knight, “would that, like thee, instead of entering the church, I had taken up arms! Alike once was our lot, well born and penniless. Alme!—thou art now like a swan on the river, and I as the shell on the rock.”

“Cheer thee, old friend,” said the knight, pityingly, “better times may come yet. Meanwhile, now to affairs. For all I hear strengthens all William has heard, that Harold the earl is the first man in England. Is it not so?”

“Truly and without dispute.”

“Is he married or celibate? For that is a question that even his own men seem to answer equivocally.”

“Why, all the wandering miscreats have songs, I am told by those who comprehend this barbarous tongue, of the beauty of Estrha pulchra, to whom it is said the earl is betrothed, or it may be worse. But he is certainly not married, for the dame is akin to him within the degrees of the Church.”

“Hm, not married! that is well; and this Algar, or Elgar, he is now with the Welsh, I hear.”

“No, sore ill at Chester with wounds and much chaffing, for he hath sense to see that his cause is lost. The Norwegian fleet has been scattered over the seas by the earl’s ships, like birds in a storm. The rebel Saxons who joined Gryffyth under Algar have been so beaten, that those who survive have deserted their chief, and Gryffyth himself is pened in his last defiles, and can not much longer resist the strong foe who by valorous St. Michael, is truly a good captain. As soon as Gryffyth is subdued, Algar can be crushed in his retreat, like a blasted spider in his web; and then England will have rest, unless our lord, as thou bestest, set her to work again.”

The Norman knight mused a few moments before he said—

“I understand, then, that there is no man in the land who is peer to Harold—not, I suppose, Toastig, his brother?”

“Not Toastig, surely, whom naught but Harold’s repute keeps a day in his earldom. But of late, is he brave and skilful in war, he hath done much to command the respect, though he cannot win back the love of his fierce Northumbrians, for he hath been in the earl gallantly in his invasion of Wales both sea and land. But Toastig shines only by his brother’s light; and if Gurtwy were more ambitious, Gurtwy’s would be Harold’s rival.”

The Norman, much satisfied with the information thus gleaned from the abbot, who, despite his ignorance of the Saxon tongue, was, like all his countrymen, acute and curious, now rose to depart. He asked detaining him a few moments, and looking at me wistfully, said in a low voice.

“What thinkest thou are Count William’s chief men of England?”

“Good, if he have recourse to stratagem—such he can win Harold.”

“Yet, take my word, the English love not the Saxon men, and will fight stiffly.”

“That I believe. But if fighting must be, I shall see will be the fight of a simple battle, for there is no fortress nor mountain, to admit of long warfare. Look ye, my friend everyone here is worn out and our royal line is extinct with Edward, save in a few whom I hear no name as a successor; the old nobility are gone, there is no reverence for old names. The Church is as decapitated in spirit as thy last meal is decayed in its timbers; the martial spirit of Saxon is half rotted away in the subjugation to the clergy, not brave and learned, but timid and ignoble. The desire of money eats up all manhood; the people have been accustomed to foreign monarchs under the Danes; and William, once victor, would have been promise to retain the old laws and liberties, to cast himself as firmly as Canute. The Anglo-Danes do not trouble him somewhat, but rebellion would become a weapon in the hands of a schemer like William, who would bribe all the land with castles and fortresses, hold it as a camp. My poor friend, we shall live to exchange gratulations thou prelate of some English see, and I baron of broad English land.”

“I think thou art right,” said the tall abbot cheerful, “and marry, when the day comes, I will at least stand for the duke. Yes—thou art right, he controls the round the dilapidated walls of the city of London is worn out, and naught can restore the Norman William, or—”

“Or who?”

“Or the Saxon Harold. But thou goest to see thou judge for thyself.”

“I will do so, and heedfully, said the Sire du ville; and embracing his friend, he renewed his journey to the city.”
Agreeably surprised at this gracious reception from the son of Godwin, the Norman pressed the hand extended to him, and then drew forth a small case, and related accurately, and with feeling, the meeting of his cousin with Swynn, and Swynn’s dying charge.

The ear listened, with eyes bent on the ground, and face turned from the lamp: and when Mallet had concluded his recital, Harold said, with an emotion he struggled in vain to repress—

"I thank you cordially, gentle Norman, for kindness kindly rendered! I—"

"The voice faltered.

"Swynn was very dear to me in his sorrows! We heard that he had died in Lycia, and grieved much and long. So, after he had thus spoken to your cousin he—he—Alas! O. Swynn, my brother!"

"He died," said the Norman, soothingly; "but shivered and absorbed; and my cousin says, calm and h-p-f-ul, as they die ever who have knelt at the Saviour’s tomb!"

Harold bowed his head, and turned the case that held the letter again and again in his hand, but would not venture to open it. The knight himself, touched by a grief so simple and manly, rose, with the delicate instinct that belongs to sympathy, and retired to the door, without which yet waited the officer who had conducted him.

Harold did not attempt to detain him, but followed him across the threshold, and briefly commanding the officer to attend to his guest as to himself, said, "With the morning, Sire de Granville, we shall meet again; I see that you are one to whom I need not excuse man’s natural emotions."

"A noble presence!" muttered the knight, as he descended the stairs; "but he hath Norma, at least, Norse blood in his veins on the diastal side. Fair sir!"—(this aloud to the officer)—"any meat save the kid-flesh, I pray thee, and any drink save the mead."

"Fear not, guest," said the officer; "for Tostig the Earl hath two ships in your bay, and hath sent as supplies that would please Bishop William of London; let Tostig the Earl be a dothesome man."

"Command me, then, to Tostig the Earl," said the knight; he is an earl after my own heart."

On re-entering the room, Harold drew the large bolt across the door, opened the case, and took forth the discriminated and tattered scroll—

"When this comes to thee, Harold, the brother of thy childish days will sleep in the flesh, and be lost to men’s judgment and earth’s weal in the spirit. I have knelt at the Tomb; but no dove hath come forth from the cloud—no stream of grace hath re-baptized the child of wrath! They tell me now—monk and priest tell me—that I have atomed all my sins; that the tread of the dead was given to me; that I may enter the world of men with a spirit free from the load, and a name redeemed from the stain. Think so, O. Brother!—bide my father—if still he lives, the dear old man!—think so—tell Gisla to think it—" and, oh, teach Flaco, my son, to hold the bell false a truth! Harold, again I commend thee to thee son; be to him as a father! My death surely releases him as a hostage. Let him not grow up in the court of the stranger, in the land of our foes. Let his fate, in his youth, climb the green hill of England—let his eyes, ere sin dim them, drink the bliss of her skies! When this shall reach thee, thou, in thy calm, effortless strength, wilt be..."
more great Godwin our father. Power came to him with travail and through toil, the gird of craft and force. Power is born to thee as strong to the strong man; it gathers around thee as thou movest; it is not thine aim, it is thy nature to be great. Shield my child with thy might: lead him forth from the prison-house by thy seven sacred hand! I ask not for lordships and cardinals as the appanage of his father; train him not to be rival to thee— I ask but for freedom, and English air! So, counting on thee O Harold, I turn my face to the wall, and hush my wild heart to peace!"

The scroll dropped noiseless from Harold's hand.

"Thus," said he mournfully, " hath passed away less a life than a dream! Yet of Swayne, in our childhood, was Godwin most proud; who so lovely in peace, so terrible in wrath? My mother taught him the songs of the Baltic, and Hilda led his steps through the woodland with tales of hero and scound. Alone, of our house he had the gift of the Dane, in the flow of fierce song, and for him things lifeless had being. Stately tree from which all the birds of heaven sent forth their carol where the falcon took root, whilst the mavis flew forth in its gleam—how art thou blasted and scarred, bough and core!—smit by the lightning, and consumed by the worm!"

He paused, and, though none were by, he long shaded his brow with his hand.

"Now," thought he, as he rose, and slowly paced the chamber, " how to what lives yet on earth—his son? Often hath my mother urged me on behalf of these hostages; and often have I scented—obtain them. Smooth and false pretenses have met my own demand, and even the remonstrances of Edward himself. But surely, now that William hath permitted this Norman to bring over the letter, he will consent to what it hath become a wrong and an insult to refuse; and Hao will return to his father's land, and Wolnoth to his mother's arms."

---

LESIONS IN GEOLOGY, No. 18.

The facts stated, and principles involved in our last lesson, will be found of importance, when you come to study the geological theory about dikes of lava or basalt which are discovered in the masses, or in the beds of other rocks.

You will find it a good intellectual exercise to picture to yourself one of these volcanic mountains, it has been once filled with melted matter, which is now withdrawn, and the volcano has become extinct. It was once covered and enveloped by sand and scree; but since the rains and torrents have washed away the loose sand and volcanic nish, and only the more hard and solid materials of the mountain are left.

Mountains of this kind are met with, not only in France and Sicily, but in England, Scotland and Ireland, as you will find in the progress of our Lessons.

The last lesson will have taught you that, in the progress of centuries, very great changes must necessarily take place in the configuration, or in what may be called, the physiology of volcanic mountains. Think—how the expansive power of the heat below may be cracking the sides of the mountains into fissures through which streams of lava flow,—how the cliffs or the walls of the crater may be falling into the tremendous chasm as the result of the dilating action of fire—how volumes of lava may be filling up gullies and ravines, and by this means change or change the course of rivers—how rains, melted snow, and rivulets may be wearing away and removing to a distance, the sand, the dust, and the soil which had settled on the sides of the hill;—and, how these and other agencies may be annually and constantly changing the outward character of mountain ridges. The knowledge of these changes is an important element in the study of geology.

To assist you in the knowledge of these changes, perhaps the best way, instead of distracting you with a variety of illustrations from several volcanoes of the globe, is to fix your attention upon the changes in the aspect of one mountain—such as Vesuvius.

In the last lesson you were placed upon a safe ledge of volcanic rock which overhung the tremendous crater, and from which you could command a view of the burning lake, and of the conical formation of fumaroles. In the present lesson, imagine that some years or generations shall have passed away, and that then you revisit that same cliff. The whole scene is changed. The lava does not boil. The fumarole emits no volumes of vapor, or jet of fume. The eternal fires are retired to their retreats in the deep caverns of Vulcan. The surface, where the lava burned and boiled, is cooled and consolidated into a firm plain—if plain may be called what is so jagged, rugged, and ruinous.

Leave that rugged scene in a state of rest. In the course of years, the volcano again stirs up deep founts below, and awakes all its smothered into activity. Volumes of lava boil up. They fill the spaces between the conical peaks. They flow into the empty vents and hollow fissures, fill them up, become hardened into masses of stone, and make the surface appear almost a perfect level. After many centuries or ages, a section of this part of the mountain comes, by some means or other, to be exposed to the view of a geologist; and then, the multifarious formation of the rock is accounted for, by him, on the principles of the intermittent activities of volcanoes.

The changes which I have just described, are alterations which are produced in the internal structure of the mountain. There are also other changes which take place in a volcano's outward physiognomy, or external aspect, so as to make the mountain look different in the landscape. The character of these variations, also, will help you in the study of Geology.

The volcanic region best known to the ancients is that of Sicily, and Campania in Italy—but especially that of Naples; for they have handed down to us tolerably distinct and well-connected records of the history of Vesuvius, which the Italians of the present day call by the name of Somma.

Before the Christian era there is no record—there is not even a tradition or a poetical myth, of Vesuvius having been in a state of activity. If such had ever been known, Strabo would have given an account of it; for in the Fifth Book of his Geography, he narrates the terrific earthquakes and convulsions which had taken place several times in the Island of Phlegraeanas, now called Ischia, a little to the north of the Bay of Naples. Of any disturbance in Vesuvius he says nothing.
ADVENTURE WITH A SERPENT.

One hot, sultry day, while residing in British Guiana, feeling tired with unsuccessful sport, I threw my fishing lines and drew the canoe to the river's edge for the purpose of refreshing myself in the water. Having done this I stretched myself half-dressed upon the benches of the boat, placing my loaded gun at my head ready for a shot if a chance should occur. In this position I fell asleep.

How long I slept I know not, but I was aroused by a curious sensation as if some animal were licking my foot. In that state of half-sense I felt immediately after waking from sleep, I cast my eyes downward, and never till my dying day shall I forget the thrill of horror that passed through my frame on perceiving the head and neck of a monstrous serpent covering my foot with saliva, preparatory, as it immediately flashed upon my mind, to commence the process of swallowing it.

I had faced death in many shapes on the ocean, on the battle-field, but never till that moment had I supposed he could approach me in a guise so terrible. For a moment, and but a moment, I was fascinated; but recollection of my danger soon came to my aid, and I quickly withdrew my foot from the monster, which was all the while glaring upon me with basilisk eyes, and at the same time grasped my gun. The reptile, apparently disturbed by my movement, (I conceived it had previously taken me for a dead carcass,) drew its head below the level of the canoe. I had just sufficient time to raise myself up, pointing the muzzle of my gun in the direction of the serpent, when its head and neck again appeared, moving backward and forward as if in search of the object it had lost. The muzzle of my gun was within a yard of it; my finger was on the trigger. I fired, and it received the shot in its head.

Rearing up part of its body into the air with a horrible hiss, which made my blood run cold, and by its contortions displaying to my sight a great part of its enormous bulk which had hitherto escaped my notice, it seemed ready to throw itself upon me and embrace me in its monstrous coils. Dropping my gun, by a single stroke of the paddles, I made the canoe shoot up the stream out of its reach. Just as I was escaping I could perceive that the shot had taken effect, and that the blood was beginning to drop from the serpent's head. But the wound appeared rather to have enraged than subdued him. Unfortunatley all my shot was expended, or I would, at a safer distance, have given him a second salutation of the same kind.

All that I have described took place in a much shorter time than I have taken up in describing it.

As I went up the stream with all the velocity I could impart to the canoe, I heard the reeds among which the animal had taken refuge, crunching under its weight. I never once thought of the lines I had left, but hurrying the canoe as fast as it could go through the water, was not long in reaching the landing place below my friend's house.

Hastily mooring the boat I jumped ashore and hurried up to the house, and you may be certain lest no time in recounting my almost miraculous escape and the wound which I had inflicted upon the animal.

"In that case," said Mr. H., "it cannot escape, and we must immediately go in search of it."

Instantly summoning Cesar, a black servant, he told him to get the guns ready and bring two of his fellows with him.

"If you choose to assist us in finishing the adventure you have begun," said he, "and to have a second encounter with your novel antagonist, we can show you some of the best and most dangerous sport our country affords."

I protest that nothing was further from my intentions than staying behind, adding that had not my shot being expended, we should not have parted on such easy terms.

Just as we finished speaking, Cesar, reappeared, himself armed with a club, one of those which followed him carrying a similar weapon, while the other was armed with a weapon similar to a bill-hook. This Mr. H. told me was to clear a road through the reeds, if the animal should have retreated among them; the club being reckoned the best instrument for a close encounter.

We were soon seated in the canoe, and gliding down the stream as fast as a couple of pairs of brawny arms could urge us. In a short time we reached the spot where my adventure had happened. The small part of the bank not covered with reeds bore, from its saugune hue, evident proof that the wound the animal had received could not be very slight. Exactly opposite this the reeds were crushed and broken, a sort of passage being formed among them so wide that a man could with little difficulty enter. My friend commanded a halt to see that the arms were all in proper order. All being right, we listened attentively to hear if there was any noise which might direct us to our enemy. No sound, however, was heard.

One of the negroes entered first, clearing with his bill-hook whatever obstructed our way. He was followed by Mr. H. and myself with our guns; while Cesar and his fellow-servant brought up the rear. The reeds were in general nearly double our height, and at the same time pretty close. However, we could make our way through them, partly assisted by the track which the serpent had evidently made.

We had penetrated, I suppose, about thirty yards, when the fellow who was in advance gave the alarm that we were close upon the animal.

Mr. H. ordered him to stop behind, and advancing along with me, we saw through the reeds part of the body of the monster, coiled up, and part of it stretched out; but its head was invisible. Disturbed and apparently irritated by our movements it turned and appeared as though about to assault us.

We had our guns ready, and just as we had caught a glimpse of its head, fired both at the same moment.

From the obstruction of the reeds, all our shots did not take effect, but what did, seemed to be sufficient, for the animal fell hissing and rolling itself into a variety of contortions, so that it became very dangerous to approach.

But Cesar, who seemed to possess a great deal of coolness and audacity, motioned his master and myself not to fire again in the direction of the serpent, forced a way through the reeds on one side, and making a circuit, came in before it, and succeeded in hitting it a violent blow, which stunned it; and a few repetitions of this gave us the victory.
CORRECTNESS OF A SENSUOUS RELIGION.

Before we can settle the often raised question whether man can take pleasure in merely earthly gratifications, or cultivate a love for that which is physically and materially beautiful, without deteriorating from his spiritual, or higher nature, let us ask, does God love beautiful shapes and colors? as they form a basis of much that is sensuous. Go stand beside the peacock, displaying above its arched back a host of golden clouds and setting suns in miniature, then you may learn. Go gather roses, or behold a tulip bed, tinted with such heavenly art, meety, and perfect, look at the golden backs of the watery tribe, or the silver crested, gem decked, spangled breasts of birds of hotter climes than ours; or dive to ocean's bed, and bring up its pearly shells; and you will learn that not only does God exhibit a most decided taste and love for beautiful colors, in objects on the surface of the earth, but that "myriad falsehood deep, down on old ocean's pavement stones," are found the proofs, that spiritually minded is. He loves well harmonized tints and shades.

Does He love elegance in shapes? The created swan, triumphing in matchless curves and lines of beauty would say so; the noble horse, built with such symmetry and well-proportioned grace, would teach the same. Then turn to man, observe his perfect form—the painter's study, that he may learn what is beautiful in shape—and ask. Then seek the flowers of earth, so full of grace and beauty; nay, the common green leaf would prove our point.

Does God love grandeur or magnificence? He has done His best to make man think so anyhow: storing the bowels of the earth with gold and silver ore, and all the metals in their great variety; hiding up his marble blocks, and almost a world of stone, to build or garnish earth's palaces with; and scattered lustrous gems about the earth, that man may pick them up, and, after using them for his own adornment, get from them a faint idea of the splendor of the world to come, when gates made of pearl, and cities built on gems, shall tell the truth that mortality may cease with us, but immortality shall only usher in sensuous pleasures, controlled by righteous laws, in greater fullness and perfection till.

Who employs himself wheeling world round world, lighting them up with luminous powers to gratify possibly the powers of taste, hearing, smell and sight of millions on their surfaces, after first endowing them with these sensuous qualities—who? Who, to come to our little world, spent six days, or, as it is believed by some, six thousand years in reducing to order this shapeless globe, causing the dry land to appear that verdant hills and flowery landscapes might rejoice beneath blue skies or calmly sleep whilst the watchman of the night—the moon, rises to silver over the abode of men and beasts? Who made the pulse to quicken, and the soul to fill with grand emotions, when golden sunsets, calling forth the poetry of the spirit, and its devotion too, rouse heavenly feelings in the breast, and adoration greater than the tongue can tell? Is not the soul to dance, triumphant with joy at the sound of music's heavenly strains? Who, I ask, the lover of sensuous gratification, or the lover of it? I, at least, would be known by its fruits, what kind of tree must that be, which has for its fruits universes on universes, filled with systems, crowded down with unnumberable, because numberless sense-seeing, sense-feeling worlds, of the Delphic, each bearing testimony to the error of the idea, that "it is not heavenly minded to love sensuous pleasures as part of one's religion," when scattered throughout boundless space, lie the vast indications of the Almighty's determination to furnish materials for those pleasures, whether they are loved or not? The conclusion that we draw from all this, if God can be a heavenly-minded being (and all a knowledge He is,) and yet from day to day, year from age to age, thus to be mixed up in earthly pursuits, mechanical operations, incessantly constructing and reconstructing, working among such grand elements as worlds, with their atmospheres, seas, and inhabitants, and suffer no pollution, lose nothing its spiritual qualities, then may we hope to have sufficient of a spiritual character, even though it should lead us to go to the same extent, proportionally, as those worldly-minded operations as those in which our Maker is eternally employed. For we cannot be far wrong in following in His track. He making, and we loving after it is made; He exhibiting his masterly hand in forms of beauty, exquisite coloring, and materials for grandeur and magnificence, and we aspiring to possess what He has been good enough to excellently adorn for our happiness and pleasure.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READ AND ENOY BOUCHAULT.

CHAPTER XX.

Hazel thought her reason was going; and instead of looking at the men's eyes, it was hers he examined. But no; the swarthy cheek was white, the eyes had a fearful hollow all round the bones of that face; light hazel eye, prematurely large; but calm as ever, looked out, full of fortitude, resignation, or reason.

"Don't look at me," said she, quietly; "but take an opportunity and look at them. They mean to kill me." Hazel looked curiously round; and, being enlightened in person by the woman's intelligence, he observed that some of the men were actually glaring at himself in a dreadful way. There was a remarkable change in their eyes since he looked last. The pupils seemed diminished, the whites enlarged; and in a word, the characteristics of humanity had, somehow, died out of these bloodshot orbs, and the animal alone shone in them now; a wild beast driven desperate by hunger.

What he saw coupled with Helen's positive interpretation, it was truly sickening. These men were six, and he but one. They had all their knives; and he had only an old penknife, that would be sure double up, or break off, if a blow were dealt with.

He asked himself, in utter terror, what on earth he should do.

The first thing seemed to be to join the men, and learn their minds: it might also be as well to prevent this secret conference from going further.

He went boldly forward, though sick at heart, and said:

"Well my lad, what is it?"

The men were silent directly; and looked sullenly down, avoiding his eye yet were not ashamed.
In a situation so terrible, the senses are sharpened, and Hazel directed, in his mind, this sinister look, and saw that Morgan, Fanner, and Mackintosh were hostile to him.

But Welch and Cooper hoped they were still friendly.

"Sir," said Fanner, civility but doggedly, "we are come to this now, that one must die, for the others to live: and the greater part of us are converging lots all round, and left every man, and every woman too, take their chance. That is fair, is it not?"

"It is fair," said Cooper, with a terrible doggedness. "But it is hard," he added.

"Harder that seven should die for one," said Mackintosh the Poacher. "No, no; one must die for the twelve."

"What?" said Fanner, in the force language that possessed, that what they meditated was a crime, the fatal result of which was known by experience.

But they heard in ominous silence.

Hazel went back to Helen Rolleston, and sat right down before her.

"Well!" she said, with supernatural calmness. "You were mistaken," she said.

"Then why have you placed yourself between them and me?"

It was about eight o'clock in the morning. Helen Rolleston had crept around to judge; and that one is the happiest that dies first, and dies unstained by any crime. I heard every word you said, sir!"

Hazel cast a pitiful look on her, and finding he could no longer hold her, he turned to Welch, and being bewildered by famine, fell to trembling and crying.

Helen Rolleston looked at him with calm and gentle pity.

For a moment, the patient fortitude of a woman made her a hero man's superior.

Next came the time she had heard for the first time, Hazel claimed two portions of the rum; one for himself, and one for Miss Rolleston. He then returned and took the helm. He loosed it, so as to be ready to ush sharp in a moment, and use it as a weapon.

The men huddled together forward; and it was easy to see that the boat was now divided into two hostile camps.

Hazel sat quaking, with his head on the helm, feigning an attack every moment.

Both he and Helen listened and, about three o'clock in the afternoon, a strange incident occurred, of a terrible nature.

Mackintosh was heard to say "Save out the rum, no allowance," and the demand was instantly complied with by Morgan.

Then Hazel touched Miss Rolleston on the shoulder, and insisted on her taking half what was left of the marauder, and he took the other half. The time was gone by for economy: what they wanted now was strength. In case the wild beasts, maundered by drink, as well as hunger, should attack them.

Already the liquor had begun to tell, and wild bark and yarns and purveying stories, mingled with the groans of misery. In the doomed boat.

At sunrise there was a great swell upon the water, with sharp gusts at intervals; and on the horizon, to windward, might be observed a blue haze to the sky, and smoke beginning to fly. But none saw that Hazel's eye never left the ravishing wretches in the forepart of the boat. Cooper and Welch sat in gloomy despair amid ships; and the others were huddled together forward, encouraging each other to a desperate act.

"The last of Morgan's, however, and said, "Come, none of that!"

"You killed a man to stop Mackintosh, but was too late."

He did so, Morgan, however, and said, "Come, none of that!"

"Iritated by this unexpected resistance, and maddened by drink, Morgan turned on Cooper and stabbed him; he sank down with a groan, on this Wilson gave a fearful gilt, dividing his jugular, and was stabbed in return by Prince, but not severely; these two grappled and rolled over one another, stabbing and courting at the bottom of the boat; meantime, Hazel had abolished the blue haze, so the Mackintosh boat began to fly."

"Well!" said Cooper, "Welly! Cooper! will you say: butchered, and come at me, and help all the boat."

But the man, being now stark mad, took no notice of the order. He addressed him on, and took a turn by no mean's unmannered in these cases. He saw before him a monstrous tent and streams of fresh water flowing. They began to stream with a great velocity and rapids, striking his lips and exulting; and so he went on tantalizing them till noon.

Meanwhile, Cooper asked Mr. Hazel if he could sail the boat. The wind had passed, and the breeze was now strong from the south west.

"I can steer," said Hazel, "But that is all. My right arm is broken.

The cheerful voice of Helen Rolleston then uttered brave and cheerful words: "I will do whatever you tell me, Mr. Cooper."

"Long live to you, miss," said the wounded seaman. He then directed her how to rock the sail, and apply the sheet with which he had been obliged to cut, and, in a word, to sail the boat, which she did, with some little assistance.

As they all depended upon her, whom some of them had first for killing; and the boat's sighted the boat gilded before the wind.
At two p.m. Fenner jumped suddenly up, and, looking at the
water, cried out, "Ah! my boys, here's a beautiful
mouth of the creek, with bulrushes; green, green! Let's have a roll among the daisies."

And, in a moment, ere any of his siff and wounded shipmates
could put out a hand, he threw himself on his back upon the
water, and sunk forever, with inexpressible rapture on his
corpse. It was the first intimation that this lady and gentlemen
were then consigned to the deep. Thus sad ceremony per-
formed, he addressed a few words to the survivors.

"We have, my friends and brothers in a vessel, who ought not to be
so much from Divine mercy for ourselves; or we should come
to look upon our fellow men. But we are not forbidden to
hope for others. Those, who are now gone, were guilty of
terrible crimes; but they were, I am sure, more than their
destiny could bear; and they required their punishment here-
earth; for we may, therefore, hope, they will escape punishment
hereafter. And it is for us to profit by their fate, and to
know that we are not tyrants, and that we should not
consider the actions of a few.

Presently he became excited, and directed those in the stern
how to steer the boat close to the object without going over it.
He begged them all to be silent. He leaned over the boat side
as they motored it. He clutched it suddenly with both hands,
and stopped the boat with a shout of triumph; but sank ex-
hausted by the effort.

It was a young turtle, and was asleep on the water. or in
experienced, had allowed them to capture it.

It was indeed a godsend; twelve pounds of succulent meat.
It was not a squid, as was hoped; but an elegant oyster, with some
difficulty, to boil a portion of it. He enjoyed it greatly; but
Miss Rolleston showed a curious and violent antipathy to it,
scarcely credible under the circumstances. Not to the
sailors. They disdained it raw, what they could get at all.

Cooper got an armful of the dead sea shell, which had received its
death wounds, and was manifestly sinking.

He revived, however, from time to time, and spoke cheerfull
ly whenever he spoke at all. Welch informed him of every
incident that took place, however unfortu.

On being told that they were passing through savannah, he
expressed a wish to examine it, and, when he had examined
it, he said to Hazel, "Keep up your heart, sir; you are not a

About five in the afternoon, Welch came up, with the two
eyes, to say that Sam was just going to slip his cable,
and had something to say to them.

The dying man saw it, and rose into that remarkable energy
which sometimes precedes the departure of the soul.

"Write," said he, in his deep, full tones.

ChAPTER XXIII.

The breeze declined at sunset, but it rained at intervals
during the night; and by the morning they were somewhat
wet.

Death had visited them again during the night. Palace was
discovered dead and cold; his wounds were mere scratches,
and there seemed to be no doubt that he died by pushing him-
self with more food than his stomach could possibly diges

Thus dismally began a day of comparative bodily comfort,
but mental distress, especially to Miss Rolleston and Mr.
Hazel.

It was there, that this lady and gentlemen were no longer guided to
madness by physical suffering, their higher sensibilities reas
their natural force, and the miserable contents of the blo
stained boat shocked them terribly. Two corpses and two
wounded men.

Mr. Hazel, however, you came to one resolution, and that
you were to read the funeral service over the dead, and
mit them to the deep. He declared this intention, and Cooper,
who, though wounded, and apparently sinking, was still skip-
er of the boat, acquiesced readily.

"Hazel took the dead man's knives and their money out of
their pockets, and read the burial service over them: they
were then consigned to the deep. Thus sad ceremony per-
formed, he addressed a few words to the survivors.

"My friends and brothers in a vessel, who ought not to be
so much from Divine mercy for ourselves; or we should come
to look upon our fellow men. But we are not forbidden to
hope for others. Those, who are now gone, were guilty of
terrible crimes; but they were, I am sure, more than their
destiny could bear; and they required their punishment here-
earth; for we may, therefore, hope, they will escape punishment
hereafter. And it is for us to profit by their fate, and to
know that we are not tyrants, and that we should not
consider the actions of a few.

Presently he became excited, and directed those in the stern
how to steer the boat close to the object without going over it.
He begged them all to be silent. He leaned over the boat side
as they motored it. He clutched it suddenly with both hands,
and stopped the boat with a shout of triumph; but sank ex-
hausted by the effort.

It was a young turtle, and was asleep on the water. or in
experienced, had allowed them to capture it.

It was indeed a godsend; twelve pounds of succulent meat.
It was not a squid, as was hoped; but an elegant oyster, with some
difficulty, to boil a portion of it. He enjoyed it greatly; but
Miss Rolleston showed a curious and violent antipathy to it,
scarcely credible under the circumstances. Not to the
sailors. They disdained it raw, what they could get at all.

Cooper got an armful of the dead sea shell, which had received its
death wounds, and was manifestly sinking.

He revived, however, from time to time, and spoke cheerfull
ly whenever he spoke at all. Welch informed him of every
incident that took place, however unfortu.

On being told that they were passing through savannah, he
expressed a wish to examine it, and, when he had examined
it, he said to Hazel, "Keep up your heart, sir; you are not a

About five in the afternoon, Welch came up, with the two
eyes, to say that Sam was just going to slip his cable,
and had something to say to them.

The dying man saw it, and rose into that remarkable energy
which sometimes precedes the departure of the soul.

"Write," said he, in his deep, full tones.

ChAPTER XXIII.

The breeze declined at sunset, but it rained at intervals
during the night; and by the morning they were somewhat
wet.

Death had visited them again during the night. Palace was
discovered dead and cold; his wounds were mere scratches,
and there seemed to be no doubt that he died by pushing him-
self with more food than his stomach could possibly diges

Thus dismally began a day of comparative bodily comfort,
but mental distress, especially to Miss Rolleston and Mr.
Hazel.

It was there, that this lady and gentlemen were no longer guided to
madness by physical suffering, their higher sensibilities reas
their natural force, and the miserable contents of the blo
stained boat shocked them terribly. Two corpses and two
wounded men.

Mr. Hazel, however, you came to one resolution, and that
you were to read the funeral service over the dead, and
mit them to the deep. He declared this intention, and Cooper,
who, though wounded, and apparently sinking, was still skip-
er of the boat, acquiesced readily.

"Hazel took the dead man's knives and their money out of
their pockets, and read the burial service over them: they
were then consigned to the deep. Thus sad ceremony per-
formed, he addressed a few words to the survivors.

"My friends and brothers in a vessel, who ought not to be
so much from Divine mercy for ourselves; or we should come
to look upon our fellow men. But we are not forbidden to
hope for others. Those, who are now gone, were guilty of
terrible crimes; but they were, I am sure, more than their
destiny could bear; and they required their punishment here-
earth; for we may, therefore, hope, they will escape punishment
hereafter. And it is for us to profit by their fate, and to
know that we are not tyrants, and that we should not
consider the actions of a few.

Presently he became excited, and directed those in the stern
how to steer the boat close to the object without going over it.
He begged them all to be silent. He leaned over the boat side
as they motored it. He clutched it suddenly with both hands,
and stopped the boat with a shout of triumph; but sank ex-
hausted by the effort.

It was a young turtle, and was asleep on the water. or in
experienced, had allowed them to capture it.

It was indeed a godsend; twelve pounds of succulent meat.
It was not a squid, as was hoped; but an elegant oyster, with some
difficulty, to boil a portion of it. He enjoyed it greatly; but
Miss Rolleston showed a curious and violent antipathy to it,
scarcely credible under the circumstances. Not to the
sailors. They disdained it raw, what they could get at all.

Cooper got an armful of the dead sea shell, which had received its
death wounds, and was manifestly sinking.

He revived, however, from time to time, and spoke cheerfull
ly whenever he spoke at all. Welch informed him of every
incident that took place, however unfortu.
He sacrificed a bowl for fuel, and boiled the duck and the crab in one pot, and Miss Rolleston ate dumplings but plenty of both. Of the crab's shell he made a little drinking vessel for Miss Rolleston.

Cooper remained without funeral rites all this time; the reason was that Welch lay with his head pillow on his dead friend, and Hazel had not the heart to disturb him. But then the sailors' crew was to carry him to the deep, and so Hazel sat down by Welch, and asked him kindly whether he would not wish the services of the Church to be read over his departed friend.

"In course, sir," said Welch.

But then the moment he took Hazel's meaning, and said burdally, "No, no; I can't let Sam be buried in the sea. Ye see, sir, Sam and I, we are used to one another, and I can't abide to part with him, alive or dead."

"Ah!", said Hazel, the best friends must part when death takes one."

"Ay, ay, when 'tuther lives But, Lord bless you, sir! I shan't be long astain of my mastate here: can't you see that?"

"Heaven forbid," said Hazel, surprised and alarmed. "Why, you are not wounded, mortally, as Cooper was. Have a good heart, man, and we three will all see old England yet."

"Well, sir," said Welch, coolly. "I'll tell ye: me and my shipmate. Praise was a cutting at one another with our knives a quarrel, and (as it do propor, wonders of! of that day's work, for I liked the man well enough; but run up on starvation plays hell with seafaring men) well, sir, as I was a saying he lot more blood out of me than I could afford to lose under the circumstances. And, ye see, I can't make fresh. And, the planets go about their own business, and I can't swallow much meat, so I'm safe to lose the number of my mastate; and another thing, my heart isn't altogether set towards living. Sam, here, be give me an order; what, didn't ye hear him? I'll lie out side the bar," says he, till you come out."

"But you see," said Hazel, "all that's over."

I'm told, a hundred times as big as both oceans. No sir, you'll make land, by Sam's reckoning, to-morrow, or next day, and the permission I'll take care of Sam's hull till then, and till the land to the angel blows that there's trumpery; and then we'll go aloft together, and, as soon as ever we have made our scrape to our bitters, we'll both speak a good word for you and the lady; a very pretty lady she is, and a good-hearted, and the best plucked one I ever knew."

"Heaven forfend!"

"But if it's all over, I'm ready to die now, or at any time, and I'm not going to cry, your trouble is pretty near over; he said you was not a hundred miles from land; I don't know how he knew that, he was always a better seaman than I be; but say it he did, and that is enough, for he was a man as never told a lie, nor wasted a word."

Welch could offer no more just then; for the glands of his throat were swollen, and he spoke with considerable difficulty.

What could Hazel reply. The judgment is sometimes ashamed to consider the heart with cold reality; but in this instance, with a skill that he was a sign of his sign, and believed they had gone on the wrong course, and were in the heart of the Pacific. Welch made no answer, but a look of good-natural contentency.

The idea of this parson contradicting Sam Cooper. The sun broke, and revealed the illimitable ocean; themselves a tiny speck on it. Mr. Hazel whispered Miss Rolleston that Cooper must be dead, and that the ship could not be out of the way. At ten p.m. they passed through more seacoast, and they thought to eat the sea splashing raw. They were told that they were wearing a large wind, with a squally west, and belched that the horse were gone on the wrong course. At four p.m. a bird, about the size and color of a woodpecker, settled on the mast's mast. Hazel remarked that it was a land-bird lost, like them, upon the ocean.

The bird, having rested, flew to the north-west. Helen, by one of those inspired impulses her eyes have, alighted the boat's course directly, and followed the bird.
PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MR. CHARLES DILLON.

After an absence of some years at the metropolis, and traveling nearly round the world, Mr. Charles Dillon, the once popular tragedian and melodramatic actor, has again returned to the stage, and we therefore take the opportunity of presenting his memoir.

Mr. Charles Dillon was born at Dusseldorf, England, in 1820, and may truly be said to have been created on the stage. His parents followed the theatrical profession, and his father attained great eminence as a leading actor of some note, in the old theatre, under the management of Mr. Charles Kean. The son, with whom Mr. Dillon was so closely connected, occupied the same position during the time that Mr. Kean was in London, and the two actors were the most prominent in the theatre under his management.

Mr. Dillon made his first appearance on the stage in 1835, at the Theatre Royal, where his career was still more triumphant. For hours before the performances commenced, crowds besieged the boxes, and the whole area of the theatre may be said to have been in a state of theatrical commotion.

With additional laurels and increased finances, he turned his back upon Manchester for a time in order to fulfill his original purposes. To follow him from place to place would occupy too much of our space, but suffice it to say, that in a short time, he was in England, Ireland, and Scotland, which he visited, achieving, more or less, the same success which he had experienced in the North of England, Manchester, and in the south of England. His return to the stage was marked by a "remarkable historical phenomenon," and, speaking of his Belphegor, said, "There was an intensity of affectionate grief in the action that was the very perfection of pathos."

Again, of his Othello, the same paper remarked, "This was the beginning of the tragedy, and Mr. Dillon's performance was a constant encouragement on the sympathies of his audience, and, when the curtain had fallen, his away had become universally acknowledged." Another critic in the Athenæum observed, "That all was surprisingly original, and much that was excellent in the new version of "Othello" was written by Mr. Dillon."

For a short time, however, Charles Dillon left the stage, in order to indulge in literary pursuits. He felt that dramatic authorship was his true line. This, in a young man of eighteen with considerable imaginative powers, was very excusable. He was an excellent actor, and had already written many of his own pieces. Amongst these early productions may be mentioned "John Anderson, my Joe," which was accepted by Yates and Gladstone. Soon learning the drama of an author's life, and the precarious nature of a dramatic career, he returned to the stage, and in twelve months' time in the country again appeared on the London boards. His first re-engagement in the metropolis was at the City of London, where he opened after the talented but ill-fated Elcho was dismissed from the character of Hamlet. His performance was a decided success; and he played a round of characters in a most satisfactory manner.

Quitting the East-end, he rejoined his old manager, Mr. Douglas, at the Marylebone Theatre, where he resumed his former post as stage manager, and at the same time held the position of an actor. He was very successful in this character and always in demand. Amongst these early productions may be mentioned "John Anderson, my Joe," which was accepted by Yates and Gladstone. Soon learning the drama of an author's life, and the precarious nature of a dramatic career, he returned to the stage, and in twelve months' time in the country again appeared on the London boards. His first re-engagement in the metropolis was at the City of London, where he opened after the talented but ill-fated Elcho was dismissed from the character of Hamlet. His performance was a decided success; and he played a round of characters in a most satisfactory manner.

Satisfying the East-end, he rejoined his old manager, Mr. Douglas, at the Marylebone Theatre, where he resumed his former post as stage manager, and at the same time held the position of an actor. He was very successful in this character and always in demand. Amongst these early productions may be mentioned "John Anderson, my Joe," which was accepted by Yates and Gladstone. Soon learning the drama of an author's life, and the precarious nature of a dramatic career, he returned to the stage, and in twelve months' time in the country again appeared on the London boards. His first re-engagement in the metropolis was at the City of London, where he opened after the talented but ill-fated Elcho was dismissed from the character of Hamlet. His performance was a decided success; and he played a round of characters in a most satisfactory manner.

Quitting the East-end, he rejoined his old manager, Mr. Douglas, at the Marylebone Theatre, where he resumed his former post as stage manager, and at the same time held the position of an actor. He was very successful in this character and always in demand. Amongst these early productions may be mentioned "John Anderson, my Joe," which was accepted by Yates and Gladstone. Soon learning the drama of an author's life, and the precarious nature of a dramatic career, he returned to the stage, and in twelve months' time in the country again appeared on the London boards. His first re-engagement in the metropolis was at the City of London, where he opened after the talented but ill-fated Elcho was dismissed from the character of Hamlet. His performance was a decided success; and he played a round of characters in a most satisfactory manner.

THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.

The vast structure built by Nebuchadnezzar, which has been celebrated in all ages as one of the wonders of the world, under the name of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, was really an artificial mountain or mound to be such. It was built to gratify the desire of a wife of Nebuchadnezzar, named Amytis, who having been a native of a mountainous country towards the north, soon grew tired when she came to Babylon, of the level monotony of the country there; and she said to her husband that she longed for the sight of a hill. Her husband therefore undertook to build her one. The structure consisted of a series of platforms, or terraces, supported on arches of masonry, placed one above the other, and raised so high that the upper one was above the walls of the city, so that the spectator, standing upon it, could not only look down upon all the streets and squares of the town, but could also extend his view beyond the walls and survey the

...
whole surrounding country. The several terraces were supported on immense arches of masonry. The lateral thrust of the arches was resisted by a solid wall twenty-two feet thick, which bounded and closed the structure on every side. The platforms covering the arches and forming the terraces, were constructed of immense flat blocks of stone, cemented at the joints with bitumen. Above this bitumen, upon which, at the top of all, was a flooring of brick, which formed the upper surface of the platform.

On this foundation was laid a thick stratum of garden-mould, deep enough to afford support and nourishment to the largest trees. The gardens made upon these platforms were laid out in the most costly and elegant manner, and were provided with statues and fountains, and with the choicest fruits, and the rarest and most beautiful shrubs and trees, and parterres of brilliant flowers, and seats, and bowers, and ornamented arbors—with every thing, in short, which the horticulturist of the day could devote to complete the attractiveness of the scene. The ascent from each of these terraces to the one above was by a broad and beautiful flight of steps, and visitors who ascended from one to the other saw on each successive platform, new, and ever-changing beauties, in the varied arrangements of walks and trees, and beds of flowers, and in the new views of the surrounding country, which became, of course wider and more commanding the higher they ascended.

There were spacious and airy apartments built among the arches below, which opened out upon the successive terraces. These apartments commanded very beautiful views, both of the gardens before them and of the country beyond. The interior of them was splendidly decorated, and they were fitted with all necessary conveniences for serving refreshments to guests, and for furnishing them with amusements and entertainments of every kind. On the upper platform was a reservoir of water, supplied by vast engines concealed within the structure. Pipes and other hydraulic machinery conducted this water to all the lower terraces, in order to supply the various fountains, and to irrigate the ground. In fact, so vast was the extent and so magnificent the decorations of this artificial hill, that as long as it endured it was considered, by common consent, as one of the wonders of the world.

TAME CROCODILES.

India, the land of wonders, is not less rich in its zoology than in its vegetable productions. Abounding in the half-reeling elephant, the royal tiger, the rhinoceros, the camel, the sacred aepes, and marshalled armies of monkeys, we find that it has also the crocodile—the animal that was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians as the cow is by the Hindoos, and traces of whose former worship we can discern scattered thither and thither over all of those regions of the far East. One of Vishnu's incarnations is said to be in the form of a crocodile.

The Gangesic crocodile grows to the length of nearly thirty feet, and is as dangerous as the Nilotic, from which it differs chiefly in its narrow, long, and hooked proboscis. There is another species of crocodile in the Ganges, called Ghurri-aul, so named from an excrecence, in the form of a ball, near the end of the nose, which tapers from the head, and ends abrupt, like the mount of a dog. There is a smaller species not above twelve feet long. The head and neck are half the length of the body, the gape of the mouth is of formidable width. It does not attack man but eagerly devours dogs. It is always found in the tanks after the annual inundations, and is supposed to be brought down from some of the streams which flow into the Ganges, but it never descends into that river.

This species is particularly venerated by the Hindoos as a consecrated animal. They used to be maintained in the ditches of fortified places, as contributing to their defence.

In the island of Java there are also relics of a former general worship of the crocodile. The Cacerta (lizard,) an insensitiveness land animal, is externally formed like the crocodile, which frequents the canals and rivers in the neighborhood of Batavia. From being an object of fear, by a transmision of sentiment it became an object of veneration, and offerings are now made to it as to a deity. When the Javan feels himself diseased, he builds himself a kind of coop, and fills it with such cattles as he supposes will be most agreeable to the crocodiles. He places the coop on the bank of the river, or canal, confidently expecting that by the means of such offerings he shall get rid of his complaints. Should any person prove so wicked as to take away these viands, that person would then draw upon himself the malady. Like the ancient Egyptians, the inhabitants in some districts of Java bring up and tame the crocodile, adorning his ears with rings of precious stones and gold, and fixing ornaments about his fore feet. They also supply him regularly with food, offer victims to him, treat him respectfully while he is living, and embalm and bury him in a consecrated coffin.

Upon treading in the footsteps of this ancient worship, one is irresistibly inclined to ask whether the custom of embalming the crocodile was borrowed from the ancient Egyptians, or did the latter derive it, with their own origin, from a still more primitive Eastern source? That the crocodile, as well as the ibis, and other bestial objects of Egyptian idolatry, was interred with the honors of being embalmed is expressly stated by Herodotus, the truthful father of history; and in our day we have the same custom presented to us in the remote island of Java, almost leading, we should imagine, coupled with the Gangtic and other homage paid to the crocodile, that at one period the religion of old Egypt was common, or, at all events, widely-spread from the shores of the Nile to Indo-China, and the islands of the Indian Ocean. But the subject is too recondite for more than a passing allusion, and we only mentioned it in connection with our remarks, because, while jotting them down, it struck us as affording another extraordinary instance of the energy of the English, that while abroad, whether for pleasure or profit, they manage to find time, not only to rake up the ashes of the past, but to gather illustrations of the present.

Kurrachee is the station where the shore end is laid of the submarine cable, which connects London by electric communication with the government, and press, and commercial authorities of India.

It is an important place, and gives the country the command of the mouths of the Indus, and the whole of the right bank of that great and important river.
which in these days of steam navigation is the real barrier to any aggressions upon India from the northwest.

A respectable authority thus describes the reservoirs or ponds of crocodiles, which we thought curious enough to be made generally known. He says:

"The crocodile-pond, of Mungger-peer, as it is called, lies to the north-west of Kurrachee. I visited the crocodiles on two occasions at an interval of several years, and although during that time they had been seen by hundreds of Europeans, including a certain class of mischievous young Englishmen (whose chief amusement, we were told, had been to throw stones and sticks down the throats of the gaping monsters as they lay basking on the banks of the pond,) yet there seemed no diminution in their numbers, and the wild and uncouthly interest of the scene was to us as great as ever. And as the date palm now waves its shady branches over the crocodiles of Mungger-peer, so then did the magnificent tree ferns, gigantic reeds, and club mosses, shelter their extinct predecessors. The greater pond is about 300 yards in circumference, and contains many little grassy islands, on which the majority of the crocodiles were then basking. Some were asleep on its slimy sides, others half submerged in the muddy water, while now and then a huge monster would raise himself upon his diminutive legs, and waddling for a few paces, fall flat on his belly. Young ones, from a foot in length and upwards, run nimbly along the margin of the pond, disappearing suddenly in the turbid waters as soon as we approached.

Strangers are expected to stand, not only by the Fakirs and natives, who gain a livelihood by hanging about the pond and showing the monsters, but even the crocodiles themselves seem to anticipate a feast, and on the arrival of a party come out in unusual numbers. Accordingly, we had a gont slaughtered, during which operation the brutes seemed to resume themselves, as if preparing for a rush. Then our guide, taking pieces of the flesh, dashed it on the bank, uttering a low grunting sound, at which the whole tribe became in motion, and crocodiles of whose existence we had before been ignorant splashed through the shallow water, struggling which should seize the prize. The shore was literally covered with scaly monsters, snapping their jaws at one another. They seize their food with the side of the mouth, and toss the head backward, in order that it may fall into the throat. A few were observed to bolt their portion on shore after very slight mastication; but the majority, anxious to escape from their greedy companions, made instantly for the water, and disappeared with the piece of flesh sticking between their jaws. Our young Belooch friend informed us that they generally swallow their food at once, and do not, as has been asserted, bury it until it becomes patent; also that other large individuals besides the old king frequently devour the young soon after they are hatched. Crocodiles wallowing in the mud of the Nile, or gavials in the Indus, are sights which one is prepared to encounter; but the traveller may wander far before he meets with a scene so strange and unexpected as that just described."

In life we shall find many men that are great, and some men that are good, but very few men that are both great and good.

**RAUNTS ON THE RHINE.**

A raft of "giant logs" recently floated down the Rhine, for Holland, upon which were horses, yards and pens for cattle, and a population of six hundred persons. It was nine hundred feet in length or four hundred at its head, and carried an entire village. At least five hundred men are required to steer safely through the rapids, such as are met with under the Lurie or Burg Lock. This they do by means of long poles which extend into the water, but it is hard work, and requires both a skillful hand and practiced eye, as well as great knowledge of the rocks, shoals and whirlpools of the river. An eye witness says: Old women are splashing at the doors of the little houses; young ladies with flaxen hair and very verdant looks, are sewing or peeling potatoes; young men are lounging about the sun, smoking long pipes and chatting among themselves. Under a large shed the dinner is cooking enough for the entire village. It is a gay scene, and just one's idea of "roughing it."

**PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKES.**

**EXPERIMENTS IN GALVANISM.**

3. Put a silver mug or cup, filled with water, upon a plate of zinc or tin; and just touch the water with the tip of the tongue; it will be tasteless so long as the zinc plate is not handled, for the body does not pass a voltaic current with the metal. Rub your hand well; then hold the plate of zinc, and touch the water with your tongue, when a very peculiar sensation, and an acid taste, will be experienced.

4. Take a piece of copper of about six inches in width and put it in a piece of zinc of rather similar dimensions, meeting in the centre of the same size as the zinc, between them; place a long upon the plate of zinc, and though there appear nothing to hinder it from coming down, yet it will not pass from the zinc to the copper, be it how long a time, acting as a conductor to the fluid disturbed, as soon as it touches the copper, it receives a galvanic shock, and of courserette to its resting place.

**CHARADES.**

31. My first is found on the ocean wave.
In the spring, a lot, and the mine.
my second below the earth's surface you have.
where seldom the sun does shine.
my whole your dinner table must grace
And seldom fails to obtain a place.

32. **CONGURBIS.**
Why is a man with wooden legs like one who has an even better gain?

21. Why is a patch ball like a good story?
22. What belongs to yourself yet is often used by others more than yourself?

Answer to secret writing in number 23 page 71:
The Earth, the Sea, the Starry Sky.
Are spheres with land and ocean,
That land which turns with harmony.
And borne their varied glorious shine.
In them are health's eye may see
Symbols in one grand truth combined.
But in the book of books there lies a key to read their mysteries.

**SWEETS ONLY TO THE SWEET.**

May never lady press his lips, His proserd love returning.
Who makes a furnace of his mouth.
And keeps its chimney burning.
May each true woman shun his sight,
For fear his -s should choke her.
And none but those who smoke themselves Have kisses for a smoker.
POETRY.

AUTUMN.

Spring I have seen with its wild-flower wreaths,
Wending towards the bright gay world;
I have met the cherish ing air it breathes.
And plucked the rose by its branch unfurled—
Bright were the eyes of the lovely then,
To welcome the wanderer back again.

Lit by its wand, the watch-light Hope
Shone through the night of the future years,
Bidding the lonely and wretched grope
Cheerily on through sighs and tears
And spreading before their ardent eyes
Lovelier suns and brighter skies.

Autumn, where are thy promised joys?
The blasted leaf, as it floats through air,
Drops to the earth with a rustling noise—
No promise of embryo blosom is there!
What says the blighted, withering flower,
Of fairy scenes in a future hour?

Autumn, I love thee! still thou art
The lute-sweet of the loftiest things,
Thou speakest of the fall of the warmest heart,
Of the blighting which years on our best hope flings;
Lovely, yet sad, is the autumn hour,
Like the dew which adorns, yet blasts the flower.

But springing upon the settle along the wall, and looking through the loophole of the tower, it seemed as if not the fort but the whole land was one flame, and through the glowing atmosphere he beheld all the ground, near and far, swarming with men. Hundreds were swimming the rivulet, clambering up the dyke mounds, rushing on the leveled sweep of the defenders, breaking through line and palisade, pouring into the inclosures—some in half-armor of helm and corset—others in linen tunics—many almost naked. Loud, sharp shrieks of “Alleluia!” blended with those of “Oult! oult! Holy cross!” He divined at once that the Welsh were storming the Saxon hold. Short time indeed sufficed for that active knight to case himself in his mail; and, sword in hand, he burst through the door, cleared the stairs, and gained the hall below, which was filled with men arming in haste.

“Where is Harold?” he exclaimed.

“On the trenches already,” answered Sexwulf, buckling his corset of hide. “This Welsh hell hath broken loose.”

“And ye are the beacon fires? Then the whole land is upon us!”

“Prate less,” quoth Sexwulf; “those are the hills now held by the warders of Harold: our spies gave them notice, and the watch-fires prepared us ere the fiends came in sight, otherwise we had been lying here limbless or headless. Now, men, draw up, and march forth.”

“Hold! hold!” cried the pious knight, crossing himself, “is there no priest here to bless us? first a prayer and a psalm!”

“Prayer and psalm!” cried Sexwulf, astounding, “an thou hastd said ale and mead I could have understood the. Ouct! Ouct! Holyrood, Holyrood!”

“The godless paynims!” muttered the Norman, borne away with the crowd.

Once in the open space, the scene was terrific. Brief as had been the onslaught, the carnage was un-speakable. By dint of sheer physical numbers, animated by a valor that seemed as the frenzy of madmen or the hunger of wolves, hosts of the Britons had crossed trench and stream, scizing with their hands the points of the spears opposed to them, bounding over the corpses of their countrymen, and with yells of wild joy rushing upon the close serried lines drawn up before the fort. The stream seemed literally to run gore; pierced by javelins and arrows, corpses floated and vanished, while numbers, undeterred by the havoc leaped into the waves from the opposite banks. Like bears that surround the ship of a sea-

HAROLD.

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE LION KING.

Iessire Mallet de Graville as becomes a man bred to arms, and snatching sleep with quick grasp whenever that blessing was at his command) no sooner his head on the pallet to which he had been coned, than his eyes closed, and his senses were deaf to dreams. But at the dead of the midnight he awakened by sounds that might have aroused the en Sleepers—shouts, cries, and yells, the blast of ns, the tramp of feet, and the more distant roar of ying multitudes. He leaped from his bed, and whole chamber was filled with a lurid, blood-red. His first thought was that the fort was on fire.
king beneath the polar meteors or the midnight sun of
the north, came the savage warriors through the
glaring atmosphere.

Amidst all, two forms were pre-eminent: the one, tall and towering, stood by the trench, and behind a
banner, that now drooped round the stake, now stream-
ed wide and broad, stirred by the rash of men—for
the night in itself was breathless. With a vast Dan-
ish axe wielded by both hands, stood this man, con-
fronting hundreds, and at each stroke, rapid as the
levis, fell a foe. All round him was a wall of his own
—the dead.

But in the center of the space, leaning on a fresh
troop of shouting Welshmen who had forced their
way from another part, was a form which seemed
charmed against arrow and spear. For the defensive
arms of this chief were as slight as if worn but for
ornament: a small corselet of gold covered only the
center of his breast, a gold collar of twisted wires cir-
cled his throat, and a gold bracelet adorned his bare
arm, dropping gored, not his own, from the wrist to
the elbow. He was small and slight-shaped—below
the common standard of men—but he seemed as one made
a giant by the sublime inspiration of war. He wore no
helmet, merely a golden circlet; and his hair, of
deep red (longer than was usual with the Welsh),
hung like the mane of a lion over his shoulders, toss-
ing loose at every stride. His eyes glared like the
tiger’s at night, and he leaped on the spears with a
bound. Lost a moment amidst hostile ranks, save by
the swift glitter of his short sword, he made, amidst
all, a path for himself and his followers, and emerged
from the heart of the steel unscathed and loud-breath-
ing; while, round the line he had broken, wheeled
and closed his wild men, striking, rushing, slaying,
slain.

“Pardiez, this war is worth sharing,” said the
knight. “And now, worthy Sexwulf, thou shalt see
if the Norman is the vaunter thou deemest him. Dic
nonas aide! Notre Dame! Take the foe in the rear.”

But turning round, he perceived that Sexwulf had
already led his men toward the standard, which showed
them where stood the earl almost alone in his peril.
The knight, thus left to himself, did not hesitate a
minute more, and he was in the midst of the Welsh
force, headed by the chief with the golden panoply.
Secure in his ring mail against the light weapons of
the Welsh, the sweep of the Norman sword was as
the scythe of death. Right and left he smote through
the throng which he took in the flank, and had almost
gained the small phalanx of Saxons that lay firm in
the midst when the Cymrian chief’s flashing eye was
drawn to this new and strange foe, by the roar and
the groan round the Norman’s way; and with the
half-naked breast against the shirt of mail, and the
short Roman sword against the long Norman falchion,
the Lion King of Wales fronted the knight.

Unequal as seems the encounter, so quick was the
spring of the Briton, so pliant his arm, and so rapid
his weapon, that the good knight (who, rather from
skill and valor than brute physical strength, ranked
among the prowest of William’s band of martial broth-
ers) would willingly have preferred to see before him
Fitzosborne or Motgonmeri, all clad in steel and armed
with mace and lance, than parried those dazzling
strokes, and fronted the angry majesty of that helm-
less brow. Already the strong rings of his mail had
been twice pierced, and his blood trickled fast, while
his great sword had but smitten the air in its sweep
at the foe; when the Saxon phalanx, taking advan-
tage of the breach in the ring that gave them, ceased by
this diversion, and recognizing with fierce ire the god
torque and breastplate of the Welsh king, made the
desperate charge. Then for some minutes the pe-
meet was confused and indistinct—blows blind and
a random—death coming no man knew whence, or how
till discipline and steadfast order (which the Saxons
kept, as by mechanism through the discord) at the safety of defensive arms against naked became
obstinately prevail. The wedge forced its way and,
though reduced in numbers and sore wounded the Saxon troop cleared the ring, and joined the main
force drawn up by the fort, and guarded in the rear
by its wall.

Meanwhile Harold, supported by the band under
Sexwulf, had succeeded at length in repelling faint
reinforcements of the Welsh at the more accessible
part of the trenches; and casting now his practiced
eye over the field, he issued orders for some of his
men to regain the fort, and open from the battlements
and from every loophole, the batteries of stone and
javelin, which then (with the Saxons, unskilled
siegework) formed the main artillery of forts. These
orders given, he planted Sexwulf and most of his men
to keep watch round the trenches, and shading his
eye with his hand, and looking toward the moon,
waning and dimmed in the watchfires, he said calmly:
“Now patience fights for us. Ee the moon reach
yon hill-top, the troops at Aber and Caerben will
be on the slopes of Penmawr, and cut off the retreat
of the Walloons. Advance my flag to the thick of ye
strife.”

But as the Earl, with his axe swung over his shoul-
der, and followed but by some half-score or more of
his banner, strode on where the wild war was no
mainly concentrated, just midway between trench and
fort, Gryffyth caught sight both of the banner of
the earl, and left the press at the very moment
when he had gained the greatest advantage; and when I
deed, for the Norman, who, wounded as he was
and unused to fight on foot, stood resolute in the vs
the Saxons, wearied out by numbers, and falling fit
beneath the javelins, would have fled into their wall
and so sealed their fate—for the Welsh would hardly
entered at their heels.

But it was the misfortune of the Welsh heroes to
learn that war was a science; and instead of centering
all force on the point most weakened, a whole field vanished from the fierce eye of the Wel
king, when he saw the banner and form of H
old.

The earl beheld the coming foe, wheeling round,
the hawk on the heron; halted, drew up his men in
semi-circle, with their large shields a rampart, a
their levelled spears as a palisade; and before, the
all, as a tower, stood Harold with his axe. In a mi
ute more he was surrounded; and through the rain
javelins that poured upon him, hissed and glitter
the sword of Gryffyth. But Harold more practical
than the Sire de Graville in the sword-play of
Welsh, and unencumbered by other defensive arm
(save only the helm, which was shaped like the No
man’s), than his light coat of hide, opposed quicker
and suddenly dropping his axe, spr
pon his face, and clasping him round with the left arm, and with the right hand gripped at his throat—

"Yield, and quarter! yield, for thy life, son of Llewellyn!"

Strong was that embrace, and deathlike that grip; as the snake from the hand of the dervise—as a host from the grasp of the dreamer, the little Cymric glided away, and the broken torque was all that remained in the clutches of Harold.

At this moment a mighty yell of despair broke from a Welsh near the fort; stones and javelins rained on them from the walls, and the fierce Norman was amidst, with his sword drinking blood; but not one javelin, stone and sword, shrank and shouted the Welshmen. On the other side of the trenches were arching against them their own countrymen, their own tribes that helped the stranger to rend the land; far to the right were seen the spears of the Saxons and the Welsh, and to the left was heard the shout of the forces under Godfrith from Caer-hen; and they who sought the leopard in his lair were now themselves the prey caught in the toils. With new heart, as they beheld these reinforcements, the Saxons pressed boldly, tumult, and flight and indiscriminate slaughter, trapped in the field. The Welsh rushed to the stream at the trenches; and in the balderacalo, ryglyth was swept along, as a bull by a torrent; till facing the foe, now edging, now smiling its own men, now rushing alone on the pursuers, and halting in their onslaught, he gained, still unwounded, the reeds, paused a moment laughed loud, and sprang into the wave. A hundred javelins hissed into the island and bloody waters. "Hold!" cried Harold the Earl, lifting his hand on high. "No dastard dart at the wave!"

The fugitive Britons, scarce oneth of the numero that had first rushed to the attack—performed their flight with the same Parthian rapidity that characterized the assault; and escaping both Welsh and Saxon, though the former broke the ground a pursuit them, they regained the steeps of Pennan.

There was no further thought of shudder that night within the walls. While the wounded were tended, and the dead were cleared from the soil, Harold, with brac of his chiefs, and Mallet de Graville, whose eyes rendered it more than anguishing to refuse his request that he might assist in the council, conferred upon the means of terminating the war with the next lay. Two of the thegn, their blood hot with stripped revenge, proposed to scale the mountain with the whole force the reinforcements had brought them, and mount all they found to the sword.

The third, old and prudent, and inured to Welsh warfare, thought otherwise.

"None of us," said he, "know what is the true strength of the place which ye propose to storm. Not even one Welshman have we found who hath ever himself gained the summit, or examined the castle which is said to exist there?"

"Said" celceod de Graville, who, relieved of his mail, and with his wands bandaged, reclined on his faors upon the floor, "Said, noble sir! Can not our eyes perceive the tower?"

The old thegn shook his head. "At a distance, and through mists, stones loom large, and erage themsel-

es take strange shapes. It may be castle, may b rock, may be old roofless temples of heathenness that we see. But to repeat (and as I am slow, I pray no again to be put out in my speech)—none of us know what, there, exists of defense, man-made or nature built. Not even thy Welsh spies, son of Godwin have gained to the heights. In the midst lie the scouts of the Welsh king, and those on the top can see the bird fly, the goat climb. Few of thy spies, indeed, have ever returned with life; their heads have been left at the foot of the hill, with the scroll on their lips—"Tell to the shades below what thou hast seen in the heights above."

"And the Walloons know Latin!" muttered the knight; "I respect them!"

The slow thegn frowned, stammered, and renewed—

"One thing at least is clear, that the rock is well nigh insurmountable to those who know not the pass; that strict watch, baffling even Welsh spies, is kept night and day; that the men on the summit are desperate and fierce; that our own troops are awed and terrified by the belief of the Welsh, that the spot is haunted and the towers fended-founded. One single defeat may lose us two years of victory. Gryffith may break from the cr y, regain what he hath lost, win back our Welsh allies, ever faithless and hollow. Wherefore, I say, go on as we have begun. Reet all the country round; cut off all supplies, and let the foe rot by famine—or waste, as he hath done this night, his strength by vain onslaught and sally."

"Thy counsel is good," said Harold; "but there is yet something to add to it, which may shorten the strife, and gain the end with less sacrifice of life. The defeat of to-night will have humbled the spirits of the Welsh; take them yet in the hour of despair and disaster. I wish, therefore, to send to their outposts a nuncio, with these terms—Life and pardon to all who lay down arms and surrender."

"What, after such havoc and gore?" cried one of the thegs.

"They defend their own soil," replied the earl, simply: "had we not done the same?"

"But the rebel Gryffith?" asked the old thegn, "thou canst not accept him again as crowned subking of Edward?"

"No," said the earl; "I propose to exempt Gryffith alone from the pardon, with promise, nameless, of life, if he gives himself up as a prisoner, and count, without further condition, on the king's mercy."

There was a prolonged silence. None spoke against the earl's proposal, though the two younger thegs misliked it much.

At last said the elder, "But hast thou thought who will carry this message? Fierce and wild are you blood-bods; and man must needs shive soul and make will, if he go to their kennel."

"I feel sure that my bode will be safe," answered Harold; "for Gryffith has all the pride of a king, and, sparing neither man nor child in the onslaught, will respect what the Roman taught his sires to respect—envoy from chief to chief—as a head shatless and sacred."

"Choose whom thou wilt, Harold," said one of the young thegs, laughing; "but spare thy friends; and whosoever thou choosest, pay his widow the weregeld."
"Fair Sirs," then said De Graville, "if ye thin that I, though a stranger, could serve you as nuncius, it would be a pleasure to me to undertake the mission.

First, because, being curious as concerns forts and castles, I would fain see if my eyes have deceived me in taking you for a lord of great might. Secondly, because that wild cat of a king must have a court rare to visit. And the only reflection that withholds my pressing the offer as a personal suit is, that though I have some words of the Breton jargon at my tongue's need, I can not pretend to be a Tully in Welsh; howbeit, since it seems that one, at least, among them knows something of Latin, I doubt not but what I shall get out my meaning."

"I accept your offer frankly," said Harold, "and all shall be prepared for you, as soon as you yourself will see me here."

The knight rose, and though somewhat stiff and snarling from his wounds, left the room lightly, summoned his armourer and squire, and having dressed with all the care and pomp habitual to a Norman, his gold chain round his neck, and his vest stiff with broderie, he re-entered the apartment of Harold. The earl received him alone, and came up to him with a cordial face. "I thank thee more, brave Norman, than I ventured to say before my thegns, for I tell thee frankly, that my intent and aim are to save the life of this brave king; and thou canst well understand that every Saxox among us must have his blood warmed by contest, and his eyes blind with national hate. You alone, as a stranger, see the valiant warrior and hunted prince, and as such you can feel for him the noble pity of many foes."

"That is true," said De Graville, a little surprised, "though we Normans are at least as fierce as you Saxons, when we have once tasted blood; and I own nothing would please me better than to dress that catamaran in mail, put a spear in its claws, and a horse under its legs, and thus fight out my disgrace at being so chauvin and manled by its griffes. And though I respect a brave knight in distress, I can scarce extend my compassion to a thing that fights against all rule, martial and kingly."

"The earl smiled gravely. "It is the mode in which his ancestors rushed on the spears of Caesar. Pardon him."

"I pardon him, at your gracious request," quoth the knight, with a grand air, and waving his hand; "say on."

"You will proceed with a Welsh monk—whom, though not of the faction of Gryffyth, all Welshmen respect—to the mouth of a frightful pass, skirting the river; the monk will bear aloft the holy rood, in signal of peace. Arrived at that pass, you will doubtless be stopped. The monk here will be spokesman, and ask safe-conduct to Gryffyth to deliver my message; he will also bear certain tokens, which will no doubt win the way for you."

"Arrived before Gryffyth, the monk will accost him; mark and heed well his gestures, since thou wilt know not the Welsh tongue he employs. And when he raises the rood, thou—in the meanwhile, having artfully approached close to Gryffyth—wilt whisper in Saxon; which he well understands, and pressing the ring I now give thee into his hand, 'Obey, by this pledge; thou knowest Harold is true, and thy head is sold by thine own people.' If he ask more thou knowest not."

"I go," said the Norman, inclining his head low to his own great duke, and turning to the door; as there he paused, and looking at the ring which he held upon his finger, he said, "But one word more: if not indiscreet—your answer may help argument, argument be needed. What tale lies hid in this token?"

Harold colored and paused a moment then answered:

"Simply this: Gryffyth's wife, the lady Aldyth, Saxon by birth, fell into my hands. We were steering Rhadlan, at the farther end of the isle. She was there. We war not against women; I feared the curse of my own soldiers, and I sent the lady back to Gryffyth. Aldyth gave me this ring on parting and I bade her tell Gryffyth that whenever, at the hour of his last peril and sorest need, I sent that ring back to him, he might hold it as the pledge of his life."

"Is this lady, think you, in the stronghold with her lord?"

"I am not sure, but I fear yes," answered Harold. "Yet one word: And if Gryffyth refuse, despite a warning?"

Harold's eyes dropped;

"If so, he dies; but not by the Saxon sword. Go and our lady speed you!"

---

**WATER.**

[From Boy Belle.]

What is water, and what are its properties? Pure water, at ordinary temperature, is a colorless, tasteless, inodorous liquid. Little did the philosopher old dream that water could be manufactured at pleasure by simply combining two invisible and inodorous gases. Yet such is the truth. A modern chemist produces **aqua pura** ("pure water") at his convenience. A combination of eight parts of oxygen with one of hydrogen results in the formation of pure water. The heat disengaged by the combination of these gases is of the most intense degree; so great is the heat thus produced that platinum and pipe-clay, each formerly thought to be fire-proof, are quickly melted.

The renowned "Drummond light" is produced by the heat of the-oxyhydrogen flame thrown upon a disk of lime. Thus does it seem that heat and light are strangely mixed with water.

Usually, when the thermometer indicates thirty-two degrees, water is converted into ice or snow. When perfectly tranquil, a body of water may be cooled down to a point far below a freezing point with the formation of ice. The tranquility once destroyed, the water instantly begins to freeze, and the thermometer simultaneously begins to rise towards the freezing point. Heat applied to the bottom of a vessel containing water causes the water to rise as fast as it becomes warm, while the cold water on the surface sinks to take its place. Unlike all other fluids, water contracts after reaching a certain degree of coldness; and were it not for this wise provision of nature, all creeks, lakes, rivers, etc.
would become solid masses of ice during the winter, which would not be melted by the warmth of summer.

Let us explain. Suppose a body of water is exposed to the air which has a temperature at or below the freezing point; the upper layer of water is cold, and on this account sinks, while its place is supplied with warm water from below. This change is constantly going on until a certain temperature is attained, when it ceases, and soon a coating of ice is formed which protects the rest of the liquid from further refrigeration.

At all times and at every degree of temperature water is being converted into vapour. Ice and snow in the coldest climates are constantly undergoing this change; hence, at all seasons of the year, an aqueous vapor is constantly ascending into the air from the earth's surface, which in the course of time, returns in the form of dew, rain, hail or snow.

On account of so many substances being dissolved by water, it is impossible to find it pure in nature. Rain-water is much the purest, yet even this is largely impregnated with nitrate and carbonate of ammonia. Spring-water is usually contaminated with lime, magnesia, sulphur, and other earthy salts held in solution.

When water contains much earthly impurities they are termed "hard," while those waters free from impurities are termed "soft." Waters containing foreign matters in solution to such an extent as to acquire a peculiar taste or smell, or to acquire medicinal properties, are termed mineral waters. Of mineral waters there are many varieties, and as a general thing several distinct minerals can be discovered in the same water. Saline waters are those which contain a considerable amount of neutral salts in solution, such as Epsom salts, chloride of sodium, etc. Should the water hold a quantity of iron in solution, it is termed chalybeate, while waters containing hydro sulphuric acid, or free carbonic acid, are termed sulphurous or carbamated waters.

Waters collected and forming a river, present a few philosophical facts worth remembering: A very small inclination imparts to water a running motion; three inches per mile, in a smooth, straight, channel, will give velocity of about three miles per hour. Water will run when the fall is one foot in a million; while an inclination of three feet per mile will give birth to a mountain torrent. The waters of the Himalaya Mountains, the highest in the world, unite and form the River Ganges, some eighteen hundred miles from its mouth. At its source it is eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and for its waters to fall this distance it requires more than a month's time.

WESLEY AND WHITFIELD.

(Wesleyological Journal.)

An English lady says: On our way home from the chapel to-day I saw where the poor people go. It was in a great open space called Moorfield. Thousands of dirty, ragged men and women were listening to a preacher in a clergyman's gown. We were obliged to stop while the crowd made way for us. At first I thought it must be the same I heard near Bristol, but when we came nearer I saw it was quite a different-looking man—a small man, rather thin, with the nearest looking wig, fine sharply cut features, a mouth firm enough for a general, and a bright steady eye which seemed to command the crowd. Uncle Henderson said, "Is it John Wesley." His manner was very calm, not impressed like Mr. Whitfield's, but the people seemed quite as much moved. Mr. Whitfield looked as though he were pleading with the people to escape from a danger he saw but they could not, and would draw them to heaven in spite of themselves. Mr. Wesley did not appear so much to plead as to speak with authority. Mr. Whitfield seemed to throw his whole soul into the peril of his hearers. Mr. Wesley seemed to rest with his whole soul on the truth he spoke, and by the force of his own calm conviction to make every one feel that what he said was true. If his hearers were moved, it was not with the passion of the preacher, it was the bare reality of the things he said. But they were moved indeed. No wandering eye was there. Many were weeping; some were sobbing as if their hearts would break, and many more were gazing as though they would not weep, nor stir, nor breathe, lest they should lose a word.

THE GUTTA-PERCHA TREE.

Sumatra, a large island in the Indian Ocean has large forests of the gutta-percha tree. "Gutta" is the native name for gum, and "percha" is the Malay language name for a forest-tree. The virtues and uses of this tree have not been long known to us. Previous to 1841, its very name had scarcely been heard. About that time an English physician was walking through a forest when he saw a woodman at work. Observing that the handle of the ax was of quite an unknown substance to him, he inquired what it was made of, and was told that it was the juice or gum of a tree, which could be moulded into any shape by merely dipping it in hot water, after which, when cold again, it becomes quite hard. On examining the tree the physician found the gum lying in straight lines down the trunk, and that by cutting small holes in the trunk it freely flowed out, of a whitish color. On hardening it became darker in appearance. In the first instance, about two hundred pounds were sent to England as an experiment; its utility was soon discovered, and now several hundred tons are imported every year.

Gutta-percha is largely used for soles of shoes, piping bottles and other purposes where durability is required. It is also turned to account for finer and more ornamental work, some, indeed, of considerable beauty. But its highest use is the coating it forms to electric cable. Little did the worthy physician imagine that in a short time it would be well known throughout the world, and regarded as one of the most valuable substances possessed by man. Besides the juice, the tree yields a pleasant fruit, a valuable oil, and a drug for the chemist. Its flowers are used by the natives of the Indian peninsula as food, and its wood is good timber.
THE WORLD'SEarnest Men.

When these earnest men are not, then is the world dead, there is no God in it, society is in its states of deep damnation.

All the cardinal virtues of this life are compounded in the supreme attribute—earnestness. Personified, it is the man palpitating with all the impulses of human duties. Without these impulses he is dead, absolutely without them, and he is all dross. Herein is the difference between the great man and the little man; not great or little by the standard of inches, but by the force and weight of its metaphysics; not great or little by the carpenter’s foot rule or the tailor’s measuring tape, that tell the gross bulk of his corporation; but great by the amount of the earnestness of nature—of all God that palpitates in every impulse of his being, or little in proportion to its destination.

The great man then is he who has most of the attribute of earnestness in his compound; the little man, he that has least of it. Nor is this abstract, for they will measure themselves in the duties and manifestations of every day life. He shall, for all his might, live in any of the duties and manifestations of his age, and he shall be ranked as great; because he, with all his might, thus lives up to his calling and his own nature’s apostleship. If he live to God’s service and humanity’s advancement, then is he both great and good, because he is earnest, and earnestness is both right and right. If he is of his father the devil, and, with all the force of his nature, lives to evil—with all the subtle potency of a sovereign mind, dominates over his race and carries them along by his mighty intensities, then is he still great but not good.

Napoleon, with his sombre magnificence around him, comes up without an effort of the fancy here, the Christ-men rise with him as his counterparts of contrast. Of all created beings none, not even him we call the Lord, possessed this attribute of earnestness so potently as him we call Napoleon. And who, in a career so brief as his, aye, who, in the broadest span of human life are allotted to the most favored, filled in that lifetime so vast an empire among empires that were dominant, not decayed, and made the copulent world so palpitate with the impulses of his metaphysics—so stagger beneath the grand earnestness of his genius as the man Napoleon? If the Christ is a name more potent in the human problem than that of the sinuous Napoleon, it is not because he possessed the attribute earnestness, which makes the God omnipotent; but because he represented a holier principle—the principle of love; and because the Christ attribute has weighed a longer dispensation to leaven humanity with its divine yearnings of assimilation for man.

For good or, evil then, it is these earnest men who make their mark in life. They live with all their might in a certain direction, and, therefore, are they successful. There can be no failure with them. Success is certain, and its proportion according to the capacity and force of the individual character. But, moreover, earnestness is another name for capacity, and he that has most of it has in character the most capacity and force.

It was the conception of the matchless Talleyrand in state policy of using men, not to ask if the man would be of use for this or that particular purpose of the state, but whether or not he could be used for any of its purposes. If so, then was that man of use; and if of use, then must that man be purchased for the ends of state policy. So would we ask not a man’s speciality of talent, his idiosyncrasies of character, his views and aims in life, but is he an earnest man in what he is? If so then will he be a mark in the world, he be what he may. That man will not go to the grave unknown, if he be not untimely taken off. He will make his mark in life, there shall be his monument somewhere found among the works of man, for his very earnestness his will and shall, as well as capacity and force. Purchase him therefore, for you can find a use for him. He can be profitable to the world; therefore buy him. Aye and better than the world’s good—more potent reason than society’s profit—he will be profitable to you; therefore, buy him, use him, by all means use him, whether you pay for him or not.

As for genius, that is earnestness par excellence, it is nature’s extreme intensities which make genius. The man is blessed, or cursed with its possession, moves through his sphere in life as though a mania from the gods had fallen upon him; and hence the divine frenzy of genius has become a phrase. This type of man is that of a nature—of a soul, of a brain, of a heart overwhelmed with itself—with its impulses, its forces, its capacities, its sums of earnestness.

But there is a class of earnest men, and a type of earnestness above all other. They are of the moral and religious class. In this class come there men of missions. But their subject is too vast a one for a more passing thought, we must return to them on some other occasion but we will glance at the subject here.

Christ and his disciples are received as the divinest type of the world’s earnest men. After them the world began to die and it was not till the “Morning Star” of the reformation, John Wickliffe came, that it began to be renewed and purged from its dross. This is the Protestant view, and it is near enough for a general acceptance. The point is, that it was the earnest men of the Protestant era that took the world out of its sepulchre, and tore off its rotten filthy winding-sheet, clothed it in the fine linens of an enlightened civilization, and brought it down to our own day. Mark them through their stages, as they carry along the mighty world upon mighty shoulders. Why they are the great revolutionizers of the ages. Society rests not on the shoulders of statesmen when it is passing through its grander stages of progress, for these earnest men of missions bear the Ark of the Lord; and without an affection of care, it is the Lord who goes in front of the congregation of Israel leading the chosen people—aye and in front of our great humanity leading it, for humanity is chosen as well as Israel. These Apostles, these Reformers, these Puritans of England and America, this Joseph Smith, this Brigham, this Iker Kimball and his apostolic brethren—these are the men who have carried the Ark of the Lord along and humanity has followed the
van. These are the brightest type of the world's earnest men, not because they have more character or capacity of intellect, much less splendor of genius, than many others, but because none will match their class in earnestness, even when a Napoleon equals them in his intensities and force, he is inferior to them for his impulses die out of the world; but theirs live and give new dispensations. In them the special application of our text is reached: "When these earnest men are not, then is the world dead; there is no God in it, society is in its states of deep damnation."

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DON SOUCOUPEAU.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Half an hour before sunset, Helen Rolleston, whose vision was very keen, said she saw something at the verge of the horizon, like a hair standing upright.

Hazel looked, but could not see anything. In ten minutes more, Helen Rolleston pointed it out again; and then Hazel did see a vertical line, more like a ship's mast, than anything else one could expect to see there.

Their eyes were now strained to make it out, and, as the boat advanced, it became more and more palpable, though it was hard to make out what it was.

Five minutes before the sun set, the air being clearer than ever, it stood out clean against the sky. A tree—a lofty solitary tree, with at all in, like a column, and branches only at the top.

A palm-tree in the midst of the Pacific.

And yet for the land-bird which rested on its mast, for their own mercy in sparing it, they would have passed to the eastward, and never seen that grand palm-tree in mid-ocean.

"Oh, let us put up all our sails, and fly to it," cried Helen.

Welch smiled, and said, "No, miss, you mustn't. Lord love you, what on earth can you do to a land you don't know, happy go lucky, in the dark, like that? Lay your head for the tree, and welcome, but you must lower the mainail, and treble reef the foresail, and so creep on a couple knots an hour, and, by day-break, you'll find the island under your lee. Then you can look out for a safe landing-place."

"The island, Mr. Welch!" said Helen.

"There is no island, or I should have seen it."

"Oh, the island was built down. Why don't you think as palm-trees grow in the water? You do as I say, or you'll get wrecked on some thundering reef or other."

Upon this Mr. Hazel and Miss Rolleston set to work, and, with considerable difficulty lowered the mainail, and treble reefed the foresail.

"That is right," said Welch. "To-morrow, you'll land in safety, and not lose your meagre and me." "Oh, no," cried Helen Rolleston. "We must bury him, but we mean to care for you." They obeyed Welch's instructions, and so crept on all night; and, so well had this able seaman calculated distance and rate of sailing, that, when the sun rose, sure enough there was an island under their lee, distant about a league, though it looked much less. But the palm-tree was more than twice that distance. By force of wind and current they had made land all day, and that tree stood on the most westerly point of the island.

Hazel and Miss Rolleston stood up and lurched for joy; then fell on their knees in silent gratitude. Welch only smiled.

But though there was no broken water at sea, yet breakers, formidable to such a craft as theirs, were seen forming over long disjointed reefs ahead, that grinned black and dangerous here and there.

They then consulted Welch, and he told them they must take directly, and make a circuit of the island to land; he had fled to the sea long ago, and, the sea rising, they got thoroughly wetted, and Miss Rolleston rather frightened; for here was a peril they had escaped hitherto.

However, before eleven o'clock, they had stood out to sea, and coasted the whole south side of the island; they then put the boat in a line, and the wind blew them out to sea, which was very narrow,—in fact, a sort of bluff head,—and got on the north side of the island. Here the water was comparatively smooth, and the air warm and balmy.

They kept about a mile off the shore, and ranged along the north side, looking for the flat rock, which they knew was narrow, but not being able to find it, they turned to the southeast, and came into a narrow channel, with a narrow strip of water running between two hills, and a precipice on each side.

Here was no longer an unbroken line of cliffs, but, an undulating shore, with bulging rocks, and lines of reef. After a mile or two of that the coast ran out seaward, and they passed close to a most extraordinary phenomenon of vegetation. Great ranges of coral logs covered the eastern slope of the island, and their grand foliage seemed to flow over into the sea; for here was a broad rocky cliff, intersected with a thousand little channels of the sea; and the thousand little inlets so formed, were crowded, covered, and hidden with luxuriant vegetation. Huge succulent leaves of the richest hue hung over the water, and one or two of the most adventurous of them showed, by the crystals that sparkled on their green surface, that the waves had actually been kissing them at high tide. This ceased and they passed right under a cliff, crowned with trees almost scrublike.

This cliff was broad and irregular, and in one of its cavities a cascade of pure fresh water came sparkling, leaping, and tumbling down to the foot of the rock. There it had formed a great basin of water: cool, deep, transparent, which trickled over on to a tongue of pink sand, and went in two crescent curves to the sea.

Great and keen was the rapture this sight caused our poor paraded voyagers; and eager their desire to land at once, if possible, and plunge their burning lips, and swelling throat, and fevered hands into that heavenly liquid; but the next moment they were divested from that purpose by the scene that burst upon them.

This wooded cliff, with its wonderful cascade, was the very gate of Paradise. They passed it, and in one moment were in a bay—a sudden bay, wonderfully deep for its extent, and sheltered on three sides. Broad sands with rainbow tints, all sparkling and dotted with birds, some white as snow, some gorgeous. A peaceful sea of exquisite blue kissing these lovely sands with myriad dipples, and, from the land side, soft emerald slopes, embrowned with silver threads of water, came to the very edge of the sands; so that, from all those glorious regions, from the great palm trees, from the cascades, the eye of the voyagers passed at once to the vivid, yet sweet and soothing, green of Nature, and over this paradise, the breeze they could no longer feel, wafted spicy but delicate odors from unseen trees.

Even Welch raised himself in the boat, and smiled the heavy smile, so smiled at the heavenly spot. "Here's a blessed haven," said he, "Down sail, and row her ashore."

CHAPTER XXV.

They rowed more than a mile, so deep was the glorious bay; and then their oars struck the ground. But Hazel with the boat-hook propelled the boat gently over the pellucid water, that now seemed too shallow to float a canoe, and at last looked like the mere varnish of that picture, the prismatic sands below, yet not that little craft glided out on it, like a ghost on soft sand, and was stationary. So placidly ended that terrible voyage.

Mr. Hazel and Miss Rolleston were on shore in a moment, and it was all they could do not to fall upon the land kiss it.

Never had the sea disgorged upon that fairy Isle such ghostly specter donning the lewd look, and looking about the eye that had died, and been buried, and just come out of their graves to land on that blissful shore. We should have started back with horror; but the birds of that virgin Isle merely stepped out of their way, and did not fly.

They had landed in paradise.

Even Welch yielded to that universal longing men have to embrace the land after perils at sea, and was putting his leg slowly over the gunwale, when Hazel came back to his assistance. He got ashore, but was contented to sit down with his eyes on the dimpled sea and the boat waiting quietly till the
tide should float his friend to his feet again.
The seashells walked quietly about him, and minded him not.
Miss Rolleston ascended a green slope very slowly, for her limbs were cramped; and was lost to view.
Hazel now went up the beach, and took a more minute survey of the neighborhood.
The west side of the bay was varied. Half of it presented the soft character that marked the bay in general; but a portion of it was rocky, though streaked with vegetation, and this part was intersected by narrow clefts, into which, in some rare tempests and high tides combined, tongues of the sea had entered, flicking the sides of the gullies smooth; and these occasional visits were marked by the sand, and broken shells, and broken debris the tempestuous and encroaching sea had left behind.
The true high water-mark was several feet lower than these debris, and was clearly marked. On the land above the cliffs he found a tangled jungle of tropical shrubs. Into which he did not penetrate, but skirted it, and walking eastward, came out upon a white gravelly slope, that faced the centre of the bay. It was a gentleman's lawn of a thousand acres, with an extremely gentle slope from the centre of the island down to the sea.
A river flowing from some distant source ran eastward through the island, cutting off the sea, and almost encircled it. Hazel traversed the lawn until this river, taking a sudden turn toward the sea, intercepted him at a point which he immediately fixed on as Helen Rolleston's future residence.
Four short, unbranched trees stood close to the stream on one side of it, and the tops of a dozen of gigantic palm trees, at whose very roots the river ran. Indeed, it had undermined one of these palm trees, and that giant at this moment lay across the stream, a great gap through which Hazel's eye could pierce a great depth among those giant colonnades for they stood wide apart, and there was not a vestige of brushwood, jungle, or even grass, below their enormous crowns.
He chanced the place St. Helen's on the stream.
He now dipped his baker into the stream and found it pure and clear.
He followed the bend of the stream; it eased the slope and took him by its own milder descent to the sea; over it flowed smooth as glass into the sea.
Hazel ran to Welsh or yellow Wales, he had discovered, and to give him his first water from the island.
He found a rowan colored pigeon, with a purplish neck perched on the sick man's foot. The bird shone like a rainbow, and cocked a saucy eye at Hazel, and flew up into the air a few yards away and then glided back to land. Hazel had been observing the movements; for, after an airy circle or two, he장을 Hazel's checks with his fast flapping wings, and lighted on the very edge of the balier, and was for sipping.
"Oh, look here, Welsh," cried Hazel, in ecstasy of delight, "that poor, poor fellow," said he. "Poor things, they haven't a found us out yet.
The talking puzzled the bird, if it did not alarm him, and he flew up to the nearest tree, and, perching there, inspected these new and noisy bipeds at his leisure.
Hazel now laid his hand on Welsh's shoulder and reminded them gently they had a hard duty to perform, which could not be postponed.
"Right you are, sir," said Welsh, "and very kind of you to let me have my way with him. Poor Sam."
"Yes, Sam," whispered Hazel, with a low voice. "We can take the boat close to it! But where is Miss Rolleston?"
"Oh, she is not far off; she was here just now, and brought me this little coccus out, and put me on the back. She did, then again on a cruise. Bless her little heart!"
"Miss Rolleston and Welsh then got into the boat, and pushed off without much difficulty, and passed across the bay to one of those clefts we had indicated.
It was now nearly high water, and they rowed the boat clear across.
Then they both got out and went up to the extremity of the cliff, and there, with the axe and with pieces of wood they found there, they scraped out a resting place for Cooper. This was no light work; for it was still stones, shells, fragments of coral and dried sea-wood lying loosely together. But now came a hard task in which Welsh could not assist. Hazel unlashed a thwart, and laid the boat on it; then by a great effort staggered with the burden up to the grave and deposited it. He was exhausted by the exertion, and had to sit down panting for some time. As soon as he was recovered, he told Welsh to stand at the head of the grave, and he stood at the foot, beheaded, and then from memory he repeated the service of Church with her."
This was no tame recital; the scene, the circumstances, the absence of the book, made it tender and solemn. And then Welsh repeated those beautiful words after Hazel. And Hazel let him. And how did he repeat them? In a voice low as one who was about to fall, and all this but a short leave-taking. So uttered, for the living as well as the dead, those immortal words had a strange significance and beauty.
And presently a tender, silvery voice came down to mingle with the wind and the solemn tones of the male mourners. It was Helen Rolleston. She had watched most of their movement unseen herself, and now, standing at the edge of the ravine, and looking down on them, uttered a soft but thrilling note to every prayer. When it was over, and the men prepared to fill in the grave, the broken Welsh in an undertone, and begged leave to pay her tribute first; and with this the deceased raised her hand, and held it out to them. Hazel easily climbed up to her, and found her upron was full of sweet-smelling bay leaves, and she placed them on the grave.
"If you want to strew these over his poor remains," she said, "Oh, not common earth! He earned my love. And his last words were, 'i love you, Tom.' Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear."
Hazel blessed her for the thought, which, indeed, none but a lady would have had; and Welsh and he, with the tears in their eyes, strewed the only leaves fast; and then a ridge of single motes bounded with bay leaves. "The scarlet garter."
Hazel's next care, and that a pining one, was to provide shelter for the delicate girl, and the sick man, whom circumstances had not left him to care for, and to do his best. Hazel and Welsh and he were going to cross the bay again, and would be no good enough to meet each at the kind of the river where she would find four trees! She couldn't take her head and took that road accordingly. Hazel passed eastward across it. Welsh glanced back, and saw the girl in the distance, and the river itself near the edge of the shore, and, as this river is worn a channel, he contrived with the boat-hook to prop the boat up the stream, to an angle in the bank within forty yards of the four trees. He could go no farther. The stream being now only a shallow but broad flow, he would find there with great rough fragments of stone. Hazel pushed the boat into the angle out of the current, and mastered her fast. Welsh then got aboard, and Miss Rolleston was standing at the four trees.
"Only to whistle a message," he told Welsh. "This is to you to find out, and the game is this. Let's see how your houses. Is it a beautiful sight?"
"Yes it is a beautiful site, but for me, I don't see it."
Hazel looked at the boats, then said coolly. "I suppose I am blind, sir, or else you are dreaming, for I see nothing at all."
"Why here's a roof really made, and the frame of a wall! We have only to put a screen between these four uprights."
"Only to whistle a message?"
But I don't know what making a screen is: Who does?"
"Why you get some of these trees that a little Father up the river, and a certain long way hence, I have marked down, and then you fix and you tell me only make a screen from them."
"Only to whistle a message?"
"Yes, yes, yes."
"But you can't whistle a screen directly," said Helen. "I begin to think the game is a mistake, to see a screen wabbled."
"Well," said Welsh, who had joined them. "And the higher folk, the best of them. Why, this—what I want him to week you to screen with rust and reeds, and then, cut it to your likeness."
"I don't know what you need, and I don't know how to do it."
"I don't know why there's space enough in the box to go between these four trees broad, and then there's the foreboding:' the means of tell you and we shall want, sir.'"
"Oh, excuse me," said Miss Rolleston, "I will not be bothered at the expense of friends.

Welch was a tramp," said Hazel, and ran off for the spare canvass. He brought it, and the carpenter's basket of tools. They went to work, and Miss Rolleston insisted on taking part in it. Finding her so disposed, Hazel said that they had better divide their labors since the time was short. They worked at the axe and chopped off a great many scales of the palm tree and lighted a great fire between the trees, while the other two worked on the canvas,

"This is to dry the soil as well as cook our provisions," said he; "and now I must go and find food. I don't know anything about sailing, and I want to go and see if I can find one." She felt sure there was no other edible thing in the whole island. "I want a cabbage," said Welch, in a loud voice.

"Oh, Mr. Welch, we are not at home," said Miss Rolleston, blushing at the preposterous demand. No mist, in Caperciier. Whereby we shan't have to pay nothing for this here cabbage. I'll tell ye, miss: when a sailor comes aboard he always goes in for green vegetables; for why, he has eaten so much junk and biscuit, nature sings out for fresh greens. And when he comes back, he wants a cabbage and brews the cupboard, and flies off. Miss was with turmoos. But then I don't say that I'm sick, and the lady and you are so kind to me, and to him that is a waiting outside them there shools for me, as I'm unreasonnable; turmoos wish you both and plenty of 'em, when some whaler gets driven out her course and picks you up, and carries you into town, and you get well, you'll run and fetch me a cabbage fresh from the tree," (recovering his temper). "I know I didn't ought to ax a person to shun up a tree for me; but, Lord bless you, there ain't no saucy little boys looking on, and here's a poor fellow mostly looking on for you and me.

"No, Mr. Hazel, I looked at Mr. Hazel with alarm in every feature: and whispered, "Cabbage from the tree. Is he wandering?"

Hazel smiled. "No," said he. "He's picked up a falsehood. You think that there's a tree which grows cabbages.

Welch heard him and said, with due warmth, "Of course there is a tree on all these islands, that grows cabbages; that was known a hundred years before you were born, and shipmates of mine have eaten them.

"Mr. Hazel," said he, "can you by any possibility get our poor friend the thing he wants?"

"Oh, that is quite within the bounds of possibility," said Hazel, dryly.

"Well, I suppose you begin by getting him the thing.

Then I will boil the thing, and he will eat the thing; and after all that it will be time to argue about the name we shall give to the thing."

The good sense of this struck Mr. Hazel forcibly. He started at once armed with the axe, and a net bag Welch had made since he had become unfit for heavy labor; he called back to them as he went, to put the pots on.

Welch and Miss Rolleston compiled; and then the sailor showed the lady how to cut, and tied and drove the large necks of the band, guarded by a piec of leater. They had nailed two breadth of canvass to the trees on the north and west sides, and run the breadths rapidly together; and the water was bubbling in the bales, when Miss Rolleston uttered a shriek and clambered over the prostrate palm-tree as if it was a proper bridge, and lighted in the midst of them.

"Got one," said he, cheerfully, and produced from his last arguments, two cocus nuts, and a land-turtle; from this last esculent Miss Rolleston withdrew with undigested horror, and it was in vain she assured her it was a great delicacy.

"No matter; it is a reptile. Oh, please, send it away."

"The Queen of the Island reproves you," said he, and put down the terrapin, which went off very leisurely for a reptile?

Then Hazel produced a fine branch, which he had found sleeping in a rock-pool, the tide having turned, and three small crabs, bigger than any lobster. He chopped their heads outside, and threw their tails into the pots; he stuck a piece of pointed wood through the bream, and gave it to Welch to toast; but Welch waved it aside.

"I see on." He thrust his head in and out.

"Oh, I forgot; but that is soon found," said Hazel.

"Here, give me the fish, and you take the saw, and examine the head of his palm-tree, which lies at Miss Rolleston's door. Saw will be a succulent part of last year's growth and bring it here."

Welch got up slowly.

"I'll go with you, Mr. Welch," said Miss Rolleston.

She will not be alone with me for a moment, if she can help it. I have to go to Hazel, and may be by the fire. But he speaks of his sadness, and forced on a cheerful look the moment they came back. They brought with them a vegetable very like the heart of a cabbage, only longer and whiter.

"There," said Welch, "what'd ye call that?"

"The last bit, I suppose," said Hazel, calmly.

This vegetable was cut in two and put into the pots.

"There, take the twisting-fork again," said Hazel to Welch, and drow out from his net three huge scallop-shells. "Soup," said he.

It was very good, and thick with the broken part of the bower. This closed the northern and western sides.

On the southern side, the prostrate palm-tree, on striking the ground, had so crushed its boughs and leaves together, as to make a thick wall of foliage.

"I don't think it a vegetable primitive or once they were. He selected a bough of the size of a thick walking stick, sawed it off the tree; sawed a piece six inches long off it, pleased that, split it in four, and with his knife, gave each piece three points by actually tapering off and serrating one side; and so he made a fork of it, and then brought all the rugs and things from the boat, and, the ground being now thoroughly dried by the fire, placed them for seats; gave each person a large leaf for a plate, besides a scallop-shell; and served out supper. It was excellent, and the added vegetable in particular was delicious, tasting between a cabbage and a potato.

When they had supped, Hazel removed the plates and went to the boat. He returned, dragging the foremast and foresail, which were small, and called Welch out. They agreed how to approach and how to work. Accordingly they made themselves very busy scaling the east side of Miss Rolleston's new abode with the foresail, and fastened a loop and drew a nail into the tree, and looped the sail to it, then suddenly bade her good-night in cheerful tones, and went in a moment, leaving her to repeat as they imagined. Hazel in particular, having used all his ingenuity to secure her personal comfort, was now too bent on showing her the most delicate respect, and forbearance, to think of anything else. But, justly counting on the delicacy, he had forsook her all. It was the sex, and his first night in the island was a terribly trying one.

Thrice she opened her mouth to call Welch and Hazel back, but could not. Yet when their footsteps were out of hearing she was the first to see the traces of her and the perils with which she felt herself surrounded.

Tiger; Snakes; Scorpions; Savages! what would become of her during the long night?

She sat and cowered before the hot ember. She listened to what the stillness of the night heard her sharpened senses heard it all round the Island. She seemed environed with peril, and yet surrounded by desolation. No one at hand to save her in time from a wild beast. No one anywhere near except a sick man who had almost rather than call singly to her aid, for he had once told her he loved her.

"Oh, Papa! oh Arthur!" she cried, "are you praying for your poor Helen?" Then she had recourse to a stratagem that belonged to her sex. She covered herself, fainted, and all, and so lay trembling, and longing for the day.
VALENTINE VOX, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

When Valentine arrived in London after his Grasso mines excursion, and persecution of poor Mr. Beagle with the imaginary cats, he found his friend Goodman had mysteriously disappeared; and to complete the suspicions character of affairs he discovered that Goodman's relatives were steadily trying to dispose of his furniture and make the house vacant. He also perceived a determined effort on the part of Valentine himself, by stating that the old gentleman had left word that he had better return to his friends in the country. As Valentine believed that there was foul play of some sort in the case, he prepared to lay on the investigation himself, and watch the movements of Mr. Walter Goodman and his wife, and that of their hopeful son Horace, and thwart their plans intentions if possible. As it afterwards turned out that with a view of securing old Goodman's property they had had him abducted, and concealed away in a private lunatic asylum, his determination was well made.

As he wandered down the street reviewing steadily, all that he had seen, it occurred to him that in a window immediately opposite the house in which he and poor Goodman had resided he had noticed a card on which was printed "apartments for a single gentleman;" and as he strongly suspected foul play, and felt by engaging those apartments he should be able to watch the movements of Walter and his family unseen. He went at once to the house—anno terms to the widow by whom it was kept, and after stating the fact of his having lived opposite—she assured him that she had no suspicion of the perfect woman—immediate possession.

He had not been seated long at his window, which commanded a full view of Goodman's house, when he saw Walter, Horace, his wife and servant, with two women, enter, followed by the furniture, Valentine at the time being in the house closed, and, soon after the workmen were seen in the drawing-room and then at the windows above, where they appeared to be receiving instructions from Walter, with reference to the removal of certain fixtures, and shortly afterwards quitted the house with him inside. The furniture was all brought down, and the lad and his hodman followed, the very sight of this bell-ropes was a great comfort to her; it reminded her of civilized life.

That night she lay down, and quaked considerably less. Yet she woke several times; and an hour before daylight she heard distinctly a noise that made her flesh creep. It was like the snoring of some great animal; his horrible sound was faint and distant; but she heard it between the roll of the waves, and that showed that it was not the sea roaring; she hid herself in her rugs, and covered till day-break. A score of times she was minded to pull her bell-ropes; but always a womanly feeling, strong as her love of life, withheld her. "Time to pull that bell-rop when the danger is present or imminent," she thought to herself. "The thing will come about without it attacking me, and then I will pull the bell!"

Next morning at daybreak, Hazel met her just issuing from her hut, and pointing to his not told her he was going to forsake; and would she be good enough to make the fire and have boiling water ready; he was sorry to trouble her; but poor Welch was worse this morning. Miss Rolleston cut short his excuses. "Pray do not take me for a child; of course I will light the fire, and boil the water. Only I have no lucifer matches."

"Here are two," said he. "I carry the box, wrapped in oil-skin; for if anything happens to them, Heaven help us."

EXAMPLE AND PRACTICE. It is a great fault of parents and teachers to preach sobriety, and themselves to give a contrary example. The example is more effectual than the precept.
notice of them; but apparently directed the whole of his attention to the actions of those who by constantly attending salerous talks rose fortunes upon fortune's ruins.

Before he had concluded the minute survey he had commenced, the self-faced populace entered the room, and having jumped upon the circle table, shut himself quietly in a juvenile pulpit, made a sort of speech touching the matter in hand, stuck an eye glass very dexterously between his cheek bone and his brow, and brought forth his professional banter. He was a remarkably short-sighted person, and had the habit of bringing his head down within an inch of the catalogue in order to ascertain the exact number of the first lot; and when this had been accomplished to his entire satisfaction, he very dexterously scratched his head, every white-brown hair upon which seemed to be too independent to stand upon any but its own bootom, when after having slightly rubbed his nose, which albeit it was hooked like the majority of the noses present, was yet of a totally different caste, insomuch as in his case the book was inverted; he coughed twice with spirit, gave several aheims and then boldly commenced operations.

The first lot was put up and knocked down without even the slightest interruption from Valentine, for although he had made up his mind to stop the sale, he was compelled of course to wait until he had ascertained precisely how the thing was con ducted: but when the second lot came—which happened to be for a desk and cabinet, worth about forty or fifty shillings—he felt himself sufficiently at fault to begin.

"A pound," said a Jew-looking gentleman.

"One pound is bid," said the auctioneer.

"Thirty shillings; a splendid rosewood writing desk secret drawers, and three secret drawers;" cried Valentine in a different voice.

"Two pounds;" cried Valentine in a different voice.

"Two pounds bid—going for two pounds!"

"Five," said an Israeliite.

"Five—two—five—for two pounds five!"—when as this was the highest bid, Valentine's voices had it all their own way—"going for two pounds five!"

"Two pounds ten," cried Valentine.

"Two ten—two pounds ten—any advance on two ten?"

"Three pounds;"

"Three bid; three pounds!"

"Ten!"

"Ten—three ten!" This elegant writing desk going for three ten.

"Four pounds;"

"Four pounds bid: four pound. Any advance on four pounds?"

"Four pounds ten?"

"Four ten in two places; four ten. This most valuable writing desk going for four ten!"

"Fifteen!"

"Fifteen—four fifteen—going for four fifteen!"

"Fifteen pounds;"

"Fifteen pounds bid; no advance on fifteen pounds;"

"Fifteen—twenty;"—and down went the hammer.

The Israelis marvelled exceedingly, and began to reproach themselves for not bidding higher; feeling perfectly certain that in one of the drawers either notes, gold, or diamonds were secreted.

"What name for this writing desk?" inquired the auctioneer.

"Shill Cootmanah," cried Valentine, assuming Goodman's voice, at which Walter and his family started up amazed, and trem bled violently as they looked round the room in the full ex pecation of seeing Goodman himself.

The clerk brought in a writing desk, with which the voice appeared to proceed: no purchaser could be found.

"Who purchased this writing desk?" demanded the auctioneer; but no answer was returned.

"Puts to bargain up againah," cried an Israeliite Gentle man, "tach, to failest ray, teash, tach, to failest ray," and it was put up again, and the Jews bid higher under the impression that it contained something valuable, Valentine easily ran it up to seven pounds, when the auc tioneer, whose sight was not sufficiently strong to enable him to see who had bid, stopped to inquire the name of the bidder.

"Who bid seven pounds?" said he.

"Goodman," cried Valentine.

"Cootmanah againah!" cried a Jew, "arl for Cootmanah!"

"The clerk looked again for the purchaser, while without affect ing the suspicion of foul play which Valentine had occasioned, the Jews thought he could not be more alarmed at the sound of his voice and the idea of their having murdered him absolutely seemed to be under the circumstances extremely reasonable.

"This is very extraordinary," observed the auctioneer, when he found that no purchaser came forward. "If there be any persons here who have come with the view of creating confusion, they had better leave before they are turned out—on the double pace. I have got this way. Pull the desk aside he added, addressing the porter, and let's have the next lot. The next lot, gentlemen, is an elegant silver gilt tea service, mill jug, and finely chased basin, complete. What shall we say for this elegant service?"

"Cot plesh ma hart! Cootmanah!" versed Cootmanah. "Nothing put Cootmanah!" and the whole of the Israelis looked round amazed, as Mrs. Walter was borne insensible from the room.

Under any other circumstance Valentine would have rushed to her assistance, but the impression that she must have been a party to the execution of some dark design upon Goodman, caused him to forbear whatever pain he might have inflicted as a measure of retributive justice. Indeed, so perfectly convinced did he feel that the absence of Goodman had been induced with a view to the promotion of some villainous object, that he absolutely saw with delight, Walter struggling with the servant who had his hand on him in creation.

"This is very extraordinary," observed the auctioneer: "if this course be pursued, it will be utterly impossible to go on with the sale."

"Verecb Cootmanah!" cried a Jew. "Vat ha' he! Lecht know, was valtis un ma tet—tach te properey yau, man, te shettle arl tish."

"Will Mr. Goodman step forward?" said the auctioneer; and at the same moment Walter being unable to stand, fell into the arms of Hormes, who, with the assistance of a car rier, carried him into the adjoining room.

"To shentlifamah faired away," cried an Israeliite.

"Vatsh to pe tun wit tish tolsh?"

"Put it aside," said the bewildered auctioneer. "The next lot is a glass with richly carved frame. What shall we say for the author of this sale?"

The Jews bid with their accustomed liberality, and then Valentine commenced, and when the thing had been knocked down for five times its value, the name of the purchaser was given as Goodman.

"Shill Cootmanah—arl Cootmanah!—he'll pay us arl upsh, cried a Jew, whose bright saliva was received with a loud burst of Israeliish merriment.

"It's of no use going on thus," said this auctioneer warily. "You must understand we have a contract to sell the room." and he bounced out of the pulpit and proceeded to the room into which the trembling, conscience stricken Walter had been carried. During the whole of the time he was there, the Jews were laughing and joking with infinite glee. One of them, seizing the greedy fellow by the collar, and putting him out of the room said, "Michter Cootmanah, ma to—what you pid for tish tolsh?" This produced another loud burst of laughter, which lasted till the auctioneer returned.

"Well, gentlemen, let us proceed," said he, on removing his pulpit, and the next lot was brought by the porter, put up, and bid for with precisely the same result, when the auctioneer really began to exhibit strong symptoms of pent up rage.

At length Valentine cried in a loud voice, which apparently proceeded from the other end of the room.

"Mr. Goodman," replied the auctioneer.

"Cootmanah againah! Veil, ubrikke man! exclaimed all the tribe in a breath.
PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Artificial Landscape.

Procure a box of about a foot long, eight inches wide, and six inches high; or any other dimensions you please; so they do not greatly suffer from those proportions. At each of its opposite ends on the inside of the box place a piece of looking-glass that shall exactly fit: but at that end there should be a slight hole at which the light shall escape the glass through which the eye can view the objects.

Cover the box with glass, over which place a piece of transparent glass; which is to be fastened in the manner indicated. Let there be two grooves at each of the sides to receive two printed pages so as to any place of pasteboard that there be skillfully painted, on both sides any object you think proper, as woods, bower, gardens, houses, and on two other boards, the same subjects on one side only, and cut on all the white part; observe also that should the hole in the next place relate to the sub.

ject placed before the right hole, that the mirror placed at the angle may not reflect the hole on the opposite side.

The boards painted on both sides to slide in the groove mentioned, and those painted on one side to be placed against the opposite mirrors, and then cover the box with its transparent top. This box should be placed in a strong light, to have a good effect.

When it is viewed through the right hole, it will give an unlimited prospect of rural scenery.

Character.

My first is a proposition.

"Second implies more than one.

Third is a pronoun.

Fourth some people do no pay.

Who is not consistent.

Riddle.

Three fourths of a cross, and a circle complete,

An upright where two semicircles meet.

A rectangle triangle standing on feet,

Two semicircles, and a circle complete.

Conundrums.

22. Why is a nail, fast in the wall, like an old maid?
24. Why does a tailor wear a white shirt and a black coat?
25. What is that which is invisible; but never out of sight.

Answers to No. 29. Page 49.

Character 1. Self-cellar.

Conundrum 1. Because he has nothing to boot.

Conundrum 2. Because it often tolls (of itself).
POETRY.

CHANGE.

Perchance in some far after-time,
When we to nobler stature grown,
Shall learn to make our lives sublime,
For Heaven's and Truth's dear sake alone.
The solemn use of grief shall die,
And Joy regain her ancient grace,
And 'neath a nearer, simpler sky,
With life's sad mysteries face to face.

With passionless wisdom we shall talk,
And learn of Sorrow's darkest lore.
And in the light of Knowledge walk
Forever and for evermore.
The sure result of Time is change,
And Change her endless gamut rings.
Things that to-day are new and strange
To-morrow are forgotten things.

The slow motions of the years,
The growth of peace, the lapse of strife,
May solve the problem of our tears,
The dark and speechless sphynx of life.
The grief that washes not on the lips,
The keen, slow pang of spiritual pain,
Some angel of the Apocalypse
Shall make its solemn meaning plain!

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

THE VANQUISHED KING.

On the height called Pen-y-Dinas (or "Head of the city") forming one of the summits of the Penmaen-barrow, and in the heart of that supposed fortress which no eye in the Saxon camp had surveyed, reclined Gryffyth, the hunted king.

Beside him a kind of a-throne had been raised with t.ones, and over it was spread a tattered and faded velvet pall. On this throne sat Aldith the queen; and about the royal pair was still that mockery of a court which the jealous pride of the Celt king retained amidst all the horrors of carnage and famine.

Within the enclosures either lay supine, or stalked restless, the withered remains of the wild army. A sheep, and a horse, and a dog, were yet left them all to share for their day's meal. And the fire of flickering crackling brushewood burned bright from a hollow amidst the loose stones; but the animals were yet unslain, and the dog crept by the fire, winking at it with dim eyes.

But over the lower part of the wall nearest to the barrow, leaned three men. The wall there was so broken, that they could gaze over on that grotesque yet dismal court; and the eyes of the three men, with a fierce and wolfish glare, were bent on Gryffyth.

Three princes were they of the great old line; for as Gryffyth they traced the fabulous honors of their race to Hu-Gadarn and Prydain, and each thought it shame that Gryffyth should be lord over him. Each had had throne and court of his own; each his "white palace" of pealed willow wands—poor substitutes, O kings, for the palaces and towers the arts of Rome had bequeathed your fathers! And each had been subjegated by the son of Llewellyn, when, in his day of might, he re-united under his sole sway all the multiform principalities of Wales, and re-gained, for a moment's splendor, the throne of Roderic the Great.

"Is it," said Owain, in a hollow whisper "for you man, whom heaven hath deserted, who could not keep his very torque from the gripe of the Saxon, that we are to die on these hills, gnawing the flesh from our bones? Think ye not the hour is come?"

"The hour will come when the sheep, and the horse, and the dog are devoured," replied Modred, "and when the whole force, as one man, will cry to Gryffyth, 'Thou a king!—Give us bread!'"

"It is well," said the third, an old man, leaning on a wand of solid silver, while the mountain wind, sweeping between the walls played with the rags of his robe—"It is well that the night's sally, less of war than of hunger, was foiled even of forage and food. Had the saints been with Gryffyth, who had dared to keep faith with Tostig the Saxon?"

Owain laughed, a laugh hollow and false.

"Art thou Cymrian, and talkest of faith with a Saxon? Faith with the spoiler, the ravisher and butcher? But a Cymrian keeps faith with revenge; and Gryffyth's trunk should still be crownless and headless, though Tostig had never proffered the better of safety and food. Hist! Gryffyth wakes from the black dream, and his eyes grow from under his hair."

And indeed, at this moment the king raised himself on his elbow, and looked round with a haggard and fierce despair in his glittering eyes.
“Play to us, harper; sing some song of the deeds of old!”

The bard mournfully strove to swell the harp, but the chords were broken, and the notes came discelant and shrill as the sigh of a wailing fiend.

“O king!” said the harper, “the music hath left the harp.”

“Hail!” murmured Gryffyth, “and Hope the earth! Bard, answer the son of Llewellyn Of my halls hast thou sung the praise of men that have been. In the halls of the race to come, will bards yet unborn sweep their harps to the deeds of thy king! Shall they tell of the day of Toranes, by Elyn-Afange, when the princes of Powya fled from his sword as the clouds from the blasts of the wind?” Shall they sing as the Hulas goes round, of his steeds of the sea when no flag came in sight of his prow, between the dark isle of the Druid and the green pastures of Huerdan? Or to the towns that he fired on the lands of the Saxon, when Rolf and the Northmen ran fast from his javelin and spear? Or say, Child of Truth, if all that is told of Gryffyth thy king shall be his woe and his shame?

“The bard swept his hand over his eyes, and answered—

“Bards unborn shall sing of Gryffyth the son of Llewellyn. But the song shall not dwell on the pomp of his power, when twenty sub-kings knelt at his throne, and his beacon was lighted in the holds of the Norman and Saxon. Bards shall sing of the hero, who fought every inch of crag and morass in the front of his men—and on the heights of Penmaen-mawr, Fame recovers thy crown!”

“Then have I lived as my fathers in life, and shall live with their glory in death!” said Gryffyth; and so the shadow hath passed from my soul.” Then turning round, still propped upon his elbow, he fixed his proud eye upon Aldyth, and said gravely, “Wife, pale is thy face and gloomy thy brow: mournest thou the throne of the man?”

Alyth cast her wild lord a look more of terror than compassion, a look without the grief that is gentle, or the love that is reverse, and answered—

“What matter to thee my thoughts or my sufferings? The sword of the squire is the doom thou hast chosen. Listening to vague dreams from thy bard, or thine own pride as idle, thou diest alone for us both: be it so; let us die!”

A strange blending of fondness and wrath troubled the pride on Gryffyth’s features, uncease and half savage as they were, but still noble and kingly.

“And what terror of death if thou lovest me?” said he.

Alyth shivered and turned aside. The unhappy king gazed hard on that face, which, despite sore trial and recent exposure to rough wind and weather, still retained the proverbial beauty of the Saxon women—but beauty without the glow of the heart, as a landscape from which sunlight has vanished;—and as he gazed, the color went and came fitfully over his swarthy cheeks, whose hue contrasted the blue of his eye, and the red tawny gold of his shaggy hair.

“You would have me,” said he at length, “and to Harold thy countryman; thou wouldst have me, me—rightful lord of all Britain—beg for mercy, and sue for life. Ah, traitress, and child of robber-sire, fair as Rowena art thou, but no Vortimer am I! Thou turnest in beholding from the lord whose marriage-girt was a crown; and the sleek form of the Saxon Harold rises up through the clouds of the carnage.”

All the fierce and dangerous jealousy of man’s most human passion—when man loves and hates in a breath—trembled in the Cymrian’s voice, and fired his troubled eye; for Aldyth’s pale cheek blushed like the rose, but she folded arms haughtily on her breast, and made no reply.

“No,” said Gryffyth grinding teeth white and strong as those of a young hound. “No, Harold in vain sent me the casket; the jewel was gone. In vain thy form returned to my side; thy heart was away with thy captor: and not to save my life (were I so base as to seek it,) but to see once more the face of him to whom this cold hand, in whose veins no pulse answers my own, had been given, if thy house had consulted its daughter, wouldst thou have me crouch like a whipped dog at the foot of my foes? Oh! shame! shame! shame! Oh! worst parody of all! Oh—sharp—sharper than Saxon sword or serpent’s tooth—is—is—is—is—is a—

Tears gushed to the fierce eyes, and the proud king dared not trust his voice.

Alyth rose coolly. “Slay me if thou wilt—not insult me. I have said ‘let us die.’”

With these words, and vouchsafing no look on her lord, she moved away toward the largest tower of the cell, in which the single and rude chamber it contained had been set apart for her.

Gryffyth’s eye followed her, softening gradually as her form receded, till lost to his sight. And then that peculiar household love, which in uncultivated breasts often survives trust and esteem, rushed back on his rough heart, and weakened it, as a woman only can weaken the strong to whom death is a thought of scorn.

He signed to his bard, who during the conference between the wife and the lord had retired to a distance, and said, with a writhing attempt to smile—

“Was there truth, thinkest thou, in the legend that Guenever was false to King Arthur?”

“No,” answered the bard, divining his lord’s thought, “for Guenever survived not the king, and they were buried side by side in the vale of Avalon.”

“Thou art wise in the lore of the heart, and love hath been thy study from youth to grey hairs. Is it love, is it hate, that prefers death for the loved one, to the thought of her life as another’s?”

A look of the tenderest compassion passed over the bard’s wan face, but vanished in reverence, as he bowed his head and answered—

“O king, who shall say what note the wind calls from the harp, or what impulse love wakes in the soul—now soft and now stern? But,” he added, raising his form, and with a dread call on his brow, “but the love of a king brooks not thought of dishonor; and she who hath laid her head on his breast should sleep in his grave.”

“Thou wilt outlive me,” said Gryffyth, abruptly.

“This cairn be my tomb!”

“And if so,” said the bard, “thou shalt sleep not alone. In this cairn what thou lovest best shall be buried by thy side; the bard shall raise his song over thy grave, the houses of shields shall be placed at intervals, as rise and falls the sound of song. Over the grave of two shall a new mound arise, and two
will bid the mound speak to others in the far days to come. But distant yet be the hour when the mighty shall be laid low! and the tongue of thy bard shall yet chant the ruse of the lion from the toils and the spear. Hope still!"

Gryffy, for answer, leaned on the harper's shoulder, and pointed silently to the sea, that lay lake-like at the distance, dark studded with the Saxon fleet. Then turning, his hand stretched over the forms that hollow-eyed and ghost-like, fitted between the walls, or lay dying, but mute, around the waterspring. The band then dropped, and rested on the hilt of his sword.

At this moment there was a sudden commotion at the outer entrance of the wall; the crowd gathered to one spot, and there was a loud hum of voices. In a few moments one of the Welsh scouts came into the inclosure, and the chiefs of the royal tribes followed him to the cairn on which the king stood.

"Of what tell at thon?" said Gryffyth, resuming on the instant all the royalty of his bearing.

"At the mouth of the pass," said the scout kneeling, "there is a monk bearing the holy wood, and a chief unarmed. And the Monk is Evan, the Cynrician of Garnant, and the chief by his voice seemeth not to be a Saxon. The other bards gave three tokens" (and the scout displayed the broken torques which the king had left in the grasp of Harold, together with a live falcon belled and blinded), "and bade me say thus to the king:—Harold the Earl great Gryffyth son of Llewelyn, and sends him, in proof of goodwill, the richest prize he hath ever won from a foe; and a hawk, from Llandudno, that third which chief and equal give to equal and chief. And he prays Gryffyth, son of Llewelyn, for the sake of his realm and his people, to grant bearing to his munificence."

A murmur broke from the chiefs—a murmur of joy and surprise from all, save the three conspirators, who interchanged anxious and fierce glances. Gryffyth's hand had already closed, while he uttered a cry that seemed of rapture, on the collar of gold; for the loss of that collar had stung him, perhaps, more than the loss of the crown of all Wales. And his heart so generous and large, amidst all its rude passions, was touched by the speech and the tokens that honored the fallen outlaw both as foe and as king. Yet in his face there was still seen a moody and proud struggle; he paused before he turned to the chiefs.

"What caused ye,—ye strong in battle, and wise in debate?" said he. 

With one voice, all, save the fatal three exclaimed—

"Hear the monk, O king!"

"Shall we disunite?" whispered Modred to the old chief, his accomplice.

"No; for so doing, we shall offend all,—and we must win all."

Then the bard stepped into the ring, and the ring was hushed, for wise is ever the counsel of him whose book is the human heart.

"Hear the Saxons," said he briefly, and with an air of command when addressing others, which strongly contrasted his tender respect to the king; "hear the Saxons but not in these walls. Let no man from the foe see our strength or our weakness. We are still mighty and impregnable, while our dwelling is in the realm of the Unknown. Let the king and his officers of state, and his Chieftains of battle, descend to the pass. And behind at the distance, let the spearmen range from cliff to cliff, as a ladder of steel, so will their numbers seem the greater."

"Thou speakest well," said the king.

## NEW THEORY OF THE POLAR REGIONS.

Many are the theories that have been advanced concerning the interior structure of the globe upon which we live, yet none of them have been accepted with entire satisfaction. I therefore claim the right to present my ideas on the same subject, together with some views on certain other matters connected therewith.

In the first place, I contend that this planet is not a mere shell of earth filled with a mass of molten matter or liquid fire; nor is it a compact solid sphere of cold and rugged rocks enveloped in a soil and sea surface. I have already demonstrated as I think in an article concerning the Origin of the Gulf-Stream, etc., published in the American Physiological Journal, x. (1894) that the internal fires of the earth do not make it a caloric egg; that they are not in one mass secreted there by the outer shell, but that those subterranean fires (and waters also) traverse the inner earth in veins and arteries, like as the blood traverses the veins and arteries of a living body.

I do not wish to deny that fire was one of the chief agents in the original formation of the earth, but on the contrary, I positively hold that such was the fact. But the point I wish to establish is, that the earth (to a certain extent) is a hollow cylindrical globe, said hollow or empty extending along its polar axis.

That "that expands and cold contracts" is a law as apparently universal as that of gravitation itself. Therefore it only the crust or surface of the earth becomes cold and hard while the great body remained a mass of fire-matter, it becomes self-evident that the contraction or shrinking of this crust or surface would have to undergo in the process of cooling would have produced cracks, crevices, and rents of such magnitude as to seriously interfere with the earth's rotundity, and which that grand old boulder Timbuktu itself could scarce obliterate or reduce to the beautiful symmetry that now prevails.

But the more natural, and consequently the more reasonable conclusion is, that while the matter composing the world was yet in a plastic state, it commenced revolving around a given axis — and the centrifugal force slightly overbalancing the centripetal, on account of the attraction of cohesion being weak, as it is well known to be in fluids, the soft chaotic mass reeled a certain distance from the axis—till it was hardened by the cooling and drying process. In this way was formed a great hollow or tubular aperture within the globe. The rings of Saturn are a sample on a magnificent scale, of the same process. The "cooling process" commencing within and without at nearly the same time, serious fractures of the surface were prevented. By way of illustration I would just mention that our foundry-men know of but one really successful mode of manufacturing very large metal castings, and that is to cast them hollow, with a stream of cool water running through them during the operation, at least such is the case in casting heavy pieces of ordnance. Would any one dare...
to insinuate that God the Almighty is less wise than his creature man.

If the foregoing hypothesis be correct, then we have the key to other mysteries of nature, and may venture to explore the **IMMEDIATE POLAR REGIONS**.

Assuming the earth to be a tubular globe, the hollow or opening extending from pole to pole, then as a natural consequence the oceanic waters of the polar regions would rush into these apertures with a irresistible force, producing a pair of whirlpools in comparison with which the Norwegian Maelstrom would be perfectly insignificant. The thunder of this “rush of mighty waters” must reverberate far into the regions of immensity.

That the “waters of the great deep” would pour down those polar pits with an inconceivable force is indispensible, for as we approach the poles the centrifugal force becomes less and less, until at the poles it entirely ceases; while the attraction of gravitation or centripetal force remains almost uniform around the surface of the entire earth; therefore this latter or inward force acting without opposition on the waters that tend polarwards, the result will be that the sea and water of the polar districts would be drawn towards and into those immense whirlpools with an inconceivable velocity, whose influence would be felt over a circle of vast extent, whose centers would be the polis of the earth. And the “suctional” powers of those lyrian whirlpools extending to a great distance in every direction would be the means of breaking up the everlasting polar ice, and carrying them down into the bays and laboratories of the earth, where the saline waters and rock-like icebergs are reduced and refined into pure spring water, which in turn will be projected to the surface of the globe, where it will again murmur in rills and sparkle in the sunlight, again make green valleys, and again quench the thirst of needy creatures, and again bear the commerce of the world upon its ample bosom.

This theory alone can account for the “open Polar sea” first discovered by the Esquimaux, and afterwards seen by Dr. Kane, the great Arctic explorer, and no other reason can be assigned for the absence of ice in those very frigid regions. Experience and philosophy both prove that the cold increases as we approach the poles, and further, as cold can not disturb ice-bound waters, violent action of another sort is requisite to break that massive crystal coat of mail. Again, as the cold is too great to allow it to melt, what would become of the fragments of ice in the “open Polar sea,” unless it were swallowed down into the aforementioned hydriatic hurrums of the world?

And could exploration be continued, I have no doubt it would reveal a state of things in accordance with the foregoing theory; but it is very unlikely that man will ever be able to traverse the **IMMEDIATE POLAR REGIONS**, for God in his wisdom has placed an impassable barrier between it and civilization and this truly dangerous locality.

The Maelstrom off the coast of Norway is a natural whirlpool in the Northern Ocean. To produce such a phenomenon there must be a large hole or crevice in the bottom of that section of the sea leading down into the deep chambers of the interior earth, and perhaps forming a junction with the grand sub-Arctic stream that exists there.

But what becomes of those engulfed waters? I answer; they have entered the great laboratory of nature, and are being refined before they shall once more seek the sunlight on the surface of the earth to quench thirst and give renewed life and vigor to vegetation. After the water enters those polar apertures, it finds a number of smaller channels radiating in various directions, but inclining upward and toward the equator; these channels growing less and less in size as they proceed, but far more numerous, like the bronchial tubes of the lungs, until they finally approach the earth’s surface in certain latitudes where springs and lakes most abound. Thus do regenerated waters find their way to the surface of the earth by centrifugal force alone. The fact that the channels become small and winding, or zigzag, together with the resistance of the atmosphere, prevents the water from being hurled, fountain-like, high into the air, although there are instances in which by artificial means called “boring,” where the channel is made deep and perpendicular to the earth’s axis, that such results are made manifest in the spoutings that sometimes occur. I do not by this argument attempt to overthrow the established fact “that fluids always seek the lowest level,” but then let none question another fact that two different causes often produce the same effect, and this is such a case. A few questions will show the necessity for the existence of such openings and channels as we have suggested. How are lakes held and springs formed on or near the tops of high mountains? There are no reservoirs above them. Why does “coal-oil” spout out of the artificial channels called “wells” or “boring” with such force? No one will presume to say that an inviolate lake of oil exists in the air as high as the kerosene fountain plau; and as for atmospheric pressure, it would not raise it one tithe the distance. It is centrifugal projection.

It is said if there were no clouds there would be no rain, and consequently no water; but this is doing obeisance to the subject instead of the chief ruler. It would be more correct to say, if there was no water there would not be any clouds, and consequently no rain; in fact, clouds and rain form a very insignificant part of the whole water kingdom of the earth. And if even our fresh water were the products of the clouds and rains pray telly me how that it happens that the French engineers found good fresh water beneath the crust of the Great Desert of Sahara, in Africa, where clouds are unknown and rain is an utter stranger?

Returning again to the cold and mysterious polar regions, let us see if we can find a clue to those strange and beautiful natural phenomena known as the aurora borealis or “northern lights.” Supposing that within the heart of the northern hemisphere there should be located a great quantity of powerful magnetic matter, and the same thing existing in the sun and all the planets of our system, the whole being in this manner controlled by some far-remote governing force, the said mass of magnetic material would manufacture great quantities of electricity, which at certain times, and under favorable circumstances, would burst through and pass out of the Arctic aperture and rise like smoke out of some tall furnace chimney. In this way I think clouds of electricity do arise out of the water-bound cavern of the northern pole, expanding until they inundate the hyperborean sky.
with a flood of glory, grandeur, and beauty, affording a panoramic scene in mid heaven which angels might be glad to witness, and of which the inhabitants of half the globe can be the spectators. This is only a supposition, but why may it not prove a fact?—[B. F. F. in Phrenological Journal.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY, NO. 19.

According to the description which Strabo has given of the figures of Vesuvius, it seems to have been a truncated cone, with a depression at the summit, which has the remains of an extinguished crater. When Campania, or southern Italy, was first colonized by the Greeks, Vesuvius afforded no marks of volcanic character, except such as a naturalist, accustomed to the examination of rocks, might have inferred; and these were recognized by Strabo. In his day, the vast cone of the entire mountain appeared regular in its outline, and crowned with a rounded summit, having edges which encompassed a hollow, nearly filled up, and covered with wild vines. The outside declivities of the hill were clothed with fields highly cultivated, and beautified with fertile orchards and vineyards. At the base of the mountain lay the populous and flourishing cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

In A.D. 63 Vesuvius gave its first notice of action. It convulsed the whole district, and did much injury to houses, villages and towns upon its flanks. From A.D. 63 to 66 the shocks of the mountains were frequent; and, in August of that year, occurred that awful eruption which destroyed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and proved fatal to the elder Pliny.

The best geologists of the present day think that the eruption which took place in A.D. 79, and subsequent ones, destroyed, or wore away, the side of the cone which is nearest the sea, leaving the high cliff, now especially called Somma, encircling a new cone.

After the death of the elder Pliny, his nephew, called the younger Pliny, wrote to the historian Tacitus, a brief but lively account of the phenomena of this eruption. At first, a thick volume of smoke rose vertically from the ancient crater, now ruptured by elastic gases. The top of this column spread itself on all sides like the head of a wheat sheaf, or the upper boughs of the pine tree. It was occasionally fired by flashes of lightning, and each flash was succeeded by profound and terrible darkness. Ashes fell on the sea, far from land, and the men retreated some distance from the shore. In this eruption there is no evidence that there was any overflow of lava. The substance which were hurled into the air were sand, dust, and shattered fragments of lava, and it was these materials that buried the city of Pompeii, etc.

The first era of the authentic overflow of lava, is in A.D. 1006, which is the seventh eruption since that of A.D. 79. The volcano produced eruptions, also, in A.D. 1049 and 1108, and then rested for one hundred and sixty-eight years. During that more than a century and a half of repose in the great crater of Vesuvius, two smaller vents were opened at distant points of the mountain. After a great eruption in A.D. 1306, and a slight one in 1590, there was another repose till A.D. 1631. Though, indeed, the crater was not active from 1590 to 1631, yet the subterranean forces were not at rest, for in 1539 a new mountain was heaved up from the sea, but close to the land, in the bay of Baine, a little to the north of Pazzuoli.

As this lesson is not intended to give a record of eruptions, but to show how eruptions change the aspect of volcanic mountains, I shall pass on to the present configuration of Vesuvius.

Vesuvius was measured in 1773 by the celebrated Sauvassure. At that time the two margins of the crater, viz. the north-western and the south-eastern, appeared of equal height. Both were about 8,801 feet above the sea. In 1794 the eruption broke down the margin of the crater on the south side, and then the two edges appeared of unequal height. In 1805 A. von Humboldt, and L. von Buch, and Gay-Lussac measured it again, and found that the southern edge was 470 feet lower than it was in 1738, when measured by Sauvassure. In 1792 A. von Humboldt measured the mountain a second time, and found that the north-west edge was not altered at all in the 49 years since 1773, but that the southern side, which in 1791 had become 425 feet lower, had become, in 1822, 64 feet lower still.

Engravings of Vesuvius presented by landscape painters are not to be always depended upon as accurate views of the aspect of the volcano. In their picturesque views of the mountain, they confound the outlines of the margin with the cones of eruption which have been formed in the floor of the crater. In the course of 1810 to 1811 such a cone of eruption, consisting of rapilli and cinders, loosely heaped up, increased in height till it rose above the north-eastern edge of the crater. The eruption of February, 1822, elevated this cone as high as to make it appear 107 or 117 feet above even the north-west edge of the crater, the edge called Rocca del Palo. At that time it was customary around Naples to regard this cone as being the true summit of the mountain; but in the night of October 22, 1822, the whole of it fell in with a dreadful noise into the crater. The consequence of this fall is that the floor of the crater, which had been accessible since 1811, became now 800 feet lower than the northern edge, and 213 feet below the southern margin of the volcano. These changes in the form and position of cones of eruption give to Vesuvius at different epochs, a different appearance. In the eruption of October, 1822, in twenty-four hours after the falling in of the great cone of cinders just mentioned, and the small but numerous streams of lava had flowed off, then a fiery eruption of ashes commenced, which continued without intermission for two and twenty days, and covered the sides of the mountain.

These different measurements of Vesuvius suggest grounds for a very bold theory in geology. How is it that the north margin of the volcano, that called Rocca del Palo, maintains such a uniformity of height while the other is lowered? The probable cause is that the north margin is in the process of being worn up gradually by the upward tendency of subterranean forces. Between the years 1816 and 1822 we are sure that that margin from 3,970 feet to 4,022. When it was measured thirty or forty years before, the height was from 3,973 feet to 3,981. How is this?
The body of the soul its form doth take,
For soul to form, and doth the body make.—Spenser.

"Man know thyself," is an old adage now well-applied. We have, in our day apostles of a new science devoted to the study of man. The most eminent of these now living are Fowler & Wells, two names of world-wide reputation. These gentlemen have reduced all the signs of character to a science; and they have already brought it very near perfection.

We presume every one has heard of phrenology and Fowler & Wells as its chief apostles. But these gentlemen represent something more than a mere branch of a science, which considered alone phrenology certainly is, though it must be conceded the highest rank, just as the head is the crowning monument of human and divine glory.

But there is the Whole Man; and it is the science of the "whole man," that Messrs. Fowler & Wells represent, and not merely the branch known as phrenology.

There was a time when one could speak of phrenology as a humbug, and of its professors as humbugs. Nor was this broad assertion, which has so often been made, very far wrong. But this is applicable to the crude "bumpology" which is in the public mind, and not to the comprehensive science illustrated by Messrs. Fowler & Wells, and applicable to the quack professors of "bumpology," and not to these apostles of one of the noblest of the sciences. We call these gentlemen apostles, for they have devoted thirty years of their life to their mission in the true spirit of apostles. Whether orthodox or heterodox, he is the most apostolic, in the best sense, who teaches most truth, and most advances human enlightenment; and it is in this sense that Fowler & Wells deserve the name of apostles.

The terms phrenology and phrenologist, are not broad enough. We need some sufficiently comprehensive in the public understanding to imply the Whole Man. Mr. Wells the editor of the American Phrenological Journal, has ably unfolded this subject in his masterpiece, entitled "New Physiognomy or Signs of Character."

The book is a digest of all that can be said upon the theme of man—"the Whole Man." The following from that invaluable work will amply repay the reader, and show how vast a subject is embodied in the science that recognizes the signs of character, and reveals all their significations.

"Everybody believes and practises physiognomy, though in most cases without being aware of it. We instinctively, as it were, judge the qualities of things by their outward form. "Appearances" are said to be "often deceitful." They are sometimes seemingly so; but in most cases, if not in all, it is our observation at fault. We have but to look again, and more carefully, to pierce the disguise, when the thing will appear to be just what it is. Appearances do not often deceive the intelligent observer. A weak man seldom looks like a fool. We can not possibly conceive of a Webster with a meek face and small, backward-sloping head of an idiot.

The very art of dissimulation, sometimes urged by an objector, is founded on physiognomical principles. If a knave try to appear like an honest man, it is because he recognizes the fact that honesty has a certain characteristic expression, and knows that his fellow men are aware what this expression is. He hopes to pass off his counterfeit for the real coin which slightly resembles it.

Men, women, and even children, make a practical application of physiognomy every day of their lives, and in almost ever transaction, from the selection of a kitten or a puppy to the choosing a wife or a husband. When the carpenter wants a suitable horse for his dray, he never by mistake buys a racer; and the sportsman who is seeking a fox hound can not be deceived in the purchase of a bull-dog. They have not studied physiognomy as a science, but they know that for indicates character.

Do you think that if a big-fisted, bullet-headed boy, putting on the air of a gentleman were to offer himself to you as a teacher of dancing or of drawing, that you could be induced to employ him in either of those capacities? By no means! You would see a glance the physiognomical signs of his real avocation, instead of those of his assumed profession. "It is not necessary to ask Dinah whether she be accomplishing her work in fine sewing and embroidery or not. It is enough to look at her face or her hands.

We say one man has "an honest look," and the other "a trust him, knowing nothing more; but with another whose "appearance is against him," we will have nothing to do. There are those whose faces, though not from being beautiful, in the ordinary sense of the word, win their way at once to the heart. On the other hand, there are individuals from whom the first impression we receive is that of repulsion, if not a deadly antipathy. We dislike them—the shrug of their shoulders, and know not why. We do not think like Lavater, or dream that we are practicing physiognomy, but so it is.

Neither Aristotle, nor Leibnitz, nor Janius, nor Champollion has set down the grammar rules of the science, older than the Sanscrit, but they who do not yet read English can read this. Men take each other's measure when they meet for the first time, and every time they meet. How do they get this rapid knowledge, even before they speak, of each other's power and disposition? One would say that the expression of their speech is in not what they say—but that men do not persuade by their argument but by their personality.

"Physiognomy signifies in its broadest sense knowledge of nature, but more particularly the forms of things—the configuration of natural objects, whether animate or inanimate. In this sense we may speak of the physiognomy of a country or a plant, as well as of an animal or of a man; and it is with an instinctive appreciation of this fact that we talk about the "face of nature, the features of a landscape, and so on."

But it is mainly to the human form, that physiognomy as a science, or system, and as an art, is usually applied; though animal, and even vegetable a
nervous forms may be referred to in illustration of
ciples or of facts. In this narrower application
may define it as—a knowledge of the corre-
rence between the external and the internal man
between the physical system and the spiritual
ical which animates and controls it—between
12 - manifest effect and the hidden cause—and of the
as by means of which this correspondence is ex-
cess in the face and other parts of the body. As
art, it consists in reading character by means of
ications in the developments of the body as a
but more particularly of the face.

We say, more particularly of the face, because it
there that the greater number of the signs of
acter are most clearly and legibly inscribed; but
ognomy, as we purpose to expand it, embraces
12 - WHOLE MAN. It takes into account the tempera-
ture; the shape of the body; the size and form of the
; the texture of the skin; the quality of the hair
-degree of functional activity, and other physiologi-
conditions, as well as the features of the face. It
brates, in fact, in its practical application, the wide
ains of physiology, phrenology, and their kindred
ences.

Everything has a form—a configuration—in other
rds a physiognomy peculiar to itself. The faces
entries differ, as well as the faces of men. Compare
Rocky Mountains with the prairie lands of Illi-
, Maine with California, Vermont with Florida;
Highlands of Scotland with the bogs of Ireland;
Holland with Holland. Place an oak by the side
pine, contrast an eagle with a goose, a tiger with
ass. On this difference of external form are foun-
d the classes, orders, genera; and species into which
rural objects are divided. No two classes are alike,
two orders, no two genera, no two species. Spe-
es are made up of individuals.

Classifying the individual differences which we find
than the limits of a single form varieties; but it
found that the individual thrown together are from being exactly alike. Each Morgan horse
from every other Morgan horse, and, still more, ech Anglo-Saxon man from every other Anglo-
an; and the more highly civilized and the mor-
ately educated the race or variety, the greater
l be the individual differences. There is a com-
ness in the facts and forms of individuals
posing a savage tribe or nation, but in civilized
tries both features and bodily contours are mar-
red.

What is the meaning of this unlimited variety in all
ng things? What do these infinitely multiplied
ences in form and structure indicate? Differences
action and character—always.

It is everywhere the inscribing line that determines
the external form of things. Throughout nature, in
accordance with this law, differences in config-
ation are, in all cases, bound to be commensurate
with differences of character and use. Things which
semble each other in quality and function resemble
other in shape; and where there is unlikeness in
uality and function, there is unlikeness in form; in
other words, there is a determinate relation between
stitution and appearance of material objects, and
the reason why any particular animal or plant
umes its own precise figure rather than any other, commend.

need be sought only in the necessity of adapting con-
figuration to character.

The slender and upright stalks of the maize could
not be made to support and nourish the ponderous
pumpkin; nor could the graceful willow or the majes-
tic elm bear apples. We can not possibly associate
the cruel and bloodthirsty propensities of the tiger
with the meek and gentle physiognomy of the lamb.
So man, endowed with reason, spirituality, and hope,
aspering after immortality, 'made a little lower than
the angels,' could not grovel on the earth like a reptile.
He necessarily stands upright and lifts his face
wards heaven, and his cunning fingers are ready to
obey the soul's behests. He could not have any other
form and be a man.

Descending from generalities to particulars, from spe-
cies to individuals, we find the same law in operation.
As men differ in character, so do they differ in face
regularly, as well as in the form of the cranial; and
it is because they differ in character that they are
unlike in bodily configuration, and for no other reason.
One is tall and muscular; another, short and plump; a
third, small and slender; and we never find the special
acter which properly belongs to one of these fig-
ges associated with either of the others. Each indi-
idual soul molds the body in which it is incarnate,
and gives it a configuration exactly adapted to its
own proper manifestations.

Is it not one of the most indisputable truths of
sponding cause and effect are everywhere united? Does this grand law fall in its application to man? If
we find the character of a country on its face, must
we confess that the human countenance—that mirror
of Divinity—bears no legible inscription? Can we
conceive for a moment that a Newton or a Leibnitz
by any possibility have the countenance of an
idiot? or that the latter in the brain of a Hottentot
conceived his 'Theodicee,' and the former in the
head of an Esquimaux, who lacks the power to number
for six, directed the rays of light and weighed
worlds?

Do joy and grief, pleasure and pain, love and ha-
ted, all exhibit themselves under the same traits—that
is to say, no traits at all—on the exterior of man? Do
prize-fighters and preachers look alike? or butchers
and poets? But we may as well ask whether truth is
ver at variance with itself or eternal order but the
ick of a juggler, whose purpose is to deceive? As
the soul so is the body."

We recommend to the people of Utah, the diligent
study of the science represented by the author of
"New Physiognomy." That it is science we must un-
equivocally affirm. The study of the signs character
as legitimate as the study of the signs of the earth,
or of the magnificent heavens; and to affirm that the
signs of character are not reducible to a science is an
afirmation most unscientific in its very term. The
old metaphysical nonsense, in its exposition of the
methods of human mind, must give place to a positive
system, interpreting man by Nature's index, which
he carries in his mental and physical organization.
We consider Messrs. Fowler & Wells have a legiti-
ite mission, and to them as apostles of an impor-
tant science, we cordially extend our hand of help,
and we recommend to every family in that splendid
and invaluable book—"New Physiog-
omy."
chap. 25.

He crossed the property to palm-tree, and div'd into the wood. Its a large banana wood, and except at the western edge, the plantings are palm-tree, coconut, and sugar-cane, and contained several other species, including the taro and mango. The surf ran under the trees, and forty yards and then dwindled away to the west, where it lapped at the shallow, which destroyed all other vegetation in that wood, and made it easy to see and travel. He gathered a few coconut that had burst out of their ripen and fallen to the ground, and ran on till he reached a belt of trees and vines, that bordered the palm forest. Here his progress was no longer easy, but he found trees covered with a small fruit resembling quince in every particular, of look, size, and color, and that made him pause, for he was not familiar with these, and, therefore, they seemed to be the useful products of the island. Possibly, it was at this point that he had the first notion of going to the north shore, and instantly a dozen large blossoms of the orchid arid rose flapping into the air like windmill blades. He was quite startled by the whirling and flapping, and felt a little afraid at the appearance of the place, where there was a very strong breeze and the sky was cloudy. Inside the shell, skaiters, and I saw a large fish. Here too he found these termites filled the place but were not often and also some fish, more or less poached. "What my worthy exasperator, much obliged," said he, "you have saved me that bother," and into the bag went the termites and two plums that slightly mutilated. Before he had gone many yards he became the sitting wings, and the bird seemed to notice his eyes. The rest of the low wood was but thin, and he soon emerged upon the open country; but it was not much easier, and Ian for grass than men; a vast muddy swamp with water in the middle, thin fringes of grass, and here and there a disconsolate tree like a weeping willow. At the end of this lake and swamp which seemed to be a bottom of a barren hill without a blade of vegetation on it, and a sort of jagged summit Hazel did not sit like the clock, Volcania.

Sometim's he eyed a bush hug as large a slice of the island could be brought through the wood, guiding himself by the sun, and putting down to the shore, where he had removed a stone, and, without a moment's hesitation, he had only gone into the water and gather them, but cannot as a fact. He ran to the pot with his midday tins, and was not received according to his desires. The reflection told him that secretly, the water had been a long time; then he produced his provision, by way of exactness.

After he was alight, he set to work, and shopped with his knife, and two or three of his men were graciously received which he placed out for cabbage. What an I do to her, Hazel told him, "For every suit cabbage, a King must die." Hazel said:

"And that the girl with the bog tree was in the wood hand by, I say, her, and she had a fish. Then suddenly Hazel came running with a bicycle and a cocoa-pod. "There," said he, "you can cook that. Hazel will eat them." Accordingly he returned to the wood with his knife, and lo, the cocoa came back with live pods in it. Hazel had a look on his face, and then he sat down and cut and had a look on his face, and then he sat down and rested.

"And now, Mr. Welche," said he, "you would send them for and say, 'I don't want you, only because I don't want to eat them yet. But they will.'"
Beautify at that glorious and peaceful sight. Hazel came up to her. She looked at his face, and that lock was enough for her. She rocked himself gently to and fro.

"Tea," said in a broken voice. Was there—Quite dead—"

He set gently down by her side, and looked at that sky sun and illuminating ocean, and his heart felt barely still. She was gone—and we are alone—on this hand.

The man said this in one tone of voice. To reason and lead it to two.

Alas!

She glanced timidly round at him, and without looking, said a little away from him, and went into the house.

CHAPTER XXV.

After a long silence, Hazel asked her in a low voice if she could be there in half an hour. The said yes, in the same tone, but without turning her head. In reaching the ground, she found that Hazel had spared her and felt feeling nothing but to perform the service. When it was over she went slowly away in deep distress on more accounts than one. In the course Hazel came to her bower, but she was not there. Then he lighted the fire, and prepared everything for support; and, by and by, lifting his head, he saw her looking wistfully at him, as if she would read in his mind's actions. He started and brightened all over with pleasure at the light. The door was open, and he saw her standing in the garden. Then he ate a little of the fish, threw the rest away, and wound down upon the name, and paced them in a sad and bitter mood.

But the light calmed him, and some hours of transport brought him fortitude, patience, and a clearer understanding.

Miss Rolleston, whom she awoke next morning, was determined to find her own breakfast; she went down to the beach and found abundance of crayfish; but also they were lively, vicious; she went with no great relish for the task to scoop it, and, at that moment, by a curious coincidence, remembered she was sick and tired of crayfish; she would breakfast on fruit. She crossed the sand, took off her shoes, and paddled through the river, and, having put her dress before her, she said, "There," and, as fast as she could, she put the grass to the big wood, which she heard a voice behind her, and it was Mr. Hazel. She bit her lip (it was broad daylight now), and prepared quietly to discourage this excessive audacity. He came up to her, and, after a little, told her that Minnie, Miss Rolleston, but I know you late reptiles, now there are a few snakes in that long grass; not poisonous ones.

"Snakee!" cried Helen; "let me get home; there—I'll be without my breakfast."

"Oh, I hope not," said Hazel, ruefully; "why, I love you rather fortunate this morning, and it is all ready."

"That is a different thing," said Helen, graciously. "You shall not have your tea, or your breakfast. Hazel took his axe and some tools from the boat, and went off in a great hurry, to the ripple. In half an hour or so he returned, dragging a large conch shell, armed with spikes for leaves, incredibly dense and prickly. That, this is our best defence against that reading Bepinittel.

"That little tree!" said Helen; "the tiger would soon jump over that."

"Ay, but not over this and sixty more of me," said the tiger. "Don't touch that plant."

He worked very hard all day, and tacked at a long row of these prickly trees; but it only went round two sides and one of the bower. So then he said he'd felled it, and it was down worn out by fatigue.

Hazel had cut a few slacks for a chair. He laid the spits for his exhaustion in her terence, and, by lying hands; she undertook to cook the cat of every dish.
These kind words more than repaid him. He went to his little den in a glow of spirit; and the next morning went off in a state of hurry, and, for once, seemed glad to get away from her.

"Poor Mr. Hazel," said she, softly, and watched him out of sight. Then she went to the high point where he had barked a tree, and looked far and wide for a sail. The air was wonderful clear; the whole ocean seemed in sight; but all was blank.

A great wave fell upon her, and sickened of heart; and then first she began to fear she was not of the known world, and might die on that island; or rather, to be found by the present crew, and be sent back to the long-drawn hour, and the long-lamented in her life. That hour, and led to consequences which will be related shortly.

She did not return for a long while, and, when she did, she found Hazel had completed her fortifications. He invited her to go with him; and in a little while, there was something to be done at home. I have been comparing my abode with yours; and the contract makes me uncomfortable, if it doesn't you. Oblige me by building yourself a house.

"What in an afternoon.

"Well, at all events, you must roof the boat, or something. There I'll sit by and -- what shall I do, whilst you are working to oblige me?"

Hazel reflected a minute, and then asked her if she could paint. She said she could as far as five strides.

"And knot, of course?"

"Oh, yes.

"Then, if you will make a fishing net of cocoanut fibre, I will soon give myself all the shelter a healthy man requires in the tropics.

The boat lay in a little trianglular creek; the surrounding earth was alluvial clay, a spot free from grassy moulds, stiff, but kindly to work. Hazel contrived and cut and chipped it out with a clumsy wooden spade he had made, and, throwing it to the wind, he was able to move the boat; at last he dug so deep that he was enabled to draw the boat another yard inland.

As Helen sat by, netting, and forcing a smile now and then though sad at heart, he was on his mead, and the mud walls rose rapidly. He squared their inner sides with the spade. When he had done, the boat lay in a hollow, the walls of which, half-natural, half-artificial, were five feet above her gunwale, and, of course, eighteen feet above her bottom, in which Hazel used to lie at night. He then laid the mainsail across, so as to rest the stern part of the boat; and put four holly on it, lest a sudden gust of wind might lift it.

Helen said it was all very clever, but she doubted whether it would hold up against the rough rain.

"More than yours will," said Hazel, and that is a very serious thing. In your state of health a wetting might be fatal. But tomorrow, if you please. I will examine your resources, and lay out your situation before you, and ask your questions.

Next morning, he kept his word and laid their case before her.

He said: "We are on an island that has probably been seen, and disregarded, by a few whalers, but is not known to navigators, not drawn on any chart. There is a wide range of vegetation, proving a delightful climate on the whole, and one particularly suited to you. We have a lake, which has a deep basin, and a small stream. The lake is fed by a small spring, and there is a good deal of fish. We have a number of birds, and a few raccoon cats. We use two latches matches a day; and what is to become of us at that rate! In theory, fire can be made by rubbing two pieces of wood together, Selkirk is said to have obtained it from pimento wood on Juan Fernandez. But I have found that I love the art is soon exhausted. I am a civilized man who could do it, and I have no words of advice.

There is a danger to the men. We have a number of birds, but a few raccoon cats. We use two latches matches a day; and what is to become of us at that rate! In theory, fire can be made by rubbing two pieces of wood together, Selkirk is said to have obtained it from pimento wood on Juan Fernandez. But I have found that I love the art is soon exhausted. I am a civilized man who could do it, and I have no words of advice.

To extinguish a fire, you can use a box containing flint and steel, or a box containing flint and steel. You can use a box containing flint and steel, or a box containing flint and steel. You can use a box containing flint and steel, or a box containing flint and steel.
said, "they reminded me of home. I wonder whether as are poison, too," and she opened her apron wide, and said him some long yellow pods, with red specks, some like a very large banana.

"Ah, that's a very nice habit," and Hazel, delighted, spoke pleasantly, and the greatest find we have made yet, fruit is meat, the wood is thread, and the leaf is shelter clothes. The fruit is good raw, and better baked, as you see, and I believe this is the first time the dinner and the tea were both baked together."

"cleaned the now-heated henuth, put the meat and fruit on the place his grand platter over it, and heaped fire round platter, and light combustible over it. And, in a word, platter and the dinner under it were both baked. She loved the platter or marmalade and saved the dinner in it."

A lady and gentleman cast upon a desert island must use eyes, hands and feet, in earnest or die the food of fools. The first week these two passed was, therefore, mainly on the baking of the meat, and she always returned to the parts of Necessity. This it was our duty to show, or else a thoroughly false picture of human life.

But, as to the manner of working, that varies greatly, according to the sentiments of the heart.

Zelz is best. She did not quarrel. She invented but her execution of what she did superior to Mr. Zelz. She showed considerable tact in adapting new to old purposes. She made as follows:

Thick mattress, stuffed with vegetable hair and wool. The thickness of three or four inches of the soft part of ferns. This mattress was made with plantains, sewed together with the thread furnished by the same, and doubled at the edges.

2. A long silk raw moccasin.

3. Made of a quarter grass rope, and light cloth close for the roof.

But, while she worked, her mind was often far away, and her nail in a tumult of fear, trouble, shame, and perplexity, which increased rather than diminished as she was made by it. The other hand, inseparably grateful to Mr. Hazel--as well she might. But she and many little opportunities of showing that sentiment to him. That war of sentiments which agitated her, as a body after her own consent, Articulately, she suppressed, and hid it in a very practical way as she could.

Now it is the nature of sentiments to accumulate force.

To Hazel, on the contrary, the terror labor of the first three weeks was an unmixed joy. He was working, not only on the roof, but on the ground. He made his hands, and his mind, so strong that he cared less for the marmalade, and did not all the cooking; for he found the smoke wood made Miss Rolleston cough. He also made a number of pigeon-holes in his mud walls and lined them with clay, so that he dined with fire, and, and a pottery door it opened in the mud walls and windows. This was a great addition to their food, and he managed also to put by a little. But it was a slow and insufficient process.

But that was nothing compared to the zest with which he tackled the most important work of all, and the longest, useless but perhaps the highest of all--as a carpenter, but he had love and brains. He found sandstones, one hard, some fine, with which he contrived to sharpen his saw and he. He fixed some uprights between the four trees, let stout horizontal bars into the trees, and hanged them in the rope. Smaller horizontal bars intervals kept the prickly rambuts from being driven in a sudden gust. The canvas walls were removed, and the sinks stored in a pigeon-hole, and a stout network substituted, with which large fagots of leaves were cunningly fastened with plantains. The roof was double. The first that extraordinary mass of split leaves which the four trees threw out, then, several feet under that, the huge piece of matting the pair had made. This was strengthened by double strips of canvas at the edges and the center, and by single strips in other parts. A great many cords and strings made of that long silky grass familiar to the island were sewn to the canvas-strengthened edges, and so it was fastened to the trees, and to the horizontal bars.

When this work drew close to its completion, there came a new disappointment. He had the modification of seeing that he whom it was all done did not share his complacency.

The strife of sentiments in her mind seemed to be undergoing a self-command, and, at times, even her good-breeding. She often let her work fall and brooded for hours. She spoke sometimes freely, and then next moment with a slight touch of compeitiveness. She wondered away from him and from his labor for her comfort, and passed hours at Telegraph Point, crying the illimitable ocean. She was a riddle. All sweetness at times, but at others irritable, moody, and scarce mistress of herself. Hazel was sorry and perplexed, and often expressed a fear she was lost. She always replied in the negative, and the next moment her eyes would fill with tears.

The truth is, she was in considerable irritation of body, and a sort of mental distress which, perhaps, only the more sensitive of her own sex could appreciate.

Matters were still in this uncomfortable and perplexing state when Hazel put his finishing stroke to her abode.

He was in high spirits that evening; for he had made a discovery; he had at last found time for a walk, and followed the banks of a very cultivated little brook.

And making further researches, he had found at the bottom of a rocky ravine a curious thing, a dark resinous fluid bubbling up in quite a fountain, which, however, fell down again as it rose, and hardly any overflowed. It was like this pitch.

Of course, he was the first to pour it into a great pot, and half filled it. Pursuing his researches a little farther he found a range of rocks with snowy summits apparently; but the snow was the guano of centuries. He was in a great hurry to get home with his pot of pitch, for it was in truth a very remarkable discovery. The remarkable discovery, though not without a parallel. He could not wait until morning, so with embers and coconut the made a fire just outside the house, and melted his pitch which had become nearly solid, and proceeded to smear the inside of the matting in places, to make it thoroughly water-tight.

To Hazel, however, something struck her as out of the ordinary; but he hoped she would appreciate Nature's bounty more, when she saw the practical use of this extraordinary production. He endeavored to lead her to that view. She shook her head, and said she had never seen anything like it before. He thought of it peevish, and ungrateful to Heaven; we have all different measures of the wonderful; and to him a fountain of pitch was a thing to admire greatly and thank God for: he said as much.

To Helen it was a nasty stuff, and who came where it came from. She conveyed as much by a shrug of the shoulders, and then gave a sigh that told her mind was far away.

He was a little mortified and showed it.

One word led to another, and at last what had been long foreseen came out. Hazel said:

"Mr. Hazel," said she, "you and I are at cross purposes. You mean to live here. I do not."

THE HAIR.

The greatest ornament to the "human form divine" is, unquestionably, a fine, luxuriant, healthy growth of hair; it has been so esteemed in all ages, and among all civilized nations. It is beauty to woman the chief auxiliary, and to manhood the warrant of strength and dignity.

The purposes of the hair, in the animal economy, are important; as a bad conductor of heat, it serves to equalize the temperature of the brain, and it is a protection against external irritants; a large quantity of carbon and hydrogen is by its means also separated from the system; and although several other organs are concerned in the more abundant discharge of the same elements, the hair is, under any circumstances, of importance in exactly counteracting the manifold operations of animal organization. Its intimate connexion with the brain and nerves is proved by many indisputable facts, and numerous authenticated instances are on record in which disorders of
dangerous character have been removed by cutting
the hair.
Grief and anxiety soon display their pernicious
influence on the hair; and a sudden shock to the
nervous system has been known in many cases to
cause a total loss of color, at times blanching it to a perfect
whiteness in a few hours—as quoted by Daniel Tur
ner, Erasmus Wilson, and others who have acquired
knowledge by their study in these matters.
The most essential thing for the preservation of
the hair is general health of the body; and this can only
be obtained by keeping the skin in perfect order. To
effect this the bath ought to be reckoned among the
most important of the necessities of life, affecting as it does
the system more powerfully and directly than any
other known means. Seeing then, that perfect health
is dependent on a well-conditioned skin, it can be
easily understood how much the hair must share its
influence.
The prevailing custom of using strong stimulants
where the hair has fallen off, or become weak and
thin, is one of the most fatal mistakes that can be
made. In its most healthy state, the hair is best likened
to a delicate plant, and the injury that we inflict
on it by such treatment is obvious to the most casual
observer. It is, however, but rarely that the root or
bulp beneath the skin is entirely destroyed, even by
the most acute fevers of local disease; although, for
years it may remain to all appearance dead, and the
part become bald and even polished.
The epidemical scales of the skin of the head, known
as "scabs,", accumulate in, some persons much more
rapidly than in others and present a very unsightly
appearance. It is often attributed to the fact of the
hair being abundant; this is by no means the reason,
and in most cases may be traced to a want of proper
attention. Scabs is a natural production, and although
it may be kept from accumulating, cannot be prevented.
It is produced on every part of the body, although
from the more active growth of the hair on the head,
the face for collecting, and the contrast of color,
it strikes the eye most disagreeably in that situation.
When the head perspires freely, the scales become
soon saturated with the perspired matter, which, re
main ing near the roots of the hair, weaken its energy,
and at times will cause it to come off abundantly
with the brush and comb.

**THE LION IN HIS OLD AGE.**

When a young lion reaches the age of two years
he is able to strangle or pull down a horse or an ox;
and so he continues to grow and increase in strength
until he reaches his eighth year, when his talons, teeth,
and mane are perfect, and he grows no more. For
twenty years after he arrives at maturity his fangs
and talons show no signs of decay; but after that he
gradually grows feeble; his teeth fall him, and he
becomes "cubbin." He is now no longer a match for
the tremendous buffalo; he is overmatched even by
the powerful ox, the prairie covered with the cattle
kraals and encroaching lamb or kid just as he did when he
was cut whe his parents nearly thirty years before.
In strength and sight now decline more and more,
it is the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls
about from place to place, eating any offal he can
pick up, and despising not even so small an anim
the field mouse; so he starves and dies, or is fall
and slaughtered by a few cowardly hyenas, or die
red unable to move beneath a tree, and knocked
the head by some wandering hunter.

**LADIES' TABLE.**

(From Mrs. Pollard's, Manual of Fancy Work.)

**LACE WORK.**

This is dressing in various patterns, by bobbinets, and from a
moderate price, and good quality of the manufactured articles, that
as by hand is now but comparatively little used. The design, was
given on paper, and worked under the net. Then all the outlines
were traced, by running in and out, with a little cross, as, article now
as obsolete. The leaves and flowers were then filled in, the heavy
work with close dressing the lighter in various fan sty stitches, all darned
in front with a hook and needle, which was extremely fine.

Borders were usually done in such patterns as could be worked
in one curve. Many were very pretty, and they had the merit of
washing well. A paneling was also done in the same was.

Those who are disposed to try this sort of work should select a set
of threads. Many were very pretty, and they had the merit of
washing well. A paneling was also done in the same was.

For young folks would be suitable for heavy parts, and their 10£
are fixed for the corners, many stitches.

**PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.**

**THE TAPE TRICK.**

This trick consists in allowing a person to tie your thumb and
finger together, and yet that you shall be able to release them in a moment
and tie them together again. The mode of performing this trick is as follows:
Lay a piece of tape across the palms of your hands, placed side by
side getting the ends hang down, then bring your palms quickly together.
The same time you tightly crossing hold of the middle of the tape with
your fourth and fifth fingers. Then direct any person to tie your thumb up
as tight as he please, but he will not, of course in reality, be tying it
because you hold the tape yet it will necessarily appear to
him that he is doing so. Request him to place a hat over your hands,
show upon the hat, and say, "Be gone." Slipping your thumb from
the tape, direct him to move the hat and show your thumb free. Then
require that the hat may be again placed over your hands, and
instruct him you say "Be gone." Slipping your thumb under the tape
and when the hat is renewed, your hands will appear tied as at first.

A performing the trick convey the tape away, but it is not detected.

**Chase A.**

My first is polite, slow yet sure.

The D. pres.; many faces;

Composed, off of wings. Improv;

And called by many names.

My first and second form my whole;

That's one of Satan's doses;

Many more have lost their soul;

The enigma meeting there with friends.

**Riddle 4.**

I have a name, yet never die—

I have no life, yet once go—

I can't keep still, if I try—

Yet ever stand fast to.

**Conundrums.**

20. What is a lion's son called?

21. What part of London is in France?

22. How many black bees will make a white one?

Answer to No. 59, Page 48.

Copyright, 1859, by D. L. M.

Handwriting, No. 13.

Consent.

No. 23. Because it is in France.

No. 24. To keep his head warm.

No. 25. The letter I.
THE UTAH MAGAZINE;
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 32.] SALT LAKE CITY, OCT. 24, 1868. [Vol. 2

POETRY.

THE SPIRITUAL AND PHYSICAL.

Doth not the soul the body sway
And the responding plastic clay
Receive the impress every hour
Of the pervading spirit’s power?

The finer essence which inlies
The frame, to which it giveth guise
And outward form, expression finds
In contours changing with our minds.

Look inward if thou wouldest be fair;
To beauty guide the feelings there;
And this soul-beauty, bright and warm,
Thy outward being will transform.

And inward beauty’s forms of grace
Shall set their seal upon thy face,
And mind and soul and heart combine
To make an outward beauty thine.

If upward trained, the heaven-born soul
(God ever-nigh, and heaven its goal)
From earth’s corrupting grossness free,
Will cloth thee with its purity.

So by the glorious might of mind,
Let all thy nature be refined,
Till in the soul’s inspiring flow
Thy beauty shall increasing grow.

And let the heart rich coloring give,
And bid the beauteous statue live,
That grace and earth and fit for heaven,
Life’s richest dower to thee be given.

“With these stones and craigs to roll down on a
marching army, the place well defies storm and
assault, and a hundred on the height would overmatch
thousands below.”

He then turned to address a few words, with all
the far-famed courtesy of Norman and Frank, to the
Welsh guards at the outposts. They were picked
men; the strongest and best armed and best fed of
the group. But they shook their heads, and answered
not, gazing at him fiercely, and showing their white
teeth, as dogs at a bear before they are loosened from
the band.

“They understand me not, poor languageless savages!”
said Mallet de Graville, turning to the monk
who stood by with the lifted rood; “Speak to them
in their own jargon.”

“Nay,” said the Welsh monk, who, though of a ri-
val tribe from South Wales, and at the service of Har-
old, was esteemed throughout the land for-purity and
learning, “they will not open their mouths till
the king’s orders come to receive, or dismiss us unheard.”

“Dimitus us unheard!” repeated the punctilious Nor-
man; “even this poor barbarous king can scarcely be
so strange to all comedy and gentle usage, as to put
such insult on Guillaume Mallet de Graville. But,”
added the knight coloring, “I forgot that he is not
avised of my name and land; and, indeed, sith thou
art to be spokesman, I marvel why Harold should
have prayed my services at all, and at the risk of
subjecting a Norman knight to affronts contumelious.”

“Peradventure,” replied Evan, “peradventure thou
hast something to whisper apart to the king, which,
as a stranger and warrior, none will venture to ques-
tion; but which from me, as a countryman and priest,
would excite the jealous suspicions of those around
him.”

“I conceive thee,” said De Graville. “And, see
spear are gleaming down the path; and per pedes
Domini, you chief with the mantle and circlet of gold
on his head, is the cat-king that so spitted and scratch-
ed in the mêlée last night.”

“Heed well thy tongue,” said Evan, alarmed, “no
jests with the leader of men.”

Therewith the knight drew up his spare but stately
figure, and arranging his robe with grace and dignity,
awaited the coming chief.

Down the pass, one by one, came first the chiefs,
privileged by birth to attend the king; and each, as
he reached the mouth of the pass, drew on the
upper side, among the stones of the rough ground.
Then a banner, tattered and torn, with the lion en-

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.
BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.
(CONTINUED.)
THE LION IN HIS LAIR.

Meanwhile the knight and the monk waited below
at the terrible pass, which then lay between the
mountain and the river, and over which the precipices
frowned, with a sense of horror and weight. Looking
up, the knight murmured—
sign that the Welsh princes had substituted for the old national dragon, which the Saxons of Wessex had appropriated to themselves, preceded the steps of the king. Behind him came his falconer and bard, and the rest of his scanty household. The king halted in the pass, a few steps from the Norman knight; and Mallet de Graville, though accustomed to the majestic mein of Duke William, and practised state of the princes of France and Flanders, felt an involuntary thrill of admiration at the bearing of the great child of Nature with his foot on his father’s soil.

Small and slight as was his stature, worn and ragged his mantle of state, there was that in the erect mein and steady eye of the Cymrían hero, which showed one consciousness of authority, and potent in will; and the wave of his hand to the knight was the gesture of a prince on his throne. Nor, indeed, was that brave and ill-fated chief without some irregular glances of mental cultivation, which, under happier auspices, might have centered into steadfast light. Though the learning which had once existed in Wales (the last legacy of Rome) had long since expired in blood and youth, and youths no longer flocked to the colleges of Caereleon, and priests no longer adorned the casuistical theology of the age, Gryffyth himself, the son of a wise and famous father, had received an education beyond the average of Saxon kings. But, intensely national, his mind had turned from the literature of Rome, to the legends, and songs, and chronicles of his land; and if he is the best scholar who best understands his own tongue and its treasures, Gryffyth was the most erudite prince of his age. His natural talents, for war especially, were considerable; and judged fairly—not as mated with an empty treasury, without other army than the capricious will of his subjects offered, and amidst his bitterest foes in the jealous chiefs of his own country, against the disciplined force, and comparative civilization of the Saxons—but as compared with all the other princes of Wales, in warfare, to which he was habituated, and in which chances were even, the fallen son of Llewellyn had been the most renowned leader that Cymry had known since the death of the great Roderic.

So there he stood, his attendants gashly with flame, drawn up on the unequal ground; above, on the heights, and rising from the stone craige, long lines of spears artfully placed; and, watching him with deathful eyes, somewhat in his rear, the Traitor Three.

"Speak, father, or chief," said the Welsh king in his native tongue; "what would Harold, the earl, with Gryffyth, the king?"

"Then the monk took up the word and spoke.
"Health to Gryffyth-ap-Llewellyn, his chiefs, and his people! Thus saith Harold, King Eward’s thegn: ‘By land all the passes are watched, by sea all the waves are our own. Our warriors rest in our sheaths, but famine marches on before them to the end of the earth. Freyron to all, chiefs and people, and safe return to their homes, save Gryffyth alone. Let him come forth, not as a victim and outlaw, not with bent form and clasped hands, but as chief meeting chief, with his household of state Harold will meet him in honor at the gates of the fort. Let Gryffyth submit to King Edward, and ride with Harold to the court of Basilus. Harold promises him life, and will plead for his pardon. And, though the peace of the realm, and the fortune of war, forbid Harold to say, ‘Thou shalt yet be a king,’ yet thy crown, son of Llewellyn, shall at least be assured in the line of thy fathers, and the race of Cadwallader shall still reign in Cymry.”

The monk paused, and hope and joy were in the faces of the chiefs, while two of the traitor’s sudden left their post, and sped to tell the messengers to the spearmen and multitudes above. Modred, the third conspirator, laid his hand on his hilt, and stood near to see the face of the king;—the face of the king was dark and angry, as a midnight of storm.

Then, raising the cross on high, Evan resumed.

"And I, though of the people of Gwentland, who are the arms of Gryffyth have wasted, and whose prince was beneath Gryffyth’s sword, on the hearth of hall,—I, as God’s servant, the brother of all I behold and as son of the soil, mourning over the slaughter of its latest defenders,—I, by this symbol of love and command, which I raise to the heaven, adjure thee, king, to give ear to the mission of peace, to east down the grim pride of earth. And instead of the crown a day fix thy hopes on a crown everlasting. May much be forgiven thee in thine hour of peace and of conquest, if now thou savest from doom the last from death the last lives over which thou art lord.

It was during this solemn appeal that the king, marking the sign announced to him, and drew close to Gryffyth, pressed the ring into the king’s hand, and whispered,—“Obey by this pledge. Thou knowest Harold is true, and thine head is sold by thine people.”

The king cast a haggard eye at the speaker, then at the ring, over which his hand closed with convulsive spasm. And at that dreadful instant the wind prevailed over the king; and far away from peace and monk, from adjudication and duty, fled his heart, the wings of the storm—fled to the cold wife he trusted; and the pledge that should assure him over seemed as a love-token insulting his fall. Amidst the roar of roused passions, loudest of all was the hiss of the jealous wind.

As the monk ceased, the thrill of the audience perceptible, and a deep silence was followed by the general murmur, as if to constrain the king.

The pride of the deepest chief rose up as if to sound the wrath of the suspecting man. The red flashed the dark cheek, and he tossed the necked hair from his brow.

He made one stride towards the monk, and said with a voice loud, and deep, and slow, rolling far up hill—

"Monk, thou hast said; and now hear the reply. The son of Llewellyn, the true heir of Roderic the Great, who from the heights of Eryri, saw all the lands of the Cymrían sleeping under the dragon’s Ugth. King was I born, and king will I be. I will not ride by the side of the Saxons, nor by the feet of Edward, the son of the spoiler. I will not to chase base life, surrender the claim before the hour, and the hour before God and posterity the claim of my line and my people. All Britons—all the Island of Pines. And the children Hengist are traitors and rebels—not the heathen Ambrosius and Uther. Say to Harold the Saxon—You have left us but the tomb of the Druid and
Recovering his surprise, the Norman again neared Gryffyth, and began to re-urge his mission of peace. But the chief waved him back sternly, and said aloud, though in Saxon:

"No secrets can pass between Harold and me. This much alone, take thou back as answer!—I thank the earl, for myself, my queen, and my people. Noble have been his courtesies as foe; as foe I thank him—as king, deify. The torque he hath returned to my hand, he shall see again ere the sun shall set: Messengers, ye are answered; withdraw and speed fast, that we may pass not your steps on the road."

The monk aghast, and cast a look of holy compasion over the circle; and a pleased man he was to see in the faces of most there, that the king was alone in his fierce defiance. Then lifting again the rod, he turned away, and with him went the Norman.

The retirement of the messengers was the signal for one burst of remonstrance from the chiefs—the signal for the voice and the deeds of the Fatal Three. Down from the hights sprang and rushed the angry and turbulent multitudes; round the king came the bard and the falconer, and some faithful few.

The great uproar of many voices caused the monk and the knight to pause abruptly in their descent, and turn to look behind: They could see the crowd rushing down from the higher steepes; but on the spot itself which they had so lately left, the nature of the ground only permitted a confused view of spear points, lifted swords, and heads crowned with shaggy locks, swaying to and fro.

"What means all this commotion?" asked the knight, with his hand on his sword.

"Hiss!" said the monk, pale as ashes, and leaning for support upon the cross.

Suddenly, above the hubbub, was heard the voice of the king, in accents of menace and wrath, singularly distinct and clear; it was followed by a moment's silence—a moment's silence followed by the clatter of arms, a yell, and a howl, and the inexpressible shock of men.

And suddenly again was heard a voice that seemed that of the king, but no longer distinct and clear!—was it laugh?—was it groan?

All was hushed; the monk was on his knees in prayer; the knight's sword was bare in his hand. All was hushed—and the spears stood still in the air: when there was again a cry, as multitudinous but less savage than before. And the Welsh come down the pass, and down the crags.

The knight placed his back to a rock. "They have orders to murther us," he murmured: "but who to the first who come within reach of my sword!"

Down swarmed the Welshmen, nearer and nearer; and in the midst of them three chiefs—the fatal three. And the old chief bore in his hand a pole or spear, and on the top of that spear, trickling gore step by step, was the trunkless head of Gryffyth the king.

"This," said the old chief, as he drew near, "this is our answer to Harold the earl. We will go with ye."

"Food! food!" cried the multitude.

And the three chiefs (one on either side the trunkless head that the third bore aloft), whispered, "We are avenged!"
MRS. LE VERT AND HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

(From Phrenological Journal.)

As the physiological laws of different latitudes are becoming better understood, our philosophers and thinkers incline more and more strongly to the belief, that climate exercises as potent an influence upon the formation and development of character as even race itself. Without stopping to illustrate this idea by examples, we may say that the wide contrast between the two representative women whose names stand at the head of this article, is, to a great extent, the result of the contrast between the climate of Florida and that of Massachusetts.

This result of zone is probably more marked in woman than in man. It is his perceptive and glory to brave and conquer every variation of temperature from the equator to the pole. It is her destiny to adjust herself to the skies under which she is born. If these are mellow and warm, she will unconsciously and instinctively offer her heart to all the gentle impulses and balmy breath of nature. She will enjoy the beauty and fragrance of flowers, the melodies of song, the glowing life of tropical elaboration, and become, in her being and character at once a type and a reflection of the gorgeous fullness and pervasive fragrance amid which her days pass.

What a life of social brightness, mellow sympathies, and unclouded joyousness could we expect as a sequel to childhood passed on the coast of Florida, where, in her own vivid words, Mrs. Le Vert says her first memories were "of the orange and live-oak trees shading the broad veranda; of the fragrant acacia, oleander, and cape-jasmine trees which filled the parterre sloping down to the sea-beach; of merry races with my brother along the white sands, while the creamy waves broke over my feet and the delicious breeze from the gulf played in my hair, of the pet mocking-birds in the giant oak by my window, whose songs called me each morning from dreamland."

Turn from such a childhood to the household of a New England minister in Massachusetts forty years ago. For nearly half the year the streams are sealed with frost; the trees are leafless apparently dead; the air is cold; nature is forbidding; and however man may breast the severities of the climate, woman must seek her enjoyment by the fireside in the amenities of household life. In addition to this limited income of a Congregational minister in those times made industry and economy prime laws in such a family. While the daughter of the governor of Florida was frolicking with her brother on the sea-beach, and romping through the orange groves, or playing hide-and-seek among the roses in January, or picknicking with army officers beneath the magnolia groves, the child of the New England divine—the great champion of orthodoxy—was carefully economicizing her time, so that between the making of beds, the sweeping of the floors, and the washing of dishes, she might eke out time for the mastery of her lessons at school. Be sure her dress pocket was ample and ever filled with some interesting book to be read in every moment of leisure, and the stores of knowledge thus at all times and everywhere laid away in the cells of memory were kept fresh and ready for immediate and constant use. A mind like Mrs. Stowe’s, naturally active and vivid, living at the very focus of controversy, must have been rapidly developed by the stimulus of the freeside discussions and the public ministrations to which she was a constant listener. Acquainted to hear the abstract principles of right and justice laid bare and analyzed by the master-mind of her revered father and his companion, she would naturally inquire with respect to all social and moral questions into their respective merits, and consider, not what was agreeable or pleasant or probable to one’s self, but only what is in accordance with truth, justice, and the highest reason. Such a brain, with a heart inclined to love virtue, and inheriting benevolence and faith from a pious parentage, could find pleasure only in intense intellectual activity, and the activity in the direction of beneficence and moral improvement. A childhood and girlhood thus passed must have resulted in giving ideas, activity, effectiveness, and humanitarian convictions, which are, as we think, the distinguishing characteristics of representative Northern women.

Harriet Beecher Stowe must be pronounced, on the whole, the most brilliant and most famous of American female prose writers now living. Though a constant contributor to various magazines and author of several books, her fame will rest upon the work which immediately after its publication gave her national reputation. Her brain teems with all sorts of valuable social ideas, and the range of her activity takes in alike the delicate fireside problems and the larger import and wider scope.

In society Mrs. Stowe has never been, and can never be, the burning and shining light that has for so many years illuminated Southern salons; but her body carries into society an eye keen to detect of a pencil more facile to portray the various characteristics and the different phases of life there represented. Receiving and retaining every impression which social life is capable of making upon a finely organized intellect, she retires to her composing-room, and with her brilliant grouping and artistic coloring weaves her conclusions, her convictions, and her stories into stories which fascinate by their natural grace, delight by their beauty of language, and tend to elevate society by their high moral tone.

How many thousands have wept over the death of Eva! How many thousands, as they lingered over the fascinating page, have found their tears clenched in their eyes ran down the lines which recite the fate story of Uncle Tom’s torture! And ten years ago how many hundred voters, who had up to that time been conservative, rose from the purgatorial of that book, thoroughly radical in their political convictions! While the giant wrong was being smitten by a hundred sledge-hammers wielded by brawny arms, the wit of this one woman dealt it a home-throw which proved to be like the word of the Lord, a divider between the joints and the marrow." Her delicate bodkin reached the heart of the monster and slavery never recovered from that stab.

In person the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is slender but agile, compact and highly organized. Her faculties are so harmonized as to work with utmost smoothness. No one of her mental powers is so wonderful as the memory of Mrs. Le Vert; but noise and effective vigor of mind Mrs. Stowe has probably no superior among the writers of her sex.
Her mental concentration and endurance are very great. She can carry on her trains of thought and weave one of her charming narratives while engaged in domestic duties. Michelet speaks of the manner of her labor as follows: "Some one asked the charming and illustrious Mrs. Stowe under what circumstances she had written 'Uncle Tom's cabin.' 'While I was keeping the pot boiling,' she replied."

When the future literary historian of this country sums up the performances of the first half of this century, the names of Prescott and of Bancroft will stand first in their departments. In fiction he must pronounce "Uncle Tom" as the most charming, at the same time the most effective novel which the times produced. Mrs. Le Vert is also an authoress, but her style is as different from that of Mrs. Stowe's as the splendor of a Brussels carpet from the beauty of a parterre of roses.

One records her convictions, the other dashes off her impressions; one tells us of countless pleasant things she saw and innumerable kind people she met; while the other gives us the lesson and wisdom of foreign travel—tells us what Europe is, and what it is not; delights us with little cabinet pen-and-ink painting, and trenchant outlines of character.

The difference between these two women is, to a great extent, a sectional difference. One is a good type of the Northern woman, the other a fair specimen of the Southern lady. The contrast is a radical one. The Northerner regards life a failure if it is not effective, and his ideal of a woman is of a person fitted to aid and advance all the prime interests of society. The Southerner, on the other hand, regarding life mainly as a scene of enjoyment, looks upon woman as a creature of delight; and woman in that society rarely rises above the standard there fixed for her.

Hence a person like Mrs. Le Vert, formed to captivate Southern hearts and to be the delight of Southern society, appears to us of the Northern clime more splendid than useless, more ornamental than valuable.

On the other hand a person like Mrs. Stowe, diligent and retiring in general society and somewhat eccentric, must seem to a Southerner far more strenuous and earnest than is consistent with his ideal of the loveliness and the repose he seeks in the society of women.

NATURAL CAUSES OF DEATH.

From the commencement of life to the moment of death there are mechanical and chemical changes, constant and uninterrupted, going on in our bodies. For example, we eat and drink for the express purpose of providing materials for repairing the waste of matter resulting from the working of the machinery. A soft, oily fluid is poured into the joints, to prevent friction, just as oil is poured into the axle-box of a coach wheel to prevent it wearing away the metal. Our bones are all frequently renewed, as well as our flesh, from infancy to age; but not in a day, or an hour. Nature acts persistently, but accomplishes nothing by spasmodic efforts.

As soon as a particle of lime which was held in solution in food is placed in the stomach, it is carried to the heart by appropriate vessels, and from thence conveyed to an artery, to be distributed to a part most needed in some bone. There the little particle is deposited, and becomes incorporated with the substance of the hard structure where it was left. It becomes vitalized in its new connexion. An old particle, or, if it were, an old brick, is detached from the wall to give place to a new one. It is carried out of the body as useless matter, as its vitality has been expended. So particles are perpetually changing places. This is vigorous life and health so long as the process is regularly performed.

In the lapse of time the vital artizans, such as the liver, spleen, kidneys, heart, stomach, &c., are weary of years of incessant toil, and fall to act with that systematic activity of younger days. By this relaxing, new particles are not sent forward often enough, nor the effete ones removed quickly, and consequently there is mechanical irregularity, and a chemical one also. Thus we wear away, and finally die of old age.

When disease sets in, it is a sudden clog to the wheels as it were. The vital action by which life and consciousness are maintained cannot be suspended but a moment at farthest without hazard of death. When a man is drowned, the machines stop. If however certain measures are adopted, provided respiration has been suspended but a few minutes, life may possibly be recalled. That is, the heart may be urged into contraction, and the lungs once more commence filling and relapsing.

When there are no violations of the vital laws, great longevity is attainable. Few, however, are so careful and discreet as not to trespass upon themselves in some form, the penalty of which is sickness, suffering and a premature death.

Wales, sharks, and some few of the land animals whose food is invariably easy of digestion, and whose habits, regulated by instinct, are unchangeable as nature herself, live to immense long periods. It is the opinion of some naturalists that the baleena, or white whale of the Arctic regions, may reach the patriarchal age of a thousand years. Sharks whose skeletons are not bones, but flexible cartilaginous livers, are also supposed to continue several centuries, if not destroyed by enemies.

Notwithstanding the universal desire for life, which is instinctive, we thoughtlessly hasten the approach of the very calamity we so much dread. With all the light of modern science, in an age, too, remarkable for intelligence, we persecute practices daily which we know to be destructive to life. Each thinks himself removed from the dangers which threaten others; and acting upon the idea that all others are mortal but ourselves, we at last fall, as generations have before us, to be remembered no more for ever.

Youth may reach three score and ten by simply conforming to those natural laws which give health and happiness. A deviation is perilous; hence it believes those who love life to shun every influence which interferes with the enjoyment of the most valuable of all blessings—a sound body and a clear mind.

Every man, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, might still endeavor to produce something for the benefit or use of society; remembering, that an insect furnishes by its labor materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, OCT. 24, 1868.

BRIGHAM AND HIS PROBLEM.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

We have just struck upon one of the most important problems of the age. Our social and political necessities have driven Brigham upon it and those necessities will drive the people after him. But it makes no difference what is the cause, we are, be it repeated, upon one of the most important problems of the times. In reality, that problem is the great commonwealth in its social and commercial forms.

Of old times the Commonwealth was made to signify the religious and national rights of a people in a very general sense, but after the Cromwellian struggle, followed by England's greatest revolution under the reign of that illustrious hero and Statesman William of Orange, the Commonwealth took in a larger conception of political rights; and in the American revolution there was the consummation of all the struggles of nationalities for the inalienable rights of man.

This is the problem of the past; but the philosophers of the present age have been conceiptive with a new idea: it is that of a social system embracing Commercial combinations and Co-operative activities and interests all blended into the great commonwealth of a nation. Social philosophers and advanced statesmen became conscious of a cardinal lacking in the constitutions of the world: it was the lacking of social systems. Even England was without a social system; England, which had been a thousand years the foremost nation in everything where social and commercial interests were concerned. Her commonwealth she could date back to Alfred the Great; but where was her social system? Her commerce was the world's commerce, but where some grand national institution taking all in her manufactures and trade were almost like the life-blood of the world; but where the system that returned that life to the social body that gave its source? where, in fact, a social realization of a commonwealth?

It is true that it was such men as Robert Owen and the Idealistic class of statesmen who at first began to entertain the conception of a grand social and commercial scheme to be incorporated with the commonwealth of a nation, and very justly they deemed the old miserable functions of politics unworthy national legislation. Why should not statesmen in the Congresses and Parliaments of the nations legislate for the social and commercial life and the weal of the great people instead of babbling over their politics and leaving the most cardinal interests of a nation in the hands of masters, capitalists, and speculators.

These were questions for consideration, and they afforded movements for public agitation. But at length the problem passed from the circle of mere idealists and the world saw born a Social Science Congress.

Russell and Brougham were its Presidents, Shaftesbury and Carlisle were its types of commoners—all the intellect of England formed the grand assembly; Robert Owen, the venerable apostle of the conception of a social science and legislation, was there to sanctify the birth of that Congress with his dying blessing. It was a grand sight! I saw the birth of that congress and that sight at Liverpool. Never shall I forget it for it represents the final conception of our age and the world's good time coming.

But who shall solve this problem, was my question as I sat in that Social Science Congress on the night of the People's session, with one of the people's voices—whom shall solve this problem? Robert Owen, the English apostle, had lived to see it in the hands of England's most advanced statesmen, and from that congress he was carried away to gather up his crowns and sleep with his forefathers. His friend Brougham had supported the illustrious social apostle while made his tiny speech very suggestive of the great second childhood which then spoke to the world as a man of a giant life. It was a glorious triumph of the man but who, I asked myself, can practically solve his vast problem, spite of the fact that it is now in the hands of this galaxy of English statesmen, in spite of the fact that there is connected with this "Upper House" a "Commons" of the greatest minds of the realm, in spite of the fact that the People have been called in to make the congress worthy of a nation's acceptance?—yet who shall who can solve this problem? I answered then as now: there is one man, that man is Brigham Young—one people and the Mormons.

We are now thrown upon the solution of this vast problem. Brigham Young has taken it up, must carry it through. It is now his mission, and in the line of the special mission of his life. A society but is the type of his ministry, social systems are his springs. He is no father of political systems, no creator of new dispensations, but he is the parent of social constitutions; he shall rank in history among the founders of empires. He must then take up this great problem of the age—aye the crowning problem of the ages! He must work out in his lifetime a great thing for commonwealth for Israel that will take in our social and commercial activities and interests!—throw politics to the dogs! Brigham Young will have as his people will have none of them. But the world-wide no social system no commercial nationality.

Statesmen of England strikingly affirmed this when they left the halls of Parliament to sit in the Amphitheatre of Liverpool to hold their people's ears to their "Social Science Congress" of the advance minds of the world. And in our age that world will have given to it at least one commercial nations at least one completed commonwealth. I say Brigham Young must do it or he will die with an unaccomplished mission. That was his mission from the beginning—his special mission, all his past works point to it. He has been the father of social institutions, the father of a state, and he must complete his mission. There is no playing with that work either on his time or on ours—the people's part. He has risen up to that part now our must comes uppermost, we must rise up and make it ours. We must have a commercial nationality, a combination of interests, a commonwealth that will take us all in, and exacting from all in turn the greatest good to all, we must have the strength of all bonds—self interest.

The world is rushing against us with all its might. The future is coming to break us into pieces, but if the world be conquered and the future won, it is not
who shall miscarry. The antagonistic problem has been confessed. General Connor all the day long boldly confessed it; the old Vedette every morning did the same and the Reporter has defined it in as strong and plain terms as the English language will permit; and moreover, editors, railroad directors, and statesmen abroad freely confess their programme of the future. And this in the majority cases is without much ill-feeling. The exceptions are more amongst those in our midst than among honorable gentlemen abroad. There are two problems, and very legitimate ones too. Ours is one, the other is the opposite of ours. Outside pressure will break up "this people," as the Vedette used to satirically style us, unless "this people" refuse to be broken up. Good!—in the elegant phrase of Young America "Bully!" Let the issue come. I pray God that Brigham Young may have his masterpiece forced from him. If it master him and over-match his strength, then let it, but let it also master us and over-match us the people, ere we give one inch of ground.

Let the issues then come up; for sooner or later they must come. The benevolent policy of the present is to break us up by social and commercial forces. When the Pacific Railroad reaches us ten years of its era will solve our problem. Such is the universal judgment. Undoubtedly will it solve the problem now in hand, though doubtless another will succeed in turn. We must meet the opposite issues with our social and commercial forces and combinations.

Brigham has his new problem and he is leading out with it and we must follow. I say not this because I am much in the habit of following, I take all to witness that I generally go where I please, as far as any individual man as the legitimate right to pleasure himself at his own cost. I must have my own individual way. I can't help it though I ran against a universe and then of course I should be smashed up for the will of the universe is stronger than mine.

Now if the will of any of the merchants or tradesmen of Utah is in opposition to the will of the times as it stands upon our side, if it is stronger than they are they must bear the smashing up; but they have the consolation that the future is hastening on the Pacific Railroad to smash us up in turn. Good then, let us meet it and test our will; but better then that our problem.

Our absolute necessities force us out just as Brigham's absolute necessities in the case force him out. Unless appeased with it can only be a question of time. Let that time be now; and let no man or woman buy or sell unless in the interest of our Commonwealth. Ho that will not go with Brigham and the people in this great issue shall be left out of doors; though that should come against myself I amen it with all my heart, for this is a world important problem we have before us now. It is the rock upon which we shall build or split. The matter is therefore no playing matter.

I have said that we have before us the crowning problem, not only of this age, but of all the ages to solve. As in many a case besides, a Providence has thrown us upon it, by the force of our necessities. It was this might of necessities coming too, be it marked, not from our side, but from the opposite side, that made our leaders the pioners to the Pacific, and out of a sect made us a state; for, notwithstanding
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BoucICHT.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Hazel left off working and looked greatly perplexed; the attack was so sudden in its form, though it had been a long time threatening. He found nothing to say; and she was impatient with his mind, so she replied to his look.

"You are in your own way as much as I am Contended. You are happy in this horrible person?"

"And who?" she replied, Hazel. "But he looked rather guilty.

"Here are no traitors; no murderers. The animals are my friends, and the one human being I see makes no better to look at her.

"Mr. Hazel, I am in a state of mind that romance jers on me. Is not this a little too much, and talk to me a little too much? It is a hard word, but I can't help it of keeping out the rain. Your rain is a big bore. It will never rain. You are killing yourself almost, to make myself comfortable in this place. Comfortable!" she began to write, and pant, with me. I am long restrained. And do you really suppose you can make me live on this life? Do you think I am old and no soul, that shelter and warmth and comfort? I am not to be kept back, and my cheeks from blushing at my sight? When I wake in the morning I find myself the last of the fingers' ends. Then she wrinkled away from him. "Oh, my dear father, why did I ever love you?" Then she wrinkled back. "Keep me here! make me live months and years on this island. Have you sisters? Have you a mother? Are yourself? Is it likely? No; if you will not help me; and they don't love me enough to come and find me and take me home, I'll go to another home without your help or any man's."

She rose suddenly to her feet.

"I'll tie my clothes tight around me, and fling myself down from that point on the sharp rocks below, and from this point to Heaven, if there's no way from it to those I love on earth."

Then she sank down and rocked herself and sobbed hard.

The strong passion of the little gentle creature quite frightened her. She unloosed the long black hair, and let them fly around her. She got up to soothe her and comfort her; but what could she say.

"He cried out in despair. "My God, can I do nothing for her?"

She turned on him like lightning. "You can do anything; everything. You can restore us both to our friends, you can save my life, my reason. For that will go first, I think. What had I done? what had I ever done since I was born, to be so brought down? Was ever an English lady —? And then I have such an infection on my skin, all over me; I sometimes wish the tiger would tear me all to pieces; yes all to pieces!" And with that white teeth choked together convulsively. "Do!" she said, darting back to the point as swiftly as she had rushed away from it. "Why put down that, and leave off writing fifty silly trifling things for me, and do me no good. Oh, do not fret that great mind of yours away in painting and the prison; but bring it all to bear on getting me out of my prison. Call sea and land to our rescue. Let them know a poor girl is here in unheard-of, unfathomable misery; help me, get hold of me, get hold of me, get hold of me!"

Hazel sighed deeply. "No ship ever seems to pass within sight of us," he muttered.

"What does that matter to you? You are no common man; you are no inventor. Rouse all the powers of your mind. The tide is with me. Turn me off — or my blood will be on your head."

Hazel turned pale and put his head in his hands, and tried to think.

She leaned towards him with glistening expectant eyes. But he groaned, and said; "That seems impossible."

"Then trample on it," she said, bringing his own voice against him; for she used to remember all she had said to him in day, and ponder it at night. "Trample on it, and rub it into your brows. You are here. And I am not ungrateful. I speak hardly to you. It is my misfortune, not your. Good! keep your heart that had almost torn out of my body, could only fasten in a broken voice, that he would obey her. "I will work more for you at present," said he, "believe it as it is been. I think instead. I will go so moment here beneath the stars and think all night."

The young woman was now leaning her head languidly against one of the trees, as weak as water after her passion. She cast a look of ineffable loveliness on her, and with a look so delicate, so forsaken, so sweet, so, sweet, so, to think beneath the stars, and to think all night."

Love has so men hard tasks in his time. Whether this was a light one, our readers shall decide.

To diffuse intelligence from a fixed island, over a broad league of ocean.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The perplexity into which Hazel was thrown by the outburst of his companion, rendered him unable to help her demands at once to an intelligible form. For some moments he sat alone, and only employed his mind on the problem until it assumed a shape.

Firstly: I do not know where this island is having no means of ascertaining either its latitude or longitude.

Secondly: If I had such a description of its locality, I might the news be conveyed beyond the limits of the place. At the wilderness of Helen's breast, he seemed to be started to his feet, when a wind was laid gently upon arm. She stood beside him.

"Mr. Hazel, she said, hurriedly, her voice was broken. And that is what I am afraid of. I am afraid of being abandoned and I don't think I ought to feel compelled to you for all the —"

Hazel turned his face towards her, and the moon glinted on the tears that still flowed down his cheeks. He tried to control the utterance of her apology; but, ere he could master word, she spoke, reposing in him, that he had come to his feet, his eyes were laid gently upon arm. She stood beside him.

"O, sir! Mr. Hazel do forgive me. I am not ungrateful, indeed. I am not; but I am mad with despair. Join me with compassion. At this moment, those who are dear to me are awaiting my arrival in London; and when they learn the loss of the Proserpine, how great will be their misfortune? What, that misfortune is added to mine. Then fly poor poor poor. She will never know how much he loved me until this now. She will never know how much she will miss me? living here helplessly, helplessly. Deaf, dear, Arthur, how will suffer for my sake. O, papa! papa! shall I never see again and she wept bitterly."

She helped either to run or to console her, Miss Rochfort. By the aid of Divine Providence you were cast out on that desolate shore, and by the same will I was appointed to serve and to provide for your welfare. I pray God that He will give me health and strength to assist you. Good night." A moment later, he had taken up the key of his lock, and regarded her. He had spoken, the sleepers, the death, and she seemed to have been with her. She was so humbled, so more, that he had only bowed his acknowledg-

For more than an hour she watched him as he paced up and down the room. Her breath became more rapid, so that she felt like a little towards her; and she shrank into her bed gently closing the door. In a few moments she crept upon peep forth, and to see if he were still there, but he had crept.

The following morning Helen was surprised to see the
FOUL PLAY.

Oct. 24, 1868.

riding at anchor in the surf, and Hazel bustly engaged on her work. He was soon on shore, and by her side.

"I am afraid, I must leave you for a day, Miss Rolleston," he said. "I wish to make a circuit of the island; indeed, I ought to have done so many days ago."

"Is such an expedition necessary? Surely you have had enough of the sea."

"It is very necessary. You have urged me to undertake this enterprise. You see, it is the first step towards announcing to all passing vessels our presence in this place. I have come..."

Hazel held the horse for a mile or more, and then judging with a long tack he could weather the southerly side of the island, he put the boat about. He took occasion to explain how necessary it was, and she learned the alphabet of navigation. The western end of their little land now lay before them, and they were about three miles in breadth. For a small sail the coast line continued unbroken; then a deep bay, a mile in width and two miles in depth, was made by a long tongue of sand projecting westery; on its extremity grew the gigantic palm, well recognized as Helen's land mark. Hazel stood up in the boat to reconnoitre the coast. He perceived the sandy shore was dotted with multitudes of dark objects. Erelong, these objects were seen to be in motion, and, pointing them out to Helen, with a smile, he said—

"Beware, Miss Rolleston. Those are your bug-bears,—and in a very form. Those dark masses, moving upon the b Willocks of sand, or rolling on the surf, are sea-locos,—the phoca eocellata, or lion-seal."

Helen strained her eyes to distinguish the forms, but only detected the tiny objects. While the boat proceeded along the cutter to fall off a little, and, ere Hazel had resumed his hold upon the tiller, they were fairly in the bay; the great palm-tree on their starboard-board.

"You seem determined to make the acquaintance of your nightmare," he remarked; "you perceive that we are embarking.

Her consternation amused him; she saw that if they kept their present course, the cutter would take the beach about a mile ahead, were these animals densely crowded. At this moment, something dark bulged up close beside her in the sea, and the rounded back of a monster rolled over and disappeared in the water. Helen, alarmed, cried out in the smooth water of the bay, and close to the sandspit, the gigantic stem of the palm-tree was on their quarter, about half a mile off.

He took to the oars, and rowed slowly towards the shore. A small sail appeared behind the boat and followed them, playing with the blade, its gambols resembling that of a kitten. He pointed out to Helen the mild expression of the creature's face, and assured her that all this tribe were harmless animals, and susceptible of domestication. The cub swam up to the boat with that expression of confidence, and the head gently he encouraged her to do the like, but she shrank from its contact. They were now close aboard, and Hazel, throwing out his anchor in two feet of water, prepared to land the beam of wood he had brought to decorate the palm-tree as a signal.

The huge stick was soon heaved overboard, and he leaped after it. He bowed it to the nearest landing to the tree, and dropped it high up on shore. Scarcely had he disposed it conveniently, intending to return in a day or two, with the means of affixing it in a prominent and remarkable manner, in the form of a spear across the trunk of the palm, when a cry from Helen recalled him. A large number of the sea-locos were coasting quietly down the surf towards the boat; indeed, a dozen of them had made their appearance around it.

Hazel shouted to her not to fear, and desiring that her alarm should not affect the sea locos, he passed back quietly, but rapidly. When he reached the water three or four of the animals were already floundering between him and the boat. He waded slowly towards one of them, and stood beside it. The man and the creature looked quietly at each other, and seemed to understand, self-satisfied air, Winking its soft eyes with immense complacency.

Helen, in her alarm, could not resist a smile at this conclusion of so terrible a demonstration; for, with all their gentle expression, the tusk of the brute looked formidable. But when she saw Hazel pushing them aside, and putting a very small cub in their place, she could not restrain her laughter.

Then he took to his oars again; and, sided by the tide which was now on the ebb, he rowed round the south-western extremity of the island. He found the water here, as he anticipated, very shallow.
It was midday when they were fairly on the southern coast; and now, sailing with the wind aft, the cutter ran through the water at racing speed. Feeling that some rocks or rocky formations might exist in their course, he reduced sail, and kept away from the shore. He was now better able to see inland, and mark down the incision of its formation.

The southern coast was uniform, and Helen said it resembled the cliffs of the Kentish or Sussex coast of England, only the English white was here replaced by the pale volcanic gray. By one o'clock they came abreast the very spot where they had first made land; and, as they judged, due south of their residence. Had they landed here, a walk of three miles across the centre of the island would have brought them home.

For about a similar distance the coast exhibited bold and monotonous cliffs, here and there broken by little coves. That the watershed of the island was all northward. They now approached the eastern end, where rose the circular mountain of which mention has been already made. This eminence has evidently, at one time been detached from the rest of the land to which it now joined. It was a hill about a mile and a half in breadth, and two miles in length.

Hazel proposed to reconnoitre this part of the shore nearly, and ran the boat close in to land. The reeds or cane with which the shore was clothed, was very fine sand and soil. Here and there this waste was dotted with rugged trees which he recognized as the exquisites; from its guant branches hung a black, funeral kind of weeper, a kind of moss resembling iron gray horsehair both in texture and use, though not so hard as the staple. This, Hazel explained to Helen, was very common in such marshy ground, and was the death flag hung out by Nature to warn man that malaria and fever were the inevitable and inalienable inhabitants of that fatal neighborhood.

Looking across by a low shore for some good landing, they entered a shelter of a tree they might remain for an hour, and spread their mid-day repast, they discovered an opening in the reeds, a kind of lagoon or bayou, extending into the morass between the highlands of the island and the circular mountain, but close under the base of the latter. This inlet he proposed to explore, and communicated down and the cutter was poled into the narrow creek. The water here was so shallow that the keel slid over the quicksand into which the car sank freely. The creek soon became narrow, the water deeper; and of a darker color, and the banks more densely covered with cane. These grew to the height of ten and twelve feet, and as close as wheat in a thick crop. The air felt dank and heavy, and hummed with myriads of insects. The black water became so deep and the bottom so sticky that they were unable to move in it. After a short time they proceeded, until it proved scarcely wide enough to admit of his working the boat. The height of the reeds hindered the view on either side. Suddenly, however, and after proceeding very slowly through the bends of the canal, they decreased in height and were cut off by a broad, flat meadow about five acres in extent, a kind of oasis in this reedy desert, created by a mossy mound which arose amidst the morass, and afforded firm footing, of which a grove of trees and innumerable shrubs availed themselves. Helen uttered an exclamation of delight as this island of foliage in a sea of reeds met her eye, that had been famished with the same monotony of the brake.

They soon landed.

Helen insisted on the preparations for their meal being left to her, and having selected a sheltered spot she was soon busy with a faithful slave. A little way off a red cedar, was soon seated forty feet above her head; mark ing a topographical survey of the neighborhood. He left on the bayou from the land, and formed itself into a separate island. He saw that a quarter of a mile further on the bayou or canal parted, forming two streams, of which that to the left seemed the main channel. This he determined to follow. Turning to the west, that is towards their home he saw at a distance of two miles a crest of hills where the morass now stood. These cliffs formed a range, extending from north to south; their precipitous sides clothed here and there with trees, masses of cypress and mangrove. He was broke by platforms. Between him and this range the morass extended. Hazel took note of three places where the descent from these hills into the marsh could be, he believed, most readily be made.

On the eastern side, and close above him rose the peculiar mountain. Its form was that of a truncated cone, and its sides densely covered with trees of some size.

The voice of Helen called him from his perch, and he decreed quickly, leaping into a mass of brushwood growing at the foot of the hill, to take a look round all the bayou, and a few yards from him, in addition, before a large shrub.

"Look, Mr. Hazel, what a singular production," said the girl, as she stooped to examine the plant. It bore a number of red flowers, each growing out of a fruit like a prickly pear. These flowers were in various stages; some were just tiny flowers, others more advanced. Many were umbrellashaped and quite overlapped the fruit, keeping it from sun and dew; others had served their turn that way, and been withered by the sun's rays. But, wherever this was the case, the fruit had also burst open and displayed or discharged its interior contents. One was proved to be a host of little insects with pink transparent wings, and bodies of incredibly vivid crimson.

Hazel examined the fruit and flowers very carefully, and said he had not been here a second, transfixing it with a bayonet, as had it been at last. "Well, I'm glad I haven't died without seeing it." "What is it?" said she.

"One of the most valuable productions of the earth. It is a spice." "I never heard of it," said Hazel, "in all the books I have read." "Of course!" said Helen, indifferently. "Cochineal is used for a dye; but as it is not probable we shall require to dye anything, the discovery seems to me more curious than useful." "You wanted some ink. This pigment, mixed with vinegar juice, will form a beautiful red ink. Will you lend me your writing instrument?" Hazel, with some hesitation, allowed it to be used by which these little insects are obtained." He asked her to hold her handkerchief under a bough of the Tamaulipan, which was the fruit, since he then struck the boat. Some of the berries fell out into the water. A great number rose and fell out. The bayou was full of them, but the sun dried their blood so promptly that they soon died dead in the handkerchief. These that the sun so killed were through three phases of color before their eyes. They fell down black or nearly so, then a bright red, then finally their final color, a flaming crimson. This insect thus treated, appeared the most vivid of all.

They soon secured about a half a tea-cup full; they were rolled up and put away, then they sat down and made a very good meal of them. Hazel then poled the boat, and passing once more into the morass they found the channel of the bayou as it approached the northern shore it was difficult of navigation. The bottom became sandy and hard, and the presence of trees in the swamp proved that spots where the water had been raised by the fallen leaves as they opened the shore, he saw with great vexation that the tide in receding had left the bar at the mouth of the channel very in some parts. He pushed on, however, until the bar grounded. This was a sad affair. There lay the sea not far off, and the bayou in its career. Near the verge of the channel, which at this place was about two hundred feet wide. He found a narrow passage near the eastern side, and to this he towed the boat. Then he begged Miss Rollleston to land and relieved the boat of the mast, sail, and oars. Thus lightened, he dragged her into the passage; but the boat, occu pied in these preparations had been also occupied by Nature, the tide had receded, and the cutter stuck immovably in the water, about six fathoms short of deeper water.

What is to be done now?" inquired Helen, when Hazel turned to the westward. "We must await the rising of the tide, I fear we are impounded here for three hours at least,"

There was no help for it. Helen made light of the matter. The spot where they landed was enclosed between two islands, the bayou, and turned to the westward. They landed; they were by the more easily, and the narrower channel, and, on arriving, found to his great annoyance that there was ample water, and the cutter had he selected that, the least promptly. They roared back, but found by this time the tide had left the cut high and dry on the sand. So they had no choice but to wait.

Having three hours to spare, Hazel asked Miss Rollleston permission to ascend the mountain. She assented to remount near the boat while he was engaged in this expedition. She ascended too rapid, and she was engaged in this expedition. She accompanied him to the bank of the river.
smaller lagoon, which he forded, and waving an adieu to her he plunged into the dense wood with which the sides of the mountain were clothed.

She waited some time, and then she heard his voice shouting to her from the heights above. The mountain top was about a mile and a half from the fold. She then turned towards Arthur as near as she could, and spoke:

"I am for the plaintiff, my Lord," said Mr. Sergeant Snubb.

"I appear for the defendant, my Lord," said Mr. Sergeant Snubb.

"Court.—"Anybody with you, brother Snubb!"

"Mr. Phunky, my Lord;"

"Convicts.

Mr. Simkin proceeded to "open the case," and the case appeared to have very little inside it when he opened it for, he kept such particular as he knew completely to himself.

Sergeant Buzfuz then rose with all the majesty and dignity with which the grave nature of the punishment required. He, with stern and fiend-like aspect and a voice hoarse and whispering to Dodson, and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Sergeant Buzfuz began by saying that never, in the whole course of his criminal experience, never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law, had he approached a case with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him,—a responsibility he could never have supported, were he not buoyed up and sustained by Snubb, so strong is that man in a position of certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw at Mr. Buzfuz before him.

Convicts always begin in this way, because it puts the jury on the best terms with themselves, and makes them think what sharp fellows they must be. A visible effect was produced immediately: several jurymen beginning to take voluminous notes.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Sergeant Buzfuz, well knowing that from the learned friend alluded to the gentlemen of the jury had heard nothing at all,—"you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff was laid down in which he could not fail to come from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of this case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the one immoveable female whom I will place in that box before you.

"The plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Buzfuz, after enjoying, for many years, the esteem and confidence of many people, went, as one of his royal gowns, globe almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

"This was a pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Buzfuz, who had been knocked on the head with a quarter-pot in a public house.

"Some time before Mr. Buzfuz's death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mr. Buzfuz shrank from the world and coursed the retirement and tranquility of Goswell street; and although the boy was brought from him bearing this inscription: "Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within." Here Sergeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentleman; but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlor window just this time three years. Now I treat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document,—"Apartments furnished for a single gentleman! Mr. Buzfuz, I said the widow,—Mr. Buzfuz was a man of honor, Mr. Buzfuz was a man of his word, Mr. Buzfuz was no deceiver, Mr. Buzfuz was once a single gentleman himself: in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Buzfuz was when he was fought me away. Mr. Buzfuz was a man of honor. He was a man of his word. He was no deceiver. Mr. Buzfuz was once a single gentleman himself: in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Buzfuz was when he was fought me away. Mr. Buzfuz was a man of honor. The following is his word:

No. Before the fact had been in the parlor window three days—three days, gentlemen—a Being, erected upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked on Mr. Buzfuz's door. He inquired within, and looted the lodgings, and on the very next day he entered into possession of this man. This man was Pickwick,—Pickwick, the defendant.

Sergeant Buzfuz here paused for breath. The silence arose as Justice Stareleigh, who immediately wrote something with a pen without any ink in it, and looked unusually pro-

The trial of Bardell versus Pickwick.

The speech for the plaintiff.

On the morning of the trial of the great action for breach of promise of marriage—Bardell against Pickwick—the defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was escorted into court, stood up, and took a glance around him. There were already a pretty large sprinkling of spectators in the gallery, and a numerous muster of gentlemen in wigs in the barrister's seat, who, presented, as a body, all that pleasing and extensive variety of nose and whiskers for which the bar of England is justly celebrated. Such of the gentlemen as had a brief to carry it about them as a means of manner, and occasionalilly scratched their noses with it, to impress more strongly on the observation of the spectators; other gentlemen, who had not been burdened under their arms goodly octaves, with a red label behind, and that under-done-pie-crust-colored cover which is technically called "law-calf." Others, who had neither briefs nor books, thrust their hands into their pockets, and looked at them. If they could not get a stone, to a great woe. In the midst of Mr. Pickwick, were divided into little groups, who were chatting and discussing the news of the day in the most uneffacing manner possible, just as if no trial at all were coming on.

A. A. (with an air of "Silence!" announced the entrance of the judge, who was most particularly short and so fat that he seemed all face and waistcoast. He rolled in upon two little turned legs; and having bobbed to the bar, who bobbed to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little thumbs upon his chin. (This was the judge of the day,) to the great weight of another. Mr. Pickwick, were divided into little groups, who were chatting and discussing the news of the day in the most uneffacing manner possible, just as if no trial at all were coming on.

A. A. (with an air of "Silence!" announced the entrance of the judge, who was most particularly short and so fat that he seemed all face and waistcoast. He rolled in upon two little turned legs; and having bobbed to the bar, who bobbed to him, put his little legs underneath his table, and his little thumbs upon his chin. (This was the judge of the day,) to the great weight of another. Mr. Pickwick, were divided into little groups, who were chatting and discussing the news of the day in the most uneffacing manner possible, just as if no trial at all were coming on.
found, to impress the jury with the belief that he always thought most deeply in his eyes.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little; the subject presents but few attractions; and I gentleman, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of repulsive and revolting instances of systematic villainy.

Here, Mr. Pickwick, who had been writing in silence, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Sergeant Buzfurz, in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind.

"And systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Sergeant Buzfurz, looking at Mr. Pickwick, and talking at the same time; "for when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick—" he hesitated, as if he had not determined what he meant.

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside without interruption or intermission at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to his little boy, and I am sure you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for me to overbalance, let me remind you of Overwaite's first—"Garraway's, twelve o'clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chop and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chop, Gracious heavens! and Tomato sauce! Gentlemen! It is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled with in such a manner. This news has had no date whatever, which is itself suspicious. 'Dear Mrs. B.,' I shall not be at home till—now. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression. 'Don't trouble yourself, sir, about a warming-pan. Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan?"

"Enough of this. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined. Pickwick, gentlemen.—Pickwick, the ruthless despot, the tyrant in the history of Coxwell Street—Pickwick, who has choked the upold, and thrown a snare across the path.—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless Toma's sauce and warming pan—Pickwick still bears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a shudder on the ruin he has made. Damaged, gentlemen, heavy damages, are the only punishment with which I can visit him, the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-thinking, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathetic and an understanding jury of my countrymen. Then draw the censure to the length required and make it a proper one.

"With this beautiful peroration, Mr. Sergeant Buzfurz sat down, and Mr. Justice Starleigh woke up.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE.—This natural wonder of North America is situated near the Green River, about midway between Nashville and Louisville. It consists of a series of immense chambers, connected by numerous passages, some of which are formed in the Peak Cavern in Derbyshire, but on a vastly greater scale. It is said that the cavern has been explored to a distance of upwards of ten miles without reaching its termination; while the aggregate width of all the branches is about forty miles.

"I have just been studying the map of the Mammoth Cave and which is about 200 feet deep, 100 feet wide, and 150 feet high, and has two passages, each about 100 feet wide, opening into it. Mammoth Cave is greatly resorted to by visitors, being near the most remarkable places of the kind in America. In one of the chambers is a row of cabins, constructed for consumptive patients, who are attracted by the temperature and purity of the atmosphere."
POETRY.

STELLA IN HEAVEN.

I have seen thee in my dreaming,
And thought of thee by day,
And an eye on me is beaming
In the distance far away.
The cloud that floats above me
Takes the likeness of thy form,
Oh, say, dost thou still love me
In a realm that knows not storm?

Where the crystal streams are rolling
Through anamorphous bowers—
Unheard the death-bell tolling,
As in this world of ours;
Where the form, divinely moulded,
Is never laid to rest,
With the pale hands meekly folded,
On the frozen, pulseless breast.

Oh, say dost thou remember
When first I called the mine;
Or quenched is love’s bright ember
In the home that now is thine?
The cloud that floats above me
Takes the likeness of thy form,
Oh, say, dost thou still love me
In a realm that knows not storm?

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

FATE.

Some days after the tragical events which were rated in our last number, the ships of the Saxons assembled in the wide waters of Conway; and, the small fore-deck of the stately vessel, stood cold, bare-headed, before Aldyth the widowed. A chair of state, with daisel and canopy, was for the daughter of Algar. And behind stood denvs of Wales selected in haste for her attendants.

But Aldyth had not seated herself; and, side by side with her dead lord’s victorious guest, she sat.

Wee worth the day and the hour when Aldyth left the halls of her fathers, and the land of her birth! The crown she hath worn hath been a crown of thorns; and the air she has breathed has reeked with blood. I go forth widowed, and homeless, and lonely, but my feet shall press the soil of my sire, and my lips shall draw the breath which came sweet and pure to my childhood. And thou, O Harold, standest beside me, like the shape of my own youth, and the dreams of old come back at the sound of thy voice. Fare thee well, noble heart, and true Saxon. Thou hast twice saved the child of thy foe—first from shame, and then from famine. Thou wouldst have saved my dear lord from open force, and dark murder, but the saints were wroth, and the blood of my kinsfolk, shed by his hand, called for vengeance, and the sirens he had pillaged and burned murmered doom from their desolate altars. Peace be with the dead, and peace with the living! I shall go back to my father and brethren, and if the fame and life of child and sister be dear to thee, their swords will nevermore leave their sheaths against Harold. So thy hand, and God guard thee!

Harold gave the right hand of faith, which the queen pressed to his lips; and to Aldyth now seemed restored the rare beauty of her youth; as pride and sorrow gave her the charm of emotion, which love and duty had failed to bestow.

“Life and health to thee, noble lady,” said the earl. “Tell thy kindred from me, that for thy sake, and thy grandsire’s, I would fain be their brother and friend; were they but united with me, all England were now safe against every foe, and each peril. Thy daughter already awaits thee in the halls of Mocar; and when time has scarred the wounds of the past, may thy joy reek in the face of thy child. Farewell, noble Aldyth!”

He dropped the hand he had held till then, turned slowly to the side of the vessel, and re-entered his boat. As he was rowed back to the shore, the horn gave the signal for raising anchor, and the ship, righting itself, moved majestically through the midst of the fleet. But Aldyth still stood erect, and her eyes followed the boat that bore away the secret love of her youth.

As Harold reached the shore, Tostig and the Norman, who had been conversing amicably together on the beach, advanced towards the Earl.

“Brother,” said Tostig smiling, “it were easy for thee to console the fair widow, and bring to our House all the force of East Anglia and Mercia.”
Harold’s face slightly changed, but he made no answer.

“A marvelous fair dame,” said the Norman, “notwithstanding her cheek be somewhat pinched, and the hue sunburnt. And I wonder not that the poor catkin kept her so close to his side.”

“Sir Norman,” said the earl, hastening to change the subject, “the war is now over, and, for long years, Wales will leave our Marches in peace. This day I propose to ride hence toward London, and we will converse by the way.”

“Go you so soon?” cried the knight surprised. “Shall you not take means utterly to subjugate this troublesome race, parcel out the lands among your thegns, to hold as martial fees at need, build towers and forts on the heights, and at the river-mouths?—where a site, like this, for some fair castle and vannure? In a word, do you Saxons merely overrun, and neglect to hold what you win?”

“We fight in self-defense, not for conquest, Sir Norman. We have no skill in building castles; and I pray you not to hint to my thegns the conceit of dividing a land, as thieves would their plunder. King Gryffydh is dead, and his brothers will reign in his stead. England has guarded her realm, and chastised her aggressors. What need England do more? We are not like our first barbarous fathers, carving out homes with the scythes of their sexes. The wave settles after the flood, and the races of men after lawless convulsions.”

Toestig smiled, disdainfully, at the knight, who mused a little over the strange words he had heard, and then silently followed the earl to the fort.

But when Harold gained his chamber, he found an express, arrived there in haste from Chester, with the news, that Algar, the sole enemy and single rival of his power, was no more. Fever, occasioned by neglected wounds, had stretched him impotent on a bed of sickness, and fierce passions had aided the march of the disease—the restless and profitless war was run.

The first emotion which these tidings called forth, was that of pain. The bold sympathize with the bold; and in great hearts, there is always a certain friendship for a gallant foe. But recovering from the shock of that first impression, Harold could not but feel that England was freed from its most dangerous subject—himself from the only obstacle apparent to the fulfiling of his luminous career.

“Now then to London,” whispered the voice of his ambition. “Not a foe rests to trouble the peace of that empire which thy conquests, O Harold, have made more secure and compact than ever yet has been the realm of the Saxon kings. Thy way through the country that thou hast henceforth delivered from the fire and sword of the mountain ravager, will be one march of triumph, like a Roman’s old; and the voices of the people will echo in the hearts of the army; those hearts are thine own, Verily Hilda is a prophetess; and when Edward rests with the saints, from what English heart will not burst the cry, ‘LONG LIVE HAROLD THE KING!’”

The Norman rode by the side of Harold, in the rear of the armament. The ships sailed to their havens, and Toestig departed to his northern earldom.

“And now,” said Harold, “I am at leisure to thank thee, brave Norman, for more than aid in council and war—at leisure now to turn to the last prayer of Swyn, and the often shed tears of Githa my mother for Wulnoth the exile. Thou seest with thine own eyes that there is neither pretext or plea for thy courage to detain these hostages. Thou shalt hear from Edward himself that he no longer asks surities for the faith of the House of Godwin; and I can not think that Duke William would have suffered thee to be brought me over this news from the dead if he were not prepared to do justice to the living.”

“Your speech, Earl of Wessex, goes near to the truth. But to speak plainly and frankly, I think, William, my lord, hath a keen desire to welcome person a chief so illustrious as Harold, and I guess that he keeps the hostages to make them once claim them.” The knight, as he spoke, smiled gladly, but the cunning of the Norman gleamed in the quick glance of his clear hazel eye.

“Fair must I feel pride at such wish, if you flatly me not,” said Harold; “and I would gladly myself now the land is in peace, and my presence not necessary, visit a court of such fame. I hear praise from a cheapman and pilgrim of Count William’s wise conduct, for barter and trade, and might learn much from the ports of the Saxon, that would profit the masts of the Thames. Much, too, I hear of Count William’s zeal to revive the learning of the Church, aided by Lanfranc, the Lombard; much I hear of the pomp of his buildings, of the grace of his court. All this would I cheerfully cross the ocean to see; but all this would be saddened my heart if I returned without Haco and Wulnoth.”

“I dare not speak so as to plight faith for the duke,” said the Norman, who though sharp to decisive had that rein on his conscience that did not let him openly lie; “but this I do know, that there are few things in his countenancy which my lord would not give to clasp the right hand of Harold, and feel assured of his friendship.”

Though wise and farseeing, Harold was not suspicious; no Englishman, unless it were Edward himself, knew the secret pretensions of William to the English throne; and he answered simply:

“It were well, indeed; both for Normandy and England, both against foes and for trade, to be alike and well-loving. I will think over your words, Sir Edric Graville, and it shall not be my fault if old feuds are not forgotten, and those now in thy court be the last hostages ever kept by the Norman for the faith of the Saxon.”

With that he turned the discourse; and the aspiring and, able envoy, exhilarated by the hope of a successful mission, animated the way by remarks—alternately lively and shrill—which drew the brooding earl from the meditations which had now grown habitual to a mind once clear and open as the day.

Harold had not miscalculated the enthusiasm his victories had excited. Where he passed, all the town poured forth their populations to see and hail him; and when on arriving at the metropolis, the rejoicings in his honor seemed to equal those which had greeted at the accession of Edward, the restoration of the line of Cerdic.

According to the barbarous custom of the age, the head of the unfortunate sub-king, and the prow of his special war-ship had been sent to Edward as the
trophies of conquest; but Harold's uniform moderation respected the living. The race of Gyrifth were re-established on the tributary throne of that hero, in the persons of his brothers, Blethcent, and Bigwalte, 'and they swore oaths,' says the graphic chronicler, 'and delivered hostages to the king and the earl that they would be faithful to him in all things, and be everywhere ready for him, by water, and by land, and make such renders from the land as had been done before to any other king.'

Not long after this Mallet de Grawid returned to Normandy, with gifts for William from King Edward, and special requests from that prince, as well as from the earl, to restore the hostages. But Mallet's anxiety readily perceived, that, in much Edward's mind had been alienated from William. Still, as no subject of the house of Anjou had ever yet been elected to the Saxon throne, there was no apprehension on Mallet's mind that in Harold was the true rival to William's cherished aspirations. Though Edward, the Atheling, was dead; his son Edgar lived; the natural heir to the throne in the Norman (whose reign had succeeded to the early at the age of eight,) was not cognizant of the invariable custom of the Anglo-Saxons, to set aside whether for kingdoms or for earldoms, all claimants unseated for rule by their tender years. He could indeed perceive that the young Atheling's minority was in favor of his Norman liege, and would render him but a weak defender of the realm, and that there was no popular attachment to the infant orphan of the Germanized exile; his name was never mentioned at the court, nor had Edward acknowledged him as heir—a circumstance which he interpreted naughtily for William. Nevertheless it was clear, both at court and among the people, the Norman influence was at its lowest ebb; and that the only man who could restore it, and realize the cherished dreams of his generous lord, was Harold the all-powerful.

Trusting, for the time, to the success of Edward's urgent demand for the release of his kinsmen, as well as his own, Harold was now delayed at court by all those arrears of business which had accumulated fast under the inert hand of the monk-king during the prolonged campaigns against the Welsh; but he had leisure at least for frequent visits to the old Roman house; and those visits were not more grateful to his love than to the harder and more engrossing passion which divided his heart.

The nearer he drew to the dazzling object, to the possession of which fate seemed to shape all circumstances, the more he felt the charm of those mystic influences which his colder reason had disdained. He who is ambitious of things afar, and uncertain, passes at once into the poet land of the imagination; to aspire and to imagine are yearnings twin-born.

But Edith, rejoicing in the fair fame of her betrothed, and in the pure rapture of beholding him again, repose in the divine credulity of the happy hours she marked not, in Harold's visits, that, on entrance, the earl's eye sought first the etern face of the Valsa—she wondered not why those two conversed in whispers together, or stood so often at moonlight by the Itunc grave. Alone, of all woman-kind she felt that Harold loved her—that, that love had braved time, absence, change, and hope deferred; and she knew not that what love has most to dread in the wild heart of an aspiring man, is not persons but things—is not things, but their symbols.

For weeks and months rolled on, and Duke William returned no answer to the demands for his hostages. And Harold's heart smote him, that he neglected his brother's prayer and his mother's accusing tears. Now Githa, since the death of her husband, had lived in seclusion and apart from towns; and one day Harold was surprised at her unexpected arrival at the old timbered house in London, which had passed to his possession. As she abruptly entered the room in which he ate, he sprang forward to welcome and embrace her; but she waved him back with a grave and mournful gesture, and, sinking on one knee, she said

'see, the mother is a suppliant to the son for the son. No, Harold, no—I will not rise till thou hast heard me. For years long and lonely, have I lingered and pined—long years! Will my boy know his mother again? Thou hast said to me 'Wait till the messenger returns.' I have waited. Thou hast said 'This time the court can not resist the demand of the king.' I bowed my head and submitted to thee as I had done to Godwin my lord. And I have not till now claimed thy promise; for I allowed thy country, thy king, and thy fame, to have claims more strong than a mother. Now I beg no more; now no more will I be separated and deceived. Thine hours are thine own—free thy coming and thy going.' Harold I claim thine oath. Harold, I touch thy right hand. Harold I remind thee of thy truth and thy plight, to cross the sea thyself and restore the child to the mother.'

'Oh, rise, rise,' exclaimed Harold, deeply moved. 'Patient last thou been, O my mother, and now I will linger no more, nor hearken to other voice than your own. I will seek the king this day and ask his leave to cross the sea to Duke William.'

Then Githa rose and fell on the earl's neck weeping.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY, No. 19.

The quantity of matter which volcanic fires abstract from the bowels of the earth, and throw up to the surface is enormous. It has been scientifically calculated that a volcano has, in some instances, thrown up, even at a single eruption, more matter than if the entire mountain had been melted down to yield the supply. The question which must interest every geologist is, where does all this mass of matter come from?

Among the various productions of volcanoes may be enumerated, gases, aqueous vapors, lava, minerals, scoria, stones, ashes, sand, water and mud.

It is well known that volcanoes emit different kinds of gases, such as mutatio gas, sulphur combined with oxygen or with hydrogen, carbonic acid gas, and nitrogen, besides aqueous vapors.

Several of the simple minerals, and some metals are found in the melted materials ejected by volcanoes, such as common salt, chloride of iron, sulphate of soda, muriate and sulphate of potass, iron, copper, lead, arsenic, and selenium.
The examination of these gases and minerals belongs rather to chemistry than to geology. They are related to geology only as they give aid in the study of the mineral character of rocks. From the very nature of such mineral productions it was to be expected that volcanic substances should greatly vary in lithological character, from that of light ashes, to that of compact and heavy crystalline rock. Nor is it a wonder that the quantity of mineral matter ejected is so great as it is, especially when you consider what a multiplicity of elementary substances are acted upon by the fires below, and how these elements in their fused state, strive to combine with each other in different ways and proportions. It has been ascertained that, within three miles around Vesuvius, more specimens of simple minerals have been found than on any other spot of the same dimensions. Of the 380 different species of minerals known to the celebrated Haney, 82 had been found on Vesuvius alone.

Lava is a name given to any mineral matter melted in a volcano, and ejected in stream over the edge of the crater. When lava is consolidated by cooling, it receives fresh names, partly according to the slowness or rapidity of its refrigeration. Hence such names as scoria, cinders, pumice, basal, trachyte, obsidian, etc.

The melted lava may be boiling years within the walls or cliffs of a crater without flowing over its edges. When lava rises above the edges of a crater, and flows down the declivities of the hill, it does not spread itself on all sides, as a flood of water would, but it moves in a well half-rounded mass, not very unlike the engravings you may have seen of a tubular bridge. The sides of this moving body of lava harden so as to form something like two walls; and its upper surface also hardens so as, with the two sides, to form a kind of tunnel through which the burning or incandescent matter flows.

This peculiarity of the walls of a lava current is well known in Italy, and by this knowledge men are able to deflect the burning stream and to turn it aside from its intended course. The people make a gash in one of the harder sides of the current. At this gash the lava will issue out and discontinue the course which it threatened to take. By this method many villages and towns have been saved from the destruction which menaced them. An instance of this took place in Italy a few years ago. The people of Campania saw a current of lava descending from Mount Vesuvius which threatened to overwhelm their hamlet. They immediately went up to meet the fiery stream, attacked it on the side farthest from their direction, and turned the current towards Paterno. When the people of Paterno heard of this manœuvre, they took up arms, arrested the operation, and caused the burning stream to take its own course.

As such a hardened crust is a good non-conductor of heat, the melted matter in it takes a long time to cool. The lava which flowed from Mount Etna in 1819, was nine months after the eruption, in a state sufficient by fluid or molten, to move at the rate of a yard a day. There is an instance, in the same mountain, of lava being in perceptible motion even ten years after the eruption. This deserves your notice, on account of a very remarkable fact, and a fact which may help to resolve some difficult problems in the examination of ancient rocks.

In 1828 a large mass of ice, several hundred square yards in extent, was found in Mount Etna lying under a bed of lava, which had covered it while flowing in a melted state. How could this be? You can imagine that rain water or drifted snow, might freeze into a glacier at the elevation of ten thousand feet, the height at which this ice was found. This bed of ice was formed in a large hollow, while the volcano was in a state of rest. But when the burning lava flowed over the ice, how was it that the ice did not melt? It is probable that the bed of ice had previously been covered by a thick shower of volcanic ashes. As such a layer of ashes is also a good non-conductor of heat, it prevented the ice from melting; and after the bed of lava had cooled over it, it preserved the ice in an unmelted state. The truth of this theory is established by facts which occur about Etna in the present day. In the higher regions of that mountain, the shepherds in order to provide a supply of water for their flocks during summer, are in the habit of sprinkling beds of snow with a layer of volcanic sand, a few inches thick, and this is found to be an effectual way of preventing the sun from melting it until it is wanted.

CUSTOMS OF THE JAPANESE.

A JAPANESE BELLE.

Every Japanese girl, of no matter what class in society, appears inspired with an innate love of coquetry. The daughter of the humblest trader man loves to pass whole days in shopping, and takes the greatest delight in preparing, long before it is needed, the dress she intends to display for the first time at the next fête. The day arrived, the happy girl rises early in the morning, and while her fresh new dress lies in some corner of the room, impatiently submits to the dilatory labors of her hairdresser, in whose profession there are some artists so celebrated that they devote whole hours to the study and toil requisite for the composition of some graceful and fashionable style, where the hair, carefully dressed with the brush and pomade, half hides a piece of crepe coquetiilly chosen, and fastened by heavy pins of tortoise shell or coral. The chignon, it must be confessed, is not wholly of nature's growth, and if, after the hair, we examine the face, we shall see that Madame Rachel herself could not teach the Japanese much in the art of making up. On the dressing-table stands a perfect collection of little boxes just drawn from some hiding-place; there are whites for the neck and the arms: rods for the mouth and the cheeks; black for the eyes, sometimes gold for the lips; and yet with all these aids from art, age is unable to conceal its decrepitude, while, strangely enough, the children are most ladein with paint.

Putting aside this coquetry, universal in spite of its bad taste, the dress is very simple and invariably well chosen. A silk robe, generally of dark hue, covers a chemise en crepe made of a number of small patches of every color, a perfect harlequin's mantle where bright green is placed beside a lively red. In winter the costume is completed by a short mantle doubled and thickened according to the season. The dress is long, without any shape, and open from top to bottom; the upper part is confined by a belt broad enough to cover the breast and the lower part of the
form, and terminating behind in an enormous knot; to tie which with more or less elegance demands a careful examination and many retouches. The sleeves hang like large pockets. To the belt are fastened a pipe in a velvet case and a pocket book containing two chopsticks of silver, if it is intended to do honor to the host who may offer refreshments. In one corner of the pocket-book sparkles a little mirror, a European innovation, for our civilization has made this slight breach in Japanese manners. During the greater portion of the year the feet are bare; in winter they are clad in white cotton, and rest upon sandals of varnished wood, kept by woollen supports high enough above the ground to escape the mud and damp. The sandal is ornamented with braids of straw, or sometimes of velvet, and held to the foot by a strip of cloth passed between the toes. Occasionally it is covered with leather or paper, but is never honored by being worn in the house.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE IN JAPAN.

The Japanese youth marries early; but to marry beneath his rank is held to be utterly disgraceful, persons of the middle classes of society are commonly reduced to the necessity of espousing those who they have never seen. The children of the Governor of Negasaki—who have no equals in the place—must not pass out of the family of the son of the Governor's rank in the distant cities and provinces. When no such obstacle prevents "the course of true love" from running "smooth," and a youth has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable condition, he declares his passion by affixing a branch of a certain shrub to the house of his damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected, the suit is rejected; but if it is accepted, so the lover, and if the young lady wishes to express reciprocal tenderness, she forthwith blackens her teeth, but she must not blacken out her eyebrows until the wedding shall have actually been celebrated. When the branch is accepted in the one case, or the parents have agreed to unite their children in the other, a certain number of male friends of the bridegroom, and as many female friends of the bride, are appointed as marriage-brokers. Those persons discuss and arrange the terms of the marriage-contract; and when they have agreed upon these, they carefully select two auspicious days, the first for an interview between the affianced pair, the second for the wedding. At this stage of the proceedings the bridegroom’s debts are settled, as easily as his means will allow, to the bride, which she immediately offers to her parents, in acknowledgment of their kindness in her infancy, and of the pains bestowed upon her education. Thus, although a Japanese lady is not subjected to the usual Oriental degradation of being purchased by her father by her husband, a handsome daughter is still considered as rather an addition than otherwise to the fortune of the family. The bride is not, however, transferred quite empty handed to her future home. Besides sending a few trinkets to the bridegroom, in return for his magnificent gifts, the parents of the bride, after ceremoniously burning their daughter’s childish toys, in token of her change of condition; provide her a household inventory, and bestow upon her many articles of household furniture, where the handsomely-matted floors answer the purpose of chairs, tables, sofa, and bedsteads. Those given on the occasion in question always include a spinning-wheel, a loom, and the culinary implements requisite in a Japanese kitchen. The whole of this bridal equipment is conveyed in great state to the bridegroom’s house on the wedding-day, and there exhibited.

The bride is attired in white to typify her purity, and covered from head to foot with a white veil. This veil is her destined shroud, which is assumed at the moment of exchanging a paternal for a conjugal home, in token that the bride is therefore dead to her own family, belonging wholly to the husband to whom she is about to be delivered up. In this garb she is seated in a palanquin of the higher class, and carried forth, escorted by the marriage-brokers, by her family, and by the friends hidden to the wedding-feast; the men all in their dress of ceremony, the women in their gayest, gold-bordered robes. The procession parades through the greater part of the town, affording an exceedingly pretty spectacle. Upon reaching the bridegroom’s house, the bride, still in her future shroud, is accompanied by two playfellows of her girlhood into the state-room, where, in the post of honour, sits the bridegroom, with his parents and nearest relations. In the center of the apartment stands a beautiful wrought table, with miniature representations of a fir tree, a plum tree in blossom, cranes, and tortoises, the emblems, respectively, of man’s strength, of woman’s beauty, and of long and happy life. Upon another table stands all the apparatus for "saki" drinking. Beside this last table the bride takes her stand; and now begins a pouring out, presenting and drinking of "saki," amidst formalities, numerous and minute beyond description or conception, in which the bridesmaids, (as they may be called,) under the titles, for the nonce, of male and female butterflies, bear an important part, which it must require many a school rehearsal to perfect. This drinking finished in due form, the ceremonial is completed. The wedding guests now appear, and the evening now is spent in drinking "saki."

The wedding feast, however, is said to usually consist of very simple fare, in deference to the frugality and simplicity of the early Japanese, which many of the customs still prevalent are designed to commemorate. Three days afterwards the bride and bridegroom pay their respects to the lady’s family, and the wedding forms are over. Whether the house in which the young wife is thus domiciled be her husband’s or his father’s, if yet living, depends upon whether that father has or has not been yet induced, by the vexations, burthens, and restrictions attached to the condition of head of a family, to resign that dignity to his son. These annoyances, increasing with the rank of the parties, are said to be such, that almost every father in Japan, of the high orders at least, looks impatiently for the day when he shall have a son of age to take his place, he himself, together with his wife and younger children, becoming henceforth dependants upon that son.

Even among the commonest people, brawlers, braggarts, loud-tongued drunksants, dirty sloven, or men with coarse repulsive manners, are very seldom met with. The poorest laborer, toiling by the wayside for his daily bread, expects a civil question, and is always ready with a civil answer.
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

S A T U R D A Y, O C T. 3 1, 1868.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

Capital and labor are most essential to each other’s service. There is naturally the closest relationship between them, but in societies hitherto there has existed between them a radical antagonism. This, however, is not because there is any fundamental disagreement in the abstract conceptions of capital and labor, but for the reason that they have not been practically harmonized to any general extent.

Men’s social interests are not in concord, and no national legislation has yet attempted as a part of the legitimate functions of government to put capital and labor into a bond of union. Indeed the commercial enterprise and interests of nations, the social activities and circumstances of peoples have been left to take care of themselves and get along as best they may. Perhaps on the whole this has been for the good of the world, seeing that history abundantly proves that governments and ecclesiastical corporations have mismanaged nearly everything they have touched.

Great capitalists, men with restless instincts of acquisitiveness, gigantic minds for enterprise, and social leaders endowed with vast commercial abilities, have raised themselves up and carried society and the commerce of the world along. All this has been upon the principle that the strongest will make the strongest mark; men of executive characters will step out and lead their fellows and shrewd men of even ordinary ability will gather others around them and set them to work.

There is a keen policy in this practice of setting others to work for you and then putting your hands in your pockets and directing them with a clear head. The man of ability can do more when his hands are unemployed, excepting in grasping the gains, for then the head brings forth all its schemes and a hundred hands efficiently employed produces more than one pair of hands possibly could. There is always a vast amount of labor in the market needing employment—aye often times pining, starving, dying for employment. Nine out of ten are virtually in a begging attitude to let them work for you—in fact to work for anybody who can and will use them. They cannot use themselves, for they know not how; they cannot set themselves to work for the work must be found for them to do; they cannot supply themselves though the people have ever within themselves all the creative sources: they have all the elements of wealth but the chaos must be organized and the energies of labor directed to the best account.

Labor, therefore, demands the association of capital to be of any great service to society at large or even to the operative classes who have so abundantly that labor to sell. And with capital comes that class of men more or less eminent for their executive ability, their commercial tact and their source-finding capacity. We call these men capitalists in general terms, but this is their second degree. They are the employers of the unemployed the creators of enterprise the social and commercial legislators: and indeed, in very much they are public benefactors; yet we must not hide the fact that their self-interest is chiefly the basis of all their undertakings. Hence there is the necessity of a better relationship existing between capital and labor, and a more just reciprocity of good and profits to be worked out between the employer and employed.

I remember a passage in a speech of President Young delivered years ago, very pertinent upon the subject of capital and labor. He said “I have grown rich by feeding and employing the poor.” This expresses in terse form the proper functions of capital. To feed the operative classes is its legitimate service; its results on its own side are an accumulation and an extended field of enterprise. The policy of the President has also been variously defined. Not to give charity to the needy but to put them into the way of providing for themselves, to teach his people how to take care of themselves and to direct all their energies and creative abilities to their own and the public good constitute another form of his policy.

Now all this which has been at various times defined as the special policy of our leader in his administration of social government, is properly involved in the strict duties of capital. Granted that every capitalist feels not the sacred obligations of a mission as does Brigham Young, yet the majority of men with truly great capacities feel themselves responsible for society and obligated to direct the various classes of the operative people, not alone for selfish ends, but also for the support of the workers and the commonwealth of mankind. The lawless hordes who have conquered nations by the might of the sword and subdued peoples into passive slaves by an iron despotism are back on the old tracks of barbarism, and they are not the representatives of civilization. As soon as we come to the true era of civilization we enter the age and field of commerce; commercial men with their capital rise up from the people to represent them, to protect them, to employ them, to care for them, to lift them up in the scale of society even as they have lifted themselves up from the servitude of the past. Hence in modern times we have a new class of nobles called the moneyocracy, rivals of the hereditary descendants of the robber Barons of old. Commerce then, in its very nature and mission, represents the people and the peoples good; but we must have broad and more general views of commerce for another occasion and deal here particularly with the branch subject of capital and labor.

Now very often, be it observed, the wording is rendered Capital versus Labor. But this is not the true rendering, though it must be confessed that masters and capitalists too often give it that turn, and, in the popular prejudice, there is great jealousy and great distrust manifested towards capital. Labor too on its side, too often deems that it has a legitimate mission to war against capital, and unite against despotism for the liberties of nations. Out of this antagonism and mutual distrust between the employer and the employed—between capital and labor have grown trade unions on one hand, and an irreconcilable hatred to the combinations of the people on the other. But in olden times in our Londons and our Amsterdams the masters and their “apprentices” and men were of a
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES REED AND ION BUTCHER.

[continued]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After toiling up a rugged and steep ascent, encumbered with blocks of gray stone, of which the island seemed to be formed, forcing his way over fallen trees and through the tangled undergrowth of a self-sown bush which surrounded on the mountain-side, Hazel stopped to breathe and peer around, as well as the dense foliage permitted. He was up to his waist in scrub, and the stiff leaves of the bayonet-plant which rendered caution necessary in walking. At moments, through the dense foliage, he caught a glimpse of the sea. The sun was in the north behind him, and by this alone he guided his road due southerly and upward. Once only he found a small clear ed space about an acre in extent, and here it was he uttered the cry Helen heard.

He was elated with the hope in the hope to hear her answer, but it did not reach him. Again he plunged upward, and now the ascent became at times so arduous that more than once he almost resolved to relinquish, or, at least, to defer his task; but a moment's rest recalled him to himself, and he turned and told until he judged the summit ought to have been reached. After pausing to take breath and counsel, he fancied that he had borne too much to the left, the ground to his right appeared to rise more than the path that he was pursuing, which had become level, and he concluded that, instead of ascending, he was circling the mountain-top. He turned aside, therefore, and after ten minutes’ hard climbing he was pushing through a thick and high scrub, when the earth seemed to give way beneath him, and he fell—into an abyss.

He was covered in the crevice of an extinct volcano.

On examining the lake he found the water impregnated with volcanic products. Its bottom was formed of asphaltum. Having made a circuit of the shores, he perceived on the western side—that need of a break in the cliff, and on a circumference he discovered an outlet. It appeared to him that the lake at one time had emptied its waters through this ancient water-course. The descent here was not only gradual, but the old river bed was tolerably free from obstructions, especially of the vegetable kind.

He made his way rapidly downwards, and in half an hour reached marshy ground. The canoe-road now lay before him.

On his left he saw the sea on the south, about a third of a mile. He knew that the right must be the sea on the north, about a mile. He could not only see, but the shore, where he had previously crossed. In a few moments he reached the boat, and was pleased to find her afloat. The rising tide had even moved her a few feet back into the canal.

Hazel shouted to apprise Miss Roselton of his return, and then proceeded to restore the mast to its place, and replace the rigging and the sails. This occupied some little time. He felt surprised that she had not appeared. He shouted again. No reply.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Hazel advanced hurriedly into the grove, which he hunted thoroughly, but without effect. He satisfied himself that she could not have quitted the spot, since the marsh enclosed it on
one side, the sands on the second and third, the sea on the fourth. He returned to the boat more surprised than anxious. He waited awhile, and again shouted her name—stopped—listened—looked—

Yet surely Helen could not have been more than a hundred yards away where he stood. His heart beat with a strange sense of exhilaration. He heard nothing but the rustling of the foliage and the song of the waves on the shore, as the tide crept up the little creek. As his eyes roved in every direction, he caught sight of her near, with a cloud of white mist floating in the air, not ten yards from where he stood. He approached the bush in which the tree was partially concealed on that side, and quickly recognized a portion of Helen's dress. He ran to the bank, leaped into the water, pulled her under, and gained the bank. She was sitting there under the shrubbery, with her knees pressed up against the trunk. He contemplated her thus for some moments, and then he advanced, about to awaken her; but she was fast asleep. Her face was pale, her eyes open and staring, her breaths came slowly. Hazel approached rapidly, and called to her.

Her eyes never moved, not a limb stirred. She sat glaring forward. Hazel crept toward her and sucked the branch of the dead tree, bent it till it reached her. Armed with this, he advanced slowly to her. It was very quiet, thanks to the warmth of her art. He pointed the stick at her, the vermin lifted its head, and began to quiver, then darted at the stick, thirteen feet in length. Hazel retreated, the snake coiled again, and darted.

By repeating this process four or five times, he enticed the creature away and then assailed himself of a moment before it could recover. He struck it a smart blow on the neck.

He passed the stick to Miss Waring, who found her fixed in the attitude into which terror had transfigured her. The poor girl had remained motionless for an hour, under the terrible fascination of the reptile, convulsed. She spoke to her, but the latter did not hear him. She then turned her head, more interest and more respect, then he bade her be patient, but she took her hands—he pressed them, for they were icy cold, he called piteously on her name. There was no answer; she crouched without effort. Then he raised his stick, and carried her to the boat, where he laid her, still unmindful and incapacious.

With troubled limbs and weak hands, he launched the cutter, and they were once more at sea on their homeward journey. He sliced the vigor into the fresh water he had brought with him. As he ate, he turned his eyes on her. He thought of the time he had perceived her breathing become less rapid and louder. Then he raised her a little, and her heart felt upon him.

When they reached the entrance of the bay was he obliged to expel her, for her breath was sighing so, he could not enter by the orifices, but once round and in by the westmost, by the same way that they had left the same morning.

He lay over Helen, and whispered tenderly that they were home. She awoke by a wail. In half an hour the cutter entered the bay, near the boat-house. Then he asked her if she was now ready to reach her. He raised her head, and she felt very much. She raised her arm, and he assisted her to his shoulder and his arm, would round her little frame, alone prevented her falling helplessly at his feet. Again he raised her in his arms and bore her to the bay. Here he laid her down on her bed, and she was at once relieved and able to retrain his tears.

CHAPTER XXX.

It was a wretched and anxious night for Hazel. He watched the bay, without the courage to approach it.

That same moment of weakness which occurred to him on his return did not affect him for a moment. He knew that Helen had rendered all his actions open to suspicion. He dared not exhibit towards her any sympathy, he might not extend to her the least ordinary courtesy. It was all, if ever, untaught; how could he nurse her, help her? He knew that she, more than any other, knew that, for, to bear her inscrutable form, he embraced her rather than to cherish the precious burden. Could he be touched in her suffering without betraying his forbidden love? And her would not think that they were to have more than consolation.

Checking the end of his bitter thoughts, he passed the night, without nothing the chance which was taking place over the island. The sun rose, and this awakened him from his rest, which had replaced sleep; he looked around, and then became sensible of the warnings in the air.

The sea-birds flew about vaguely and absurdly, and he sensed in currents of wind; yet the sea was as though there was something in the air, and this encounter something, and this encounter something.

Hazel knew the weather was breaking. The wet season was coming—the first heavy rain of the year. The sun was about to go down, and he knew that it would visit them. In a few hours the rain would be upon them, and he reproached himself for the want of care in the construction of the hut. For some hours, however, it rained around him, before he ventured to approach the boat. Then he saw that the boat was not too heavy, and entered. She lay there as he had placed her. He knew side her, and was appalled at the change in her appearance.

The poor girl's system had received a shock for which she was unprepared.

Her more sufferings at sea had, strange to say, reduced in appearance less than could have been believed; for her physical endurance proved greater than that of the strong around her. But the food which the island supplied was it restore her strength and the nervous shock to which she was subjected was followed by complete prostration. Hazel took her unresisting hand, which he would have given a world to press. He felt her pulse; it was weak, but firm; her cheeks were hollow, her eyes sunken; her hand dry and helpless, as he released it. But quietly and gently, he descended the ladder to the rivulet which he crossed. About half a mile above boat-house the stream forked, one of its branches coming from the west, the other from the east. Between this latter body and Terrapin Wood, was a swift hill, covered with strange, herbage-borne butterflies. When he had gathered a sufficient quantity he returned to the boat-house, a small fire of chips, and filling his tin barrel with water. He passed the poppies to boil. When the liquor was cool, he poured it into a pot and drank it. In about twenty minutes the tempests began to thaw, a sensation which was rapidly followed by nausea.

It was mid-day before he recovered from the effects of his experiment sufficiently to take food. Then he waited for the boatman, and he felt quite comfortable. He stood to the look out. Helen lay there as he had left her. He stood over her; her eyes were half closed, and she turned them slightly upon him; her lips moved a little—that was all. He felt her pulse again; it was still slower and weaker. He rose, and he had been subjected to a feeling of the poppy liquor, one-third of the dose he had previously taken and drank it. No headache or nausea succeeded; his pulse took on a quick and violent, while a certain numbness overcame him, and he slept. It was but for a while, and awoke very much. He rose, and now he was both good and sick, but with a sense of delight at the heart, for he had found opiate, and prescribed its quantity.

He drained the liquor away from the poppy leaves, and used it to boil the liquor. Having with him, and he in charge of a small amount, he lifted the girl's head and placed it to her lips, drank it mechanism. Then he watched beside her, until her breathing and her pulse changed in character. She slept, turned aside then, and buried his face in her hands and fervently for her life—prayed for the daily blessing of his heart. He prayed and waited.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The next morning, when Helen awoke, she was very well. Her head ached, but she was herself. Hazel had made her for her from the flask of just this part of a tumbled creature; this greatly relieved her, and by mid-day, she was able to sit up. Having seen her, he thought he might be without her. His hopes were not disappointed. He had been very busy on the roof of the hut. On his return, he explained to her his fears that the tree was scarcely as weather-proof as he desired; and he anticipated the commencement of the rainy season. Helen had pointed to the sky, which was clear and bright, and Hazel shook his head doubly. The wet season would probably commence probably with an atmospheric convulsion, and settle down to uninterrupted rain. Helen refused obstinately to believe the rain, which many people had experienced on the boat—a general shower.

"You will see," replied Hazel. "If you do not, you will see it."

"You will see," replied Hazel. "I do not care."
The next day was Sunday. Hazel had kept a calendar of the week, and every seventh day was laid aside with fasting, to be devoted to such simple religious exercises as he could find time for. The rain continued, with less violence indeed, yet continued without an hour’s intermission. After breakfast he read to her the exordia of the Israelisites, and their sufferings during that desert life. He compared these hardships with their own troubles, and pointed out to her how their condition presented many things to be envied, because of the broken, windswept, unhealthy, skin-scorching climate of Egypt. They might have been cast away on a sandy key or reef, where they would have perished slowly and miserably of hunger and exposure. They were spared to each other. Had she been alone there, she could not have treated for herself; had he been cast away a solitary man, he would have been to him an intolerable pain.

In all these reflections Hazel was very guarded that no expression should be allowed in his eyes which might give the idea that she was mistaken in its power. I am sure I can take four what you gave me,

I loved you, I answered, distinctly, “I gave you every measure you can have with safety.”

How do you know that? Can you only guess at its effect on me? I shall try it.

I will return, he replied, and confessed that he had made a little present on himself before risking its effects upon her.

When looked up at him and said this so simply and quietly, and filled with an angelic light, was it admiring? Was it thankfulness? Her bosom heaved, and her lips quivered.

It was but a moment, and she felt glad that Hazel had found her and saw nothing.

Long silence followed this little episode, when she was content from her reverie.

Better—pat—pat—patter.

Hope looked up—patter—patter.

Her eyes met. It was the rain. Hazel only smiled a little, ran down to his last-house, to see if all was right there. He returned with a large bundle of chips, with which he started a fire, for the sky had darkened overhead. Guest of rain along the valley; it had become suddenly chilly, and the kale, with the wind, had obtained a feel of wet weather.

The fire had kindled, the rain came down in torrents, and huddling roof being resonant, they heard it strike here and there above them.

They sat down on her little stool and reflected.

That but were two persons. One had foretold this, and it, and provided against it. The other had said petitioner was a bugbear.

Now the rain was pattering, and the prophet was on his Lucifer, while he shivered, as he could in the little, and then remitted he had foretold it,

His brother’s character while he watched his movements. He put down his embers, then took a cocoa-pot out, the cut it in slices with his knife, and made a fine fire; then he ran out again, in spite of Helen’s remon- cent, and brought a dozen large scales of the palm-see. It all the more the dearth for the dismal scene without and the ring of the rain on the recouning roof.

But thanks to Hazel’s precaution, the hut proved weather tight; of which fact having satisfied himself, he bade her good night.

“He was at the door when her voice recalled him.

“Mr. Hazel I cannot rest this night without asking your par- don for all the unkind acts I may have done and said: with out thanking you humbly for your great forbearance and your —respect for the unhap— I mean the unfortunate girl that cast upon your mercy.”

She held out her hand; he took it between his own, and faintly expressed his gratitude for her kindness; and so she sent him away brimful of happiness.

The rain was descending in torrent. She heard it, but he did not feel it; for he had spread her angel’s wings over his existence, and he regained his sheltered boat-home; he knew not how.

Chapter XXIII.

The next day was Sunday. Hazel had kept a calendar of the week, and every seventh day was laid aside with fasting, to be devoted to such simple religious exercises as he could find time for. The rain continued, with less violence indeed, yet continued without an hour’s intermission. After breakfast he read to her the exordia of the Israelisites, and their sufferings during that desert life. He compared these hardships with their own troubles, and pointed out to her how their condition presented many things to be envied, because of the broken, windswept, unhealthy, skin-scorching climate of Egypt. They might have been cast away on a sandy key or reef, where they would have perished slowly and miserably of hunger and exposure. They were spared to each other. Had she been alone there, she could not have treated for herself; had he been cast away a solitary man, he would have been to him an intolerable pain.

In all these reflections Hazel was very guarded that no expression should be allowed in his eyes which might give the idea that she was mistaken in its power. I am sure I can take four what you gave me,

I loved you, I answered, distinctly, “I gave you every measure you can have with safety.”

How do you know that? Can you only guess at its effect on me? I shall try it.

I will return, he replied, and confessed that he had made a little present on himself before risking its effects upon her.

When looked up at him and said this so simply and quietly, and filled with an angelic light, was it admiring? Was it thankfulness? Her bosom heaved, and her lips quivered.

It was but a moment, and she felt glad that Hazel had found her and saw nothing.

Long silence followed this little episode, when she was content from her reverie.

Better—pat—pat—patter.

Hope looked up—patter—patter.

Her eyes met. It was the rain. Hazel only smiled a little, ran down to his last-house, to see if all was right there. He returned with a large bundle of chips, with which he started a fire, for the sky had darkened overhead. Guest of rain along the valley; it had become suddenly chilly, and the kale, with the wind, had obtained a feel of wet weather.

The fire had kindled, the rain came down in torrents, and huddling roof being resonant, they heard it strike here and there above them.

They sat down on her little stool and reflected.

That but were two persons. One had foretold this, and it, and provided against it. The other had said petitioner was a bugbear.

Now the rain was pattering, and the prophet was on his Lucifer, while he shivered, as he could in the little, and then remitted he had foretold it,

His brother’s character while he watched his movements. He put down his embers, then took a cocoa-pot out, the cut it in slices with his knife, and made a fine fire; then he ran out again, in spite of Helen’s remon- cent, and brought a dozen large scales of the palm-see. It all the more the dearth for the dismal scene without and the ring of the rain on the recouning roof.

But thanks to Hazel’s precaution, the hut proved weather tight; of which fact having satisfied himself, he bade her good night.

“He was at the door when her voice recalled him.

“Mr. Hazel I cannot rest this night without asking your par- don for all the unkind acts I may have done and said: with out thanking you humbly for your great forbearance and your —respect for the unhap— I mean the unfortunate girl that cast upon your mercy.”

She held out her hand; he took it between his own, and faintly expressed his gratitude for her kindness; and so she sent him away brimful of happiness.

The rain was descending in torrent. She heard it, but he did not feel it; for he had spread her angel’s wings over his existence, and he regained his sheltered boat-home; he knew not how.

Chapter XXIII.
THE TRIAL OF BARDELL VERSUS PICKWICK.

(CONTINUED.)

THE EXAMINATION.

"Call Elizabeth Clippings," said Sergeant Buzfuz, raising a minute afterwards, with renewed vigor.

"Do you recollect, Mrs. Clippings,—do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was boiling Pickwick's apartment?"

"Yes, madam and jury, I do."

"Mr. Pickwick’s sitting-room was the first floor front, I believe?"

"Yes, it was, sir."

"My Lord and jury, I will not deceive you," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You had better not, ma’am."

"I was there, unknown to Mrs. Bardell; I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purveyors of three pound tuppence ha’penny, when I saw Mrs. Bardell’s street door on the nurse."

"Partly open, my Lord.

"She said on the jar."

"I say, it was she."

"The little judge looked doubtful, and said be’d make a note of it."

"I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good morning and went, in a peremptory manner, up stairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room and—"

"And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Clippings?"

"Beggin’ your pardon, sir, I would scorn the baotion. The very voice of the conversation hit on my ear."

"Well, Mrs. Clippings, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick’s?"

"Yes, it were, sir."

"And Mrs. Clippings, after distinctly stating that Mr. Pickwick addressed himself to Mrs. Bardell, repeated, by slow degrees and by dint of many questions, the conversation she had heard. Which, like many other conversations repeated under such circumstances, or, indeed, like many other conversations repeated under any circumstances, was of the smallest possible importance in itself, but looked big now."

"Mrs. Clippings, having broken the ice, thought it a favorable opportunity for entering into a short dissertation on her own domestic affairs; so she straightway proceeded to inform the court that she was the mother of eight children at that present speaking, and that she entertained confident expectations of presenting Mr. Clippings with a ninth somewhere about that day six months. At this interesting point, the little judge interposed most graciously; and the worthy lady was taken out of court.

"Nathaniel Winkle!" said Mr. Simpkin. "Here!" Mr. Winkle entered the witness-box, and, having been duly sworn, bowed to the judge, who acknowledged him cordially.

"Mr. Winkle obeyed the mandate, and looked at the place where he thought the jury might be. Mr. Winkle was then examined by Mr. Simpkin. "Mr. Winkle, have you the good-nature to let his Lordship and jury know what your name is, will you?" Mr. Simpkin declaimed his head on one side, and listened with great sharpness for the answer, as if to imply that he rather thought Mr. Winkle’s natural taste for perjury would induce him to give some name which did not belong to him.

"Winkle."

"Winkle, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my Lord; we shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, gentleman of the name of Winkle; attend to me. If you please, my Lord, and let me recommend you to be careful. I believe you are particular friend of Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?"

"I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I recollect a moment, now and then."

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not a particular friend of the defendant’s?"

"I was just about to say, that—"

"Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?"

"If you don’t answer the question, you’ll be committed to prison sir."

"Yes, I am."

"Yes, you are. And couldn’t you say that at once, sir? I tell you know the plaintiff, too; Eh, Mr. Winkle?"

"Don’t know her, but I’ve seen her. Now have I goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by that, Mr. Winkle."

"I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick in Goswell Street."

"Have you often seen her?"

"How often?"

"Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often! I’ll repeat the question to you a dozen times, if you require it, sir."

"On this question arose the edifying brow-busting custom of the court, which was not on. As a. Mr. Winkle said it was quite possible for him to say how many times he had seen Mrs. Bardell, then he was asked if he had seen her twenty times, which he replied, "Certainly,—more than that."

"Then he was asked whether he hadn’t seen her a hundred times,—whether he had not seen her more than fifty times,—whether he didn’t know that he had seen her at least seventy-five times,—and so forth.

"Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant, Pickwick, at these apartments in the plaintiff’s house in Goswell Street, on one particular morning, in the month of July last?"

"Yes, I do."

"Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another by the name of Snodgrass?"

"Yes, they were."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, they are," looking very earnestly towards the spot where his friends were stationed.

"And, Mr. Winkle, and never mind your friends, with an expressive look at the jury. "They must tell their stories without any previous consultation with you, none has yet taken place," (another look at the jury) "nor tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant’s house on this particular morning. Come; out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later."

"The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff’s arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away."

"Did he hear the defendant say anything?"

"I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, anybody should come, or words to that effect."
The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on the mind, Mr. Winkle, which I fear would be of little service, straightforward men. You were on the staircase, didn't distinctly hear; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted? So I state that?

"No, I do, sir."

"You may leave the box, sir."

Fanny Tumpey and Augustus Snodgrass were several called into the tepsum; both corroborated the testimony of their unholy friend; and each was driven to the verge of desperation by the solicitations of the law officers. Susannah Sanders was then called, and examined by Sergeant Buzfuz, and cross-examined by Sergeant Snubbins. Had sued and believed that Pickwick would marry Mrs. Barley; knew that Mr. Barley's being engaged to Pickwick was the talk of the neighborhood after the shooting in July. Had heard Pickwick ask the little boy how he would like to have another father. Did not know that Mrs. Barley was at that time keeping company with the baker, but knew that the baker was then a single man and is now married. The trial opened on the morning of July, because Pickwick asked her to name the day; knew she (witness) fainted away stone dead when Mr. Sanders read her to name the day, and believed that anybody as callow as a lad would do the same, under similar circumstances. During the period of her keeping company with Mr. Sanders, she had received love-letters, like other ladies. In the course of their correspondence Mr. Sanders had often called a "duck," but he had never called her "chops," nor yet "a V."

Sergeant Buzfuz now rose with more importance than he had exhibited, if that were possible, and said: "Call Samuel Herat."

Nothing was quite necessary to call Samuel Weller; for Samuel Weller stepped into the box the instant his name was pronounced; and placing his hat on the floor, and his arms on the box, took a bird's-eye view of the bar, and a comprehensive view of the bench with a remarkably cheerful and lively countenance.

"What's your name, sir?"

"Sam Weller, my Lord."

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or with a 'W'?"

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speaker, my Lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in all my life, so I'll spell it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed, "Quit right too, Sam, quite right. Put it down a we, my Lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that, who dares to address the court? Ushers, by my Lord.""Court.—"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my Lord.""Court.—"Put at the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; he brought the commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit sat down again. The little judge turned the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to do, and said:"

"Do you know who was that, sir?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"If you had been my father, my Lord."

"Do you see him here now?"

"I am stared up into the lantern in the roof of the court, and said: "Wye, no, my Lord, I can't say that I do see him at the court.""

I accused him of perjury in the Old Bailey. By the time I got to the Old Bailey, the case was over, and the court was packed. I was there to catch the last train to London. I got on the last train, and the court was packed. I got on the last train, and the court was packed. I got on the last train, and the court was packed. I got on the last train, and the court was packed. I got on the last train, and the court was packed. I got on the last train, and the court was packed.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have him to jail instantly."

"I bowed his acknowledgments."

"Now, sir."

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.""

"I mean to speak up, sir; I am in the service of 'tis my servant, and a very good service it is, Little to do, plenty to get, I suppose."

"O, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said when he ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes."

"Court.—"You must not tell us what the soldier said, unless the soldier is in court, and is examined in the usual way; it's not evidence."

"Very good, my Lord."

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; oh, Mr. Weller?"

"Yes, I do, sir."

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a curious new flight of clothes that morning, gentleman of the jury, and that was a very particular and uncommon circumstance with me in those days."

The judge looked sternly at Sam, but Sam's features were so calm that the judge nothing.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?"

"Certainly not, sir. I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady as you call the plaintiff, she warn't there sir."

"You were in the passage, and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes Mr. Weller."

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they were a pair of eyes that would cost a million million million magnifying glass microscopes of bextra power, p'ars I might be able to see through two flights of stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my vision's limited."

"Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please."

"If you please, sir."

"Do you remember going up to Mrs. Barle's house, one night in November."

"O, yes, very well."

"O, you do remember that, Mr. Weller, I thought we should get at something at last."

"I rather thought that, too, sir."

"Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about the trial are."

"Mr. Weller."

"I went up to pay the rent; but we did get a talkin' about the trial."

"O, you did get a talking about the trial, Now what passed about the trial will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller."

"With all the pleasure in life, sir. After a few unimportant observations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies get into a very great state of admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Mr. Fogg. From two hundred shillings and a glass of sherry."

"The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well! They spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes; they said what a worry gen'rous thing it was of them to have taken up this spec, and not to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

"It's perfectly useless, my Lord, attempting to get any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir. That's my case, my Lord."

Sergeant Snubbins then addressed the jury on behalf of the defendant; and did the best he could for Mr. Pickwick; and the best, as everybody knows, could do no more.

"Mrs. Clapkins is worth a hundred and fifty pounds a year; she's a good lady, and a good lady she is."

"Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict?"

"We are."

"Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?"

"For the plaintiff."

"With what damages, gentlemen?"
PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO MAKE A PYRAMID OF ALUM.

Put a lump of alum into a tumbler of water, and as the alum dissolves, it will assume the shape of a pyramid. The cause of the alum decreasing in this peculiar form is briefly as follows: At first, the water dissolves the alum very fast, but as the alum becomes united with water, the solvent power of the latter decreases. The water, which at first combines with the alum becomes heavier by the union, and falls to the bottom of the glass, where it comes to dissolve any more, although water which has disolved from the bottom has risen to the top of the glass, and is there acting upon the alum. When the solution has nearly terminated, if you closely examine the lump, you will find it covered over with a sort of scum, the cut edge of which shows not only that the cohesion of the atoms of the alum resists the power of the solution in the water, but that in the present instance it resists it in some directions than in others. Indeed this experiment beautifully illustrates the opposite action of cohesion and solution.

CHARADE 10.

My first is a negative greatly in use; By which people begin when they speak to each other; My second is Fortress, as they are called in France. But, like other prisons, it is the chamber of pain.

An article always in use, in my whole Life; With texture and form under fashion's control; But alas! not a thing it can see which goes by. Altho' many have four sylables, and all have one eye.

RIDDLE 6.

My tongue is long, my breath is strong; And yet I need no sieve; My voice you hear both far and near; And yet I have no life.

CONUNDRUM 36.

Why is the largest city in Ireland likely to be the largest city in the world?

What smells most of a drug store?

Why should doctors attend to window-sashers?

ANSWERS TO NO. 27.

Riddle 6—Live, evil, vile, Levi, veil.

CONUNDRUM 36—No. 29—He is a bit of a lark.

No. 30—His daughter.

No. 31—It matures by falling down.

No. 32—Ben—ha—had.

No. 43—Because it is never peeled (peeled) but once.

THERE'S SOMETHING I'M DYING TO SAY.

There's something I'm dying to say,
Though I hardly know how to begin:
But to lose an occasion like this,
Would be foolish as well as a sin:
So, now then for better or worse,
I must surely proceed on my way:
But, dear me, how dreadful it is
To have something you're dying to say!

You choose a nice spot in the wood,
And your headkerchief spread on the ground.
The fair one invite with a blush,
The mate to the seal you have found;
And then if the smiling consent,
You awkwardly stand in the way,
"Cough"—that's as far as you get.
In the something you're dying to say.

Or then perhaps with courage renewed,
You tremblingly sit yourself down.
She inquiringly looks in your face—
You carefully look all around.
And now with an effort so great,
As you think of the chance that you've got,
Say under your breath, "Dearest girl,
1—1—1—Don't you think the weather is hot,"

PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MEYERBEER.

This talented German composer was born in Berlin, on the 15th of September, 1791. It refers to the time of his death was nearly seventy years old. As a child, he was very precocious, and his musical talent came to him so early, that when he was seven years old he was celebrated; and at nine, a German critic spoke of him as one of the best pianists in Berlin. Under less favorable circumstances, perhaps, the boy might have been prematurely brought before the public as a prodigy, to contradict, perhaps, in manhood the promises of his youth. But his father, an agreeable, witty, and very musical man, only appeared occasionally at amateur concerts, and had plenty of opportunities afforded him for study. With what results he availed himself of, we know well enough, by the productions of his most celebrated opera, 'Der Prophete.'

This celebrated work was produced at Venice, in 1835, and may be said to have laid the foundation of his European fame. In 1831, he produced his grand work, 'Robert the Devil,' and in 1833, Meyerbeer was recognized as a master of the piano forte. In 1836, and the 'Prophete' in 1849, both operas at once taking that commanding position on the stage which they have ever since maintained. 'I'lelie de Ford,' a work in a different style, but composed in the same charming manner, was produced in 1848, and 'Parson du Ploemel,' was produced in 1852. It has long been known that the deceased composer had finished another work, 'Ahfamee,' and that his scrupulous and perhaps fastidious anxiety to secure for it a satisfactory interpretation has alone kept it from the public. Its productions now, it is to be presumed, be looked for at no distant date.

The Crown Prince of preuss, the Princess Royal of England, has joined Madame Meyerbeer on a short letter of commendation.

PRODUCTION POET.

The points now used in punctuation, were introduced in writing gradually, some time after the invention of printing. The Greeks had none, and there was no space between their words. The Romans put a kind of division between their words, that, Fabricius Scipio Afriicus. Up to the end of the sixteenth century, only one period, comma, and colon had been introduced. The comma came into use latel, and was only a period or a preponderating figure proportionate to the size of the letter.

To Alphonse Lamartine, an eminent poet in 1790, we are indebted for the colon and also for the present form of the comma. He laid down the rules now observed in regard to their use. The note of interrogation and exclamation were not added till some years later, and it is not known by whom.

Inverted commas were introduced by Monsieur Gille-"ment, a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede the use of italics, and the French printers now call them by his name.
POETRY.

NOT IN VAIN.

Never in vain we toil—h! blessed thought
That these faint efforts, held by us as nought,
Are something worth. Against the stream we swim,
Despite the covert sneer, the taunt of him.
Who stays to right no wrong, nor aid distress,
But bows before earth's idol shrine, success;
He hears the appealing voices of the crowd,
The echo of Fame's brazen trumpet loud,
His once free fancy held enchained there,
Forbade to soar to higher, purer air.

For better live and die to Fame unknown
With faith and friendship, sense of duty done,
By few esteemed, by fewer understood,
Our highest end and aim the greatest good.
Nay, God be thank'd, our life is not in vain,
If we o'er sin and self the victory gain.
Right onward, then! and Truth's fair beacon light
Shall, as we upward gaze, make all things bright,
And, strong in faith and patience, wait to see
The dawning of a bliss eternity.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

[CONTINUED.]

HAROLD AND THE HOSTAGES.

It so chanced while this interview took place between Githa and the earl, that Guthr, hawking in the woodlands round Hilda's house, turned aside to visit his Danish kinswoman. The prophetess was absent, but he was told that Edith was within; and Guthr, about to be united to a maiden who had long won his noble affections, cherished a brother's love for his brother's fair betrothed. He entered the gynaeicum, and there still, as when we were first made present in that chamber, sate the maidens employed on a work more brilliant to the eye, and more pleasing to the labor, than that which had then tasked their active hands. They were brooding into a tissue of the purest gold the efficacy of a fighting warrior designed by Hilda for the banner of Earl Harold; and, removed from the awe of their mistress, as they worked, their tongues sang gaily, and it was in the midst of song and laughter that the fair young Saxon lord entered the chamber. The babble and the mirth ceased at his entrance, each voice was stilled, and each eye cast down demurely. Edith was not among them, and in answer to his inquiry, the eldest of the maidens pointed towards the peristyle without the house.

The winning and kindly theyn paused a few moments, to admire the tissue and commend the work, and then sought the peristyle.

Near the water spring that gushed free and bright through the Roman fountain, he found Edith seated in attitude of deep thought and gloomy dejection. She started as he approached, and, springing forward to meet him, exclaimed—

"O Guthr, heaven hath thee to me, I know well, though I cannot tell thee why, for I cannot explain it to myself; but know I do, by the mysterious bodeaments of my own soul, that some great danger is at this moment encircling thy brother Harold. Go to him, I pray, I implore thee, forthwith; and let thy clear sense and warm heart be by his side."

"I will go instantly," said Guthr started. "But do not suffer, I adjure thee, sweet kinswoman, the superstitions that wrap this place, as a mist wraps a marsh, to infect thy pure spirit. In my early youth I submitted to the influence of Hilda; I became man, and outgrew it. Much, secretly, has it grieved me of late to see that our kinswoman's Danish lore has brought even the strong heart of Harold under its spell; and where once he only spoke of duty, I now hear him speak of fate."

"Alas! alas!" answered Edith, wringing her hands; "when the bird hides its head in the brake, doth it shut out the track of the hound? Can we baffle fate by refusing to heed its approaches? But we waste precious moments. Go Guthr, dear Guthr! Heavier and darker, while we speak, gathers the cloud on my heart.

Guthr said no more, but hastened to remount his steed; and Edith remained alone by the Roman fountain, motionless and sad, as if the Nymph of the old Religion stood there to see the lessening stream well away from the shattered stone, and know that the life of the nymph was measured by the ebb of the stream.

Guthr arrived at London just as Harold was taking boat for the palace of Westminster, to seek the king; and after interchanging a hurried embrace with his mother, he accompanied his brother to the palace, and learned his errand by the way. While Harold spoke he did not foresee the danger to be incurred by a friend-
ly visit to the Norman court; and interval that elapsed between Harold's communication and their entrance into the king's chamber, allowed no time for mature and careful reflection.

Edward on whom years and infirmities had increased of late with rapid ravage, heard Harold's request with a grave and deep attention, which he seldom vouchsafed to earthly affairs. And he remained long silent after his brother-in-law had finished—so long silent, that the earl, at first, deemed that he was absorbed in one of those abstracted reveries, in which more and more as he drew nearer to the borders of the World Unseen, Edward so strangely indulged. But, looking more close, both he and Gurth were struck by the evident dismay on the king's face, while the collected light of Edward's cold eye showed that his mind was awake to the human world. In truth it is probable that Edward, at that moment, was recalling rash hints, if not promises, to his rapacious cousin of Normandy, made during his exile. And sensible of his declining health, and the tender years of the young Edgar, he might be musing over the terrible pretender to the English throne, whose claims his earlier indiscretion might seem to sanction. Whatever his thoughts, they were dark and sinister, as at length he said, slowly—

"Is thine oath indeed given to thy mother, and doth she keep thee to it?"

"Both, O king," answered Harold briefly.

"Then I can gainsay thee not. And thou, Harold, art a man of this living world; and playest here the part of a centurion; thou sayest 'Come,' and men come—Go,' and men move at thy will. Therefore thou mayest well judge for thyself. I gainsay thee not, nor interfere between man and his vow. But think not," continued the king, in a more solemn voice, and with increasing emotion, "think not that I will charge my soul that I counseled or encouraged this errand. Yea, I foresee that thy journey will lead but to great evil to England, and sore grief or dire loss to thee."

"How so, dear lord and king?" said Harold, startled by Edward's unwonted earnestness, though deeming it but one of the visionary chimeras habitual to the saint.

"How so? William, thy cousin, hath ever borne the name of one fair to friend, though fierce to foe. And foul, indeed, his dihamon, if he could meditate harm to a man trusting his faith, and sheltered by his own roof-tree."

"Harold, Harold," said Edward impatiently, "I know William of old. Nor is he so simple of mind, that he will cede aught for thy simple pleasure, or even to thy will, unless it bring some gain to himself. I say no more. Thou art cautioned, and I leave the rest to heaven."

It is the misfortune of men little famous for worldly lore, that in those few occasions when, in that sagacity caused by their very freedom from the strife and passion of those around, they seem almost prophetically inspired—it is their misfortune to lack the power of conveying to others their own convictions; They may divine, but they cannot reason: and Harold could detect nothing to deter his purpose, in a vague fear, based on no other argument than as vague a perception of the duke's general character. But Gurth, listening less to his reason than his devoted love for his brother, took alarm, and said, after a pause—

"Thickest thou, god my king, that the same danger were incurred if Gurth, instead of Harold, crossed the seas to demand the hostages?"

"No," said Edward, eagerly, "and so would I counsel. William would not have the same objects to gain in practising his worldly guile upon thee. No; no, I think that were the prudent course."

"And the ignoble one for Harold," said the earl, brother, almost indignantly. "Howbeit, I thank thee gratefully, for thy affectionate heed and care. And the saints guard thee!"

On leaving the king, a warm discussion between the brothers took place. But Gurth's arguments were stronger than those of Harold, and the earl was driven to rest his perambulation on his own special pledge with Githa. As soon, however, as they had gained the home, that plea was taken from him; for the moment Gurth related to his mother Edward's fears and intentions, she, ever mindful of Godwin's preference for the earl, and his last commands to her, hastened to release Harold from his pledge; and to implore him at least to suffer Gurth to be his substitute at the Norman court.

"Be ruled, O my son," cried Githa, clasping the earl's knees, "and do not let me dread in the death of the night to see the shade of Godwin and hear his voice say, 'Woman, where is Harold?'

It was impossible for the earl's strong understanding to resist the arguments addressed to it; and, say the truth, he had been more disturbed than he liked to confess by Edward's sinister forewarning. Yet, on the other hand, there were reasons against acquiescence in Gurth's proposal. The primary, and to do him justice, the strongest, was his native courage and his generous pride. Should he, for the first time in his life, shrink from a peril in the discharge of his duty; a peril too uncertain and vague. Should he suffer Gurth to fulfill the pledge he himself had taken? And granting even that Gurth were safe from whatever danger he individually might incur, did it become him to accept the proxy? Would Gurth's voice tell him to be as potent as his own in effecting the return of the hostages?

The next reasons that swayed him were those which could not avow. It clearing his way to the English throne, it would be of no mean importance to secure the friendship of the Norman duke, and the Norman acquiescence in his pretensions.

All these considerations, therefore, urged the earl to persist in his original purpose; but a warning voice in his heart, more powerful than all, sided with the prayer of Githa and the arguments of Gurth. This state of irresolution, Gurth said seasonably—

"Bethink thee, Harold, if menaced but with peril, thyself, thou wouldst have a brave man's right to insist on us; but it was of great evil to England that Edward spoke, and thy reflections must tell thee that in this crisis of our country, danger to thee is evil to England—evil to England—thou hast no right to consider."

"Dear mother, and generous Gurth," said Harold, and then joining the two in one embrace, "ye have well nigh conquered. Give but two days to ponder well, and be assured that I will not decide from the rash promptings of an ill-considered judgment."

Farther than this they could not then move the earl, but Gurth was pleased shortly afterwards to o
HAROLD.

Nov. 7, 1868.

87

Dear Edith, whose fears, from whatever source they sprang, would, he was certain, come in aid of his own pleadings.

But as the earl alone towards the once stately home of the perished Roman, and entered at twilight the darkening forest land, his thoughts were less on Edith than on the Vall, with whom his ambition had more and more connected his soul. Perplexed by his doubts, and left dim in the waning light of human reason, never more involuntarily did he fly to some guide to interpret the future, and decide his path.

As if fate responded to the cry of his heart, he suddenly came in sight of Hilda herself, gathering leaves from elm and ash amidst the woodland. He sprang from his horse and approached her.

"Hilda," said he, in a low but firm voice, "thou hast oft'enn told me that the dead can advise the living. Raise thou the Scin-leca of the hero of old—raise the Ghost, which mine eye, or my fancy, beheld before, vast and dim by the silent baustasten, and I will stand by thy side. Pain will I know if thou hast received me and thyself; or if, in truth, to man's guidance Heaven doth vouchsafe sage and rede from those who have passed into the secret shores of eternity."

"The dead," answered Hilda, "will not reveal themselves to eyes uninitiate save at their own will, uncompelled by charm or rime. To me their forms can appear distinct through the airy flame; to me, duly prepared by spells that purge the eyes of the spirit, and loosen the walls of the flesh. I cannot say that what I see in the trance and the travail of my soul, thou also wilt behold: for even when the vision hath passed from my sight, and the voice from my ear, only memories, confused and dim, of what I saw and heard, remain to guide the waking and common life. But thou shalt stand by my side while I invoke the phantom, and hear and interpret the words which rush from my lips, and the runes that make meaning from the sparks of the charmed fire. I knew ere thou camest, by the darkness and trouble of Edith's soul, that some shade from the ash-tree of life had fallen upon thee."

With a strange satisfaction at the thought that he should, at least, test personally the reality of those assumptions of perternatural power which had of late colored his resolves and oppressed his heart. Harold then took leave of the Vall, who returned mechanically to her employment; and led his horse by the rein, slowly continued his musings way toward the green knoll and its heathen ruins. But ere he gained the hillock, and while his thoughtful eyes were bent on the ground, he felt his arm seized tenderly—turned—and beheld Edith's face full of unutterable and anxious love.

With that love, indeed, there was blended so much wistfulness, so much fear, that Harold exclaimed—

"Soul of my soul, what hath changed? what affects thee thus?"

"Hath no danger befallen thee?" asked Edith tatteringly and gazing on his face with wistful, searching eyes.

"Danger! none, sweet trembler," answered the earl evasively.

Edith dropped her eager looks, and clinging to his arm, drew him on silently into the forest land. She paused at last where the old fantastic trees shut out the view of the ancient ruins; and when, looking round she saw not those gray gigantic shafts which mortal hand seemed never to have piled together she breathed more freely.

"Speak to me," then said Harold, bending his face to hers; "why this silence?"

"Ah Harold," answered her betrothed, "thou knowest ever since we have loved one another, my existence hath been but a shadow of thine; by some wert and strange mysteries, which Hilda would explain by the stars and the fates, that have made me a part of thee, I know by the lightness or gloom of my own spirit when good or ill shall befall thee. Now often, in thine absence hath a joy suddenly broken upon me; and I felt by that joy, as by the smile of a good angel that thou hadst passed safe through some peril, or triumphed over some foe! And now thou seest me why I am so sad; I can only answer thee by saying, that the sadness is cast upon me by some thunder gloom on thine own destiny."

Harold had sought Edith to speak of his meditated journey, but seeing her dejection he did not dare; so he drew her to his breast and chid her soothingly for her vain apprehensions. But Edith would not be comforted; there seemed something weighing on her mind and struggling to her lips, not accounted for merely by sympathetic forebodings; and at length, as he pressed her to tell all, she gathered courage and spoke—

"Do not mock me," she said, "but what secret, whether of vain folly or of meaning fate, should I hold from thee? All this day I struggled in vain against the heaviness of my forebodings. How I hailed the sight of Guthry thy brother! I besought him to seek thee—thou hast seen him?"

"I have," said Harold. "But thou wert about to tell me of something more than this dejection."

"Well," resumed Edith, "after Guthry left me, my feet sought involuntarily the hill on which we have met so often. I sat down near the old tomb, a strange weariness crept on my eyes, and a sleep that seemed not wholly sleep fell over me. I struggled against it, as if conscious of some coming terror; and as I struggled, and ere I slept, Harold—yes, ere I slept—I saw distinctly a pale and glimmering figure rise from the Saxons' grave, I saw—" I see it still! Oh, that vivid frout, those glassy eyes!"

"The figure of a warrior?" said Harold, startled.

"Of a warrior, armed as in the ancient days, armed like the warrior that Hilda's maids are working for thy banner. I saw it; and in one hand it held a spear, and in the other a crown."

"A crown? Say on, say on!"

"I saw no more; sleep, in spite of myself, fell on me, a sleep full of confused and painful—rapid and shapeless images, till at last this dream rose clear. I beheld a bright and starry shape, that seemed as a spirit, yet wore thine aspect, standing on a rock; and an angry torrent rolled between the rock and the dry, safe land. The waves began to invade the rock, and the spirit unfurled its wings as to flee. And then foul things climbed up from the slime of the rock, and descended from the mists of the troubled skies, and they coiled round the wings and clogged them."

"Then a voice cried in my ear, 'Blest thou not on the perilous rock the soul of Harold the Brave?'—sees
thou not that the waters engulf it, if the wings fail to flee? Up Truth, whose strength is in purity, whose image is woman, and aid the soul of the brave! I sought to spring to thy side; but I was powerless, and behold, close beside me, through my sleep as through a veil, appeared the shafts of the ruined temple in which I lay reclined. And, a little thought, I saw Hilda sitting alone by the Saxon's grave, and pouring from a crystal vessel black drops into a human heart which she held in her hands; and out of that heart grew a child and out of that child a youth with a dark and mournful brow. And the youth stood by thy side and whispered to thee; and from his lips there came a reeking smoke, and in that smoke as in a blaze the wings withered up. And I heard a voice say, 'Hilda, it is thou who hast destroyed the good angel, and reared from the poisoned heart the loathsome tempter!' And I cried aloud, but it was too late; the waves swept over thee, and above the waves there floated an iron helmet, and on the helmet was a golden crown—the crown I had seen in the hand of the specter!'

"But this is no evil dream, my Edith," said Harold gayly.

Edith, unheeding him, continued:

"I started from my sleep. The sun was still high—the air lulled and windless. Then through the shafts and down the hill there glided in that clear, waking daylight, a grisly shape like that which I have heard our maidens say the witch-hags, sometimes seen in the forest assume; yet, in truth; it seemed neither man nor woman. It turned its face once toward me, and on that hideous face were glee and hate of a triumphant fiend. Oh Harold what should all this portend?"

"Hast thou not asked thykinswoman, the diviner of dreams?"

"I asked Hilda, and she, like thee, only murmured, 'The Saxon crown!' But if there be any faith in those airy children of the night, surely, O adored one, the vision forebodes danger not to life, but to soul; and words I heard seemed to say that the wings were thy valor, and the Fylgia thou hast lost was—not that were impossible."

"That my Fylgia was Truth, which losing, I were indeed lost to thee. Thou dost well," said Harold loftily, "to hold that among the lies of fancy. All else may perish, desert me, but never mine own free soul. Self-reliant hath Hilda called me in mine earlier days, and, wherever fate casts me, in my truth, and my love, and my dauntless heart, I dare both man and the fiend."

Edith gazed a moment in devout admiration on the men of her hero-lover, then she drew close and closer to his breast, consoling and believing.

**NARROW ESCAPES.**

**BY A TRAVELER.**

A number of years ago, I was traveling through a wild portion of Upper India. At a small village I lost every attendant with whom I had left Delhi—two being struck down with the cholera, and the others ran away with my horses, thus leaving me on foot and alone in a region which had the reputation of being infested with Thugs, robbers, and cut-throats. I complained to the chief magistrate of the place, and he promised of course, that the rascals should be captured and punished; but it is my private opinion he was a great a swindler as any about him, and that he never rived at their escape, and got the lion's share of spoils.

My money and some valuable jewels were fortunately secured about my person; and being armed with a double-barreled rifle, a brace of pistols, and a large Spanish dirk-knife, I thought I might venture to find my way alone and without a guide, to the English station about thirty miles distant.

With making my design known to the daroga, I placed all my baggage under his charge, telling him I should hold him responsible for any loss.

"And why not your honour watch it yourself?" he asked.

"Because the thieves have proved too many for me already," I answered.

He inquired if I were going to leave, which we now intended to travel, if he should procure me reliable guides and escort, and so forth, and so on; but I answered evasively, determined to keep my design myself till certain of being among men worthy of trust. Having by different enquiries of different persons, learnt the best route to the place I wished to reach, I slipped out of the village after dark, and went to the neighboring forest, where I climbed a tree and passed the night in its branches. The next morning, I had a slight repast on such food and fruit as I had provided for the journey, I set forward through the wood, following a travelled path, and guiding myself by my small pocket compass.

The route, lying through forest and jungle, up and down, was lonely and dreary enough to make more than once wish for a companion. More than once I fancied I heard the growl of some wild beast, and stopped and stood upon the defensive; and several times the whir of some large bird flying up near, or the sudden scream and rush of a frightened monkey, gave me a start that was anything but pleasant, but with these exceptions, I got along very well. About mid-day, when, I was about descending into a dark, gloomy hollow, where the trees, and luxuriant vegetation so interfered as to make it a matter of risk and trouble to pick my way through, I was suddenly brought to a stand by a noise resembling a screech in the path before me, accompanied by what appeared to be human groans.

From where I stopped I could not see the contending parties, though the sounds told me they were quite near. I was evidently not more than a mile from them, and I thought it would be quite safe for me to venture forward, especially as I was well armed. What could it be? Perhaps some Thing had fallen on a traveller, like myself, and was now strangled, him, according to the highest code of his religion.

That the peculiar sounds I heard proceeded from a thing but human strife and human misery, I had the remotest idea; and therefore my surprise and astonishment may be imagined when, on gliding through a sort of vegetable tunnel, I beheld, upon a narrow open and lighter space, a large monkey in the coils of a venomous serpent.

I was just in time to witness, not the struggle, but the death of the poor quadruped. His last gasp passed his lips, his eyes, half out of his head, were ready glazed; and with a single convulsive
through his crushed body, his life went out at the moment my gaze fell upon him. The snake, perhaps hearing my approach, raised its huge, hissing head, hooded its fury eyes full upon me, ran out its red, forked tongue, hissed out a malignant defiance, and then, as if knowing its victim was dead, and that it now had a formidable foe to contend with uncoiled itself like lightning, and appeared standing up straight before me.

I had advanced with my rifle upon my shoulder, prepared for the necessity of a quick shot; and now, impulsively taking a hurried aim, I fired one barrel at the broad ugly head of the monster. Fortunately, I hit him somewhere about the neck, and he dropped, but threw himself about with the wildest contortions, and in a single moment was at my very feet. I jumped back with a wild cry, and, scarcely conscious of what I was doing, thrust down the muzzle of my piece, and fired the other barrel just as he was in the act of seizing it with a venomous snarl, blowing his head to atoms.

I was secretly returning heartfelt thanks for my deliverance, when I was again startled by a slight rustling in the bushes to the left; and by the time I could draw a pistol, not knowing what I might next have to encounter, I found myself confronted by a man.

"Ah, well met, fellow-traveller!" he said in very good English, as if he had divined my nativity at a glance. "I heard your two shots, and felt glad to know that I was not alone in this wilderness. You have had a narrow escape," he added, looking down at the dead snake.

He was a fine-looking fellow, being tall, straight, and graceful, with black hair and eyes, and dark classical features. He was lightly dressed, after the fashion of the country, and apparently armed only with a knife, the sheath of which was secured to the girdle at his waist. Without replying in the familiar manner in which I had addressed him, I drew myself up with a somewhat haughty reserve, and coldly demanded who he was, and how he came to be secreted in the thicket, if his purpose was honest.

"Why to tell the truth," he replied in an open straightforward manner, "I am, like yourself, on my way to the English fort; and not liking the appearance of this lonely path, which I feared might lead into an ambush of Thugs, I turned out to go round the hill yonder, where the route again becomes more open, but being hot and weary I stopped to rest, and there heard the crack of a rifle, that assured me a fellow traveller that I might join with safety."

"And how did you know that I was not one of the party you feared?"

"Because they do not use fire-arms. But I see you are suspicious, and perhaps would prefer to go on alone, though I think two would be safer than one."

"You shall go with me," I quietly replied, as I stepped back a pace or two, placed my pistol conveniently to my hand, and coolly proceeded to reload my rifle. "Where did you learn English? and how did you know I was a native of Great Britain?"

"I learnt the language of your countrymen, with whom I have had many pleasant dealings as a trader," he answered without hesitation; "and I knew you were an Englishman by your appearance."

Having finished loading my rifle, I felt more at ease; and then I quietly informed my new acquaintance that we could not part company again on the route, but I would accord him the privilege of—walking in advance.

"You see, I take you at your word," said I; and if you are what you profess to be, you will not feel hurt at my caution. You shall go before me, and shall walk with safety so long as you do nothing to confirm my suspicions: but I warn you at the same time that, if I perceive any sign of treachery, I will shoot you down as I would a wild beast."

"Why, what do you take me for?" he demanded.

"A Thug!" returned I; "a highway murderer, and robber!—neither more or less! I have heard of your tricks upon travelers, away off in my native isle; but I, at least, am upon my guard, and this time your wicked scheme has failed."

He laughed, but merely said, "Have it your own way. I am satisfied to humour your suspicion, knowing you really mean me no harm, and that when we reach the fort, and I prove to you I am an honest man, you will do me justice."

"Most assuredly," I answered.

He then set forward with an air of careless indifference, and I kept close behind him, and my eye upon every motion. Thus we passed through the dark jungle, and ascended to the more open paths of the higher lands, without meeting with any new adventure. In an open spot, beside a clear spring, I stopped and made him sit beside me, while I rested and ate my noonday meal, which I shared with him. Then we resumed our journey, he going before, as usual; and as fast did he travel, for I was determined not to spend another night in the forest, that, when the sun went down, I saw, from a neighboring hill, the cross of St. George waving over the station where my day's journey was to end, while crossing the valley to reach it, however, night came upon us; and, favored by the darkness, my suspicions and acquaintance suddenly disappeared, I got through safely, though, and received a warm welcome from my countrymen.

Two years after, being at Berarly while a notorious Thug was on trial for his life, curiosity led me to the court-room, when, to my surprise, I recognised in the prisoner at the bar the identical individual whom I had compelled to perform a weary journey in front of me. He was convicted of murder, and condemned to death; but previous to his execution I managed to obtain an interview with him, when he frankly confessed that the incident of the monkey and the snake, by inducing him, as the leader of his party, to change his plan, was the principal cause of my life being preserved, my shrewd suspicion and bold determination doing the rest. Being on the watch for travelers, he and his companions had seen me on the road early in the day, and five of them had secreted themselves in that dark, lonely jungle, intending to spring upon me and do their murderous work, according as their religion taught them; by strangulation; it not being lawful for them to kill in any other manner. The discharge of both barrels at the snake, taken in connexion with my supposed natural fright and excitement, led him to suppose that he could accomplish his purpose in a different way; and so he appeared, to talk and cajole, and catch me off my guard—but, as the matter turned out, caught a Tartar instead.
TO OUR HOME MANUFACTURERS.

BY K. W. TULLIDGE.

The merchants have their problem, now let ours come. Without ours—brothers in the home manufacturing interest—theirs will be of comparatively little value, for any great social progress, or to the increase of the material wealth of the people.

It is not they who sell, nor they who import, nor they who send the millions of money out of the community to purchase goods and fabrics which other communities make, who really enrich a people, or give to them the alabid basis of wealth. What they give is but the tinsel of comfort, and the elegance and refinement of social life. We need not despise the blessings which the merchants bring us from the East and the West; but we need not, on the other hand, fall down and worship them as deities. We have in fact given them too much weight among us, and to the home manufacturers—who are the operative people—too little.

This must be reversed, if ever our community makes a strong mark in the world for its social importance. The home manufacturers and the operative people, must be brought uppermost, and given their proper place; and the merchants must be invited to co-operate with them.

Commerce that grows out of all importations is no legitimate, but exhaustive; and the policy of supporting such a commerce is suicidal. Legitimate commerce is that which principally grows out of home manufactures, and the productive operations of the people generally. First comes all the industrial and creative enterprise of the farmer, and every tiller of the land, who calls together by cultivation the elements of nature for the use and sustenance of man. Then follow the home manufacturers, with their tens of thousands of the operative classes: tens of thousands there might be even in a small community like our own; for women are also brought into the manufacturing activities and interest as well as men.

It is out of the well directed enterprise and creative activities of a nation, both in its agricultural and manufacturing interests that legitimate commerce grows; and it is very questionable whether any other kind of commerce is a blessing at all to a people—whether it is not rather a curse. The only set off to the direct assertion that it is a curse and not a blessing to a community is that it cannot permanently stand—that it must be reversed—that the merchants will themselves sooner or later help to overturn what they first established, and that, in the meantime, the commerce of all importations is useful as a help to a better state of things, and to the supply of social comforts and refinements.

There must be in Utah from twenty-five to fifty thousand who have before now, in other countries, been engaged in the manufacturing interests in some of its branches. But mark further, and mark how much significance there is in the fact touching profits to be reaped, not hitherto reaped. There must be consumed

in this Territory enough of manufactured goods to employ fifty thousand hands, and therefore to employ all that can be brought into service of our people.

Now it so happens that in this industrial department, women as well as men are brought in to contribute to the community; and that however much they have disposed of in agriculture, manufacturing enterprises women are absolutely necessary. Not only we should make operative slaves of women: God forbid. Labor is honorable, and it gives an independence and social elevation to women as much as it does to men; and we cannot get along without our sisters working out and conducting the manufacturing interests.

There are then, say, fifty thousand hands in the community, who, in five years, be fully engaged in every branch of manufactures, as effectively as the States or in Great Britain. Hitherto they have not been employed. Excepting in such as a hosiery-making, shoe-making, saddle-making, tailoring and cloth making by family looms, all the goods and fabrics we use, those hands ought to produce have been supplied by the merchants from foreign markets.

Oh, what astonishment, as it might please you, of the cheapness of States' goods, and say that the home manufacturers of Utah can neither compete with the States or abroad in price or quality. That is very much like reasoning in a circle. There is no fundamental argument or proof in the silly talk. It is like telling you that in the case of ox teams it took longer to send merchandise from the frontiers to Utah than it did from New York to St. Louis a much greater distance. This commune will most certainly break through that circle and vanquish the nonsense which even merchants could talk about the cheapness and quality of States' goods above home manufactures will be done away with, "because it is longer needed" as our sectarian friends used to say, our our mind, by our next upon another matter. The Pacific Rail will reverse much of our commercial affairs; and one thing more than that which concerns home manufactures. It will put the resources and facilities where our reach, and tend very much to give the opportunities and facilities for the employment of those fifty thousand hands, male and female, which can be set to work in Utah, the manufacturing interest, thus augmenting the material wealth and greatness of our community.

Now each branch of the operative classes must fix their several affairs in their own hands and legislate for their specialties in trade and commerce. None can do it for them. Each must do it for itself. Practical men whose energies, experience and talent are designed especially for the service of each peculiar movement must rise up to take hold of President Young's problem of co-operative enterprises for the development of our material resources and the independence of our people. We owe it to him all who feel themselves identified in the problem of home manufactures should vigorously take hold of the subject to carry out his purposes; and more owing it to him we owe it to ourselves. It is the solid facts of the case in their practical bearings on our own personal good that needs urging for practical results. It is well to perceive what we owe to him, and well to perceive what we owe to our great law. But for any matter touching commerce and trade, take a radical and lasting hold of the operative classes; they must realize something what they owe to themselves.
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS AND DON HOGGART.
[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Helen's strength was coming back to her but slowly; she complained of great languidness and want of appetite. But the following day having cleared up, the sun shone out with great power and brilliancy. She gladly welcomed the return of the fine blue sky, but Hazel shook his head; ten days' rain was not on their portion—the bad weather would return, and complete the month or six weeks' winter to which nature was entitled. The next evening the appearance of the sky confirmed his opinion. The sun set like a crimson shield; glory, and double its usual size. It entered into a thick bank of dark violet cloud that hung on the horizon, and seemed to split the vapor into rays, but of a dusky kind; immediately above this crimson, the clouds were of a brilliant gold, but higher they were the color of rubies, and not of gold at all.

But, as the orb dipped to the horizon, a solid pile of unearthly clouds came up from the south-east, their bodies were singularly and unnaturally black, and mottled with copper color, and hemmed with a fiery yellow; and these internal crowds lowered up their fire-driving flag as they all strove for predominance; it was like Milton's floods attacking the sky. The rate at which they climbed was wonderful. The sun set and the moon rose full, and showed those angry masses surging upwards and jostling each other as they flew.

Yet Helen was not ill.

Having admired the sublimity of the scene, and seen the full moon rise, but speedily lose her light in a brassy halo, they entered the hut, which was now the head-quarters, and they supped together there.

Helen was eating her little meal, the tops of the trees were heard to sigh, so still was everything else. None the less did those strange clouds fly northward, eighty miles an hour. After supper Helen sat busy over the fire, where some gum, collected by Hazel, resembling india-rubber, was boiling; she had put a cup of pork's lard in the fire to keep it hot, and to make the oil come out, with a coat of this material, which Hazel believed to be waterproof. She sat in such a position that he could watch her. It was a happy evening. She seemed content. She had got her work down. She was not in the least ill, there was nothing more. It was happiness to him to be by her side even on those terms. He thought of it all as he looked at her. How distant she had seemed once to him; what an unapproachable goddess. Yet there she was by his side in a hut he had made for her.

He could not help sipping the soft intoxicating draught her mere presence offered him. But by-and-by he felt his heart was dissolved within him, and he was trembling with danger. He must not look on her too long, beated by the fire like a wife. The much-cruising man rose, and turned his back upon the sight he loved so dearly; he went out at the open door intending to close it and bid her good-night. But he did not do so, just then; for his attention as an observer of nature was arrested by the unusual conduct of certain animals. Gaunlets and other sea-birds were running about the opposite wood and craning their necks in a strange way. He had never seen one enter that wood before.

Seals and sea-lions were surrounding the slope, and crawling about, and now and then plunging into the river, which they crossed with infinite difficulty, as if it was running very high and strong. The trees also seemed lighter than ever. Hazel turned back to tell Miss Rolleston something extraordinary was going on. She sat in sight of the river, and, as he came towards the hut, he saw her sitting by the fire reading.

He stopped short. Her work lay at her feet: she had taken out a letter and she was reading it by the fire.

As she read it her face was a puzzle. But Hazel saw the act alone; and a dart of ice seemed to go through and through him.

This, then, was her true source of consolation. He thought it was so before. He had even reason to thank the fact, but, never seeing any palpable proofs, he had almost become happy. He turned sick with jealous misery, and stood there rooted and frozen.
Then came a fierce impulse to shut the sight out that caused this pain.

He almost flung her portcullis to, and made his hand bleed.

But a bleeding heart does not feel scracheys.

"Good night," said he hoarsely.

"Good night!" she replied kindly.

And why should she not read his letter? She was his affianced bride, bound to him by honor as well as inclination. This was the reflection, to which, after a sore battle with his loving heart, the much-enduring man had to come at last; and he had come to it, and was getting back his peace of mind, though not his late complacency, and about to seek repose in sleep, when suddenly a clap of wind came down like thunder, and thrashed the island and everything in it.

All things animate and inanimate seemed to cry out as the blow fell.

Another soon followed, and another,—intermittent gusts at present, but of such severity that not one came without making its mark.

Birds were driven away like paper; the sea-lions whimpered, and crept into corners, and huddled together, and held each other, whimpering.

Hazel saw but one thing; the frail edifice he had built for the creature he adored. He looked out of his boat and fixed his horror-stricken eyes on it: he saw it waving to and fro, yet standing. He knew it must be quite solid; but it looked as if it must be terrified. It must go and support her. He left his shelter, and ran towards her hut. With a whoop and a scream another blast tore through the wood, and caught him. He fell, dug his hands into the soil, and clutched the earth. While he was floundering, a man was struck down in dismay, and saw that one of Helen's trees had broken like a carrot, and the head was on the ground leaping about; while a succession of horrible sounds of crushing, and rending, and tearing, showed the frail hut was giving way on every side; rage and madness must have come to a point to stound the fear. A man, uttered cries of terror death would not have drawn from him; and with a desperate hollering rush, he got to the place where the bow was broken; now it was a prostrate skeleton, with the mat roof floating like a loose sail above it, and Helen below.

As he reached the hut, the wind got hold of the last of the shrubs, that did duty as a door, and tore it from the cord, and whirled it into the air; it went past Hazel's face like a bird flying.

Though staggered himself by the same blow of wind, he clutched the tree and got into the hut.

He found her directly. She was kneeling beneath the mat that a few moments ago had been her roof. He extricated her in a moment; she sprang up, and clung to him with fear.

"Don't be frightened," said she "I am not hurt!"

But he felt her quiver from head to foot. He wrapped her in all her rugs, and thinking of nothing but her safety, lifted her in his strong arms to take her to his own place, which was easier from wind at least.

But this was no light work. To go there erect was impossible.

Holding tightly by the tree, he got her to the lee of the tent and waited for a lull. He went rapidly down the hill, but, ere he reached the river, a gust came roaring furiously. A sturdy young tree was near him. He placed against it, and wound his arms round her and its trunk. The blast came; the tree bent down almost to the ground, then whirled round, reversed, shivered, and was held firmly. It passed. Again he lifted her and bore her to the house. When he turned, moment to enter it, the wind almost choked her, and her long hair lashed his face like a whip. But he got her in, and they sat panting and crouching, but safe. They were none too soon; the tempest increased in violence, and became more continuous now.

No clouds, but a ghastly glare all over the sky. No rebellions waves, but a sea hissing and foaming under its master's lash. The river ran roaring and foaming by, and made the boat heave even in its little creek. The wind, though it could no longer make the trees fall, had turned into a swarm of wolves, —no longer like air in motion, but solid and keen. It seemed the Almighty's scythe mowing down nature; and soon it became, like turbid water, blackened with the leaves, branches, and fragments of all kinds it whirled along with it. Trees that had been a sharp crack; the leaves, and the remains of the huts passed over their heads into the sea.

Helen behaved admirably. Speech was impossible, but she thanked him without it—eloquently; she nestled her little hand into Hazel's, and, to Hazel, that night, with all its awful sights and sounds, was a blissful one. She had been in danger but now was safe by his side. She had pressed his hand and thanked him, and now she was cowering a little towards him in that way that claimed him as her protector. Her glorious bliss was blessed, and seemed to become more continuous.

Through the houses of the woods, they heard some crash nearer and more awful than another's clutched him quickly though lightly; for, in danger, her heart to feel a friend; it is not enough to see him near: once, when a great dusky form of a sea-lion came clawing over the mound, and, whimpering, peeped into the boat-house, she even fled to his shoulder with both hands for a moment, and was there light as a feather, till the creature had passed. And his soul was full of peace, and a great tranquillity came upon him. He heard nothing of the wreck, knew nothing of the dangers of the night.

Oh, mighty Love! The tempest might blow, and fill air with dust, earth with ruin, so that it spared her. The wind was kind to the gentle night, which brought that hair round his face, as that head so near his shoulder, and gave him the holy joy of protecting under his wing the soft creature he adored.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

On the morning that followed this memorable night, as our characters seemed to change characters. Hazel a rope, and the others—two strong men, a woman, a sailor who is a piece of networking, and a boat, which they AMS, shame, regret, and humiliation. He was so absorbed in his self-reproaches that he did not hear a light footsteps, and Ille Rolleston stood near him a moment or two, and watched the play of his face in accordance with a very inquisitive and keen look in his own eyes.

"Never mind," said she, soothingly.

Hazel started at the music.

"Never mind your house being blown to atoms, and mine to ground," he said, half reproachfully.

"You took too much pains with mine." "I will take a great deal more with the next."

"I hope not. But I want you to come and look at the hut. It is terrible, and yet so grand." And thus she drew him away from the sight that caused his pain, and he was persuaded.

They entered the wood by a path Hazel had cut from the sea-shore, and viewed the devastation in Terrapin wood. The prostrate trees lay across one another in astonishing number and in the strangest positions; and their glorious plumes swayed the earth. "Come," said she, "it is a bad thing for the trees, but not for us. See, the street is strewn with branches. Here is a tree full of fans all ready made. And what is this? A horse's tail growing on a cocoa-tree, and a long one too; with the head of a man, and here it is. Cabbage. Poor Mr. Welel. Wel. Well, for one thing, you wouldn't be better if you saw or climb any more. See the advantages of a hurricane.

From the wood they took him to the shore, and there his foundering boat. He had read of the end, and he had read of good to eat. For certain signs had convinced him his fair and delicate companion was carnivora, and must be nourished accordingly. Seeing him so employed, he asked him archly whether he was beginning so to see the comfort of an hurricane. "Not yet," said he; "the account is far from even."

"Then come to where the rock was blown down" She is the way gaily across the sands to a point where an overhang, clog had fallen, with two trees and a quantity of earth as on the land, and they saw it blow away. The rock came suddenly grave, and stood still. The mass had fallen upon a sheltered place, where seals were hiding from the wind and had hurried several; for two or three limbs were sticking out, of victims overwhelmed in the ruin; and a magnificent lion lay clay alone of the small ruin, but quite dead. The sea was not far to seek: a ton of hard rock had struck him, or then plowed up the sand in a deep furrow, and now rest within a yard or two of the animal whose back it had broke. The men, that went up to the creature, and looked at it: then he crouched to Helen; and the group was in the heaving of a hurricane," said "Come away: it is an ugly sight for you."

"Oh, yes," said Helen. Then, as they returned. "Does that reconcile you to the loss of a hut? We are not blowy now.""That is true," said Hazel; "but suppose your health should suffer from the exposure to such fearful weather. So subtle; so cruel just as you were beginning to get stronger!"

"I am all the better for it, Shall I tell you? Excitement:"
good thing; not too often, of course; but now and then, and then we are in the humor for it, it is meat and drink and meditated on."

"What's to a delicate young lady?"

"A, to a delicate young lady." Last night has done me a world of good. It has shaken me out of myself. I am in better health and spirits. Of course I am very sorry the hut is in its present situation, and that it is so difficult to find it. I am not on my own account, I really don't care a straw. Find me some corner to nestle in at night, and all day I mean to do about, and busy as a bee, helping you, and—Breakfast!"

And he called hunger "I am." And this spirited girl led the way to the boat with a briskness and a vigor that charmed and astonished him.

Sovent femme varie.

This gracious behavior did not blind Hazel to the serious character of the situation, and all breakfast time he was thinking, and often kept a morose in his mouth, and forgot to eat it or several seconds, he was so anxious and puzzled. At last, his side, I knew I knew.

He uttered the verb rather loudly, but the substantive he said I knew the situation that was amusing. His timidity was superfluous; if he had said he knew "a horse where the wild thyme grows," the suggestion would have been well received that morning.

"A carnal!" cried Helen. "It has always been the dream of my father to live down there."

Hazel brightened up. But the next moment he clouded gain.

"But I forgot. It will not do. There is a spring running from the cove. It comes down near a perpendicular, through a channel it has bored, or enlarged; and splashes on the floor."

"How convenient!" said Helen; "now I shall have a bath in my room, instead of being so near the sea, which is the lowest part of the house."

Helen had overheard all this, and the gentle deflection of the sea was very desirable.

"I mean to have a large hollow tree with apertures. If I were to close them all but one, and keep that for the door? No; I don't think I can do without another tree with one. Stay: I know—no—cavern."

A cavern! cried Helen. "It has always been the dream of my father to live down there."

"He ran off to the cavern, and found it spacious and safe; but the spring was falling in great force, and the roof of the cave listening with moisture. It looked a hopeless case. But if necessity is the mother of invention, surely Love is the father."

A couple of hours back, and she found the entrance to a small valley which he had seen from the sea, and which looked to the least of the cliffs. He had heard her; a guerre of defiance. Nothing was to be done there. But he traced it upstream a little way, and found a place where it ran beside a deep declivity. "Ah, my friend!"

Helen said, "Now I'll laugh as much as you like, when once we have a Dido."

Helen climbed in.
They started on foot one delightful day, and walked briskly for the air, though balmy, was exhilarating. They followed the course of the river till they came to the lake that fed it. This was fed itself by hundreds of little natural gutters down into the hills discharged the rains. This was new to Helen, it was in the early day. She spread the map, and thought that it was incorrect, a little too big. She took some open water in her hand, sprinkled the lake with it, and called Hazelmore. They bore a little to the right and proceeded. They found a creek-shaped like a wedge, at water's edge, and opposite of foliage showed, and the mainland, with a lovely blue water peeping behind. This was tempting, but uncanny was rather hazardous at first; great square blocks of rock, one below another, and these rode steps were covered with mosses of rich hue, but were of slight height and all were alarmed for his constancy. However, after one or two footbridges, this tried opening wider to the sun, and they descended from the slimy rocks into a sloping hot-bed of exotic flowers, and those huge succulent leaves that are the glory of the tropic world, green as a green sea, and whispering to one another, and others, more aspiring, climbed the warm edge of the diverging cliffs, just as creepers go up a wall, lining on the cliche as they rose. In this blessed spot, warmed, yet scorching, by the tropical sun, and fed with trickling water, these many spots of many-flowered table dwells were giants, and our flowers were trees, lovely giants of the jasmine tribe, but with flowers like a marigold, and scented like a rose tube, had a stem as thick as a poplar, and carried its thousand buds and scent. The south wind was not strong, but flowed every one, every ledge suckers, that flowered again, and filled the air with perfume. Another tree about half as high was covered with cascade of white-snow tulips, each as big as a small flower, and scented like honeysuckle. An aloe, ten feet high, with drooping leaves covered the rock, and at the very mouth of the fissure a huge banana leaned across and hung out its vast leaves, that seemed translucent gold and green as the sun: under it shone a monstrous cactus in all its pinnate crimson glory, and through the mass of color stretched the rose of the peaceful ocean, laughing and kicking its leaves.

Helen leaned against the cliff and quivered with delight at the deep sense of flowers that belonged to your true woman. Then she bade him come to the beach, and she was not to walk dinner for him. She was not to go about like through a small jungle, and I'll just rejoin the Palm-tree Point; for you, Helen, is all askew. I saw that it came along.

Helen ascended readily, and he ran off, but left her devotion. She was not to wait dinner for him. It is a short path to open the books. The whole sea is found fresh beauties in each, and also some English lady that gave her pleasure of another kind; and after she had had flowers in the flowers, she examined the shore, and soon found that the rocks, which abounded here (though there were thousands of others), were, indeed, not so rare. Greatly varied. Red coral was abundant; and even the coral, to which fashion was just then giving a fictitious value was there by the ton. This interested her, and so did the beautiful shells that lay sparkingly. The true passed on, and then she fell in her turn to collect a little, and, looking back, she saw a white vapor rising over the cliff, and curling down. Upon this she thought prudent to return to the place where Hazel had left her, but the coast was near sunset.

The vapor ascended and spread, and covered sea and shore. Then the sun set; and it was darkness visible. Coming from the sea, the start-catch Hazel sooner and in a less favorable situation.

Returning from the palm-tree, he had not thought to bring a small jungle, and so his way was wide. He passed by this way westward, turned last bit of the cliff, as he thought. He bellowed there was no reply; bellowed again; and to his joy, her voice replied, but at a distance. He had come to the wrong coast, he was further westward. He groaned his way westward, and came to another cliff. He bellowed to her, and she said...
CURIOSITIES OF SOUND.

To our limited understandings it sometimes seems that Nature delights in curious freaks; but when we come to analyze her apparent vagaries they resolve themselves into mere instances of the working of simple laws. Imagine the whispering chamber, but do not hear the direct and reflected sound because the interval between them is too short. The reflecting surface must be at some distance to allow an appreciable time for the sound to travel to it and come back again to the ear. The travelling rate of sound in air is about 1,100 feet a second, and reflected sound travels at the same speed as direct; hence by noticing the time which elapses between a sound and its echo we may estimate how far off the echoing surface is. As far as this is known the subject is one of many an inquisitive traveler, too, is interested in wondering what echoes of the Swiss mountains. The rolling and pealing of thunder is due to echoes of the primary clap, which are generated in the clouds. A curious echo occurs at the London Colosseum. Mr. Whistler found that a syllable pronounced during the upper part of the wall of this structure was repeated a great many times. A single exclamation sounded like a peal of laughter, and the tearing of a sheet of paper like the patter of hail.

We have said that sound travels at the rate of about 1,100 feet a second; but this speed depends upon the elasticity and density of the air; and as the elasticity depends upon temperature, it follows that sound travels differently, according as the weather is warm or cold. At freezing temperatures its rate is 1,040 feet. This is due to the decrease in density and elasticity. Sound travels slower in winter than in summer. It's velocity through other substances than air is also very different. Through hydrogen gas it is 4,160 feet a second, and through water a little greater than this. Iron conveys it at nearly four times the speed through air.

Sound is produced by certain vibrations or pulsations communicated to the atmosphere. When we pluck a harp-string we set it quivering and cause it to give the adjacent air a periodic compression and rarefaction, the number of these blows in a second depending upon the tension and temperature of the string. If the string only gave one push to the air we should hear but no noise or blow; but as in vibrating it gives a rapid succession of pushes, we experience a rapid succession of noises, and the number of these is the velocity of the sound. For high and low musical notes the vocal cords must be made to vibrate musical if only they succeed each other at equal intervals of time, and with sufficient rapidity. If a watch could be caused to tick a hundred times in a second, the ticks would lose their individuality and blend into a musical tone. In the tapping of a pigeon's wings could be accomplished at the same rate, the bird would make music in its flight. The hummingbird does this, and so do thousands of insects whose wings vibrate with great rapidity. The highness or lowness, what we call the pitch of a sound, depends upon the rapidity with which the wave-vectors pass. When their rate of fifty or sixty a second we have a deep growing bass sound; when at the rate of from twenty to thirty thousand in the same interval, the sound is a piercing treble. The human voice sounds from a pitch of eighty to a hundred waves from the lungs, but from extreme rapid pulsations. It seems that the tympanic membrane is incapable of receiving and communicating more than about 20,000 blows in a second. But the limit varies with different persons; the squeak of a bat, the chirrup of the house-sparrow, the sound of a cricket are unheard by some people who possess a sensitive hear for lower sounds. The ascent of a single note is sometimes sufficient to produce the change from sound to silence.

Since the pitch of a sound depends upon the number of pulsations in a second, it is evident the time—space that we run towards a source of sound, what is the consequence? Evidently the vibrations are crowded upon the ear more quickly than they would be if we stood still, and, conversely, if we run away from a sound they come upon us more slowly. Hence arises the sonorous effect of the two sounds. When the sound is sharpened, and in the second case flattened by our motion. This may be observed at any railway station during the passage of a rapid train. As the engine approaches, the sonorous waves emitted by the whistle are virtually shortened, a greater number of waves are crowded into the same space as the train passes, and as it retreats the sonorous waves are virtually lengthened. The consequence is, that in approaching the whistle sounds a higher note, and in retreating a lower tone, than if the train were stationary.

Although a plucked string, or a string otherwise made to vibrate, produces sound by beating the air, it must be observed that a string is too small a thing of itself to set in motion such a mass of air as is necessary to fill a room with sound. Hence to make strings available for musical instruments they
HOW THE ST. PETERSBURG AND MOSCOW RAILROAD WAS BUILT.

The Emperor Nicholas had in his court a certain general, Kleinmichel, a disagreeable person, exceedingly unpopular, and of equivocal fidelity, but who pleased by his reticence and promptness in executing orders, when the road was decided upon by a counsel of ministers, and its extensive financial aspect, a map of Russia was brought to the Czar, who was asked to look over the course designated by the different engineers and give his preference. Nicholas, without saying a word, took the map, marked a straight line from Moscow to St. Petersburg, and said to the specified engineers:

"This is the line of the railroad."

"But," they all cried, "impossible. Your majesty will find no one to undertake such a work. It would be to hide treasures in the desert."

"Then undertake it when I command it to be done!" said Nicholas. "We shall see." And signaling Kleinmichel from a corner:

"Kleinmichel," he said, "you see this line?"

"Yes, sire.

"This is a new railroad I propose constructing in my empire."

"Sire, it is magnificent."

"You think so? Will you charge yourself, then, with the execution of my orders?"

"With the greatest pleasure, sire, if your majesty orders: But the funds, the funds!"

"Don't be troubled about them. Ask for all the money you want." And turning to the engineers:

"You see," said Nicholas to them, "I can get along without you. I will build my own railroad."

And the construction of this road lasted ten years. It did not deviate an inch from the line marked out by the imperial finger; and leaving on one side, at about a distance of ten leagues, the villages of Novgorod, Tver, and a host of others equally important, it traversed, in the midst of marshes and woods, nothing but immense solitudes; 700 kilometers of iron road cost Russia four hundred million francs—a little more than a half a million kilometers—of which the devoted Kleinmichel (but that is a matter of course) took a good share. Nicholas, however, was right in saying nothing could resist him.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE VANISHED HALF-DIME.

Put a little wax on the nail of the middle finger of the right hand. Take a half-dime into the palm of the same hand. Close the hand, pressing the wax on the coin. Then rapidly open it, and the silver piece will float here to the wax, and be quite concealed until your finger when you half your hand up.

CHARADE 11.

In every hedge my second is,
As well as every tree,
And when poor school-boy, act assime.
It often is their fee.

My first likewise is always wicked,
Yet never committed sin,
My total for my first is dried,
Composed of brass or tin.

CONUNDRUMS.

37. What is it that which every one can divide, but no one can see when it has been divided?
38. Spell hard water with three letters.

39. What letter of the alphabet come too late for supper?

ANSWERS TO NO. 38. PAGE 54.

CHARADE 10. —Bai-ton.

RIDDLE 6. — A bell.
THE UTAH MAGAZINE;

DEVOTED TO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Vol. 2

SALT LAKE CITY, NOV. 14, 1868.

POETRY.

A SONG OF WINTER.

Od Winter, art thou come?
With all thy savage blasts and shortened hours,
Each nothing in thine eyes but starved gloom,
And sad forgetfulness of Summer flowers,
Much little on thy lips but meanings drear,
One, saddest that thou art, least loved of all the year.

Now that through and through
By bitter piercing winds will search and leave
The boughs, but quite undo
The web that Summer had such toil to weave,
Then freeze her songs to silence, till no bird
Can any passing stream along the woods be heard.

Now thy breath and face,
Cold wasted features and devouring tongue
Are fairer than young spring in all her grace;
Nor Summer wanting the fields among
Faster than king-cups crushed with foot of kine.
Balsam winds that kiss dark crowns of purple pine.

What can Summer bring
That should not make man's heart more sad than gay,
What awakens the voice of Spring
So boughs long chambered with the old year's decay;
What know we of Death, that we should borrow
Forth of earth's new joy re-visited from winter's sorrow?

Think—if only we
Let to our hearts, even as the branches bare
Of our old burdens of like them, and be
All night abandoned to thy scourging air—
Why would our lightened hearts not droop, as now
Watch the year's young fire in every bursting bough.

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR R. BULWER LYTTON.

THE INVOCATION OF THE DEAD.

With all her persuasion of her own powers in predicting the future, we have seen that Hilda had never failed her oracles on the fate of Harold, without any awed sense of the ambiguity of their replies. That fate, involving the mightiest interests of a great race, and connected with events operating on the farthest times and remotest lands, lost itself to her prophetic ken amidst the most contradictory shadows and lights the most conflicting, meshes the most entangled. Her human heart, devotedly attached to the earl through her love for Edith—her pride obstinately bent on securing to the last daughter of her princey race that throne, which all her vanities, even when most gloomy, assured her was destined to the man with whom Edith's doom was interwoven, combined to induce her to the most favorable interpretation of all that seemed sinister and doubtful. But according to the tenets of that peculiar form of magic cultivated by Hilda, the comprehensive became obscured by whatever partook of human sympathy. It was a magic wholly distinct from the malignant witchcraft more popularly known to us, which was equally common to the Germanic and Scandinavian heathens.

All the night that succeeded her last brief conference with Harold, the Vols wandered through the wild forest land, seeking haunts, or employed in collecting herbs, hallowed to her dubious yet solemn lore; and the last stars were receding into the cold gray skies, when, returning homeward, she beheld within the circle of the Druid temple a motionless object, stretched on the ground near the Teuton's grave; she approached, and perceived what seemed a corpse, it was so still and stiff in its repose, and the face upturned to the skies was so haggard and death-like—a face horrible to behold; the evidence of extreme age was written on the shrivelled livid skin and the deep furrows, but the expression retained that intense malignity which belongs to a power of life that extreme age rarely knows. The garb which belonged to a remote fashion, was foul and ragged, and neither by the garb, nor by the face, was it easy to guess what was the sex of this seeming corpse. But by a strange and peculiar odor that rose from the form, and a certain glinting on the face, and the lean folded hands, Hilda knew that the creature was one of those witches, esteemed of all the most deadly and abhorred, who, by the application of certain ointments, were supposed to possess the power of separating soul from body, and, leaving the last as dead, to dismiss the first to the dismal orgies of the Sabbat. It was the frequent custom to select for the place of such trances, heathen temples and ancient graves. And Hilda seated herself beside the witch to await the waking.
the dread face on which Hilda calmly gazed, showed symptoms of returning life; a strong convulsion shook the vague indefinite form under its huddled garments, the eyes opened and closed opened again; and what had a few moments before seemed a dead thing, sat up and looked round.

"Wicea," said the Danish prophetess, with an accent between contempt and curiosity, "for what mischief to best or man hast thou followed the noisless path of the dreams through the air of night?"

The creature gazed hard upon the questioner, from its bleared but fiery eyes, and replied slowly, "Hail, Hilda, the Morthwyrtha! why art thou not of us, why comest thou not to our revels? Gay sport have we had to-night with Faul and Zabulus; but gayer far shall our sport be in the wassail hall of Senlac, when thy grandchild shall come in the toilight to the bridal bed of her lord. A buxom bride is Edith the Fair, and fair looked her face in her sleep on yester noon when I sat by her side, and breathed on her brow, and murmured the verse that blackens the dream; but fairer still shall she look in her sleep by her lord.

Hai! hai! Hol we shall be there, with Zabulus and Faul; we shall be there!"

"How!" said Hilda, thrilled to learn that the secret ambition she cherished was known to this loathed sister in the art. "How dost thou pretend to that mystery of the future which is dim and clouded even to me? Canst thou tell when and where the daughter of the Norse kings shall sleep on the breast of her lord?"

A sound that partook of laughter, but so unearthly in its malignent glebe that it seemed not to come from a human lip, answered the Vala; and as the laugh died away, the witch rose and said—

"Go and question thy dead, O Morthwyrtha! Thou dearest thyself wiser than we are; we wretched hags whom the corri seeks where his herd has the murrain, or the girl when her false love framakes her; we, who have no dwelling known to man, but are found at need in the wold, or the cave, on the side of dull slimy streams where the murderous mother hath drowned her babe. Askest thou, O Hilda, the rich and the learned, askest thou counsel and lore from the daughter of Faul?"

"No," answered the Vala haughtily, "not to such as thou do the great Nornas unfold the future. What knowest thou of the runes of old, whispered by the trunkless skull of the mighty Odin? runes that control the elements, and conjure up the shining shadows of the grave. Not with thee will the stars confer; and thy dreams are foul with revolting obscene, not solemn and haunted with the bodements of things to come! Only I marvelled when I beheld thee on the Saxons' grave, what joy such as thou canst find in that life above life, which draws upward the soul of the true Vara."

"The joy," replied the witch, "the joy which comes from wisdom and power, higher than thou ever won with your spell from the rune or the star. Wrath gives the venom to the slaver of the dog, and death to the curse of the witch. When wilt thou be as wise as the hag thou despisest? When all the clouds that beset thee roll away from thy ken? When thy hope are all crushed, when thy passions lie dead, when thy pride is abashed, when thou art but a wreck, like the shafts of this temple, through which the star-light can shine. Then only, thy soul will see clearly the sense of the runes, and then, thou and I will on the verge of the black, shoreless sea!"

So, despite all her haughtiness and disdain, these words startled the lofty prophetess, that she remained gazing into space long after that fearful vision had vanished, and up from the grass, those obscene steps had profaned, sprang the singing;

"But ere the sun had dispelled the dews on the forest floor, Hilda had recovered her wonted calm, and looked within her own secret chamber, prepared the runes for the invocation of the dead.

Resolving, should the auguries consulted led him to depart, to intrust Guth with the charge of Edith, Harold parted from his betrothed without a hint of his suspended designs; and he passed the day in making all preparations for his absence on his journey, promising Guth to give his final answer on the morrow—when either himself or his bride should depart for Rouen. But more and more impressed with the arguments of Guth, and his sober reason, and somewhat perhaps influenced by the forebodings of Edith (for that mind, once so voluntarily firm, had become tremulously alive to airly influences,) he had almost predetermined to assent to his brother's prayer, when he departed his dismal appointment with the Morthwyrtha. The night was dim, but not dark; no moon shone on the stars, wan though frequent, gleamed pale, as the farthest depths of the heavens; clouds gray and grey, rolled slowly across the wealke, vailing and dissolving by turns, the melancholy orbs.

The Morthwyrtha, in her dark dress, stood at the circle of stones. She had already kindled a fire at the foot of the bastantast, and its glare shone red through the gray shafts; playing through their forlorn upon the sward. By her side was a vessel, seen to be a vessel, of pure water, filled from the old Roman fountain; its clear surface flashed blood-red in the beams that bind them, in a circle round both fire and water. Fragments of bark, cut in a peculiar form, like the points of an arrow, and inscribed with the mystic letter, were the fragments, and on each fragment were the runes. In her right hand the Morthwyrtha held her seid-staff, her feet were bare, and her joins the huanish belt inscribed by the mystic letter; the belt hung a poch or gipris of bear-skull plates silver. Her face, as Harold entered the hall, had lost its usual calm— it was wild and troubled.

She seemed unconscious of Harold's presence, her eye fixed and rigid, was as that of one in a trance. Slowly, as if constrained by some power not her own, she began to move round the ring with a measured pace, and at last her voice broke low, hollow, internal, into a rugged chant, which may be thus feebly translated—

"By the Udar-fonnt dwelling,
Day by day from the sill.
The Nornas be sparkles
The ash Yeag-dra setups,*
The hant hits the bals.
And the snake gnaws the root.
But the eagle all-seeing
Keeps watch on the fruit.

* Yeag-dra setups, the mystic Ash-tree of Life, or symbol of the race covered by the Fates.
"These drops on thy tomb
From the fountain I pour;
With the runes I invoke thee,
With fame I restore.

"Dread Father of men
In the land of thy grave.
Give voice to the Vain,
And light to the brave.

As she thus chanted, the Northwyrtha now sprinkled the drops from the vessel over the bautaste—
 one by one, cast the bark scrawled with runes into the fire. Then, whether or not the glinting or glistening chemical had mingled in the fire, a pale gleam broke from the grave-stone thus sprinkled, and the whole tomb glistened in the light of the leaping fire. From this light a mist or dim haze gradually rose, and then took, though vaguely, outline of a vast human form. But so indefinite was the outline to Harold's eye, that gazing on it, he felt, and stilling with strong effort his loud heart, new not whether it was a phantom or a vapor he held.

The Vain paused, leaning on her staff, and gazing on the glowing stone, while the earl, with his hand folded on his broad breast, stood hushed and motionless. The sorceress recommended—

"Mighty dead I revere thee,
Dim-shaped from the cloud,
With the light of thy deeds
For the web of thy renown!

"As Odin contended
Mimir's shall hollow-eyed.
Odin's heart comes to seek
In the Phantom a guide.

As the Northwyrtha ceased, the fire crackled loud, and from its flame flew one of the fragments of bark to foot of the sorceress: the rune letters all indented in sparks.

The sorceress uttered a loud cry, which, despite his rage and natural strong voice, thrilled through Harold's heart to his marrow and bones, so appalling was its with wrath and terror, and while she gazed on the blazing letters, she burst forth—

"No warrior seek thou,
And no child of the tomb:
I know thee and shudder.
Great Act of Doom.

"Thou constraintest my lips,
And thou crushest my spell:
Bright Son of the Giant,
Dread Father of Hell!

The whole form of the Northwyrtha then became swelled and agitated, as if with the tempest of fury; the foam gathered to her lips, and her voice going forth like a shrill—

"In the Iron Wood rages
The Weaver of Horta.
The giant Blood-drinker
Has born Mynerva.

"A keel nears the shore;
Where the dreamer beheld thee,
O soul spread thy wings,
Ere the gloaming bath spell'd thee.

"Oh, deced is the tempter.

And strong the control;
But conquered the tempter,
If firm be the soul?"

The Vain paused; and though it was evident that in her frenzy she was still unconscious of Harold's presence, and seemed but to be the compelled and passive voice to some power, real or imaginary, beyond her own existence, the proud man approached, and said—

"Firm shall be my soul; nor of the dangers which beset it would I ask the dead or the living. If plain answers to mortal sense can come from these airy shadows or these mystic charms, reply, O, interpreter of fate; reply but to the questions I demand. If I go to the court of the Norman, shall I return unsatisfied?"

The Vain stood rigid as a shape of stone while Harold thus spoke; and her voice came so low and strange as if forced from her scarce-moving lips—

"Thou shalt return unsought.
Thou hast the hostages of Godwin, my father, he released?"

"The hostages of Godwin shall be released," answered the same voice; "the hostage of Harold shall be retained."

"Wherefore hostage from me?"

"In pledge of alliance with the Norman."

"Ha! then the Norman and Harold shall plight friendship and troth?"

"Yes!" answered the Vain; but this time a visible shudder passed over frame.

"Two questions more, and I have done. The Norman priests have the car of the Roman Pontiff. Shall my league with William the Norman avail to win me my bride?"

"It will win thee the bride thou wouldst not have wielded but for thy league with William the Norman. Peace with thy questions, peace!" continued the voice, trembling as with some fearful struggle; "for it is the voice of the Demon that forces my words, and they wither my soul to speak them."

"But one question more remains: shall I live to wear the crown of England; and if so, when shall I be a king?"

At these words the face of the prophetess kindled, the fire suddenly leaped up higher and brighter; again, vivid sparks lighted up the runes on the fragments of bark that were shot from the flame; over these last the Northwyrtha bowed her head, and then, lifting it triumphantly burst forth once more into song—

"When the Wolf-mouth, grim and still,
Reaps the snow-flower on the hill;
When, through white air sharp and bitter,
Mocking sunbeams freeze and glitter;
When the ice-gems bright and barbed
Decked the boughs the leaves had garbed:
And the circle be completed;
Then the measure shall be meted.
Cordial's race the Thor-descended,
In the Monk-king's tomb be ended:
And no Saxon bow but thine
Wear the crown of Woden's shrine.

"Where thou wanderest, wend unsurpassing.
Every step thy throne is nearing.
Fraud may plot, and force assail the—
Shall the soul thou trustest fail thee?
If it fail thee, scornful be the—
Still the throne shines near and nearer.
Guile with guile oppose, and never..."
Crown and brow shall Foro discover;  
Till the dead men unforgiving  
Loose the war-steads on the living;  
Till a sun whose race is ending  
Sees the rival stars contending:  
Where the dead men unforgiving,  
Wheel the war-steads round the living.  

"Where thou wendest, wend unfearing;  
Every step thy throne is nearing,  
Never shall thy house decay;  
Nor thy scepter pass away,  
While the Saxon name endureth  
In the land thy throne secureth;  
Saxon name and throne together,  
Leaf and root, shall wax and wither;  
So the measure shall be meted,  
And the circle close completed.

"Art thou answered, dauntless seeker?  
Go, thy back shall ride the breaker,  
Every hillow high and higher,  
Waft thee up to thy desire;  
And before you shine own;  
Drift and strand thee on the throne.

"When the Wolf Month, grim and still,  
Piles the snow-mass on the hill.  
In the white air sharp and bitter  
Shall thy kingly scepter glitter;  
When the ice-gens barb the bough  
Shall the jewls clasp thy brow;  
Winter wind, the oak unproving,  
With the altar-anthem bleeding;  
Wind shall howl, and stone shall ring.  
Hail to Harold. Hail the King!"

An exultation that seemed more than human, so intense it was, and so solemn,—thundered, in the voice that thus closed predictions that seemed signalized to belie the more vague and menacing warnings with which the dreary incantation had commenced. The North-wytha stood erect and stately, still gazing on the pale blue flame that rose from the burial stone, till slowly the flame waned and paled, and at last died with a sudden flicker, leaving the gray tomb standing forth all weather worn, and desolate, while a wind rose from the north, and sighed through the roofless columns. Then as the light over the grave expired, Hilda gave a deep sigh; and fell to the ground senseless.

Harold lifted his eyes towards the stars and murmured—

"If it be a sin, as the priests say, to pierce the dark walls that surround us here, and read the future in the dim world beyond; why gavest thou, O heaven, the reason, never resting, save when it explores? Why last thou set in the heart the mystic Law of Desire, ever toiling at the High, ever grasping at the Fair?"

Heaven answered not the unquiet soul. The clouds passed to and fro in their wanderings, the wind still sighed through the hollow stones, the fire still shot with rain sparks toward the distant stars. In the cloud and the wind and the fire couldst thou read no answer from Heaven, unquiet soul?

The next day, with a gallant company, the falcon on his wrist, the slyly bound gambolling before his steed, blithe of heart and high in hope. Earl Harold took his way to the Norman court.

LESSONS IN GEOLOGY NO. 20.

The term scoriæ or cinders, is applied to the fragmentary slags of lava which are ejected into the air, and then settle around the volcano. The structure of these cinders is owing entirely to the influence of the external air, and not to any special difference of material in composition. Whether lava flows like a stream, or is thrown up in jets, it cracks, and becomes porous, as soon as it is acted upon by the atmospheric gases. The result is, that the pieces become cellular vesicular,—that is, a mass full of small rounded holes, as may be seen in a specimen of pumice and lava. If lava is cooled under great pressure, it becomes compact, and even crystalline, as in trap, trachyte, etc.

During an eruption, masses of stone are often thrown up into the air, Where do these stones come from, and come unmelted? When the little islet, called Graham’s island, rose in the Mediterranean, near the coast of Sicily, in 1871, its crater ejected pieces of dolomite rock, and fragments of limestone; and a mass of some pounds weight of Silurian rock. At the awful eruption of Tumboro, in Sundawa, an island in the Molucca group, which took place in 1872, stones fell very thick—some of them as large as the fists, but most of them only of the size of a walnut. In a museum at Naples, are exhibited specimens of the various stones which have been ejected from the crater of Vesuvius. Several of these specimens are fragments of the limestone which prevails in the district, and these limestone specimens contain organic matter in them. These specimens prove that the vent of the volcano goes lower down than the limestone bed, and that the melted matter thrown up rises against the sides of this rock, rends and tears portions of it off, and throws them up into the surface. The limestone specimens are found to be impregnated with magnesia, an element which entered while they was being heated in this volcanic crucible.

Besides stones, it is found that volcanoes discharge a vast quantity of ashes, which darken the air for hours, and sometimes for many days, and which fall occasion great damage to agriculture, and villages and towns. These dry and hot ashes are probably only lava pulverized or turned into powder by friction. It has been conjectured by some that they originate in the kind of bladed froth which may have once rested on the surface of the incandescent matter while cooling under diminished pressure.

These ashes are sometimes like impalpable powders, but, in other instances, very heavy as a mass. During the eruption of Tumboro, in Sundawa, in 1872, the ashes which fell were so heavy as to crush and destroy several houses even at forty miles distant from the crater. Also at sea, to the west of Sundawa, some thousands miles off from Tumboro, the ashes and cinders fell so thick as to float two feet deep on the surface of the sea, and render the passage of ships extremely difficult. In other instances, the ashes were so light and subtle as that, notwithstanding an avenue made to cover the deck, they lay in heaps of a foot in depth on many parts of the vessel, and several tons were thrown overboard.

The quantity of ashes discharged by volcanoes must be immense. In 1875 there was an eruption of Coiguitana, a volcano in the gulf of Fonseca, on the

---

[The Utah Magazine, Nov. 14, 1870]
Ashore of the Pacific. During that eruption, ashes fell to Truxillo, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Portions of this shower of ashes fell on board a ship twelve hundred miles westward of the volcano, and four days later at Kingston, in Jamaica, 700 miles eastward of it, having traveled in the air by an upper current of west wind, at the rate of 170 miles a day. For about 30 miles to the south of this volcano, ashes covered the ground three yards and a half deep; thousands of cattle, wild animals, and birds perished under the ashes. This fact assists the geologist in accounting for the bones and skeletons of extinct species of animals which are found in the ashes of ancient volcanoes, such as are found in Avergne, in France.

Some remarkable facts connected with the structure of these ashes deserve to be noticed. When Graham Island rose in the Mediterranean, in 1851, Dr. Davy, mentioned a shower of ashes which fell. In the substance of these ashes, he found fibres like vegetable fibre, and which had the smell of a burning sea weed. This has lead to the conjectures that as sea-water entered the submarine volcano, fibres of weeds were sucked in with it. There is another fact more remarkable still. On Sept. 3, 1845, a Dauntless was sailing in 61° north latitude, a thick cloud was seen to approach the vessel from the N. W. in the direction of Iceland. The sails and the deck were immediately covered with ashes. These ashes had come from the volcano Mount Hecla, which was in a state of eruption on that day. This volcano was 533 miles from the ship, so that the ashes must have traveled at the rate of 16 miles per hour. The famous Professor Ehrenberg examined this dust under a powerful microscope, and discovered that it abounded in well known siliceous organic bodies, and in well preserved shells or cases of infusoria. This is a fact of great importance, as it helps us to account for certain volcanic dust found near extinct volcanoes such as the Eifel, on the Rhine.

FAMILY LITERATURE.
THE WORKS OF HARPER BROS.

By W. E. FULLING.

The tens of thousands of Utah have been gathered from a reading public. Those abroad who imagined that we are neither readers nor thinkers forget that the majority of our community are originally from Great Britain and the United States, that our Elders at least, are acquainted with the magazines and quarterlies of England and Scotland, as well as the best literature of America.

It is true that during the first stages of settlement of the Valleys of the Rocky Mountains our people have been from necessity, forced to grapple with the hard duties of life, and have neither possessed the time for mental culture nor the surroundings of social ease and refinement. But we have now fairly passed through the first phases of society, and they will never return to us again, nor will this people ever again be driven from their homes. I predicate this upon the just sense of the age which could not possibly allow a territory with its hundred and twenty-five cities and settlements to be rooted up, or its peaceful inhabitants to be sent to the slaughterhouse. Our people have now, therefore, the opportunity (for they possess both time and influence) to fill the land with one of the greatest luxuries of civilized life—namely Family Libraries, and this brings us directly to a recommendation of Harper's Family Literature.

An elaborate critical review of the works of these famous publishers is not needed for all know that they edit as well as publish the best family literature in the country. I merely design now, when the Pacific Railroad offers a cheap transportation of books, and these enterprising gentlemen seek the patronage of this people by their advertisement in the Utah Magazine, to recommend and speak in general terms of the excellent quality of the periodicals which they present to the reading public.

First in the list comes Harper's Magazine. This, as the New York Observer has justly pronounced, is "the most popular Monthly in the world." It is made up of matter and subjects not so heavy in style and quality, as the essays, reviews, and philosophical biographies of the Quarterly, and Monthlyes of England, nor of the Atlantic Monthly of this country; while it is the first in rank of its own kind in America. The Galaxy, it is true, is a First Class Monthly, and has obtained a fair circulation in Utah. Some years ago, when the writer of this notice was in New York, the liberal Editors of the Galaxy, engaged him to supply their Magazine; with a series of articles on the Mormons and their Commonwealth, designed as making novelties in the opening numbers of their then Semi-Monthly. These articles, brought the Galaxy into circulation in this Territory, and I would recommend it to be continued by our people as one of their family magazines; but that of Harper Brothers' is the family magazine of the nation, and decidedly deserves the first place in our household libraries.

Harper's Weekly which is advertised as "a Complete Pictorial History of the Times," also deserves the favor of this people as well as the country at large. It published at about the period of the first issue of the Galaxy a full set of portraits of Brigham Young and the Mormon leaders. It was this that made the subject of Mormonism and the Mormons popular, and, therefore, marketable at the time in New York. I was repeatedly struck, on the week of that issue, with the groups at the book stalls looking at the bold placard announcing "A Splendid Portrait of Brigham Young and the Mormon Temple." This suggested to me that the subject had been made marketable by Harper Brothers, and I, forthwith, offered a series of articles to the Galaxy for which I received as much as fifty dollars per article, the whole of which obtained extensive notice in the States, I confess rather for their novelty than their quality. But this was not the end of Harper's publication of those plates. The Phrenological Journal next engaged me to supply the biographies and phrenological analysis of character of the Mormon leaders, and I purchased the plates in question of Harper Brothers to accompany the biographies, those gentlemen letting me have them for one third less than asked of Mr. Wells himself in consideration that I had supplied the reading matter introducing those illustrations, of the Mormon leaders and the view of Salt Lake City in Harper's Weekly. I know of no Magazine or Weeklies so suitable for family instruction, blended with interesting entertainment nor any so valuable for a deposit in our family libraries as the Phrenological Journal, the Galaxy, and the Magazine and Illustrated Paper of Harper Bros.
Seven years ago I was standing in the Main Street of Great Salt Lake City, watching a man running up the poles putting up telegraph wires. A brother Seventy was by my side. We were both contemplating an event in our history, for surely that which has been an event in the history of a world cannot be less than an event when it has come round to us.

"Thank God, Edward, for that." I said to my brother of the Seventies. "Thank God, Edward, we are going into the days of telegraphs and railroads."

"I am sorry," my friend replied. "The Gentiles will be upon us, and the government will have the means to destroy us."

"But the Government will not destroy us," was my rejoinder. "Let the Gentiles come, they cannot hurt us, but will do us good. We shall be safer when the railroad is here, not in more danger. Edward, that which brings Washington nearer to us will bring us nearer to Washington. We cannot fulfill our destiny in isolation. We must be brought into the heart of the nation and mixed up in her best interests. We cannot grow much farther. We need all the facilities and resources of civilization. Our enterprise is crippled, our avenues blocked up, by our growth, our ambition has no scope equal to its aims, our energies have no field large enough for their manifestations, our labor only a limited market, all is importation, there is no exportation. The reign of isolation must pass away; a new era will dawn; it will be the era of telegraphs and railroads. That era will be the type of our future."

We had just passed through the days of isolation, and that phrase was better understood than the new era of the Pacific Railroad. It must be confessed, I was not in accord with the majority; and it would have been unwise to have said to many, what all would say to me today. They would have thought I wanted ten thousand Gentiles here to hurt us: no rather let ten thousand gentlemen come up to do us good. Let the nation come up; let the railroad come up; let all the agencies of civilization and social growth come up. Let the enlightened men of Europe come up, and read the philosophy of human nature, and intense religious manifestations compounded in that wonderful problem—Mormonism. They would believe that they had found the illustration of the ideal of the metaphysical Shakespeare—"There is a soul of Goodness in things evil," and realize that our very faults had grown of our will virtues. Into our heart, they would enter, and we should understand them; into their heart we should enter, and they would understand us, and explain us to the world. Can you master the subtleties of a spiritual consciousness, or legislate for the forms of a religious faith? You must enter into the heart of humanity, and not into its head. Win its love, and you will bless and redeem it. "We love him, because he first loved us," is the cardinal doctrine of Christianity. Herein is the might of Christ. Enter into the door of our heart, and win our love, if you would regenerate us, and if we need regeneration.

Mr. Bowles in his book, "Across the Continent," anticipates a revolution among the Mormons, through the Pacific Railroad, and that through its agencies the ideas of the people will be enlarged. So it will bring about a revolution, and enlarge everything in Mormonism, but that revolution will be very different to that of the general anticipation. If there come a transformation, after we have passed through the era of isolation, and been brought into fellowship with the great and good outside of ourselves, then it will be Mormonism transformed altogether, with Brigham Young at its head more potent than ever. We cannot apostatize from ourselves, but we shall progress, grow within a day without, in our own nature, in our aims in life, in our love for everything outside of ourselves worthy of love and admiration. We shall pattern after the great and absorb all the influences of civilization in our social and material growth. We shall transmigrate ourselves into higher states of our peculiar sociology, evolve ourselves in more advanced forms of our own genius; but the Mormons can never apostatize from themselves. Intercourse with the great and good of America will benefit us in many ways. It will make us better acquainted with their excellent qualities and aims, and make them better acquainted with the great earnestness and genuineness of the Mormon people, and reveal how large their hearts, how large their heads. Enter into those hearts if you have aught of good to do, but let those heads alone, for nature has made them large enough, and their own missionary experience, or, all the world has crowded them with their own ideas and views. Why there is not one of us Seventies with our twenty years' missionary experience, who could descend to listen to the ministers of the day. Such is a Mormon elder's arrogance. He has solved them years ago, and the polished clergy of England feared no man so much as they did the Mormon elder not even feared the infidels as much.

There has been a wonderful misconception of the Mormons. Even Mr. Bowles, who has been to Salt Lake City, and devoted much of his book to that people speaks of them as though they had always been isolated, geographically speaking, for we have always been isolated religiously, ever since we fell through and with others. He thinks the Pacific Railroad will give us ideas, and let daylight into human skylight, who has never looked into heaven outside of Salt Lake City. This is true, of course of many of those born in Utah. But the majority of this people have come from the land of railroads. Ten thousand of the Mormon priesthood have been preachers, thousands of them have traveled as missionary, through America, Europe, Africa and Asia, and have seen more than the author of "Across the Continent" ever will see, and they made the trip across the continent first. How little are we known! Why in Utah there are the men who organized and built up a little Mormon kingdom in Great Britain, men who have traveled on railroads and mastered the polished clergy of England, who also traveled on railroads, and took from them over a hundred thousand souls and brought them to America. They wrought their works out of the
FOUL PLAY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Hazel waited and listened. So did Helen, and her breath came fast; for in the still night she heard light but mysterious sounds. Something was moving on the sand very slowly, and softly, but nearer and nearer. Her heart began to leap. She put out her hand instinctively to clasp Mr. Hezekiel, but he was too far off. She had the presence of mind and the self-denial to disguise her fears; for she knew he would come headlong to her assistance.

And now she became conscious that not only one but several things were shimmering about.

Presently the creeping ceased, and was followed by a louder and more menacing whisper that seemed to be rising like raking and digging. Three or four mysterious visitors seemed to be making graces.

This was too much; especially coming as it did after talk about the primeval dead. Her desire to scream was so strong, and she was so foot-stroked and would break his neck, if she relieved her mind in that way, that she actually took her handkerchief and bit it hard.

But this situation was cut short by a beneficent luminous. That one with a magnificent bound—it was her in that latitude—and everything splendid without that moment; the fog shivered in its turn, and appeared to open in a furious, as great jellyfish of golden light shot through it from the swiftly rising orb. Soon, those golden darts increased to streams of fire, lightning, illuminating all, and Helen burst out laughing like chanteuse, for this first bright day revealed the sections that had scared her—three ponderous turtles, crawling, slow and clumsy, back to the sea.

Hazel joined her, and they soon found what these evil spirits of the sand had said at poor wreathes. They had such buried a dozen eggs in the sand: one dozen of which were very soon set holling. At first indeed, Hazel objected that they had no shells, but Hazel told her she might as well complain of a rose without a thorn. He assured her turtles' eggs were a known delicacy, and were very superior to birds' eggs; and she found them; they were eaten with the keenest relish.

"And now," said Helen, "for my discoveries. First, here are my English leaves, only bigger. I found them on a large bank.

"English leaves" cried Hazel with rapture. "Why it is the cactus-locust!"

"Oh, dear," said Helen, disappointed; "I took it for the Indian-rubber tree."

"It is the Indian-rubber tree; and I have been hunting for it all over the island in vain, and using wretchedly inferior guns for want of it."

"I'm so glad," said Helen. "And now I have something else to show you; something that curdled my blood. But I dare say I was very foolish." She took him half across the sand and pointed out to him a number of stones dotted over the sand in a sort of oval. These stones, streaked with sea grass, and encrusted with small shells, were not at equal distances, but yet, allowing for gaps, they formed a decided figure. Their outline resembled a great fish wanting the tail.

"Can this be chance?" asked Helen: "oh, if it should be what I fear, and that is—Savages!"

Hazel considered it attentively a long time. "Too far at sea for the living things," said he. "And yet it cannot be chance. What on earth is it? It looks Druidical. But how can that be? The island was smaller when those were placed here than it is now."

He went nearer and examined one of the stones; then he scraped away the sand from its base, and found it was not that kind like a stone, but more like a whale's rib. He became excited, went on his knees, and tore the sand up with his hands. Then he rose up agitated, and traced the outline again.

"Great Heavan!" said he. "Why is it a ship?"

"A ship!"

"Ay," said he, standing in the middle of it, "there, beneath
our feet, lies man: with his work, and his treasures. This car-
case has been here for many a long year; not so very long nei-
ther; she is too big for the sixteenth century, and yet she must
have been sunk when the island was smaller. I take it to be
a Spanish or Portuguese ship; probably one of those treasure-
ships out of commerce, and chartered pirates, and the American
buccaneers, used to chase about these seas. Here lie her bones,
and the bones of her crew. Your question was soon answered.
All that we can say has been said; can do has been done; can
suffer has been suffered.
The There were silent, and the sunk ship's bones moved them
strangely. In their deep isolation from the human race, even
the presence of the dead brought humanity somehow nearer to
them.
They walked thoughtfully away, and made across the sands to
the Telegraph Point.
Before they got home, Helen suggested that perhaps, if bo
to were to dig in the ship, he might find something useful.
He shook his head. "Impossible! The iron has not melted
down as sugar long before this. Nothing can have survived
but gold and silver, and they are not worth picking up, much
less digging for; my time is too precious. You have found
two buried treasures to-day-turtles' eggs, and a ship, freight-
ed, as I think, with what men call the precious metals. Well,
the eggs are gold, and the gold is a drug-there it will lie for
Both discoverer bore fruits. The ship:-Hazeled made a row
that never again should any poor ship lay her ribs on this
island for want of warning. He buoyed the reefs. He ran out
to sea, and warned away from a storm warning ship, and a
black reef, and, in this case, he wrote with white on black. He
wrote a similar warning, with white on black, at the western
extremity of Goddes Island.
The eggs.-Hazel watched for the turtles at day-break; turn-
ced one now and then, and fed Helen on the meat of its eggs,
morn. noon, and night.
For some time she had been advancing in health and strength.
And now, she was all day in the air; she had the full
beneath the very cloud, and the horizon carefully, as a matter-of-
and muscular vigor became truly astonishing: especially under
what Hazel called the turtle cure; though, indeed, she was
cured before. She ate three good meals a day, and needed
them; for she was up with the sun, and her hands and feet were
never still.
Four months on the island had done this. But four
months had not shown those training eyes the white speck on the
horizon: the sail, so longed and longed for.
Hazel once walked the island by himself, but not to explore, for
he knew the place well by this time, but he went his rounds to
see that all his signals were in working order.
He went to Mount Look-out one day with this view. It
was about an hour before noon. Long before he got to the
mountain-top, he could see a ship, and had been too fast; being
heavily laden, and under no press of sail. A keen thrill went through
him; and his mind was in a whirl. He ran home with the great
news. But, even as he ran, a cold sickly feeling came over him.
He revisited the feeling as a thing too monstrous and sickly,
and resolved it so fiercely, that when he got to the signal post
and saw Helen, busy at her work, he waved his hat and hurried
again and again, and appeared almost mad with triumph.
Helen stood transfixed, she had never seen him in such a
state.
"Good news!" he cried; "great news! A ship in sight! You
are rescued!"
Her heart leaped into her mouth.

"A ship!" she screamed. "Where? Where?"
He came up to her, panting.
"Close under the island. Hill by the Bluff; but you will
see her in half an hour. God be praised. Get everything read
for. Hurrah! This is our last day on the island."
The words were brave, and loud, and boisterous, but
face was pale and drawn, and Helen saw it, and thought
bustled and got ready to leave, the tears were in her eyes.
the event was too great and too wild for a crisis like this.
They ran about like persons crazed, and
took things up and laid them down again, scarcely knowing
what they were doing. But presently they were sobered a
little, for the ship did not appear. They ran across the sand
that they could see the Bluff; she ought to have passed
half an hour ago.
Hazel thought she must have anchored.
Helen looked at him steadily.
"Dear friend," said she, "are you sure there is a ship at
sea? Are you not under a delusion? This island fills the
fancies. One day I thought I saw a ship sailing in the
Ah!" she uttered a faint scream, for, while she was speaking
the boatswain and jib of a vessel glided past the Bluff so
nearly, they seemed to scrape it, and a ship emerged grandly,
and disappeared behind the cliff.
"Are they mad?" cried Hazel, "to lug the shore like
Ah! they have seen my warning."
And it appeared so, for the ship just then came up into
wind several points, and left the Bluff dead astern.
Hazel was silent. "Bread way along the coast," said of a
ship, and seemed inclined to range along the coast. But pres-
sently she was up in the wind again, and made a greater offering
than Hazel. At last, the sight of the fierce and from the
people's face in the deuce. The ship might come.
Better to watch her movements, and signals, if necessary, they both went up to Telegraph Point.
Then sailor at all, being low water. Seen from the
height, the working of this vessel was unspeakable. She
took wind as often as a ship and was commanded by a drunken skipper. However, she was kept of a clear of the home reefs, and made a good offering, and so ate
she opened the bay heading N.W., and distant four miles
thowards the east. Now was the time to drop her anchor.
Hazel saw the telegraph wires run to her ship, and
his hand and hand to her. But the ship sailed on. She was
immensely, but she kept her course; and, when she had gone
or two, the sickening truth forced itself at last
on those eager watchers. She had decided not to touch
till the wind was off, and then they could not get over.
In vain they cried for help upon the eastern cliff; it had
et her, but not pleased for them. The monsters saw their
heights-their hope, their joy-saw and abandoned them
at one momento, and when they turned their human face whether such a deed as this could be done
by man upon his fellow. Then they uttered wild cries to
side of the receding vessel.
Vain, vain, all was vain.
Then they sat down, stumped, but still glaring at the
and each, at the same moment, held out a hand to the
came a burst of anguish that no words could utter.
At this Hazel started to his feet in fury!
"Now may the God that made sea and land judge between
though his fair ship were there. "Be patient," said Helen, sobbing. "Oh, oh, oh.
"No! I will not be patient," roared Hazel. "Judge her
cause. O God! each of these tears against a reptile's skin.
And so he stood glaring with his hair standing wildly to
breeze; while she sighed patiently at his knee.
Presently he began to watch the vessel with a grimness and
her eye. Anon he burst out suddenly, "Ah! that is the
Well steered. Don't cry, sweet one; our cause is heard.
They could not be quite sure what to do with the basket I
on deck. Perhaps I have been too hard on you, Helen,"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Helen looked up, and there was the ship fast, and on
side. She was on the White Water Reef. Not upon the
rocks themselves, but on a part of them that was under win

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Helen
Hazard ran down to the beach; and there Helen found him drestly agitated. All his anger was gone; he had but one thought now—"to go out to her assistance. But it still wanted a hour to high water, and it was blowing smartly, and there was always a surf upon that reef. What if the reef should break and lives be lost?

He paced the sands like a wild beast in its cage, in an agony of pity, remorse, and burning impatience. His feelings became tolerable; he set his back to the boat, and with horrid pain, and all his soul, crept down a little way to meet the tide. He got out on the reef and put them down to rollers. He strove, he strained; he struggled till his hands were purple. And at last he met a flowing tide, and in a moment, jumped into the boat, and dashed off. Helen begged with sparkling eyes to be allowed to follow.

"What, to a shipidden with scurvy, or Heaven knows what? Certainly not. Besides, you would be wet through; it blowing rather fresh, and I shall carry on. Pray for the sail, and I will go to help; and for me, who have sinned in my pride."

He hoisted his sail and ran out.

Helen stood on the bank, and watched him with tender adoration. How good and brave he was! And he could go into passion too, when she was wronged, or when he thought she was wronged on the sand, and, as she rose, he turned away from her.

She watched him at first with admiration, but soon with anxiety; for he had no sooner passed North Gate, than the cutter, having both sails set, though reefed, lay down very much, and her heart kept disappearing. Helen felt anxious, and would have gone downwight frightened, but for her confidence in his prowess.

And by-and-by only her staggering sails were visible; and in a few minutes she reached the creek. The wind declined with the tide, and Helen made two great fires, and prepared food for the sufferers; and as it was, the waves handled it like a toy. Then came a barret; then a broken spear. These were the forerunners of more fearful harvoce.

The sea became strewn and literally blackened with frag- ments: part wreck, part cargo of a broken vessel.

Helen knew onshore and looked seaward. This was fair wind for Hazard's return; and she began to expect him very soon. But, no, he delayed unaccountably.

And the worst of it was, it began to blow a gale; and this wind sent the sea rolling into the bay in a manner that alarmed the whole company. The night wore on, no sign of the boat; and now there was heavy gale outside, and a great sea rolling in, brown and browning.

Day broke, and showed the sea for a mile or two; the rest as by fairy magic.

Helen knelt on the shore and prayed for him.

Dire misgivings oppressed her. And soon these were higbt-ened to terror; for the sea began to disgorge things of a kind that had never come ashore before. A great ship's mast came rolling on the sand, and the waves handled it like a toy. Then came a barrel; then a broken spear. These were the forerunners of more fearful harvoce.

A black object caught her eye: driven in upon the crest of wave.

She looked, with her hair flying straight back, and her eyes most starting from her head.

It was a boat, bottom up: driven on, and tasseled like a cork.

It came nearer, nearer, nearer.

She dived into the water with a wild scream, but a wave bore her away. The net was sent, and she rose, an enormous lifter lifted the boat upright into the air, and, breaking, dropped it; it fell uppermost on the beach at her side—empty!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Helen uttered a shriek of agony, and her knees smote to-gether, and she would have swooned on the spot but for the ind and the spray that beat against her.

To the fearful stun succeeded the wildest distress. She ran and flung herself into a wild animal heretofore; she kept wringing her hands and uttering cries of pity and despair, and went back to the boat a hundred times; it held her by a spell.

It was long before she could think connectedly, and, even then, it was not of herself, nor of her lonely state; but only, Why did not she die with him? Why did she not die instead of him?

He had been all the world to her; and now she knew it. Oh, what a friend, what a champion; what a lover these cruel waves had destroyed!

The morning broke, and still she hovered and hovered about the broken boat, as if it were a child's toy; she took the broken eye, and held it, she went down to the breeze; and not a tear. If she could only have smooth- ed his last moments, have spoken one word into his dying ear! But, no. Her poor hero! Had she been going in to say others died thinking her as cold as the water that had destroyed him.

The waves had not yet gone, but he went, walling piteously, and imploring the waves to give her at least his dead body to speak to, and mourn over. But the sea denied her even that miserable consolation.

The next tide brought in a few more fragments of the wreck, but no corpus delicti ashore.

Then at last, as the waves once more retired, leaving this time, only petty fragments of wreck on the beach, she lifted up her voice, and almost wept her heart out of her body.

She was pale, and her tears were as a shower, and her mind and Helen now began to rebel, though faintly, against despair.

She had been quite crushed at first, under the material evidence—the boat driven empty by the very wind and waves that had done the cruel deed. But the heart is averse to being emblematical and profound, and Helen, too, had quite given in to the little dissenting minds, and she began to see that perhaps the waves did not mean to be hurtful, and perhaps those of her own kind could bear a favorable construction. The mast had not been broken; how then, had the boat? The boat had not gone down. She had had time to get to the wreck before the gale from the north came on at all; and why should a fair wind, though powerful, upset the boat? On these slender things she began to build a super- structure of hope, without her heart interceding or hesi- tating.

"What would he do in my place, and would he sit guessing while hope had a hair to hang by?" That thought struck her like a spur; and in a moment she bounded into action, erect, her lips fixed, and her eye on fire, though her cheek was very pale.

She went swiftly to Hazel's store, and searched it, and there she found the jib sail, a boat-hook, some rope, and one little oar, that Hazel was making for her, and had not quite com- pleted. The sight of this, her last work, overpowered her again; and she sat down and took it on her knees, and kissed it, and cried over it. And these tears weakened her for a time.

She felt it, and had the resolution to leave the car behind. A single oar was to use to row with. She rigged the boat-hook as a mast; and fastened the sail to it; and, with this poor equip- ment, she actually resolved to put out to sea.

The wind still blew smartly, and there was no blue sky visible.

And now she remembered she had eaten nothing; that would not do. Her strength might fail her. She made a ready meal and ate it almost fiercely. and by a pure effort of resolution; as she was doing all the rest.

By this time, it was nearly high tide. She watched the water creep ing up. Will it float the boat? It rose over the keel; two inches, three inches. Five inches water! Now she pushes with all her strength. No; the boat has water in it, she had forgotten the boat.

She covered the boat with the net, and then the wave crept in, and she had no more water. And then she moved it. She stopped to take breath, and8 husband her strength. But, when she renewed her efforts, the five inches were four, and she had the misery of seeing the water crawl away by degrees, and leave the boat high and dry.

She stood, her hands rested on her knees, and her heart longed and prayed. When she had prayed a long time for strength and wisdom, she lay down for an hour, and tried to sleep, but failed. Then she prepared for a more serious struggle with the many difficulties she had to encounter. Now she thanked God more than ever for the boat, and she got about two round logs, and, as soon as the tide crested up to four inches, she lifted the bow a little, and got a roller under. Then she went to the boat's stern; set her teeth, and pushed with a rush of excitement that gave her almo- st a man's strength.
The stubborn boat seemed elastic, and all but moved. Then instantly, with a rush where her true strength lay, She got to the stern of the boat, and in little her back, and the gunwale, and her gathering herself together and gave a superb effort, the boat moved a foot. She followed it up, and heaved it against the side, then, with a cry, she put her shoulder to it and hurled it onward. The boat was now on two rollers: one more magnificent heave with all her zeal, and strength, and youth, and the boat glided forward. She turned and rushed to it as it went, and the water deepening, and a gust catching the sail, it went out to sea, and she had only just time to throw herself across the gunwale, panting. She was afforded. The wind was S.W., and before she knew where she was, the boat headed towards the home reefs, and slipped through the water pretty fast considering how small a sail she carried. She ran to the helm. As the weather was beginning the boat running for the reef. She slacked the sheet and the boat lost her way, and began to drift with the tide, which, fortunately, had not yet turned. It carried her in store.

Helen cast her eyes around for her, and she found her prisoner, and she unhitched the rope, and by tugging it over the side, and alternately slacking and hauling the sheet, she contrived to make the boat crawl like a winged bird through the western passage. After that it soon got becalmed under the cliff, and drifted into two feet of water.

Instead of getting out to the mast, get out into the water, and row the boat ashore. She tied it round a heavy barrel she found there, and set the barrel up, and heaped stones round it and on it, which, unfortunately was a long job, though she worked with feverish haste; then she went round the point, sometimes in the water, sometimes on the beach, for the little oar she had left behind, because it broke her heart to look at it. Away with such weakness now! With that oar, his last work, she might steer if she could not row. She got it. She came back to the boat to reconnoitre her voyage.

She could not sail all safe, but in six inches of water, and the tide going out. So ended her voyage: four hundred yards at most, and then to wait another twelve hours for the tide.

It was too cruel; and every hour so precious: for, even if Hazel was alive, he would die of cold and hunger ere she could get to him. She cried like a woman.

She made several trips, and put away things in the boat that could possibly be of use—plunder, provision, and a keg of water; Hazel's wooden spade to paddle or scull with; his bat, keen, keen, keen, in case of the need of defense. She had been broken by sad and terrible dreams: then she waited in an agony of impatience for high water.

We are, not the best judges of what is good for us. Probably these delays saved her own life. She went out at last under far more favorable circumstances: a light westerly breeze, and a tide through the reef, however, severely incommode in a ground-swell.

At first she steered with the spade as well as she could, but she found this was insufficient. The current ran westward, and she was drifting out of her course. Then she remembered Hazel's lessons, and made shift to fasten the spade to the helm, and then laid the helm. Even this did not quite do, so she took her little oar, tied it over it a little, and then pulled manfully with it so as to keep the true course. It was a long and weary round the reef. When the spencer, near the island, was not in sight from the ground island; but as soon as she lost the latter, the former became visible: an ugly grinning reef, with an eternal surf on the south and western sides.

Often she left off rowing, and turned to look at it. It was all blank, except the white and bluish surf, except the white and bluish surf.

When she was about four miles from the nearest reef, there was a rush and bubble in the water, and a great shark came after the boat. Helen screamed, and turned very cold. She dreaded the monster not for what he could do now, but for what he might do in the future. It seemed to her that the boat was so violently behind it. Was he there when the boat upset with Hazel in it? Was it his greedy maw the remnant of his best friend must be sought? Her lips opened, but no sound issued from them, and hid her face at this awful thought.

The shark followed steadily.

She got to the reef but did not hit it off as she intended. She ran under the lee, towed the little sail, and steered the boat into a place where the shark could hardly follow her.

Helen trembled with all the fear of a child, and her head in a tempest and screamed with all the fear of a child, and her head in a tempest and screamed the boat to the branches of a white corall rock.

She found the place much larger than it looked from Telegraph Point. It was an archipelago of coral reefs encircling here and there with shells. She could not see all over it, where she was, so she made for what seemed the highest point; a bleak, seacoastly mound, with some sandy hillocks about it. She went up and down, and looked eagerly all round.

Not a sound.

She felt very sick, and sat down upon the mound.

When she had yielded awhile to the weakness of her sex, she got up, and was her father's daughter again. She set to work to examine it in detail, one half the island; and at last she discovered something. She saw at the eastern side of the reef, a wooden figure of a woman, and, making her way to it, found the figure head, and a piece of the bow; of the ship, with a sail on it, and a yard on that. This fragment was wedged into the angle of the reef, and the seaward edge of it shattered in a way that struck terror to Helen, for showed her how omnipotent the sea had been. On the reef itself she found a cask with a little blue, and two wooden cases or chests. But what was all this to her?

She sat down again, for her knees failed her. Presently there was a sort of moan near her, and a seal splashed into the water and dived out of her sight. She put her hands on her head in her hand down, utterly desolate. She sat thus for a long time indeed, until she was interrupted by most unexpected visitor.

**The Mother's Blessing.**

"Your home is just beyond that point, is it not, Frank?"

"Yes, Captain."

"It is too dark for you to see it."

"Yes, but I shall be able to see the signal."

"What signal, Frank?"

"The light in the window."

"I do not exactly understand you, Frank."

"Then I will explain to you, sir. You know that I have been with you seven years. In entering your service, my mother gave me her blessing, and committed me to the care of heaven and yourself. I was seven years of age the day I first sailed with you, and I am fourteen now. Have I ever given you any cause of complaint, sir?"

"Never, Frank. But what of the light in the window?"

"Have you never heard me speak of it before?"

"I have heard you speak of your signal as you rounded this point; but I supposed you referred to your mother's cottage, or the lights burning in it."

"It was to a light which burnt in one particular window."

"How could you distinguish any particular window at this distance?"

"I will tell you, and then you may judge for yourself. When I left home, my mother said to me, 'Frank, you are now going to sea. Most of your trips will be made from New York to New Orleans, and return. When you are homeward bound you will pass that point. If it be in day-light, you can see our cottage; and if I am alive and well, our flag will be waving over it. If it should be dark when you come in sight, you will see a light in the window; for shall know about the time to look for you, and, soon as darkness comes on, the signal shall always waiting.'"
"And you have always seen that light as you passed this point?"

"Always. This is the twenty-third trip we have made, and never but once have we passed that cottage in daylight. The signal is always there; and I tell you, Captain, it always makes my heart bound with joy as I gaze upon it. I shall see it again in a moment."

"Would you not like to be set ashore opposite your home, Frank?"

"If I could be spared, sir."

"Yes. We are from a southern port, and though our ship is perfectly healthy, we will probably be obliged to remain at quarantine for a time, as the yellow fever is raging below. You will have time to rejoin us before we go into New York."

"I would like to land, sir," said Frank his face becoming very pale.

"You can do so. But what is the matter?"

"Look yonder, sir."

"I see nothing particular."

"That is it, sir. I cannot see it myself."

"The signal?"

"Yes, sir. The light is not there."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; and it should be, for we are several days behind our usual time."

"Perhaps that is the reason of it. Your mother may think that we are in port, and be expecting you to enter the house every moment."

"Captain, something is wrong, for she never removes the light until I set foot in the cottage?"

"Are you sure that you are in sight of the cottage?"

"Yes; for I can see it, although indistinctly, in the moon's rays."

"Well, we will land you, and you can soon learn what is the matter."

It required but a few moments to set Frank Ludlow upon shore; and, with a heavy heart, he bent his steps towards the home of his youth.

Frank had reached a little grove which adjoined his youthful home; but here he paused and stood for some time in silence. Tears started into his eyes, and he repeated the name of his mother in a low tone. Then, as if afraid to go forward and satisfy himself, he called in a louder voice, and still louder; but only an echo came back to greet his ears.

A faintness came over the lad, and he sank back upon the ground. But he started to his feet again as if he had been stung by a serpent. He had seized himself upon freshly-turned earth, and its dampness chilled him. He turned to look upon the spot, but the tears blinded his vision. He brushed them away, however, and then gazed upon the earth where he had sunk.

A fresh mound met his gaze. It was a new-made grave; and with a cry of agony, the boy flogged upon it. He called upon his mother to come back, only for a moment, to bid him farewell. But silence—deathly silence was around him. Presently a hand touched him, and he started to his feet. He recognized one of his neighbors, and he asked: "Loring, whose grave is this?"

"You were calling her name just now?"

"My mother?"

"Yes, Frank."

"Oh, tell me all about it. Loring."

"Come into the cottage, first."

The boy obeyed. As he entered the humble house where he had seen so many happy days, it appeared to him that he could hear his mother's voice calling upon his name. He fancied that he could hear her footsteps crossing the apartment to meet him. But she was not there. He entered the room where the signal had usually been placed, and gazed earnestly around. Everything appeared to be just as he had last seen it; and he could not bring himself to believe that his mother, who had embraced him at parting only three months before, was now sleeping in that cold grave.

He glanced towards the window. The lamp was there, in its accustomed place; but it was not burning. The boy approached, and gazed upon it. The wick was blackened and crisped, showing that it had been lighted; but the oil was entirely exhausted, showing how it had become extinguished. Silently the devoted son regarded this evidence of a mother's remembrance and love; and then turning to the neighbor, he asked: "Loring, how long has my mother been dead?"

"She was buried only yesterday."

"Could you not have kept her body until I came?"

"No; we did just as your mother instructed us to do."

"How was that?"

"For a week before her death, your mother kept that light burning in the window."

"She expected my return?"

"Yes."

"Well, go on."

"Five days ago, she called me to her side, and then asked me to bring her the light. I did so. She gazed upon it, and smiled. Then she told me to fill it afresh and trim and light it. I did so, and she told me to set it in the window."

"Bless her—bless her!" sobbed the boy.

"When I had replaced the light, she said: 'In an hour I shall be no more. I should like to see my dear boy once more, but I fear I shall not be permitted to do so. But keep that light burning in the window until the oil is exhausted, and it goes out of itself. Then, and not until then, place my body in the grave."

If my boy arrives, he will see the light, if it be still burning, and will hasten here. He will gaze upon my pale, cold face, and read there the words of blessing I would speak. If no light be burning, he will know that his mother is no more; and, bending over my grave, he will weep, and mourn my loss. But tell him I am not lost. Tell him to look up to the bright arch above him, and in heaven's window he will see the light which his mother placed there, burning brightly—a signal and a beacon for him. Saying this, she died."

"And you did as she requested?"

"Yes; the grave was made in the grave-yard. At sunset yesterday, the lamp went out, and we then placed her poor body to rest."

Frank Ludlow did not sleep that night, but set himself to work to beautify and ornament the spot where slept that dear clay. When morning dawned, the fresh, green sod covered the mound, and flowers had been planted upon it. This done, with a heavy heart the lad set out to rejoin the ship.
"Well, Frank, was the absence of the light explained?"
"Yes, sir."
"Why was it not burning?"
"It has been transferred, sir, to one of the windows of heaven. I shall only see it when I have made my last voyage across the dark river of death."
Frank set about his duties with apparent cheerfulness; but it was evident he was heart-broken.

The ship was again on its return voyage from New Orleans. It was opposite the point where stood the lonely cottage and where slept the mother's clay. The entire ship's officers and crew surrounded the couch of the dying boy "Captain, are we not near the cottage?"
"Yes, Frank."
"But can you see the light burning?"
"It is not burning there, Frank."
"But it is burning up yonder, for I can see it."
The brave boy did not speak again. He smiled, and his spirit passed quickly away.
Did he not see the light his mother had placed in the window of his heavenly home, even before he had reached it?

THE DRAMA OF THE GODS.

What glorious dramas have the Gods performed!
What scenes of grandeur in succession come!
What vast machinery in the play divine,
With movements full, and wondrous workings in
Of beauty, order, majesty and power.
They with the awful, mighty, grand and vast—
That make the proudest genius kiss the dust,
Shake lofty tyrants on their bloody thrones,
And though their limbs were with the palsy stricken—
Have worn such gilded webs, with minute skill,
As tiny things of microscopic race,
To which the apple of the human eye
Would be as large as unto man the sun,
Which in the zenith of his glory seems
Well nigh to fill the infinite abyss.
They out of atoms which no mortal scan,
Even by their aid of art, their bulk can name,
Forge links of chains, of workmanship so fine,
That not the faintest breath that dims the glass,
As life is but an expiring effort makes,
But what would cut them into million shreds.
If hung apart to catch its dying wind,
And blow each thread to chaos back again.
But yet immortals weave the wondrous work,
And chain on chain around the nucleus blind;
Thus massive planets grow, and suns are born,
And countless systems walk the trackless path,
While as they move along they swell the strain,
And heaps of blue vault resounds their maker's praise.
Not like a bubble of the mimic stage,
Where human actors tread the boards their hour,
Who echo snatches of the play of life,
And nature's painting imitate with drums:
The Gods their dramas write in parts that live.
Creative acts, the universe their stage,
The principals are they, the chorus we,
Yea, all their creatures are the fillings in:
A soul in every scene is looking out;
All seen in motion and with life endowed.
The seasons pass along, the movements change,
And now the heavens thick mourning robe put on,
And then anon the sun the blackness drives,
As rising from his slumber of the night,
He shoots out brightness as his pitchfork's foe,
And hoary winter come and walks his time,
And thickly throws his clammy froth abroad:
His frosty fingers nip the tender plants,
While briskly he links up the busy chain,
And sternly seeks to lengthen out his term.
Now apace age appears with quenchless thirst,
And eaily he drains the stream of life.
While horrid death close on his footsteps trots,
And clothed in shrouds, the grave brings up the rear.
Then spring comes round with recreating power,
And nature summer patched with wondrous skill.
And lastly she blinds her varied hues
Of colors, sparkling, delicate, and grand,
And gilds the full-blown corn with brilliant gold.
And as the scene's rye change, great nature sings.
The massive music of the universe
The harmonies swell out in rich artistic parts:
Now burst the mighty thunder from the skies,
The cataracts dash down their crashing notes,
And under ground the earth's quakes jumps make:
While warbling birds and snowy-rippling streams
And millions soft-toned voices catch the strain.
And send enchantment on the waving wind.
The play moves on, and startling episodes
Shake nations, thrill the hearts of worlds.
Root up old dynasties and hurl down kings,
Bring forth, and birth unto new empires give.
Society remake, and peasants place
Upon the lofty thrones where monarchs sat:
And when the acts, their perfect series reach,
Up then creation's massive curtain rise,
And on the stage the Gods fresh systems roll.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE.

Pierce a few holes with a glasser's diamond in a common black bottle place it in a vase or jug of water, so that the neck only is above the surface.
Then, with a funnel, fill the bottle and cork it well, and while it is in the jug or vase. Take it out; notwithstanding the holes in the bottom, it will not leak; wipe it dry, and give it to some person to uncork. The moment the cork is drawn, to the party's astonishment, the water will begin to run out at the bottom of the bottle.

CHARADES.

What skillful housewife does not know,
When, where to place such care?
When nosey done it will not show.

Conspicuous, it is worst.
My second all the world must do.
Either with head or hand,
In different ways the same parent.

On water, or on sand.
My whole a picture of life.
Varied with good or ill.

Wet bright or dull, with light or dark.
Arranged with art or skill.

COMEDRUMS.

40. What vessel is it which is always seeking leave to move?
41. How is it that you can work with an awl but not with a forest?
42. Why is France like a skeleton?

ANSWERS TO NO. 24, PAGE 56.

CHARADE 11.—Candle-stick.

No. 27.—Water.
No. 35.—Ice.
No. 39.—Those first come after T.

A *POM*.

The first attempt of a poetical drollerie, made in a fine frenzy runs thus:

The gleam of her eye was bright.
The gleam of her gold was brighter.
The first was a beautiful sight.
The second a beautiful sight.
POETRY.

WHOM GOD HATH JOINED.

BY PREZEB CARY.

Fair youth, too timid to lift your eyes
To the maiden with downcast look,
As you mingle the gold and brown of your curls
Together over the book;
A flattering hope that she dare not name
Her trembling bosom heaves,
And your heart is thrilled when your fingers meet,
As you softly turn the leaves.

Perchance you two will walk alone
Next year at some sweet day’s close,
And your voice will fall to a tender tone
As you liken her cheek to a rose;
And then her face will blush and glow
With a hopeful, happy red,
Outblushing all the flowers that grow
A near in the garden bed.

If you plead for hope, she may bashful drop
Her head on your shoulder low,
And you will be lovers and sweethearts then,
As youths and maidens go:
Lovers and sweethearts, dreaming dreams,
As seeing visions that please,
With never a thought that life is made
Of great realities!

That the cords of love must be strong as death
If they hold and keep a heart,
Not dasy-chains, that snap in the breeze,
Or break with their weight apart!
For the pretty colors of youth’s sweet morn
Fade out from the noon-day sky;
And blushing loves in the roses born,
With roses die!

But the faith that when our Jordan is past,
Tender and true survives
In the faith we need to lean upon
In the crisis of our lives:
The love that shines in the eye grown dim
In the voice that trembling speaks.
And see the roses that years ago
Withered and died in our check;

That sheeds its bato round us still
Of that immortal light,
When we change youth’s golden coronet
For a crown of silver white,
A love for sickness and for health
For repulse and for tears,
That will live for us, and bear with us.
Through all our mortal years.

And such there is; there are lovers here,
On the brink of the grave that stand,
Who shall cross to the hills beyond, and walk
Forever hand in hand,
Pray, youth and maid, that your fate be theirs
Who are joined no more to part;
For death comes not to the living soul,
Nor age to the loving heart.

HAROLD.

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR W. BULWER LYTTON.

[Continued.]

THE NORMAN SCHEMER.

William, Count of the Normans, sat in a fair chamber
Of his palace of Rouen; and on the large table
Before him were ample evidences of the various labors,
As warrior, chief, thinker and statesman, which filled
The capacious breadth of that sleepless mind.

There, lay a plan of the new port of Cherbourg,
And beside it an open MS. of the duke’s favorite book,
The Commentaries of Caesar, from which, it is said,
He borrowed some of the tactics of his own martial science;
Marked, and dotted, and interlined with his large
Bold handwriting, were the words of the great Roman.
A score or so of long arrows, which had received
Some skillful improvement in feather or bolt, lay carelessly scattered
Over some architectural sketches of a
New Abbey Church, and proposed charter for its endowment.
An open cyst, of the beautiful workmanship
For which the English goldsmiths were then preemminently renowned,
That had been among the parting gifts of Edward, contained letters from the various potentates near and far, who sought his alliance or
Menaced his repose.

On a perch behind him sat his favorite Norway falcon, unhooded, for it had been taught the finest
Polish in its infancy—education, viz., to face company
Undisturbed. At a kind of easel at the farther end
Of the hall, a dwarf, mis-shapen in limbs, but of a face
Singularity acute and intelligent, was employed in the outline
Of that famous action at Val des Dunes, which
Had been the scene of one of the most brilliant
William’s feats in arms—an outline intended to be
Transferred to the notable “stitch-work” of Matilda the
Duchess.
Upon the floor, playing with a huge boar hound of English breed, that seemed but ill to like the play, and every now and then showed its white teeth, was a young boy, with something of the duke's features, but with an expression more open and less sagacious; and something of the duke's broad build of chest and shoulder, but without promise of the duke's stately stature, which was needed to give grace and dignity to a strength otherwise grimous and graceless. And indeed, since William's visit to England, his athletic shape had lost much of his youthful symmetry, though not yet deformed by that corpulence which was a disease almost as rare in the Norman as the Spartan. Nevertheless, what is a defect in the gladiator is often a beauty in the prince; and the duke's large proportions filled the eye with a sense both of regal majesty and physical power. His countenance, yet more than his form, showed the work of time; the short, dark hair, was worn into partial baldness at the temples by the habitual friction of the casque, and the constant indulgence of wily stratagem and ambitious craft had deepened the wrinkles round the plotting eye and firm mouth; so that it was only by effort like that of an actor, that his aspect regained the knightly frankness it had once worn. The great prince was no longer, in truth, what the great warrior had been—he was greater in state and less in soul. And already, despite all his grand qualities as a ruler, his imperious nature had betrayed signs of what he, whose constitutional sternness the Norman freemen, not without effort, curb ed into the limits of justice, might become, if wider scope were afforded to his fierce passions and unsearing will.

Before the duke, who was leaning his chin on his hand stood Mallet de Graville, speaking earnestly, and his discourse seemed both to interest and please his lord.

"Eh!" said William, "I comprehend the nature of the land and its men—a land that, untaught by experience, and persuaded that a peace of twenty or thirty years must last till the crack of doom, neglects all its defences, and has not one fort, save Dover, between the coast and the capital—a land which must be won or lost by a single battle, and men, (here the duke hesitated,) and men," he resumed with a sigh, "whom it will be so hard to conquer, that, par"d"ex, I don't wonder that they neglect their fortresses. Enough, I say, of them. Let us return to Harold—thou thinkest, then, that he is worthy of his fame?"

"He is almost the only Englishman I have seen," answered De Graville, "Who hath received a scholarly rearing and nurture; and all his faculties are so evenly balanced, and all accompanied by so composed a calm, that mothinks, when I look at and hear him, I contemplate some artful castle—the strength of which can never be known at the first glance, nor except by those who assail it."

"Thou art mistaken, Sire de Graville," said the duke, with a shrill and cunning twinkle of his luminous dark eyes. "For thou tollest me that he hath no thought of my pretensions to the English throne—that he inclines willingly to thy suggestions to come himself to my court for the hostages—that, in a word, he is not suspicious."

"Certes, he is not suspicious," returned Mallet. "And thinkest thou that an artful castle were worth much without warder or sentry—or a cultivated mind safe, without its watchman—Suspicious?"

"Truly, my lord speaks well and wisely," said the knight startled "But Harold is a man thoroughly English, and the English are a gens the least suspicious of any created thing between an angel and a sheep."

William laughed aloud. But his laugh was checked suddenly; for at that moment a fierce yell smote his ears and looking up, he saw his hound and his son rolling together on the ground, in a grapple that seemed deadly.

William sprang to the spot; but the boy who was then under the dog, cried out—Laissez aller! Laissez aller! no rescue! I will master my own foe," and as he said this with a vigorous effort he gained his knee, and with both hands gripped the hound's throat, so that the beast twisted in vain, to and fro, with gnashing jaws and in another moment would have panted out its last.

"I may save my good hound now," said William with the gay smile of his earlier days, and, though not without some exertion or his prodigious strength he drew the hound from his son's grasp.

"That was ill done, father," said Robert, surname even then, the Courthorse, "to take part with thy sons' foe."

"But my son's foe is thy father's property, my vassal land," said the duke, "and thou must answer to me for treason in provoking quarrel and feud with my own four-footed vassal."

"It is not thy property, father; thou gavest the dog to me when a whelp."

"Fables, Monseigneur de Courthorse; I lent it thee but for a day, when thou wast out of the ankle bone in jumping off the rampart; and all mankind as thou wert, thou hadst still Malice en thee in the matter, and some worry the poor beast into a fever."

"Gave or lent, it is the same thing, father; what have once that will I hold, as thou didst before me, father thy cradle."

Then the great duke, who in his own house was the fondest and weakest of men, was so doltish as to settle his son, in this case, as in a great many other,—nor, with all his far-sighted sagacity, deemed that in that kiss lay the seed of the awful curse that grew up from a father's agony, to end in a son's misadventure and perdition.

Even Mallet de Graville frowned at the sight of the sire's infirmity—even Turold the dwarf shook his head. At that moment an officer entered and announced that an English nobleman, apparently in great haste (for his horse had dropped dead as he had been hurst ed), had arrived at the palace and craved immediate audience with the duke. William put down the boar, gave the brief order for the stranger's admission, and punctilious in ceremonial, beckoning De Graville to follow him, passed at once into the next chamber and seated himself on his chair of state.

In a few moments one of the squenechals of the place ushered in a visitor, whose long mustache at once proclaimed him Saxon, and in whom De Graville recognized with surprise his old friend, Godrik. The young then, with a reverence more hasty than thou to which William was accustomed, advanced to the foot of the dais, and, using the Norman language sa in a voice thick with emotion—
"From Harold the earl greeting to thee, Monseigneur. Most foul and unchristian wrong hath been done the earl by thy leige man, Guy, Count of Ponthieu. Sailing hither to visit thy court, storm and wind drove the earl's vessels toward the mouth of the Somme; there landing, and without fear, as in no hostile country he and his train were seized by the earl himself, and cast into prison in the castle of Belrem. A dungeon, fit but for malefactors, holds, while I speak, the first lord in England, and brother-in-law to its king. Nay, hints of famine, torture, and death itself, have been darkly thrown out by this most disloyal count, whether in earnest, or with the base view of heightening ransom. At length, wearied perhaps by the earl's firmness and disdain, this traitor of Ponthieu hath permitted me in the earl's behalf to bear the message of Harold. He came to thee as a prince and a friend; sufferest thou thy leige man to detain him as a thief and a foal?"

"Noble Englishman," replied William gravely, "this is a matter more out of my cognizance than thou seemest to think. It is true that Guy, Count of Ponthieu, holds me under me, but I have no control over the laws of his realm. And by those laws he hath right of life or death over all stranded or washed on his coast. Much grieve I for the mishap of your famous earl, and what I can do, I will; but I can only treat this matter with Guy as prince with prince, not as lord to vassal. Meanwhile I pray you to take rest and food; and I will seek prompt counsel as to the measures to adopt."

The Saxon's face showed disappointment and dismay at this answer, so different from what he had expected; and he replied with the natural, honest bluntness which all his younger affection of Norman manners had never eradicated—

"Food will I not touch, nor wine drink, till thou, Lord Count, hast decided what help, as noble to noble, Christian to Christian, man to man, thou givest to him who has come into this peril solely from his trust in thee."

"Ah!" said the grand dissimulato, "heavy is the responsibility with which thine ignorance of our land, laws, and men would charge me. If I take but one false step in this matter, woe indeed to thy lord! Guy is hot and haughty, and in his droits; he is capable of sending me the earl's head in reply to too dure a request for his freedom. Much treasure and broad lands will it cost me, I fear, to ransom the earl. But be cheered; half my duchy were not too much for thy lord's safety. Go, then, and eat with a good heart, and drink to the earl's health with a hopeful prayer."

"As it please you, my lord," said De Graville, "I know this gentle thegn, and will beg of you the grace to see to his entertainment, and to sustain his spirits."

"Then shall, but later; so noble a guest none but my chief seneschal should be the first to honor." Then turning to the officer in waiting, he bade him lead the Saxon to the chamber tenanted by William Fitzosborne (who then lodged within the palace), and committed him to that count's care.

As the Saxon sullenly withdrew; and as the door closed on him, William rose and strode to and fro the room exultingly.

"I have him! I have him!" he cried aloud; "not as a free guest but as a ransomed captive. I have hi
bulk, but with a strength almost equal to a practised
eye, in his compacter symmetry and more supple grace—
from those who saw him thus, an admiring murmur
rose; for no men in the world so valued and cultivated
personal advantages as the Norman knighthood.

Conversing easily with Harold, and well watching
him while he conversed, the duke led his guest to a
private chamber on the third floor of the castle, and in
that chamber were Haco and Wolnolh.

"This, I trust, is no surprise to you," said the duke,
smiling; "and now I shall but mar your commune."
So saying, he left the room, and Wolnolh rushed to
his brother's arms, while Haco, more timidly drew
near and touched the earl's robe.

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

Apart from its religious character, and considered
merely as an architectural monument, the cathedral
of St. Peter's at Rome has been criticised and praised
—not on account of its exterior, which, owing to its
unfavorable situations and surroundings, is not imposing,
but chiefly for its immense size—for its colonnade,
fine front, vast interior, and truly majestic dome which
ris 405 feet above the pavement, or, to the top of
the cross 488 feet. It will be remembered that Michael
Angelo was eighty-seven years old when he finished
the dome, and, for seventeen years, he gratuitously di-
rected an undertaking which had enriched some of the
earlier architects.

One peculiarity about St. Peter's is noticed by
every visitor: namely, the equable temperature, which
is said to be nearly the same the whole year. The
first impression of the size of the interior of St. Peter's
is always disappointing; but this feeling wears away
after a few visits, when the visitor has had time to
study its details, and wander about its naves and
chapels. The Spanish cathedrals are pervaded by a
rich, solemn gloom; they impress the mind as religious
sanctuaries, where devout people come to worship; but
the leading churches of Rome produce no such solemn
impression. The interior of St. Peter's is warm, light,
and cheerful; its fine mosaic pictures, its splendid
monuments, and its numerous array of marble statues,
together with the multitude of strangers with the in-
evitable Murray in hand, and the paucity of worship-
ners, make the place seem more like a vast museum
than a church.

The palace of the Vatican, or, more properly speak-
ing, the palaces of the Vatican, adjoin St. Peter's.
They constitute a vast pile of irregular buildings, from
whatever point the view is obtained. There is no
harmony, no unity—all seems to be confusion. Every-
body is curious to know in what part of the edifice
the pope resides, and where Antoinelli takes up his
head quarters. But no one seems to know, except
that certain long, tedious stairways are supposed finally
to reach the apartments occupied by these celebrated
personages. The Vatican is a very bewildering struc-
ture; its length is about 1,300 feet and its breadth is
700 feet. It has eight grand staircases, and two hun-
dred smaller ones, twenty courts, and 4,422 rooms.
No other palace in the world approaches it in in his-
toric interest, whether as regards its influence upon
the Christian world, or its marvellous collections of
books, manuscripts, statuary, paintings, and other ob-
jects of ancient art and learning.

Take, for example, the apartments devoted to the
rich library, enter the grand saloon, not a book, not a
manuscript, not a scrap of paper to be seen. The
ceilings, side walls, and presses are all most profusely
embellished. Pass into the long gallery, 1,200 feet
long, and here also is the same liberal adornment.
Nothing visible except some very rare and costly ob-
jects of art—the books being all carefully concealed
from public view. We doubt if any other palace in
the world possesses rooms of equal size and splendor.
We can describe nothing in very minute detail, but
the statuary and sculpture of the Vatican alone is the
finest collection in the world.

WATER AND LIFE.

A LECTURE.

The exhalation of watery vapor from the skin is the
most constant and certain of all the drains of liquid
from the bodies of animals. There are many in which
it takes place to such an extent that, even though the
lungs are fitted to breathe air, the deprivation of wa-
ter for a few hours causes a fatal drying-up of the
body. This is the case, for example, with the common
frog, which is soon killed if kept in a dry atmosphere,
even though, if its skin be moistened with water, it may
be kept for weeks without food. One cause of the
speedy death of fishes when taken out of the water, is
the loss of fluid by evaporation from the surface of
their bodies, and more especially from the delicate
membranes of the gills. As soon as this last dries up,
the air can no longer act properly on the blood which
is sent to them for purification; so that, although they
are exposed to the atmosphere itself, instead of the
small quantity of air diffused through their native
cell, the blood as it circulates through them does not
undergo the requisite, change, and the fish dies of
suffocation. Those fish usually die most speedily when
taken out of the water which have large gill-openings;
whilst those in which the gill-openings are narrow,
and in which the surface of the gills is not fully ex-
posed to the air (as is the case with the eel tribe), can
live for a much longer time. There are certain fish
which have a peculiar internal apparatus for keeping
the gills moist; and these can leave the water, and
can even execute long migrations over land. The
same is the case with the land-crabs, which habitually
live at a distance from the sea, and only come down
to shore to deposit their eggs. We have here a very
striking example of the dependence of one of the most
important actions of life upon the moist state of a part
of the surface of the body; and we can easily under-
stand that the same general principle applies to others
also.

The human skin, like the leaves of plants, is continu-
ally giving off large quantities of watery vapor, which
passes away quite insensibly to ourselves, unless the
surrounding air be loaded with moisture. And a con-
siderable quantity of water in the shape of vapor is
also carried away in the breath. We become aware of
the presence of the latter when we breathe against
a window on a cold day; for the glass being chilled by
the outer air, cools the breath which comes in contact
with it, and causes the moisture to be deposited on
A DINNER FOR THE POOR.

William Fox of Nottingham was one of the true old school of Friends. His sympathy for the poor was excited by serving in the office of overseer, and, seeing how poor some were who had to pay the poor-rates, he resolved to economize the parish funds and thus prevent their miseries as much as possible. It was the custom then in many of the parishes for the overseer and committee who attended the weekly payment of the paupers, to have a good dinner at the close of the day’s labor and that was paid for out of the poor-rates; but as it was a manifest abuse, he determined to put a stop to it. He therefore hastened away before the close of the weekly payment, to the dining room, and thus addressed the master of the workhouse:—"Is the dinner ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then bring it in."

"Are the gentlemen ready, sir?"

"Never mind the gentlemen. I say bring it in."

And this was done.

"Now call all the poor people, sir—now call all the poor people. Dost thou not hear what I say?"

"This dinner is for the gentlemen."

"For the gentlemen? Oh, who pays for it, then—do the gentlemen?"

The workhouse master, staring most amazingly, said, "Why, no, sir, I reckon not; it is paid for out of the poor-rates."

"Out of the poor-rates! To be sure it is; thou art right. Poor-rates, eh! I think we have no gentlemen’s rates; so fetch in the poor at once, and work quick."

The workhouse master went, and William Fox went too, to see that he did as he was ordered, and not give the alarm to the gentlemen; and in a few moments were hurried in a host of hungry paupers who had not for years set eyes on such a feast as that. They did not wait for a second invitation to place themselves at the table, and William Fox bade them help themselves, and at once there was a scene of activity that for the time it lasted justified the name of the house.

It was a workhouse indeed. William Fox stood all the time cutting and carving and sending good pieces of pudding and meat to such as could not get seats; in a few minutes there was a thorough clearance of the table. Scarcely had William Fox dismissed his delighted company when another company presented themselves, and these were the gentlemen, who stood in amazement.

"Why," exclaimed they, "what is this—why is the table in this state? Where is the dinner?"

"I found a very good dinner ready, and as I know that none but the poor have a right to dine out of the parish funds, I have served it out to the poor accordingly, but if any of you is in want of a dinner, he may come home with me, and I will give him one."

The gentlemen knew well the character they had to deal with, and never attempted to renew the practice of dining at the public charge during William Fox’s year of office.

THE MOON AND THE WEATHER.

Mr. Park Harrison a painstaking meteorologist, in England has made it clear to the Astronomical Society that the heat reflected from the moon’s surface affects our atmosphere, and consequently our weather. Many persons have remarked that the sky is clear about the time of full moon. The explanation is, that the reflected heat, being entirely absorbed by our atmospheric vapor, raises the temperature of the air above the clouds, which then evaporate more treely. The difference of temperature between the greatest and least amount of heat reflected from the moon is two degrees and a fraction only; yet small as it is, it appears to be sufficient to produce the effect of clearing our atmosphere.
UNIVERSAL MAN.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

Looking over a volume of the *Millennial Star* for 1868 during the period the writer had charge of its editorial department, I find the following verses under the above head:

"I love the noble majesty of mind
That dares to soar on independent thought,
That seeking deity and truth to find,
Has not among the earth-bound slaves been bought.

I love the man who bows to truth alone.
And worships her for her intrinsic worth,
Who hears sweet music in her every tone,
And by each note receives diviner birth.

Give me the spirit that demands its right—
The great prerogative which God has given,
To choose his own and not another's light,
And with his kindred make a kindred heaven.

I love the free men and the truly proud,
That will to others give the right they claim,
Ashamed to ask of man or God aloud
To give them ought, if they withhold the same.

Give me the simple universal soul,
That sees some loveliness in every field,
And hears in nature one harmonious whole,
And everywhere beholds a truth concealed.

I love the heart that beats for mankind,
Nor asks its owner's nation, rank or creed.
If he but truly labours for mankind,
I'll waive the difference to admire the deed.

Such men are brothers! Clasp each kindred hand!
There is with them Freemasonry of soul!
I long to see them linking every hand,
And making man again a family whole.

Though minds do vary be their actions good,
We'll lay the platform of the broader plan,
And mounting it, as one great brotherhood,
We'll greet each other in the name of man.

Oct. 18, 1868.

That which I wrote ten years ago I endorse to day with all my soul. As I am about to resign to my friend, the editor, the Magazine which he committed to my care during his absence in the eastern States, I feel constrained to avow my universalist faith. The reading of the above has been like an old inspiration brought back with a thrice intensified force telling me how much they are myself pronounced. Every thought every sentiment expressed ten year ago I find to day as the very light of of my intellect as the very pulse of my heart. If that light is but as darkness, then am I dark; if that pulse is not humanity's pulse then is my feeling but a spasm of an unsound state. But it is the pulse of humanity, the sentiment of the best part of humanity, the thought of the best intellect of a hundred generations reflected upon our progressive age. And we are living in an age of progress—an age of the culmination of light, of truth, and the best of all of human goodness. I know that many of God's noblest men hold different views, and they think the world is gone backwards into night. I do not, I cannot. To me all history goes to show that God has brought the world out of night and set as a light upon the mountain tops. Yet I see how much better, how much higher in the altitude of grace, my brethren are who hold different views. I think that I am not worthy to unloose the latchets of these shoes. In this I am sincere. Never in my life has I dared to lie, much else upon such a serious matter that before me. Yet as I look upon those men and as I do upon Moses and the apostles of old—not at all why I cannot, on the other hand, deny, even though brought to it by the reading of a few verses, that I hold a universalist not a special faith. I am not fairly orthodox. I know it. I cannot in conscience deny this even to myself. But I do believe in the divine mission of Joseph Smith; I say that as far as man can know in this state of uncreated light in which even Paul saw but as through glass darkly—I know that Joseph held the great dispensation yet given to man, and I know that Brigham is unto the Mormon people even as was Peter unto the Church which the Christ had founded. While I believe in their divine mission I also believe in the divine mission of the United States as certainly as I believe in the divine mission of Joseph Smith. Indeed I deem Joseph Smith a special prophet of the United States and to born from fancy as the archangel of her destiny while I upon Brigham as his continuation.

But surely these people are only a part of this divine problem. God has a broader circle for His angelic movements than our little Utah. He, is in His presence, and in His workings in all the world, and His spirit moves in every nation under heaven fulfilling bright designs, and I think universalist purposes. I cannot deem him a sectarian God, a being narrowed into a small circle He is the Father of humanity, all humanity is His own but the majority of His children are like me—very frail, very erring, very much disturbed in our passage through a fallen world, yet not withstanding, not all evil, not without some of the native impulses of our Dusty still left in our souls.

Indeed it is this knowledge of the marrons on our own front that makes me feel more my kindred with humanity at large. I am not all good—certainly not all evil; and this I find true of others without our own community. It is the truth of mankind everywhere and true of nine men out of ten. There is not more than one out of that number altogether evil, with the one but a devilish object in life. I have met with good and noble men in the United States, and I believe there are millions of them, and better and pure than I am myself, but I hope not truer in desire a aims for the world's good, not more conscientious in the right, yet I see that their lives have a more salutary influence in society than mine, a more blameless chapter writ of them than I know belongs to me. They must be just, I must be truthful, I would be gentleman too. But my generosity is neither here nor there the account. The great humanitarianism of our age is more than pays it back.

We say that the world hates us and would destroy if it had the power. But this is not altogether without the need of some qualification. Has it not the power to hurt us when it has the might? Yes, the answer may come, but God will not permit the world to hurt us.
us, but makes the wrath of the wicked to enlarge His people. Yes, that is it, and He much does it through the hearts and just sense of the good; and the wrath of the wicked few, who would destroy is spent in vain attempts. There has been times, however, when the wrath of the Nation has been aroused by these few to destroy us; but I found the reverse of this feeling prevailing when I was down in the States. I have in truth found more of this feeling to hurt our leaders; perhaps even to their lives,—and more the desire to break up the Community in the manifestations of the "Gentiles" at home than abroad, and it would seem that much of the ill will against this people has pulsed first from the enemies in our midst. As American citizens they have clearly the right of nationality in Utah as well as elsewhere, but they have no right to seek to destroy this community, or to work ill against the Saints. I will readily grant exceptions to all who are excepted by their own from this charge and they are many, but it is in vain for some of those who have lived in Utah to urge that they have sought the common good. They have aimed, and aimed somewhat unscrupulously, it would seem, to build up the Gentile influence versus the Mormon—aye destructive of the Mormon. I conceive that everywhere on the broad domains of America we should be American in our genius and kindred—not Gentile, not Mormon. But when we combine influence and intentions against the side of the mass, then the mass must unite for its own protection. It will be said that the same rule will apply both ways. It must be admitted even so, and if the opposition grows the strongest and has the clearest side of right the final issue will be on its side. But do our friends (as they call themselves,) think they have right and justice with them when they parade before our eyes "You are a body of aliens, disloyal men to the nation, haters of her best interest!" I believe this is much too mild a wording of what has been said to us "many a time and oft" on our "Rialto" and think it not over stated, to say, they have manifestly the clear desire to supersede this people, in their well deserved first rights to what they have created with the government thereof. That which is their just due, and fully their just due, they should have, and Mormon and Gentile, should be one in their nationality if not in their religious faith.

The American genius knows no hateful distinctions of creed, and the American genius ought to prevail in every loyal American's heart, whether he be native born, or adopted, even if but in his "intentions" If our Gentile brethren—of a common nationality—seek to build up and bless the Saints, even, if but in a humanitarian sense—if they are willing to give the Mormons the credit and result of what they have done on the Pacific—if, they are as ready to profit to help us to do more, and exalt the position of the dignity of a State,—and if this should be manifested in the future as it has not been in the past how can they have less than our regards;—but if they do other than this how can they expect other than our combination against them, even as they have combined against us not for our good.

Having thus much spoken, I again endorse the sentiments of the verses on "Universal Man,"

After an interval of nearly eight weeks, we find ourselves residents of the sanctum once more, ready to resume the pleasing yet laborious duties of the Magazine.

In returning to our duties, we have to express our gratitude to friend Tullidge for his able series of articles, Editorial, Theatrical, Quizzical and otherwise, so characteristic of their author, and for which he so cheerfully assumes the responsibility. Of all men we ever knew, Bro. Tullidge is the most unorthodoxly orthodox. His orthodoxy is so tremendously unorthodox, and his unorthodoxy so confoundedly orthodox, that we are at lost where to place him; and just as we have privately matured a design of pitching into him for the desecration of our private belief, he surges upon us with such a sea of faith and confidence in the especial divinity of our own pet theory, that we give up in utter despair of being able to convict him as an infidel, and reserve the roasting of him as a heretic to a more convenient season.

Turning to other matters, we are happy to announce that during our visit east we have been enabled to lay a much more extensive foundation for the success of the Magazine. Among other provisions, we have made arrangements to club with the best eastern papers. For instance: any of Harper's Bros. serials can be had for one dollar less than the usual price, by subscribing for either of them and the Utah Magazine at the same time. The same with the Phrenological and other valuable journals.

And now we wish to say a word about the present volume of the Magazine. The paper upon which it is printed is not of so good a quality as that of the first volume. True, we give four pages more of it every week. But it was not our intention to increase the quantity at the expense of the quality. We arranged for the same quality of paper as the last volume but a trifle lighter in weight. To our great disappointment the present specimen of paper was sent to hand. It arrived after the temporary suspension of the Magazine, when we and all our subscribers were tired of waiting, and it had to be used, or a delay of months be added. Our object in writing this much is to assure our readers, that at the earliest possible moment, when a better paper can be substituted, without destroying the uniform character of the volume, it will be done. During our visit to New York, we tried in vain to purchase a paper that would be better in quality, but sufficiently like the present kind to be bound up with it. Finding this impossible, we are either compelled to publish on the present paper or mix too kinds in one volume; but for this fact the paper would have been changed by this time. We think it is due to ourselves to say this. An inferior paper is, in our case, as expensive as a superior one, on account of the extra waste, and the greater time and care required to get a decent impression upon it.

Owing to insufficient compositorial help, it has taken day and night work, and Sunday work into the bargain, to get the Magazine out during the last few weeks. This we trust will be sufficient apology for any typographical errors or other similar imperfections which may have been observable.
FOUL PLAY

BY CHARLES RAYE AND DION BouchAUF.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Something came snuffling up to her and put a cold nose to her hand. She startled violently, and both her hands were in the air in a moment.

It was a dog, a pointer. He whimpered and tried to gamble, but could not manage it; he was too weak. However, he contrived to let her see with the waggling of his tail, and a certain catamorphic twist of his emaciated body, that she was welcome. But, having performed this ceremony, he trotted feebly away, leaving her very much startled, and not knowing what to think; indeed, this incident set her trembling all over.

"Is she saved from the wreck! Then why not a man? And why not that life? Oh, thought she, would God save that creature, and not pity my poor angel and me?"

She got up animated with hope, and recommenced her researches. She now kept at the outward edge of the island, and searched all round till she reached her boat again. The shore was swimming to and fro, waiting for her with horrible pertinacity. She tried to eat a mouthful, but, though she was faint, she could not eat. She drank a mouthful of water, and then went to search the very small portion that remained of the reef, and to take the poor dog home with her, because she had lost was so good to animals. Only his example is left me, she said; and with that came another burst of sorrow. But she got up and did the rest of her work, crying as she went. After some time, she sat down, and sobbed, and began to cry, and in a sort of gulliness she saw the dog, quietly seated high on his tail. She called him; but he never moved. So, then, she went and, when she got near him, she saw why he would not come. He was watching. Close by him lay the form of a man nearly covered with seaweed. The feet were visible, and so was the face, the latter deadly pale. It was he. In a moment she was by him, and leaning over him with both hands quivering. Was he dead? No, his eyes were closed; he was fast asleep.

He turned now to his face to feel him alive, and grasped both his hands and drew him towards her panting bosom; and the tears of joy streamed from her eyes, as she sobbed and murmured over him, she knew not what. At the stroke of noon the anger of the hurricane of joy and wonder, then taking it all in, burst into tears himself, fell to kissing her hands and blessing her. The poor soul had almost given himself up for lost. And to be saved in an almost moment, by her!

They could neither of them speak, but only mingled tears of joy and gratitude.

Hazel recovered herself first; and rising somewhat stiffly, bent her arm. Her father's spirit went out in the moment of victory, and she was all woman, sweet, loving, clinging woman. She got hold of his arm as well as his arm, and clutched it so tight, her little grasp seemed velvet and sice.

"Let me feel you," said she; but with no words! no words! Her support was needful. The boat was then, hoisting the sail, he fetched the east side in two steps, shiped the sail and yard, and also the cask, key, and boxes. He then put a great quantity of loose oysters on board, each as large as a plate. She looked at him with amazement.

"What!" said she, when he had quickly loaded the boat, "only just out of the jaws of death, and yet you can't trouble your head about oysters and things."

"Wait till you see what I shall do with them," said he. "These are pearl oysters. I gathered them for you, when I had little hope I should ever see you again to give them you."

This was an unlooked speech. The act, that seemed so small and natural a thing to him, the woman's heart measured more correctly. Something rose in her throat; she tried to laugh in the midst of weeping, and so she did both, and went into a violent fit of hysteric. She showed how her nature had been stirred to its depths. She quite frightened Hazel; and, indeed the strength of an excited woman's weakness is sometimes alarming to manly natures.

He did all he could to soothe her; with much success. As soon as she was better he set sail, thinking home was to be the place for her. She leant back exhausted, and, as it seemed to be asleep. We don't believe there was; but Hazel, and sat, cold, and achinge in body, but warm at heart, working her with all his eyes.

At last they got ashore; and he sat by her fire and told all, while she cooked his supper and warmed clothes at the fire's feet.

"The ship," said he; "was a Dutch vessel, bound from Ireland to Callo, that had probably gone on her beam ends; she was full of water. Her crew had abandoned her; I think somebody had said the ship and cargo. She was left the poor dog on board. Her helm was lashed a-weight for half a couple of turns; but why, I am not so manly enough to say, it was boarded her; unslipped her mast, and moored the boat to the ship; fed the poor dog; rummaged in the hold, and came to her up a small cask of salted beef; in some cases of grain and seeds. I managed to slide these over the reef by means of the mast and our lashed ladder. A roller ground the wreck further on to the reef, and the sun was about broken the rope, as I suppose, and the boat went to, Hazel fed Boto, and corrected him. He was at present a civilized dog; so he made a weak rush at the booby and noses directly.

He also smelt Tomoy inquisitively, to learn was an able. To and some how eventually divined the end of this sinister curious and nails directly.

Then Hazel got a rope and tied one end round his own wrist, and one round Ponto's neck, and at every outbreak of civilization, jerked him sharply on to his back. The effect of this clever trick was good: Ponto soon found that he must hold war on the inhabitants of the island. He was a docile animal, and, in a very short time, consented to make one of the happy families, as Hazel called the miscellaneous crew that befell her.

Helen and Hazel did not meet till past noon; and, when they did meet, it was plain she had been thinking a great deal. Her greeting was so shy and restrained as to appear cold and distant to Hazel. He thought to himself, he was too happy yesterday, and she too kind. Of course it could not last. It was allowed by a certain carelessness of speech, rather than dilatory. She carried it so far as to go and almost hide during the working hours. She made off to the jungle, and spent an unreasonably time there. She professed to be collecting cotton, and must be admitted she brought a federal home with her. Hazel could not accept cotton as the only motive for this sudden separation.

He lost the light of her face till the evening. Then matters took another turn; she was too polite. Ceremony and courtship were quite the order of the day. Gradually the feeling of familiarity; yet, now and then, her soft hazel eyes seemed to turn on him in silence, and say, forgive me all this. The fact that she was so capable of every kind of patience was only, and then they sought the ground. And this was general respect for her thoroughness, timidity, and peculiar time. They hardly felt entitled to be seen with her.
in that. Whatever it was, another change was at hand. Since he was exposed to the weather on the reef, Hazel had never been free from pain; but he had done his best to work it out, and the increasing infirmities of his old age and the slow mast. He set about rowing, then boat, a little lurch for her at low water, and clay it in the heat of the sun of it, and, having accomplished this drudgery, he went to the labor of love; he opened a quantity of oysters, fell Toward them, and began to make a great work of lining the cavern with them. The said cavern was somewhat shell-printed, and his idea was to make it of a gloomy cavern into a vast shell-laid, lined entirely, roofed over, and vaulted. She was not suddenly of pearl-free from the cave. Well, one morning, while Helen was in the jungle, a cement of gunpowder, sand, clay and water, nipped some to a shape with the pincers, and cemented them neatly, about it. Mosaic almost; but in the middle of his work he cut himself by the disorder he had contracted so stiffly. He failed to cut the hole to her to think how to lye he was lodged compared with her.

Of all the changes fate could bring, this she had never fancied of, that he should be sick and in pain. She passed an uneasy, restless night, and long before morning she awoke, and she started up, and she set her heart to it. But not his mind. He drew near, and, to her dismay, found him fever-stricken pouring out words with little sequence. She came close to and tried to soothe him, but he answered her quite at random, and went on blinding out the stranger things in stranger faces. She trembled and waited for a bit, and then she changed her plan, and tried to discomfort him by the aid of a sarcasm; Dons and coves! he roared, and answering an imaginary factor. "Well, never mind, love, shall make that hole in rock a palace for a queen; for a queen! For the queen!" he suddenly changed characters and faceted he was intert. He felt the disorder and the man was too much to solve a problem that he was aching and patronizing, then resuming his own character with loud defiance, "I say our chamber shall outshine the glories of the Alhambra, as far as the lilies outshine the floral glories of King Solomon. Oh, mighty Nature, let thine own flowers and thine own colors come and help me arm the stately of my beloved, my Helen."

(He poor soul thought, by the sound of his own words, it was a prayer he had uttered.)

And now Helen, with streaming eyes, tried to put in a word, but not his mind. He stopped her up with a wild shake, and he began to talk. "Hush up, no noise, please, or we shall frighten her. There—her window—no noise, please! I've watched and waited four hours, just to see her sit, darling shadow on the blinds, and shall I lose it for your talk!" He talked as if he was inspired, half-raving:--'A singer's spirit for all that—her shadow—hush—how he beats. It is gone—So now, (speaking out,) "good base world! Do you hear? you company of liars, vases, and traitors, called the world, go and sleep if you can. Where is my Helen? Where is my Helen? Where is my Helen?! Who can help them? They are the acts of others. Read Job, and Paul, and John of Arc, No. no. no; I didn't read 'em out with those stentor lungs. I must be abed a little sleep, a man that wastes the midnight oil, yet get up in the early dew. Good night."

He turned round and slept for several hours as he supposed; but in reality he was silent for just three seconds. "Well," said he, "and a gardener a man to be looked down upon by upstarts? When Adam delved and Eve span, where was then the gentleman? Why, where the spade was. Yet I went through the Herald's College and none of our mushroom aristocracy (blown! I objected to; they don't eat half as much as their footmen;) had a spade for a crest. There's nothing ancient west of the Caspian, and, all the better. For there's a man, a man the spade speaks louder than words, has a spade on his wall, and reads, 'that is the way all sensible men look at it. She is not the Sphinx; she is an angel, and I call her my Lady Caprice. Hate her for being Caprice? You incorrigible muddle head, why, I love Caprice for being herself. She is the admirable. Poor little girl, with her broken arm over the pond, the disorder she had contracted so stiffly. She failed to cut the hole to her to think how to lye she was lodged compared with her.

All the changes fate could bring, this she had never fancied of, that he should be sick and in pain. She passed an uneasy, restless night, and long before morning she awoke, and she started up, and she set her heart to it. But not his mind. He drew near, and, to her dismay, found him fever-stricken pouring out words with little sequence. She came close to and tried to soothe him, but he answered her quite at random, and went on blinding out the stranger things in stranger faces. She trembled and waited for a bit, and then she changed her plan, and tried to discomfort him by the aid of a sarcasm; Dons and coves! he roared, and answering an imaginary factor. "Well, never mind, love, shall make that hole in rock a palace for a queen; for a queen! For the queen!" he suddenly changed characters and faceted he was intert. He felt the disorder and the man was too much to solve a problem that he was aching and patronizing, then resuming his own character with loud defiance, "I say our chamber shall outshine the glories of the Alhambra, as far as the lilies outshine the floral glories of King Solomon. Oh, mighty Nature, let thine own flowers and thine own colors come and help me arm the stately of my beloved, my Helen."

(He poor soul thought, by the sound of his own words, it was a prayer he had uttered.)

And now Helen, with streaming eyes, tried to put in a word, but not his mind. He stopped her up with a wild shake, and he began to talk. "Hush up, no noise, please, or we shall frighten her. There—her window—no noise, please! I've watched and waited four hours, just to see her sit, darling shadow on the blinds, and shall I lose it for your talk!" He talked as if he was inspired, half-raving:--'A singer's spirit for all that—her shadow—hush—how he beats. It is gone—So now, (speaking out,) "good base world! Do you hear? you company of liars, vases, and traitors, called the world, go and sleep if you can. Where is my Helen? Where is my Helen? Where is my Helen?! Who can help them? They are the acts of others. Read Job, and Paul, and John of Arc, No. no. no; I didn't read 'em out with those stentor lungs. I must be abed a little sleep, a man that wastes the midnight oil, yet get up in the early dew. Good night."

He turned round and slept for several hours as he supposed;
Ere long she had companions in her care. Ponte came out of his den, and sniffed about the boat; and then began to scratch it, and whimper for his friend. Tommy swam out of the sea, came to the boat, discovered, Heaven knows how, that his friend was there, and, in the way of noises, did everything but speak. The sea birds followed and fluttered here and there in an erratic way, with now and then a peck at each other. All animated nature seemed to be uneasy at this eclipse of their Hazel.

At last Tommy raised himself quite perpendicular in a vain endeavor to look into the boat, and invented a whistle in the minor key, which tells on dogs: it set Ponte off in a moment; he sat upon his tail, and delivered a long and most decorous howl.

"Everything loves him," thought Helen.

With Ponte's music Hazel awoke, and found her watching him; she said softly: "Miss Rolleston! There is nothing the matter, I hope. Why am I not up and getting things for your breakfast?"

"Dear friend," said she, "why you are not doing things for me and forgetting yourself, is because you have been very ill. And I am your nurse. Now tell me what I shall get you. Is there nothing you could fancy?"

No; he had no appetite; she was not to trouble about him. And he told her: up; but the very thought made him revile:

"In his loins, he was fain to lie down again; so then he felt that he had got rheumatic fever. He told her so: but seeing her sweet anxious face, begged her not to be alarmed—she knew what to take for it. She would be kind enough to go to his armchair, and get some specimens of bark she would there, and also the key of rum.

She flew at the word, and soon made him an infusion of the barks in boiling water; to which the rum was added.

Hazel had administered this from time to time. The bark was dried on the cassia tree, and a wild citron tree. Cinchona did not exist in this island, unfortunately. Perhaps there was no soil for it at a sufficient elevation above the sea. But with these inferior barks they held the fever in check. Still the fever was obstinate, and cost Helen many a sigh, for if she came softly, she could often hear him moan: and the moment he heard her foot, he set-to and whisked for a blind; with what success may be imagined. She would have bought those pains, or a portion of them; ay, and paid a heavy price for them.

But pain, like everything, intermits, and in those blessed intervals his mind was more active than ever, and ran a great deal upon what he called the Problem.

But she, who had set it him, gave him little encouragement now to puzzle over it.

The following may serve as a specimen of their conversation on that head.

"The air of this island," said he, "gives one a sort of vague sense of all things that go on. It leads to no conclusion. In most cases it is an agreeable sensation to have it floating across my mind that some day I shall solve the Great Problem. Ah! if it was only an inventor!"

"And so you are.

"No, no," said Hazel, disclaiming as earnestly as some people claim; "I do things that look like acts of invention, but they are acts of memory. I could show you plates and engravings of all the things I have seemed to invent. A man, who studies books instead of skinning them, can cut a dash in a desert island, until the fatal word goes forth—"invent; and then you find him out."

"I am sure I wish I had never said the fatal word. You will never get well if you puzzle your brain over impossibilities."

The haze had rolled by. Hazel laughed disarmingly.

"The measure of impossibilities is lost in the present age. I propose a test. Let us go back a century, and suppose that three problems were laid before the men of that day, and they were asked which is the most impossible: 1st, to diffuse intelligence from a fixed island, over a hundred leagues of water; 2d, to make the sun take thirty seconds likeness more exact than any portrait-painter ever took— likenesses that can be sold for a shilling at fifty per cent. profit; 3d, for New York and London to exchange words by wire, so much faster than the earth can turn. I think I can't live long enough to see it all. But the Phoenician, at certain hours of the night, fastens on the needle of a dial, by casting a shadow on the sand. And all he did could be seen quite well by means of this pole and its shadow when the sun attained its greatest elevation. He asked Miss Rolleston to assist him in making this observation exactly."

She obeyed his instructions, and the moment she reached its highest angle, and showed the minuscule semicircle, she said: "Now," and Hazel called out in the voice:

"Night!"

"Now forty-nine minutes past eight at Sydney," said he, holding out her chronometer; for she had been sharp enough to get it ready of her own accord.

Hazel looked at her and at the watch with amazement and incredulity.
"What!" said he. "Impossible. You can't have kept Sydney eye time all this while.

"And pray why not?" said Helen. "Have you forgotten that once somebody praised me for keeping Sydney time? It helped one's head and made one be bright in the morning, oh, how good and brave you were! — well, I remember winding it up that night. I kissed it, and bad it good-bye, but I never dreamed of not winding it up, because I was going to be killed! What am I not to be praised again, as I was on board ship! Singly! can't afford to praise one twice for the same thing.

"Praised!" cried Hazel, excitedly; "worshipped, you mean. Why, we have got longitude by means of your chronometer. It is wonderful! It is providential! It is the finger of Heaven! Pen and ink, let me work it out!"

In this excitement he got up without assistance, and was soon busy calculating the longitude of Gousands Isle.

CHAPTER XI.

"There," said he, "Now the latitude I must guess at by certain combinations. In the first place the longitude is the length of the days. Then I must try and make a rough calculation of the sun's parallax. And then my botany will help me a little; spores furnish a clue; there are one or two that will not grow outside the tropic. It was the longitude that made me safe, and I was safe. Hurrah! Now I know what to do next, and in what direction, east, south-east; the ducks have shown me that. So there's the first step towards the impossible problem."

"Very well," said Helen, "and I am sure one step is enough for me; I am fit for the work, and can learn the trick in twelve hours at least, I detest it because it always makes your head so hot."

"What on earth does that matter?" said Hazel impetuously, and almost crossly.

"Come, come, come sir," said Helen, authoritatively; "it matters to me."

But when she saw that he could think of nothing else, and that opposition irritated him, she had the tact and good sense not to strain her authority, nor to irritate her subject.

Hazel spilled a long, fine-pointed stick to the mast-head, and set a plank painted white with guano at right angles to the base of the mast; and so whenever the sun attained his meridian altitude, went into a difficult and subtle calculation to arrive at the latitude, or as near as he could without proper means. He then brooded over his discovery of the longitude, but unfortunately he could not advance, in some problems the first step once gained leads, or at least, points to the next; but to know whereabouts they were and to let others know it were two different heterogenous and distinct things. He took thought till his head was dizzy, at last he took Helen's advice and put it by for awhile. He set himself to fit and number a quantity of pearl oyster shells, so that he might be able to place them at once, when he should have leisure to re-commence his labor of love in the cavern.

One day Helen had left him so employed, and was busy cooking the dinner at her own place, but, mind you, with one eye on the dinner and another on her patient. She suddenly heard him shouting very loud, and ran out to see what was the matter.

He was roaring like mad, and whirling his arms over his head like a demented windmill.

She ran to him.

"Erekal! Erekal!" he shouted, in furious excitement. "Oh, dear!" cried Helen; "ever mind?" She was against her patient exciting himself.

But he was exalted beyond her control. "Crowned me with laurel," he cried; "have solved the problem! and may be, at last, at last, get my dinner." "Oh, how splendid!" said she calmly. "Get me two squares of my parchment," cried he; "and some of the finest gut."

"Will not after dinner do?"

"No; certainly not," said Hazel in a voice of command. "I wouldn't wait a moment for all the flesh-foes of Egypt."

Then she went like the wind and fetched'tem.

"Oh, thank you! thank you! Now I want — let me see — ah, there's an old rusty hoop that was washed ashore, on one of the rocks. I'll put it carefully away; how the unhappiest things come in useful so late!"

She went for the hoop, but not so rapidly, for here it was that the first faint doubt of his sanity came in. However, she brought it, and he thanked her.

"And now," said he, "while I prepare the intelligence, will you be so kind as to fetch me the rushes."

"The what?" said Helen, in growing dismay.

"The rushes! I'll tell you where to find some."

He had not time to explain his meaning. Perhaps he would be better after eating some wholesome food. "I'll fetch them directly after dinner," said she. "But it will be spoiled if I leave it for long; and I do so want it to be nice for you to take with you."

"Dinner?" cried Hazel. "What do I care for dinner now? I am solving my problem. I'll rather go without dinner for years than interrupt a great idea. Pray let dinner take its chance, and obey me for once."

For once, said Helen, and turned her mild hazel eyes on him with a more gentle reproach.

"Forgive me! But don't take me for a child, asking you for a toy; I'm a poor crippled inventor, who sees daylight at last. Oh, I am on fire; and, if you want me not to go into a fever, wake me up."

"Where shall I find them?" said Helen, catching fire at him.

"Go to where your old hut stood, and follow the river about a furlong; you will find a bed of high rushes; cut me a good bundle, out them below the water, choose the stoutest. Here lies a stick. She was trained."

She took the shears and went swiftly across the sands and up the slope. He watched her with an admiring eye; and well he might, for it was the very poetry of motion. Hazel in his hours of labour had almost given up walking; he ran from point to point, without fatigue or shortness of breath. Helen equally pressed for time, did not run; but she went almost as fast. By rising with the dawn, by three meals a day of animal food, by constant work, and heavenly air, she was in a condition women cannot attain to. She was trained. Ten miles was no more to her than ten yards. And, when she was in a hurry, she got over the ground by a grand but feminine motion not easy to describe. It was a series of smooth undulations, not vulgar strides, but swift rushes, in which the loins seemed to propel the whole body, and the feet scarcely to touch the ground; it was the vigor and freedom of a savage, with the grace of a lady.

And so it was she swept across the sands and up the slope,

Et vera incessu patuit Dea.

While she was gone, Hazel cut out two little squares of seals' blinder, one larger than the other. On the smaller he wrote: "An English lady wrecked on an island. W. Longitude 103 deg, 30 min. N. Latitude between the 33rd and 36th parallels. Haste to her rescue." Then he folded this small, and enclosed it in the larger slip, which he made into a little bag, and tied the neck extremely tight with fine gut, leaving a long piece of the gut free.

And now Helen came gliding back, as she went, and brought him a large bundle of rushes.

Then he asked her to help him fasten these rushes round the iron hoop.

"It must not be done too regularly," said he; "but so as to look as much like a little bed of rushes as possible."

Helen was puzzled still, but interested. So she set to work, and between them, they carefully fastened rushes all round the hoop, although it was a large one.

But, when it was done, Hazel said they were too bare.

"Then we will fasten another row," said Helen, good-humoredly. And, without more ado, she was off to the river again.

When she came back, she found him up, and he said the great excitement had cured him—such power has the brain over the body. This convinced her that he had really hit upon some great idea. And, when she had made him eat his dinner by heaven, he retired to think.

But, by a natural re-assertion, the glorious and glowing excitement of mind, that had battled his very rheumatic pains, was now followed by doubt and dejection.

"Don't ask me yet," he sighed. "Theory is one thing; prac
tice is another. We count without our antagonists. I forget they will set their wits against mine: and they are many, I am but one. And I have been so often defeated. And, do you know, I have observed that when I say beforehand now I am going to do something clever, I am always defeated. I pride really goes before destruction, and vanity before a fall."

The female mind, rejecting all else, want little of its noblest power in the right course in this explanation. "Our antagonists," said Helen, looking rather puzzled. "Why, what antagonists have we?"

"The messenger," said Hazel, with a groan. "The aerial messenger!"

What did the business. Helen dropped the subject with almost ludicrous haste; and, after a few common-place observations, made a nice comfortable dose of grog and barks for him. This she administered as an independent transaction, and not at all by way of comment on his antagonists, the aerial messengers.

It operated unkindly for her purpose; it did him so much good, that he lifted up his dejected head, and his eyes sparkled again, and he set to work, and, by sunset, prepared two more bags of bladder with inscriptions inside, and long tails of fine gut hanging. He then set to work, and, with fingers less adroit than hers, fastened another set of rushes round the hoop. He set them less evenly, and some of them not quite perpendicular; and, while he was fumbling over them, and examining the new sample, the shadows, Helen's hazel eyes dwelt on him with pensive pity; for, to her, this girdle of rushes was now an instrument, that bore an ugly likeness to that sceptre of straw, with which vanity run to seed sways imaginary kingdoms in Bodiam and Bicetre.

And yet he was better. He walked about the cavern and conversed charmingly: he was dictionary, essayist, raconteur, anything she liked; and, as she prudently avoided and ignored the one fatal topic, it was a delightful evening; her fingers were as busy as his tongue, and, when he retired, she presented him with the fruits of a fortnight's work, a glorious wrapper made of fleecy cotton enclosed in a plated web of flexible and silky grasses. He thanked her, and blessed her, and retired for the night.

About midnight she awoke and felt uneasy; so she did what since his illness she had done a score of times without his knowledge, she stole from her lair to watch him.

She found him wrapped in her present, which gave her great pleasure; and, knowing like an infant which gave her joy. She eyed him eloquently for a long time; and then very timidly put out her hand and, in her quality of nurse, laid it lighter than down upon his brow.

The brow was cool, and a very slight moisture on it showed the fever was going, or gone.

She folded her arms and stood looking at him: and she thought of all they had done and suffered together. Her eyes absorbed him, devoured him. The time flew by heedless. It was so sweet to be able to sit here in peace from its strain, and let all its sunshine beam on him; and, even when she returned at last, those light hazel eyes, that could flash fire at times, but were all dove-like now, hung and lingered on him as if they could never look at him enough.

Half an hour before day-break she was awakened by the dog howling piteously. She felt a little uneasy at that; not much. However she got up, and issued from her cavern, just as the sun showed his red eye above the horizon. She went towards the boat as a matter of course. She found Ponto tied to the boat: the boat was empty, and Hazel nowhere to be seen. She uttered a scream of dismay.

The dog howled and whined louder than ever.

**TURTLE AND TURTLE EATERS.**

The poor turtle, like its eggs, does not escape man's digestive organs. At the beginning of the last century, turtle was eaten by the very poor in Jamaica. Now, however, callipash, caliepe, and green fat are delicacies known only to the rich. Commoner and smaller in form is the turtle and the gana. The gana is hunted with dogs; and when taken alive, its mouth must be sewed up to prevent its biting. It has been known to live a month, and even six weeks without food. The turtle is watched when it comes on shore at night, and merely tumbled over on its back, where it lies helpless until its captors have time to knock it on the head and carry it off. A soft-shelled turtle abounding in the bayous of Louisiana, is much prized as a table delicacy. It is particularly hard to catch; but when running itself on a log at the water's edge, is often killed by a shot. However, when shot, it is unlucky prone to tumble into the water and make its escape, even in death. But man's stomach is not to be dis appointed; consequently, his ingenuity must be put to use. To prevent the prey escaping, the following satisfactory plan has been devised by an ingenious epicure:—A piece of wood, one inch long, was cut and so rounded as easily to fit the tube of his rifle. To this a piece of stout twine seven or eight inches long was secured, the other end of which was run through a flint ball. The ball was then inserted in the pipe, the string and piece of wood folded, and all was ready for the turtle. Getting a fair shot, the ball pierced the turtle through, and entered the log on which the turtle was lying, where it struck. The string and taggle held the astonished beast firmly until his enemy should come in a canoe and make good his capture.

**PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**

**TWO LIQUIDS MAKE A SOLID.**

Dissolve marisole of lime in water until it will dissolve no more: measure out an equal quantity of oil of vitriol; both will be transparent fluids; but if equal quantities of each be slowly mixed and stirred together, they will become a solid mass, which can be dissolved in marisole or nitric acid.

**CHARADE 12.**

My first is a bar so indurating thing,
Without which no buckle can your poto bring.
My second is nothing to speak of, yet not ad
For thousands or millions, in money or lands;
My third is a question we meet every day,
Relating to things we do, think, or say;
My whole is the question—once it was you,
If not, 'twas your brother, or cousin, or—whew!
It was somebody else whom your grandson knew.

**C O N D U R M U S.**

43. Why is a woodman like a siege actor?
44. Why is the hour of noon on the dial-plate like a pair of spectacles?
45. Why is the best baker most in want of bread?

**ANSWERS TO NO. 35, PAGE 100.**

**CHARADE 12—Patch-work.**

- **CONDRUMS,** No. 40—Canister (Cont-1-strt)
- No. 41—The forceps pinches, the awl pricks
- No. 42—Because only the Wort part is left.

**PRETTY.**

A pretty little maiden
Had a pretty little dream,
And a pretty little wedding
Was the pretty little theme.
A pretty little bachelor
To win her favor tried,
And asked her how she'd like to be
His pretty little bride.

With some pretty little blues,
And a pretty little sigh,
And some pretty little glances
From a pretty little eye;
With a pretty little face,
Behind a pretty cap;
She smiled on the proposals
Of this pretty little man.

This pretty little lady
Had her pretty little spark,
Met the pretty little parson
And his pretty little clerk:
A pretty little wedding
United them for life.
A pretty little husband,
And a pretty little wife.
POETRY.

ONLY WAITING.

A worn out veteran for truth, who saw no poor as to be in an alms-house, was asked what he was doing now. He replied, 

"ONLY WAITING."

Only waiting till the shadows Are a little longer grown;

Only waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is shown;

Till the night of earth is faded From the heart once full of day,

Till the stars of heaven are breaking Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the reapers Have the last sheaf gathered home;

For the summer-time is faded,

And the autumn winds have come.

Quickly, reapers, gather quickly

The last ripe hours of my heart,

For the bloom of life is withered,

And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angels

Open wide the mystic gate,

At whose foot I long have lingered.

Weary, poor, and desolate.

Even now I hear them sleep,

And their voices far away;

If they call me, I am waiting.

Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows

Are a little longer grown;

Only waiting till the glimmer

Of the day's last beam is shown;

Then from out the gathered darkness,

Holy, deathless stars shall rise,

By whose light my soul shall gladly

Tread its pathway to the skies.

"Remembering thee a boy, I came to say to thee 'Be my son'; but seeing thee a man I change the prayer; supply thy father's place, and be my brother! And thou, Wolnoth, hast thou kept thy word with me? Norman is thy garb, in truth, is thy heart still English?"

"Hast!" whispered Hacon, "hast! we have a proverb, that walls have ears."

"But French walls can hardly understand our broad Saxon of Kent, I trust," said Harold smiling, though with a shade on his brow.

"True, continue to speak Saxon," said Hacon, "and we are safe."

"Safe!" echoed Harold.

"Haco's fears are childish, my brother," said Wolnoth, "and he wrongs the duke."

"Not the duke, but the policy which surrounds him like an atmosphere," exclaimed Hacon. "O, Harold, generous indeed was thou to come hither for thy kinsfolk—generous! But for England's weal, better had we rooted out our lives in exile, ere thou, hope and prop of England, set foot in these wiles of wile."

"Tut!" said Wolnoth, "good it is for England that the Norman and Saxon should be friends."

Harold, who had lived to grow as wise in man's hearts as his father, saw when the natural trustfulness that lay under his calm exteriors lulled his sagacity, turned his eyes steadily on the faces of his two kinsmen; and he saw, at the first glance, that a deeper intellect and graver forethought than Wolnoth's fair face betrayed, characterized the dark eye and serious brow of Hacon. Therefore drew his nephew a little aside, and said to him—

"Forewarned is forearmed. Deemest thou that this fair-spoken duke will dare aught against my life?"

"Life, no; liberty, yes."

Harold started, and those strong passions native to his breast, but usually curbed beneath his majestic will, heaved in his bosom, and flashed in his eye:

"Liberty!—let him dare! Though all his troops paved the way from his court to the coast I would hew my way through their ranks."

"Deemest thou that I am a coward?" said Hacon simply, "yet contrary to all law and justice, and against King Edward's well-known remonstrance, hath not the count detained me, years, yea, long years, in this land? Kind are his words, wily his deeds. Fear not force; fear fraud."

"I fear neither," answered Harold, drawing himself up, "nor do I repeat me one moment. No! nor did I repeat in the dungeon of that felon count, whom God
grant me life to repay with fire and sword for his treason—that I myself have come hither to demand my kin who I come in the name of England, strong in my might, and sacred in her majesty.”

Before Ilaco could reply, the door opened and Raoul de Tancarville, as grand chamberlain, entered, with all Harold’s Saxon train, and a goodly number of Norman squires and attendants, bearing rich vestures.

The noble bowed to the earl with his country’s polished courtesy, and besought leave to lead him to the bath, while his own squires prepared his raiment for the banquet to be held in his honor. So all further conference with his young kinmen was then suspended.

The most seductive of men was William in his fair moods; and he lavished all the witcheries at his control upon his guest. If possible yet more gracious was Matilda the duchess. This woman, eminent for mental culture, for personal beauty, and for a spirit and ambition no less great than her lord’s, knew well how to choose such subjects of discourse as might most flatter an English car. Her connexion with Harold, through her sister’s marriage with Tostig, warranted a familiarity almost carressing, which she assumed toward the comely earl; and she insisted, with a winning smile, that all the hours which the duke would leave at his disposal should be spent with her.

The unfavorable impressions made upon his thoughts by Ilaco’s warnings could scarcely fail to yield beneath the prodigal courtesies lavished upon him and the open frankness with which William laughingly excused himself for having so long detained the hostages, “in order, my guest, to make thee come and fetch them. And, by St. Valery, now thou art here, thou shalt not depart till, at least, thou hast lost in gentle memories the recollection of the scurvy treatment thou hast met from that barbarous count. Nay, never bite thy lip, Harold, my friend, leave to me thy revenge upon Guy. Sooner or later, the very maner he hath extorted from me shall give excuse for sword and lance, and then, parde, thou shalt come and cross steel in thine own quarrel. How I rejoice that I can show to the beau peer of my dear cousin and coigneur some return for all the courtesies the English king and kingdom bestowed upon me! To-morrow we will ride to Rouen; there, all knightly sports shall be held to grace thy coming; and by St. Michael, the knight-saint of the Norman, nought else will content me than to have thy name on in the list of my chosen cavaliers. But the night wears now, and thou sure must need sleep; and thus talking, the duke himself led the way to Harold’s chamber, and insisted on removing the potch from his robe of state. As he did so he passed his hand, as if carelessly, along the earl’s right arm. “Ha!” said he suddenly, and in his natural tone of voice, which was short and quick, “these muscles have known practise! Dost thou think thou couldst bend my bow?”

“Who could bend that of—Ulysses?” returned the earl, fixing his deep blue eye upon the Norman’s. William unconsciously changed color, for he felt that he was at that moment more Ulysses than Achilles.

Side by side, William and Harold entered the fair city of Rouen, and there, a succession of the brilliant pageants and knightly entertainments was designed to dazzle the eyes and captivate the fancy of the earl.

These festivities were relieved by pompous excusions and progresses from town to town, and to fort, throughout the duchy, and according to some authorities, even to a visit to Philip the French king at Compiègne. On the return to Rouen, Harold and the six thegns of his train were solemnly admitted into that peculiar band of warlike brothers which William had instilled, and to which, following the chronicles of the after century, we have given the name of knights. The silver baldric was belted on, and the lance, with its pointed banderol, was placed in the hand, and the seven Saxon lords became Norman knights.

The evening after this ceremonial, Harold was with the duchess and her fair daughters—all children. The beauty of one the girls drew from him those compliments so sweet to a mother’s ear. Matilda looked up from the broidery on which she was engaged, and beckoned to her the child thus praised.

“Adeliza,” she said, placing her hand on the girl’s dark locks, “though we would not that thou shouldst learn too early how men’s tongues can gloze and flatter, yet this noble guest hath so high a repute for truth, that thou mayest at least believe him sincere when he says thy face is fair. Think of it, and with pride, my child; let it keep thee through youth from the homage of meaner men; and, peradventure, St. Michael and St. Valery may bestow on thee a valiant and comely as this noble lord.”

The child blushed to her brow; but answered with the quickness of a spoiled infant—unless perhaps she had been previously tutored so to reply—“Sweet Mother, I will have no mate and no lord but Harold himself; and if he will not have Adeliza as his wife, she will die a nun.”

“Proward child, it is not for thee to woo!” said Matilda smiling. “Thou heardest her, noble Harold, what is thine answer?”

“That she will grow wiser,” said the earl, laughing, as he kissed the child’s forehead. “Fair damsel, thou art ripe for the altar, time will have drawn gray in these locks; and thou wouldst smile indeed if scorn, if Harold then claimed thy truth.”

“Not so,” said Matilda seriously; “high born damsels see youth not in years but in fame—fame, which is young forever!”

Startled by the gravity with which Matilda spoke, as if to give importance to what had seemed a jest, the earl versed in courtesie, felt that a snare was round him, and repined in a tone between jest and earnest—“Happy am I to wear on my heart a charm, proof against all the beauty even of this court.”

Matilda’s face darkened; and William entering at that time with his usual abruptness, lord and lady exchanged glances, not unobserved by Harold.

The duke, however, drew aside the Saxon; and saying gayly, “We Normans are not naturally jealous; but then, till now, we have not had Saxon gallants closeted with our wives;” added more seriously, “Harold I have a grace to pray at thy hands—come with me.”

The earl followed William into his chamber, which he found filled with chiefs, in high converse; and William hastened to inform him that he was about to make a military expedition against the Bretons; and, knowing his peculiar acquaintance with the warfare, as well as the language and manners, of their kindred.
Welsh, he besought his aid in a campaign which he promised him should be brief.

Perhaps the earl was not, in his own mind, averse from returning William's display of power by some evidence of his own military skill, and the valor of the Saxon thegns in his train. There might be prudence in such exhibition, and at all events, he could not with a good grace decline William's proposal. He enchanted William therefore by a simple acquiescence; and the rest of the evening—deep into night—was spent in examining charts of the fort and country intended to be attacked.

The siege commenced and, one day, during a short truce with the defenders of the place, they were besieging, the Normans were diverting their leisure with martial games, in which Taillefer shone pre-eminently; while Harold and William stood without their tents, watching the animated field, the duke abruptly exclaimed to Mallet de Graville, "Bring me my bow. Now, Harold, let me see if thou canst bend it."

The bow was brought, and Saxon and Norman gathered round the spot.

"Fasten thy glove to yonder tree, Mallet," said the duke, taking that mighty bow in his hand, and carefully feeling the string.

Then he drew the arc to his ear; and the tree itself seemed to shake at the shock, as the shaft piercing the glove, lodged half way in the trunk.

"Such are not our weapons," said the earl; "and ill would it become me, unpractised, so to peril our English honor, as to strive against the arm that could bend that arc and wing that arrow. But, that I may show these Norman knights that, at least, we have some weapon wherewith we can parry shaft and smite assailer, bring me forth, Godfrit, my shield and my Danish ax."

Taking the shield and ax which the Saxon brought him, Harold then stationed himself before the tree.

"Now, fair duke, choose thou the longest shaft—bid thy ten doughtiest archers take their bows; round this tree will I move, and let each shaft be aimed at whatever space in my mailless body I leave unguarded by my shield."

"No," said William hastily, "that were murder."

"It is but the common peril of war," said Harold simply; and he walked to the tree.

The blood mounted to William's brow, and the lion's thirst of carnage parched his throat.

"An he will have it so," said he, beckoning to his archers, "let not Normandy be shamed. Watch well, and let every shaft go home; avoid only the head and the heart; such orgulous vaunting is best cured by blood-letting."

The archers nodded and took their post, each at a separate quarter; and deadly, indeed, seemed the danger of the earl, for as he moved, though he kept his back guarded by the tree, some parts of his form the shield left exposed, and it would have been impossible in his quick shifting movements, for the archers to aim to wound, yet to spare life; yet the earl seemed to take no peculiar care to avoid the peril; lifting his bare head fearlessly above the shield, and including in one gaze of his steadfast eye, calmly bright even at a distance, all the shafts of the archers.

At one moment five of the arrows hissed through the air, and with such wonderful quickness had the shield turned to each, that three fell to the ground blunted against it, and two broke on it surface.

But William waiting for the first discharge, and seeing full mark at Harold's breast as the buckler turned, now sent forth his terrible shaft. The noble Taillefer with a poet's sympathy cried, "Saxon beware!" but the watchful Saxon needed not the warning. As if in disdain, Harold met not the shaft with his shield, but swinging high his mighty ax, (which with most men required both hands to wield it,) he advanced a step and clove the rushing arrow in twain.

Before William's loud oath of wrath and surprise left his lips, the five shafts of the remaining archers fell as vainly as their predecessors against the nimble shield.

Then advancing, Harold said cheerfully—"This is but defense, fair duke—and little worth the ax if it could not smite as well as ward. Wherefore, I pray you, place on the top of yonder broken stone pillar, which seems some relic of Druid heathenesse, such helm and shirt of mail as thou deemest most proof against sword and perrizian, and judge if our English ax can guard well our English land."

"Ifthy ax can cleave the helmet I wore at Bayeux, when the Franks and their king fled before me," said the duke, grimly, "I shall hold Caesar in fault, not to have invected a weapon so dread."

And striding back into his pavilion, he came forth with the helm and shirt of mail, which was worn stronger and heavier by the Normans, as fighting usually on horseback, than by Dane and Saxon, who, mainly fighting on foot, could not have endured the cumbrous burden; and if strong and dour generally with the Norman, judge what solid weight that mighty duke could endure! With his own hand William placed the mail on the ruined Druid stone, and on the mail the helm.

Harold looked long and gravely at the edge of his ax; it was so richly gilt and damascened, that the sharpness of its temper could not well have been discerned beneath that holiday glitter. But this ax had come to him from Cnut the Great, who himself, unlike the Danes, small and slight, had supplied his deficiency of muscle by the finest dexterity and the most perfect weapons. Famous had been that ax in the delicate hand of Cnut—how much more tremendous in the ample grasp of Harold! Swinging now in both hands this weapon, with a peculiar and rapid whirl, which gave it an inconceivable impetus, the earl let fall the crushing blow; at the first stroke cut right in the center, rolled the helm; at the second, through all the woven mail (cleft grader as the lightest filagree work of the goldsmith,) shone the blade, and a great fragment of the stone itself came tumbling on the sod.

The Normans stood aghast, and William's face was as pale as the shattered stone. The great duke felt even his matchless dissimulation fail him; nor, unused to the special practice and craft which the ax required, could he have pretended, despite a physical strength superior even to Harold's, to rival blows which seemed to him more than mortal.

"Give there any other man in the wide world who could perform that feat?" exclaimed the famous Bruce, the ancestor of the famous Scot.

"Nay," said Harold simply, "at least thirty thousand such men have I left at home!" But this was but
the stroke of an idle vanity, and strength becomes tenfold in a good cause."

The duke heard, and fearful lest he should betray his sense of the latent meaning couched in his guest's words he hastily muttered forth reluctant compliment and praise; while Fitzosborne, De Bohan, and other chiefs more genuinely knightly, gave way to unrestrained admiration.

Then beckoning De Graville to follow him, the duke strode off toward the tent of his brother of Bayenx, who, though, except on extraordinary occasions, he did not join in positive conflict, usually accompanied William in his military excursions, both to bless the host and to advise (for his martial science was considerable) the council of war.

The bishop, who, despite the sanctimony of the court, and his own stern nature, was (though secretly and decorously) a gallant of great success in other fields besides Mars, was alone in his pavilion, inditing an epistle to a certain fair dame at Ronen, whom he had unwillingly left to follow his brother. At the entreaty of William, whose morals in such matters were pure and rigid, he swept the letter into the chest of relics which always accompanied him, and rose saying indifferently—

"A treatise on the authenticity of St. Thomas's little finger! But what ails you! you are disturbed!"

"Odo, Odo, this man baffles me—this man fooles me; I make no ground with him. I have spent—God knows what I have spent," said the duke, sighing with piteous parsimony, "in banquets, and ceremonies, and processions; to say nothing of my bel manier of Yonne, and the sum wrung from my coffers by that greedy Pontevin. All gone—all wasted—all melted like snow! and the Saxon is as Saxon as if he had seen neither Norman splendor, nor been released from the danger by Norman treasure. But, by the Splendor Divine, I were a fool indeed, if I suffered him to return home. Would thou hadst seen the serente clerke my helmet and mail just now, as easily as if they had been willow twigs! O Odo, Odo, my soul is troubled, and St. Michael forsakes me!"

While William ran on thus distractedly, the prelates lifted his eyes inquiringly to De Graville, who now stood within the tent, and the knight related briefly the recent trial of strength.

"I see nought in this to chafe thee," said Odo; "the man once thine, the stronger the vassal, the more powerful the lord."

"But he is not mine; I have sounded him as far as I dare go. Matilda hath almost openly offered him our fairest daughter as his wife. Nothing dazzles, nothing moves him. Thinkst thou I care for his strong arm? Tut! no; I chafe at the proud heart that set the arm in motion, the proud meaning his words symbolized out,—So will English strength guard English land from the Norman—so ax and shield will defy your mail and your shafts. Man, man, all the eloquence of Cicero was in the turn of that shield, and the stroke of that ax. But let him beware!" growled the duke fiercely, "or—"

"May I speak," interrupted De Graville, "and suggest a counsel?"

"Speak out, in God's name," cried the duke.

"Then I should say, with submission, that the way to tame a lion is not by gorging him, but daunting. Bold is the lion against open foes, but the lion in toils losses its nature. Just now my lord said that Harold should not return to his native land—"

"Nor shall he, but as my sworn man," exclaimed the duke.

"And if you now put to him that choice, think not it will favor your views? Will lie not reject you proffers with hot scorn?"

"Scorn! darest thou that word to me?" cried the duke. "Scorn! have I no headman whose ax is as sharp as Harold's? and the neck of a captive is sheathed in my Norman mail."

"Pardon, pardon, my liege," said Mallet, with spirit, "but to save my chief from a hasty action that may bring long remorse, I spoke thus boldly. Give me ear at least fair warning; a prison or fealty to the one that is the choice before him! let him know it; let him see that thy dungeons are dark, and thy walls impregnable. Threaten not his life—brave men care not for that! threaten thyself nought, but let others work upon him with fear of his freedom. I know well the Saxish men; I know well Harold, freedom is their passion, they are cowards when threatened with the doom of four walls."

"I conceive thee, wise sod," exclaimed Odo.

"Ha!" said the duke, slowly; "and yet it was to prevent such suspicions that I took care, after our first meeting, to separate him from Haaco and Volarnoth, for they must have learned much in Norman gossip, ill to repeat to the Saxon."

"Volarnoth is almost wholly Norman," said the bishop smiling; "Volarnoth is bound par-amours, to a certain fair Norman dame; and, I trow well, prophesies her charms here to the thought of his return. Haaco, as thou knowest, is sullen and watchful."

"So much the better companion for Harold maugre me," said De Graville.

"I am fated ever to plot and to scheme!" said the duke, grumbling, as if he had been the simplest of men; "but, nathless, I love the stout earl, and I mean for his own good—that is, compatible with my right and claims to the heritage of Edward my cousin."

"Of course," said the bishop.

**Lesson in Geology, No. 21.**

There are volcanoes which eject water, or watery craters are filled with it. The greater part of the earth's surface is bathed by the waters of the oceans. The bottom of the sea is covered, in places, with an immense deposit of earth, formed by the remains of all the plants and animals whose bones and shells have been scattered into the sea, and which has been gradually formed into a layer. This deposit is called the ooze of the ocean. It is a heterogeneous mass, composed of the bones of fishes, shells of crustacea, and the remains of all the vegetable productions of the sea. The ooze is thickened by the accumulation of mud and clay, and is sometimes covered by a thin crust of sand and gravel. It is of various colors, from white to black, and is often traversed by narrow channels, called the sills, which communicate with the ocean. The ooze is found in all parts of the sea, but it is most abundant in the equatorial regions, where the temperature is highest, and the water is most saline. It is also more abundant in the shallow parts of the sea, where the temperature is coolest, and the water is less saline. The ooze is a valuable deposit, as it contains a great deal of lime, which is used in the manufacture of cement and lime. It is also a valuable source of petroleum, which is obtained from the ooze by drilling, and is used in the manufacture of soap and tallow. The ooze is also a valuable source of fish, as many species of fish are found in the ooze, and are caught by means of nets and traps. The ooze is also a valuable source of salt, which is obtained by evaporating the sea water, and is used in the manufacture of various articles, such as soap, tallow, and salted fish. The ooze is also a valuable source of oil, which is obtained by distilling the sea water, and is used in the manufacture of various articles, such as soap, tallow, and oil. The ooze is also a valuable source of gold, which is obtained by mining the ooze, and is used in the manufacture of various articles, such as jewelry, coin, and gold. The ooze is also a valuable source of silver, which is obtained by mining the ooze, and is used in the manufacture of various articles, such as jewelry, coin, and silver. The ooze is also a valuable source of copper, which is obtained by mining the ooze, and is used in the manufacture of various articles, such as jewelry, coin, and copper. The ooze is also a valuable source of lead, which is obtained by mining the ooze, and is used in the manufacture of various articles, such as jewelry, coin, and lead. The ooze is also a valuable source of tin, which is obtained by mining the ooze, and is used in the manufacture of various articles, such as jewelry, coin, and tin.
Their work proved vain, for the lake was found to be constantly filling from springs at the bottom of the chasm.

In 1811 the volcanic island, afterwards called Sabrina, was observed to rise from the sea near St. Michael, at the Azores. Its crater shot up cinders 700 or 800 feet above the level of the sea. These cinders were followed by an immense column of smoke. It began to rise in June. On the 4th of July it was high enough above the sea to form an island about a mile round. In its center was a crater full of hot water, which discharged itself over one of the edges into the sea.

One of the most singular products of a volcano is mud. When the aqueous vapors from the crater are condensed by the cold atmosphere, heavy rains are produced, which fall upon the volcanic dust on the sides of the mountain, and form a current of mud called by the Italians "lava d’ aqua," or aqueous lava, an enemy much more dreaded than a stream of melted lava. It is disputed by some geologists whether it was not by such a flood of volcanic showers, that Pompeii was destroyed. This, however, is only mud on the surface of volcanoes.

In some volcanic districts mud is found to ooze occasionally from the ground. Near Laureana in Calabria, the swampy soil of two ravines became filled with calcareous matter, which oozed out of their respective sides just before the shock of an earthquake was felt in that district. This mud flowed downward from both ravines, at last became united, formed one stream, increased in force, and was a mud river 225 feet wide and 15 feet deep. In its progress it overflowed a flock of goats, and tore up trees which it carried on its bosom like the masts of small boats. When the mud became dry it was reduced in depth to about seven feet, and it was found to contain fragments of earth of iron color.

I have now to call your attention to a real mud volcano, as represented by Von Humboldt. Near Caritango, in New Grenada, South America, there is a high hill called Papo. To the south-west of this hill there is a village district called Turbaco. In the midst of a thicket of palms is a marshy district called Los Volcancitos. The tradition of the inhabitants is, that this ground was once all in flames, but that the fire had been extinguished by a monk who sprinkled the ground with holy water. Since then the fire volcano has become a watery one.

The volcancitos are about 15 or 20 in number, stand in cones from 19 to 25 feet high, and measure around their bases 78 to 85 feet each. On the top of each of these volcancitos is an aperture or depression from 15 to 30 inches in diameter, and filled with water through which air-bubbles are constantly escaping. In other parts of the ground there are apertures for such escape of air, but which are not surrounded by cones. The cones have, no doubt, been raised by the clayey mud contained in the fluids, and the dull sound, which precedes every ebulition in the water of the cone, indicates that the ground is hollow. It seems that each crater receives its supply of air and gas from separate channels. These little craters are always filled with water, even in the driest seasons. The temperature of the water is not higher than that of the atmosphere.

These mud volcanoes originate with earthquakes, and their rise is accompanied by subterranean detonations and with jets of flame. Their diminished action supplies us with a specimen of the perpetual though subdue activity of the interior of the earth. The muddy water seems at the first ebullition to have been of a high temperature but afterwards the temperature becomes lower. This fact implies that the vents, which at first communicated with deep-lying strata of great heat, have, by some means become obstructed or choked up, and that the vents of the cooler water do not rise from any great depth below the surface.

Late Deliveries—For several weeks the Magazine has been issued a day or two beyond its proper time. This has been owing the impossibility of hiring compositors for love or money. Our compositors and press-men have worked night and day to "catch up," but in vain. Finding this impossible we concluded to drop a week and publish the Magazine in good time for the succeeding number; and having gained a few days to keep it ahead, and thus put a stop to these late deliveries in future.

Our subscribers need not imagine they will, perhaps, lose a number by this process. We give just fifty-two numbers for the year's subscription in any case.

Our aim is always to issue the Magazine on Saturday ready for Sunday reading. This we can accomplish at present by this method only. We adopt it believing our readers would prefer a delay of a few days to secure the regular issue of the Magazine every Saturday.

This arrangement will account to our readers for the delay this week.

First Utah built Steam-engine.—We have on our table a photograph of a small but beautiful Steam-engine of two-horse power, just completed and erected for Messrs. Smith Bros. carpenters and joiners, on the State Road, by our talented machinist Wm. J. Silver.

It is, we believe, the first practical Steam-engine built in Utah, and worthy the attention and examination of all interested in the progress of machinery in this Territory.

The diameter of the piston is 3½ inches. Stroke 7 inches. Revolutions per minute 250. Cut off 9-14. Pressure of steam, one hundred pounds per square inch. For proportions and workmanship it will challenge comparison with any engine yet imported.

The designation of the engine is an "Inverted Direct-acting Vertical" and is built entirely of wrought iron, brass and steel. Friends of progress in Utah call and see it.

Utah Grapes.—A New Enterprise.—Our friend and co-laborer, Joseph E. Johnson, editor of the Rio Virgin Times, will please accept our thanks for a valuable specimen of "Dixie" grapes preserved in brandy, and put up at his manufactory in St. George Utah. We take pleasure in calling the attention of merchants, and all interested in procuring a delicious and portable article of the kind, to this new and useful enterprise.
"MARRIING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE."

Hepworth Dixon says, in effect, that the next great question of the world is Marriage. He is correct, the next time the Great Managerial Curtain rises, Marriage will be the drama and it will be played through before it falls. Among other questions that of plural marriage has to be tried, not versus single marriage, but alongside of it. The Mormon proposition is not to make plural marriage obligatory on the world, but to declare its necessity and legitimacy under certain circumstances. The Mormon proposition amounts to this, that all women are entitled to be married if it takes the institution of plural marriage in the world to effect it. This much it says for society at large, and for itself, that plural marriage, practised within certain conditions, is a portion of a divine system based on the facts of men and women's nature. As to polygamy in the abstract it is, like monogamy, neither pure nor impure. Polygamy as practised by the Mormons themselves may be very impure and degrading, or it may be very pure and elevating. In and of itself it is neither one nor the other, but open to both results. It is just what it is made by its practisers. All that is necessary to constitute a doctrine divine is that it be capable of producing divine results when practised in its true spirit; its susceptibility to abuse is nothing to the question.

During our journey East how often have we heard the shallow remark, made too, with a look of astonishing wisdom, that if a plurality of wives be right for man, a plurality of husbands must be right for women; for "what is sauce for the goose must be sauce for the gander you know." Our reply to this has been that a plurality of husbands would be just as right as a plurality of wives, if it was equally in harmony with men and women's true natures, but it is not. It is in the nature of woman to concentrate all her worldly affection upon one object. It is not within the scope of her being to do more; a plurality of husbands is, therefore, impossible to her. Women of a loose, voluptuous order, may love with more than one man, but no true woman since the creation ever loved more than one man as a husband at one time. There are women in the world who feel as though an affection for more than one man was possible to them. This is because they have never yet had their true womanly love drawn out. Let any such woman realize her true ideal of a husband—and all women will do sooner or later—and her soul will be filled. Beyond that pure point she cannot go. It is not so with a truly developed man. As to the capacities and necessities of a man's soul he is differently organized to woman in this respect; and all men who do not stifle and overrule the voice of their true nature know it more or less. Polygamy of the brutal, degrading kind is open, we know very well, to all men, and the lower the man the nearer it is to him; but polygamy of the true kind is just a question of growth; a question of enlargement of nature. When a man's nature is sufficiently unfolded, love becomes a necessity of his being, and he loves in exact proportion to the increase of soul's capacities. Hence polygamy is not a necessity of all men's natures; indeed there are men so low in scale of being that the domestic relations have not yet been developed within them at all. If they do, it is for their sex alone; their natures known yearning for wife or child. This is simply undeveloped nature or lack of growth. They are in the bud for many years have not blossomed. They may wear beard like Methusaleh's, and be wrinkled with age never less they are but full-grown children—not men, for quality of manhood has yet to be developed within them. And the same fact applies to women, who may pass into the soar and yellow leaf of age, but less the wifely attachments and motherly instinct, have grown up within them they have not yet reached perfect womanhood. Upon these facts all marriage is based. Its institution and intention is to culminate and bring out these qualities, because without them men and women newer know the full pleasures of their being, and not knowing them cannot enjoy the full felicity of life here or life beyond the grave.

Upon this broad foundation rests the true base of polygamy. Its object is the development of the whole man including the growth of the affections, not the mere accumulation of women and children. There are many sides to a man's nature, and when one wife can draw out and fill one portion she can no more. In man, immortal man, type of eternity, there sleeps infinite qualities; endless powers only to be developed as they are called out by the necessities of his life. Single marriage does this in degree, but plural marriage with its thousand-fold condition, can alone act on all sides of his being, develop, bring into play all the latent powers within him. True, divine polygamy, can do this, but not the polygamy of lust; nor the polygamy of ancient barbarities which are now multiplying wives and children like cattle—it is not; it is the polygamy of love. When it is less than true, it is of the earth earthy, gross and degrading.

Where is the justice of polygamy to women? Here. A woman has a right to all of a man's nature that she can impress and fill, but she has no right to that which she cannot occupy. If in heart and bodily man increases beyond her capacity to impress she has no right to prevent others from yielding to what she cannot herself supply. This is all there is to it.

While she can rightfully claim that no woman can divide the love herself has created, she has no right to that to which she cannot draw forth, and which will be locked up in her husband's bosom silent and unused, for ever as far as she is concerned.

All this, it will be seen, presupposes marriage based in every case on reciprocal affection of the purest and most elevated kind. There are men who believe in mechanical marriage—in the piling up of huge families just for the sake of numbers. Such men accumulate women but not wives. Against such marriages raise our humble but indignant protest. Such marriage leads but to barrenness and sterility of thought and is double-dyed damnation to both sexes.

As we have said before, plural marriage is not necessarily obligatory on all men, any more than single marriage. In our humble estimation, it should flow from the necessities of man's higher nature and be demanded by them. True, there are exceptional cases where single marriage life has developed matrimonial
Foul Play.

By Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault.

Chapter XI.

Foul Play.

Wardlaw senior was not what you would call a tender heart—1 man; but he was thoroughly moved by General Rolleston’s distress, and by his fortitude. The gallant old man! landing in England one week, and going back to the Pacific the next! He goes with life; and Wardlaw senior, energetic and resourceful himself, though he felt for his son, stricken down by grief, gave his heart to the most valiant distress of his contemporaries. He manned and victualled the Springbok for a long voyage, ordered her to Plymouth, and took his friend down to her by land.

They went out to her in a boat. She was a screw steamer, that could sail nine hours without burning a coal. As he came down the Channel, the General’s trouble got to be well known aboard her, and, when he came out of the harbor, the sailors by an honest, hearty impulse, that did them credit, waited for no orders, but manned the yards to receive him with the respect due to his services, and his sacred calumny.

On getting on board, he saluted the captain and the ship’s company with sad dignity, and retired to his cabin with Mr. Wardlaw. There the old merchant forced him on by way of loan seven hundred pounds, crammed in gold and silver, telling him there was nothing to do, go where you will. He then gave him a number of notices he had printed, and a paper of advice and instructions: it was written in his own large, clear, formal hand.

General Rolleston tried to falter out his thanks, John Wardlaw.

"Next to you I am your father, am I not?"

"You have proved it."

"Well, then. However, if you do find her, as I pray to God you may, I claim the second best, mind that: not for myself, though; for my poor Arthur, that lies on a sick bed for her."

General Rolleston assented to that in a broken voice. He could hardly speak.

And so they parted; and that sad parent went out to the Pacific.

To him it was—indeed a sad and gloomy voyage; and the hope with which he went on board oozed gradually as the ship traversed the vast tracks of ocean. One immensity of water to be paced before that other immensity was reached, on whose vast, uniform surface the search was to be.

To abridge this gloomy and monotonous part of our tale, suffice it to say that he endured two months of water and indifferent fare on board the vessel, fast as she was, and then interrupted to carry out Wardlaw’s instructions. The poor General himself had but one idea; to go and search the Pacific with his own eyes; but Wardlaw, more experienced, directed him to overlook every whaler and coasting vessel he could, and deliver printed notices; telling the sad story, and offering a reward for any positive information, good or bad, that should be brought to his agent at Valparaiso. He had been only on the coast for five days when he received three notice vessels as they steamed up from the Horn. They now placarded the port of Valparaiso, and put the notices on board all vessels bound westward; and the captain of the Springbok spoke to the skippers in the General. But the gallant old man said probably be to give their minds seriously to the inquiry when they heard in what water the cutter was last seen, and on what course.

One old skipper said, "Look on Juan Fernandez, and then at the bottom of the Pacific; but the sooner you look there the less time you will lose."

From Valparaiso they ran to Juan Fernandez, which indeed seemed the likeliest place; if she was alive.

When the larger island of that group, the island dear alike to you who read, and to me who write this tale, came in sight, the father’s heart began to beat higher.

The ship anchored and took in coal, which was furnished at a wickedly high price by Mr. Joshua Fullalow, who had virtually purchased the supply from them on credit. She was on lease for longer than the earth itself is to last, we hear.

And now Rolleston found the value of Wardlaw’s loan; it enabled him to prosecute his search through the whole group of islands; and he did hear at least of three persons, who had been ashore on Massa, one of whom was female. He followed this up, and at last discovered the parties. He found them to be Spaniards, and the woman smoking a pipe.

After this bitter disappointment he went back to the ship, and she was to wait his answer next morning.

But while General Rolleston was at Massa Fuego, a small coasting vessel had come in, and brought a strange report at second-hand, that in some degree unsettled Captain Moreland’s mind; and being hotly discussed on the forecastle, set the ship’s company in a ferment.

Chapter XII.

Hazel had risen an hour before dawn, for reasons well known to himself. He put on his worst clothes, and a leathern belt, his little bags round his neck, and took a bundle of rushes in his hand. He also provided himself with some pieces of raw fish and fresh oyster; and, thus equipped, went up through Terrapin Wood, and got to the neighborhood of the lagoons before daybreak.

There was a heavy steam on the water, and nothing else to be seen. He set the hoop over his head and walked into the water, not without an internal shudder, it looked so cold. But instead of that, it was very warm, unaccountably warm. He walked in up to his middle and tied his iron hoop to his belt, so as to prevent it from floating off. Then he walked slowly and cautiously forward till the bird was close to the rushes.

Hazel stretched out his hand with the utmost care, caught hold of the bird’s feet, and dragged him sharply under water, and brought him up alive without the least struggle. Hazel sizzled him under directly, and so quenched the sound; then he glistened slowly to the bank, so slowly that the rushes merely seemed to drift ashore. This he did not create suspicion; and so spoil the next attempt, as he did; he glistened, he give your ducks a bath, and then soberly and methodically swam away. By this time he had taught the duck not to quack, or he would get sizzled and held under. He now took the long end and tied it tight round the bird’s leg, and so fastened the bag to it. Even while Hazel was doing this, a vessel came down in sight of the marah, and took their flight from the island. As they passed, Hazel threw his captive up in the air; and such was the force of example, aided, perhaps, by the fright the captive had received, that Hazel’s bird instantly joined these travelers, rose with them into
the high currents, and away, bearing the news eastward upon the wave, and the man returned to the pool, and twice more he was so fortunate as to secure a bird, and launch him into space.

So hard is it to measure the wit of man, and to define his resources. The problem was solved; the aerial messengers were on the wing, diffusing over hundreds of leagues of water the intelligence that an English lady had been wrecked on an unknown island, in longitude 108 deg. 30 min. west, and latitude 33d and 26th parallels of south latitude; and calling good ships and men to her rescue for the love of God.

CHAPTER XLII.

And now for the strange report that landed at Juan Fernandez while General Rolleston was searching Mass Fuero.

The coaster who brought it ashore, had been in company, at Valparaiso, with a whaler from Nantucket, who told him he had fallen in with a Dutch whaler out at sea, and distressed for water; he had supplied the said Dutchman, who had thanked him, and given him a remitt of Hollands, and had told him in confidence that the man had anchors on the island, in the sky, in waters where no land was marked in the chart; namely, somewhere between Juan Fernandez and Norfolk Island; and that, believing this to be the reflection of a part of some island near land, and his water being low, though not at that time, he was come relatively out of his course in hopes of finding this watered island, but could see nothing of it. Nevertheless, as his grandfather, who had been sixty years at sea, and logged many wonderful things, had told him the sky had been known to him, he had given him the island land at a great distance, he has been heard there was an island wooded and watered.

This tale soon boarded the Springbrook, and was hotly discussed on the forecastle. It came to Captain Rolleston's ears, and he examined the skipper of the coasting smack. But this examination elicited nothing new, and an anchor was set in the skipper had had the tale only at third hand. Captain Rolleston, however, communicated it to General Rolleston on his arrival, and asked him whether he thought it worth while to desist from their instructions upon information of such a character. Rolleston shook his head. "An island reflected in the sky," he said, "I have never seen one so far out of his course in hopes of finding this watered island, but could see nothing of it. Nevertheless, as his grandfather, who had been sixty years at sea, and logged many wonderful things, had told him the sky had been known to him, he has been heard there was an island wooded and watered."

"No sir, a portion of an island containing a river."

"It is clearly a fable," said Rolleston, with a laugh.

"What is a fable, General?"

"That which the sky can reflect terrestrial objects."

"There isn't a thing in the sky that can't be seen on land."

"And it is the general opinion of seamen when the beast is come, tell us. Jack's as good as his master in those matters.""Couldn't say for boys and lubbers, sir. But I never met a thing what we know, that hadn't seen it; but all of us has seen them as has been in ships, and land, too; but mostly ships. However, I had a messmate once as was sailing past a rock they call alias Craig, and saw a regiment of soldiers marching in the sky.Logged it, did the mate, and them soldiers was marching between two towns in Ireland at that very time."

"There, you see, General," said Captain Rolleston. "But this is all second-hand," said General Rolleston, with a sigh; "and I have learned now everything gets distorted in passing from one to another."

"Oh!" said the captain. "We can't help that; the thing is rare. I never saw it for one; and I suppose I never saw a phenomenon of the kind latter."

"Isn't it?" said Isaac, gravely. "Then, with sudden, and not very reasonable, heat."

"What? By my eyes and limbs if I haven't seen the Peak o' Teneriffe in the sky toby turvy, and as plain as I see there cloud there' (pointing upwards).

"Come," said Moreland; "now we are getting to it. Tell all about that."

"Well, sir," said the seaman, "I don't care to learn them things at everything they have seen in may-be a dozen voyages at most; but you know me, and I know you; though you command the ship, and I work before the mast. Now I assure you, sir, though you may say, the man who was the mast, would take a square loaf, or a cocked-hat, for the Peak o' Teneriffe."

"As little likely as I am myself, Isaac."

"No commander can say fairer nor that," said Isaac, with dignity. "Well then, your honor, I'll tell ye the truth, and so it be—We was a ship at Teneriffe with a good sea boat, and many things that I seen in this life, so much of it as we wanted, by reason she was a good sea boat, but broad in the bows. The Peak hove in sight in the sky, and all the glasse was at her. She lay a point or two our course, a little like, full two hours, and then she just melted away like a lump of snow. We was at sea, a week and a day and a half, and, at last, we sighted the real Peak, as anchored off the port; whereby, when we saw Teneriffe Peak in the sky to winnaard, she lay a hundred leagues to leeward."

"That is wonderful," said General Rolleston.

"That will do, Isaac," said the Captain. "Mr. Butt, don't hisgrog for a week, for having seen more than I have."

The captain and General Rolleston had a long discussion, but nothing was made of it as it related to the voyage; General Rolleston was a soldier, and had learned to obey as well as command. He saw no sufficient ground for deviation from Wardlow's positive instructions.

This decision soon became known throughout the ship; and she was to weigh anchor at 11 a.m. next day, by high water.

At eight next morning, Captain Moreland and General Rolleston being on deck, one of the ship's boys, a regular pe, with rosy checks and black eyes, comes up to the quarterdeck, takes off his cap, and pulls aside fully all his own sad sack and shoves a paper into General Rolleston's hand, and sends away for his life.

"This won't do," said the captain, sternly. The boy unfurled the paper, handed it to him unopened. The Captain opened it, it looked a little vexed, but more amused, and handed it back to the General. It was a Round Robin.

Round Robins are not ingratiating as a rule. But this one came from some rough but honest fellows, who had already shown that kindliness and tact may reside in a coarse envelope.

The sailors of the Springbrook, when they first boarded her, was the Thames, looked on themselves as men bound on an empty cruise; and nothing but the pay, which was five shillings per month, was the reward of services rendered; and one who does not like going to sea for nothing, any more than a true sportsman likes to ride to hounds that are hunting a red hunting-trail. But the sight of the General had touched them after all. Off his grey hair and pale face, seen as he rowed out of Plymouth Harbor, had sent them to the yards by a gallant impulse; and all through the voyage the game had been put on an air of alacrity and hope, whenever they passed the General or came under his eye.

If hypocrisy is always a crime, this was a very criminal ship: for the men, and even the boys, were hypocrites, who, feeling quite sure that the daughter was dead at sea months ago, did, nevertheless, make up their faces to encourage the father into thinking she was alive, and going to find her. It was a wonderful thing, these people who pursue this game too long, and keep up the hopes of another; get infected at last themselves; and the crew of the Springbrook arrived at Valparaiso infected with a little hope.

Then came the Dutchman's tale, and the discussion, which ended adversely to their views and elicited the crewmen to have the honor to lay before our readers:

We who sign around this line, hope none offence and mean none. We think Easter Island is out of her course. Such of us who are not already very well provided with the old cutler, that lies for sale, to Easter Island need seeks him, but to want the Scamier is a pity. We are all agreed the Dutch skipper saw land and water aloft sailing between Juan Fernandez and Norfolk Isale, and what a Dutchman can see on the sky we think an Englishman can find it in the sea, God willing. Wherefore we pray our good Captain to follow the Dutchman's course with a good heart and a willing crew. And so say we whose names here be.

Signed by the Capt's Crew.
CHAPTER XLV.

Hazel returned homewards in a glow of triumph, and for once felt disposed to brag to Helen of his victory—a victory by which she was to profit not he.

"They met in the wood; for she had tracked him by his foot-prints. She seemed pale and troubled, and speedily interrupted his exclamations of triumph, by one of delight, which was soon however followed by one of distress.

"Oh, look at you!" she said. "You have been in the water; it is wicked, wicked!"

"But I have solved the problem. I caught three ducks after the other, and tied the intelligence to their legs; they are at this moment careering over the ocean, with our story and our longitude, and a guess at our latitude. Crowned with joy.

"With foot-prints, more likely," said Helen; "only just getting well of rheumatic fever, and to go and stand in water up to the middle.

"Why, you don't listen to me," cried Hazel, in amazement, "I tell you I have solved the problem."

"It is you that doesn't listen to common sense," retorted Helen. "If you go and make yourself ill, all the problems in the world will not compensate me. And I must say it is not very kind of you to run away without warning; why give me hours of anxiety for want of a word? But there, it is useless to argue with a boy; yes, sir, a boy. The fact is, I have been too easy with you of late. One indulges sick children. But then you must not slip away and stand in the water, or there is an end of indulgence; and one is driven to severity. You must be rated with a rod of iron. Go home this moment, sir, and change your clothes; and don't you presume to come into the presence of the nurse you have offended, till there's not a wet thread about you."

And you had solved him off. The inventor in his moment of victory had very soon fallen to change his clothes.

So far—Hazel Rolleston was a type of her sex in its treatment of inventors. At breakfast she became a brilliant exception. The moment she saw Hazel seated by her fire in dry clothes she changed her key, and made him relate the whole business, and one was driven to severity. You must be rated with a rod of iron. Go home this moment, sir, and change your clothes; and don't you presume to come into the presence of the nurse you have offended, till there's not a wet thread about you."

"But," said she, "I do ask you not to repeat this exploit too often; now, don't do it again for a fortnight. The island will not run away. Ducks come and go every day, and your health is very delicate.

He colored with pleasure, and made the promise at once. But during this fortnight, events occurred. In the first place he improved his invention. He remembered how a duck, over weighted by a crab, which was fastened to her leg, had come on board the boat. Memory dwelling on this, and invention di-
He was so injudicious as to interrupt her, instead of giving her time to contradict herself.

"You have nothing to fear," said he; "keep this side of the island, and all will be well; I'll lie on the other, rather than hear the name of Arthur Wardlaw."

Helen's courage failed her at that spirited proposal, and she made no reply at all, but turned her back hastily, and went away from him, only when she had got a little way her proud head began to droop, and her eyes to fill with tears. A coolness sprung up between them, and neither of them knew how to end it. Hazel saw no way to serve her now, except by flying weakly and tack, and he gave his mind to the thing that day he told her he had twenty-seven ducks in the air, all charged, and two of them weighed. He thought that must please her now. To his surprise and annoyance, he received the intelligence coldly, and asked him whether it was not cruel to the birds.

Hazel spoke with mortification at his great act of self-denial being so received.

"He said, 'I don't think my worst enemy can say I am wantonly cruel to God's creatures.' Hazel threw in, 'alas, and I am not your worst enemy.'"

"But what other way is there to liberate you from this island, where you have nobody to speak to but me? Well, selflessness is the best course, think only of others, and you are sure not to please them."

"If you want to please people, you must begin by understanding them," said the lady, not ill-naturedly.

"But if you don't understand themselves!"

"Then pity them; you can, for you are a man."

"What hurts me," said Hazel, "is that you really seem to think I fly only for my own pleasure. Why, if I had your wish, and I should never leave this island, nor any other person set a foot on it. I am frank, you see."

"Rather too frank."

"What do it matter since I do my duty all the same, and fly the ducks? But sometimes I do yearrow for a word of praise for it; and that word never comes!"

"It is a praiseworthy act," said Helen, but so l tally that it is a wonder he ever flew another duck after that.

"Nor did his and involuntarily sought his heart; "you read me a sharp but wholesome lesson, that we should do our duty for our duty's sake. And as I am quite sure it is my duty to liberate you and restore you to those you —-I'll fly three ducks to-morrow morning instead of two."

"It is not done by my advice," said Helen. "You will certainly make yourself ill."

"Oh, that is all nonsense," said Hazel.

"You are rude to me," said Helen, "and I am not aware of that I deserve it."

"Rude, am I? Then I'll say no more," said Hazel, half-humbly, half-doggedly.

His parchament was exhausted, and he was driven to another expedient. He obtained alcohol by distillation from rum, and having found dragon's blood in its pure state, little ruby drops, made a deep red varnish that defied water; he got slips of bark, white inside, cut his incepion deep on the inner side, and filled the incised letters with this red varnish. He had forty-eight ducks in the air, and was rising before daybreak to catch another couple, when he was seized with a pain in the right hip and knee, and found he could hardly walk, so he gave up in that morning, and kept about the premises. But he got worse, and he had hardly any use in his right side, from the waist downwards, and was in great pain.

As the day wore on, the pain and loss of power increased, and he decided there was no fever to speak of; but Nature was grimly revenging herself for many a gentleman warning neglected. When he realized his condition, he was terribly cut up, and sat on the sand with his head in his hands for nearly two hours. But, after that period of despondency, he got up, put the book, and used it as a staff, hobbled to his arsomal, and set to work.

Amongst his materials was a young tree he had pulled up; the roots ran at right angles to the stem. He just saw off the ends of the roots, and then proceeded to shorten the stem. Hazel, who had always a secret eye on his movements, had seen there was something wrong, and came timidly and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing," said he doggedly.

"How did you sit so long on the sand? I never saw you like that?"

"I was ruminating."
normous dark ribbon stretched along the sky, at some little
height above the horizon. Notwithstanding its prodigious
length, it got larger before their very eyes.
Hazel started.
Helen felt him start, and asked him, with some surprise, what
was the matter?
"Clouds!" said he, "that is no cloud. That is smoke."
"Smoke!" echoed Helen, becoming agitated in her turn.
"Yes; the smoke is northerly, and carries the smoke nearer
to us; it is the smoke of a steam-boat."

"OUR HIRED MAN" IN WELLS, FARGO & CO.'S.
COACH.

"Our HIRED Man's" feelings on the subject of "cash" and
"store-pays" were so intense at our last writing, that, acting under the best medical advice we could
get, we concluded to soothe his troubled soul by a jour-
ney with "The Editor in Chief" to the terminus of the
railroad. Of course the jealousy of the six sub-editors,
and ten Locals of the Magazine was frightfully excited
over this distinction; but with that dignified com-
posure so peculiar to "the Editor"—and which leads him as
MERCURIO says, "to button up his overcoat with a
grand air"—they were waved into immediate and
complete subjection and silence in a moment; and each
commenced writing forthwith, in a frightful hurry
and were never known to leave off for five minutes,
until "the Editor" returned eight weeks after.
The following powerful description of the journey is
gathered from "Our HIRED Man's" lips. "The Editor
"of course was present but he says nothing; digni-
fied silence being his forte. "Our HIRED Man" is paid
foriung, and of course has to do his own work.
About half-past seven o'clock on a September morn-
ing, our co-laborer, in company with four pairs of
blankets, two pistols and a flask of—pure water, was
escorted to the coach by —— STEIN ESQ., who bowed
profusely, as he only can bow, when he saw the dis-
tinguished representative of the UTAH MAGAZINE who
leftly extended the tip of his lead pencil for him to
shake by way of patronizing recognition. It is, of
course, totally unnecessary to state here that the
whole establishment of Wells, Fargo & Co. was visibly
agitated when they discovered the name of "Our HIRED
Man" on the "way bill."
Our valued assistant and eight other persons were
speedily inside the coach, and here the special beauty of
unity of purpose was, for the first time, fully il-
ustrated to his comprehension, for, unless the aforesaid
man did rise as one man, or sit down as one, it was
a fact worthy the investigation of our scientific
men that they were ever after unable to rise or sit
down as well. Whether this was owing to the under-
sizing the coach, or the over-sizing of the nine persons
is a subject too deep for rash decision, and worthy
the profoundest investigation. This much "Our HIRED
Man" can state on accurate and close observation,
that, had the coach been a quarter of an inch smaller,
after rising, the aforesaid nine had never sat down
again; or once being seated, they never could have
come apart, without the coach being smashed up and
their respective pieces pulled asunder and properly
sorted by the servants of the company.

But we are ahead of our story. The coach rolled
through the kanyon, and "Our HIRED Man" was ad-
miring the beauty of the scenery, when from some
cause which will always be unexplainable to him, his
head made a violent rush at the man on the opposite
seat; and here comes in the wondrous wisdom of
nature's arrangements in favor of Wells, Fargo & Co. for it is clear to our friend's mind that had it
not been for the jamming in aforesaid, nothing could
have prevented his head going clear through his unfor-
tunate fellow-passenger, especially as he is a "hard
head" and not a "soft shell."
At the same moment "Our HIRED Man's" knee struck his eye which was energetically responded to by his nose hitting his
leg by way of retaliation. The beauty of this interest-
ing process, which was repeated at intervals, and
generally kept up for an hour each time, being heightened
by the fact that the eight other passengers were en-
gaged in the same remarkable gymnastics during the
same periods.

And here comes in a point where the wise arrange-
ments of things in general, are still more wonderfully
seen, for, as by no amount of pushing or squeezing
were these "too solid" nine all able to get down to
the surface of their seats at once after getting up—es-
pecially the middle man of each seat, who was always
suspended two inches above the rest—until the jum-
bling, rocking, and pitching of the coach brought them
all to a level and proper bearing—so is it clear that
the narrowness of the coach and the rocking and
tumbling were things specially intended by providence
to go together; said rockings and joltings being ridic-
ulous and useless inventions on any other principle.

And "Our HIRED Man" would here say a word about
sleep. Sleep is generally considered, by the unsoph-
isticated, to be a very simple arrangement—then to
minds of the lowest order. "Our HIRED Man" knows
better. Sleep is a science of the highest order. If
any one doubts it let him try it in one of Wells, Fardo
& Co's. coaches. Especially as he did, going down
with three miserably malignant fellow-passengers
opposite, who were engaged dawking at him every
second; and two infatuated companions—one on each
side—who did nothing but thrash their unfortunate
heads upon his shoulders all night long. Or let them
try it as he did, coming back, with four packing-cases
in front of his nose, all evidently anxious to rush upon
him like an avalanche and crush him out of his misery;
nothing but the thin edge of his shirt-collar for a pil-
low, and any quantity of lunatic looking sleepers
round him, wildly knocking their shirt- bosoms with
their venerable chins, like a set of besotted Chinese
mandarins—except when for variety's sake—as the
coach performed one of its amusing little somersaults,
they would jump and exclaim "Look out, over she
goes!" And our literary associate is of opinion that
that's the time to show up your scientific sleeping if
you've got any.

Our learned associate has but one more remark to
make at present, and that is on the impossibility of
always distinguishing what he calls personal property in
stage coaches—he refers to arms, knees and similar
portable articles. One of these charming nights in
question, our friend, whose knees were hopelessly in-
terlocked within five other pairs, fancied he felt a
sensation, commonly known as itching, in some one's
knee, at first he thought it was his own, and he fell
down to discover, if possible, if it was so; but he found
such a tangled up lot of knees belonging to everybody,
DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A noted sportsman taking his dinner at one of the New York clubs, exhibited a diamond ring of great beauty and apparent value on his finger. A gentleman present had a great passion for diamonds. After dinner the parties met in the office. After much bantering the owner consented to barter the ring for the sum of six hundred dollars. As the buyer left the room, a suppressed tittering struck his ear. He concluded that the former owner had sold both the ring and the purchaser. He said nothing but called next day upon a jeweller, where he learnt the diamond was paste, and the ring worth about twenty five dollars. He examined some real diamonds and found one closely resembling the paste in his own ring. He hired the diamond for a few days, pledged twelve hundred dollars, the price of it, and gave a hundred dollars for its use. He went to another jeweller, had the paste removed, and the real diamond set. His chums knowing how he had been imposed upon, waited impatiently for his appearance the next night. To their astonishment they found him in high glee. He flourished his ring, boasted of his bargain, and said if any gentleman present had a hundred dollar gold ring to sell for six hundred, he knew of a purchaser. When he was told the ring was paste, and that he had been cheated, he laughed at their folly. Bets were freely offered that the ring did not contain a real diamond. Two men bet two thousand dollars each. Two bet five hundred dollars. All were taken: umpires were chosen. The money and the ring were put into their hands. They went to a first class jeweller, who applied all the tests, and who said the stone was a diamond of the first water, and was worth without the setting, twelve hundred dollars. The buyer put the three thousand dollars he had won quickly in his pocket. He carried the diamond back and recalled his twelve hundred dollars, and with his paste ring on his finger went to his club. The man who sold the ring was waiting for him. He wanted to get the ring back. He attempted to turn the whole thing into a joke. He sold the ring, he said, for fun. He knew it was a real diamond all the time. He never wore false jewels. He could tell a real diamond anywhere by its peculiar light. He would not be so mean as to cheat an old friend. He knew his friend would let him have the ring. But his friend was stubborn—said that the seller thought it was paste, and intended to defraud him. At length on the payment of eight hundred dollars, the ring was restored. All parties came to the conclusion, when the whole affair came out, that when diamond cuts diamond again, some one less sharp will be selected.—Sunshine and Shadow in N. Y.

LADIES' TABLE.

RECIPEs.

Stew of Veal.—Cut the meat from the bones into pieces about two inches square, put into a frying-pot, two ounces of butter, and an onion in thin slices; when the butter is hot put in the veal, and fry it to a nice brown; put it on a dish, and pour a teaspoonful of water into the frying-pan; let it boil and pour it out. Stew the bones in rather more cold water than will cover them, for three hours. This will make excellent soup or broth, which may be flavored with parsley, celery, or any other vegetable. A pint of this broth, before any other flavoring than parsley has been added, is needed for the meat, which should be put into a saucepan with it and the liquor which was made after frying the meat, and gently stewed for an hour. A teaspoonful of flour, and a little ketchup, with cayenne pepper and salt, should be added. Give it a boil up, and serve with a cloth to toasted bread round the dish.

To Use Up the Remains of Cold Joints,—Chop them very fine, with some fat bacon or ham; add a little salt, cayenne, grated lemon-peel, parsley, nutmeg, a few bread-crumbs, and two eggs, to one pound of meat; put all into a saucepan with two tablespoonsful of cream, and two ounces of butter. This is the proportion to one pound of chopped meat. Let the mixture get cold, and then put it into light paste to bake, either in the form of patties or in rolls.

Potted Cheese.—This is a luncheon dish, and, being in a glass jar it looks light and pretty on the table. One pound of cheese must be well beaten in a mortar and to it must be added two ounces of liquid butter, one glass of sherry, and a very small quantity of cayenne pepper, mace, and salt. All should be well beaten together, and put into a potting-jar, with a layer of butter at the top.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW TO MAKE COLORED FLAMES.

A variety of rays of light are exhibited by colored flames, which are to be seen in white light. Thus pure hydrogen gas will burn with a blue flame, in which many of the rays of light are wanting, the flame of an oil lamp contains most of the rays which are wanting in the sunlight. Alcohol, mixed with water, when heated or burned, affords a flame with no rays but yellow. The following salts if finely powdered and introduced into the exterior flame of a candle, or into the wick of a spirit lamp will communicate to the flame their peculiar colors:

- Murate of Soda (common salt) — Yellow.
- Murate of Potash — Pale violet.
- Murate of Lime — Bright crimson.
- Murate of Lithia — Red.
- Murate of Erythrite — Pale apple-green.
- Murate of Copper — Bluish green.
- Borax — Green.

Or, either of the above salts may be mixed with spirit of wine as directed for Red Vire.

ANSWERS TO NO. 36, PAGE 129.

Black 13—Red or Yellow.
43. He is known by his axe (hacks). (See 36.)
44. Because the hour of noon (XIII) is a red, not two reds.
45. Because he kneads (needles) it most.
POETRY.

WHAT IS TRUE LOVE:

Not that which wakes at beauty's smile,
Or dies beneath its frown,
That lives and is but for a little while.
Or builds up hopes till the fragile pile
Of self-righteous topples down.

Not that which burns with passion's fire,
And changeth off its shrine:
This is a love which rank no higher
Than instinct wild or fierce desire—
Not love, pure love divine.

Not that where jealousy will grow,
Where oft suspicions lurk:
The heart that jealousy will show
Love but itself, and cannot know
True love's angelic work.

Not that the selfish spirit knows,
With envious desire;
The narrow soul no further goes
Than pleasure or than profit shows;
Love soar a system higher.

But that which seeks another's bliss,
Hopes for another's sake,
Lives only for the happiness
Of what it loves—content with this,
Would earth a heaven make.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE DEAD MEN'S BONES.

The shades now spread for Harold were in pursuance with the policy thus resolved on. The camp soon afterwards broke up, and the troops took their way to Bayeux.

And one day Harold had been riding and conversing with Odo when the duke, who had been till then in the rear, spurred up with courteous excuses to Harold for his long deflection from his side; and as they resumed their way, talked with all his former frankness and gayety.

"By the way, dear brother in arms," said he, "I have provided thee this evening with comrades more welcome, I fear, than myself—Iaco and Wolnoth. That last is a youth whom I love dearly; the first is unsocial enough, and methinks would make a better friend than a soldier. But, by St. Valery, I forgot to tell thee that an envoy from Flanders to-day, among other news, brought me some that may interest thee. There is a strong commotion in thy brother Tostig's Northumbrian earldom, and the rumor runs that his fierce vessels will drive him forth and select some other lord: talk was of the sons of Algar—so I think ye called the stout dead earl. This looks grave, for my dear cousin Edward's health is failing fast. May the saints spare him long from their rest."

"These are indeed ill tidings," said the earl; "and I trust that they will suffice to plead at once my excuse for urging my immediate departure. Grateful am I for thy most gracious hostship, and thy just and generous intercession with thy liegeman" (Harold dwell emphatically on the last word), for my release from a capture disgraceful to all Christendom. The ransom so nobly paid for me will not inault thee, dear lord, by affecting to repay; but such gifts as our cheapmen hold most rare, perchance thy lady and thy fair children will deign to accept at my hands. Of these hereafter. Now may I ask but a vessel from thy nearest port?"

"We will talk of this, dear guest and brother knight; on some later occasion. Lo, yon castle—ye have no such in England. See its vawmures and fosses!"

"A noble pile!" answered Harold. "But pardon me that I press for—"

"Ye have no such strongholds, I say, in England?" interrupted the duke petulantly.

"Nay," replied the Englishman, "we have two strongholds far larger than that—Salisbury Plain and Newmarket Heath! strongholds that will hold fifty thousand men who need no walls but their shields. Count William, England's ramparts are her men, and her strongest castles her widest plains."

"Ah!" said the duke, biting his lip, "ah, no be it—but to return; in that castle, mark it well, the dukes of Normandy hold their prisoners of state; and then he added with a laugh, "but we hold you, noble captive in a prison more strong—our love and our heart."

As he spoke, he turned his eye full upon Harold, and the gaze of the two encountered: that of the duke was brilliant, but stern and sinister; that of Harold, steadfast but reproachful. As if by a spell the eye of each rested long on that of the other—as the eyes of two lords of the forest ere the rash and the spring.
William was the first to withdraw his gaze, and as he did so, his lip quivered and his brow knitted. Then woving his hand for some of the lodes behind to join him and the earl, he spurred his steed, and all further private conversation was suspended. The train pulled not bridle until they reached a monastery, at which they rested for the night.

On entering the chamber set apart for him at the convent, Harold found Haco and Wolnoth already awaiting him; and a wound he had received in the last skirmish against the Bretons having broken out afeath on the road, allowed him an excuse to spend the rest of the evening alone with his kinsmen.

On conversing with them—now at length and unrestrainedly—Harold saw every thing to increase his alarm, and be convinced of the snares which beset him; for even Wolnoth, when closely pressed, could not but give evidence of the unscrupulous astuteness with which, despite all the boasted honor of chivalry, the duke's character was stained. He at length kissed Wolnoth and dismissed him, yawning, to his rest. Haco, lingering, closed the door, and looked long and mournfully at the earl.

"Noble kinsman," said the young son of Sweyn, "I foresaw, from the first, that, as our fate so will be thine,—only round thee will be wall and fosse; unless, indeed, thou wilt lay aside thine own nature—it will give thee no armor here—and assume that which—"

"Ho!" interrupted the earl, shakimg with repressed passion, "I see already the foul treason to guest and to noble which surround me! But if the duke dare such shame, he shall do so in the eyes of day. For the first boat I see on this river, or his sea-coast, I will hail; and woe to those who lay hands on this arm to detain me!"

Haco lifted his ominous eyes to Harold's; and there was something in their cold and unprompted expression which seemed to repel all enthusiasm, and deaden all courage.

"Harold," said he, "if but for one such moment thou obeyest the impulse of thy manly pride, or thy just sentiments, thou art lost forever; one show of violence, one word of affront, and thou givest the duke the excuse he thirs for. Escape! It is impossible. For the last five years, I have pondered night and day the means of flight; for I deem my hostageship, by right is long since over; and no means have I seen or found. Spies dog my every step, as spies, no doubt, dog thine."

"Hal it is true," said Harold; "never once have I wandered three paces from the camp or the troop, but, under some pretext, I have been followed by knight or courtier. God and our Lady help me, if but for England's sake! But what counselst thou? Boy teach me; thou hast been reared in this air of wile—me to it is strange, and I am as a wild beast encompassed with a circle of fire."

"Then," answered Haco, "meet craft by craft, smile by smile. Feel that thou art under compulsion, and act as the Church itself pardons men for acting, so compelled."

Harold started, and the blush spread red over his cheek. Haco continued.

"Once in prison, and thou art lost forever to the sight of men. William would not then dare to re-
nartial, and ardent for him as myself, combated the
thought of the convent, and promised, that, if ever
occasion meet arrived, and he needed the Norman
telp, I would, with arm and heart, do a chief's best
to win him his lawful crown. Heedest thou me, dear
Harold,
"Ay, my host, with heart as with ear."
"And Edward, then, pressing my hand as I now
press thine, while answering gratefully, promised, that
he did, contrary to all human foresight, gain his
heritage, he, in case I survived him, would bequeath
that heritage to me. Thy hand withdraws itself
from mine?"

"But from surprise. Duke William proceed."

"Now," resumed William, "when thy kinsmen
were sent to me as hostages for the most powerful
house in England—the only one that could thwart the
desire of my cousin—I naturally deemed this a cor-
aboration of his promise, and an earnest of his con-
duced designs, and in this I was reassured by the
prelate, Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, who knew
the most secret conscience of your king. Wherefore
my pertinacity in retaining those hostages—where-
fore my disregard to Edward's mere remonstrance,
which, I not unnaturally conceived to be but his meek
concessions to the urgency of thyself and House.
Since then, fortune or Providence hath favored the
promise of the king, and my just expectations found-
thereon. For one moment, it seemed indeed, that
Edward regretted or reconsidered the pledge of our
youth. He sent for his kinsman, the Atheling, nat-
ural heir to the throne. But the poor prince died.
The son, a mere child, if I am rightly informed, the
laws of thy land will set aside, should Edward die ere
the child grow a man; and, moreover, I am assured,
that the young Edgar hath no power of mind or intel-
llect to wield so weighty a scepter as that of England.
Your king, also, even since thy absence, hath had
severe visitings of sickness, and ere another year his
new abbey may hold his tomb."

William here paused; again dropped the pebbles
into the stream, and glanced furtively on the unrevealing
face of the earl. He resumed—

"To the point then I pass at once. I might, as my
ransomed captive, detain thee here, until, without
them, I had won my English throne, and I know that
these alone could obstruct my just claims, or interfere
with the king's will, by which that appanage will be
left to me. Nevertheless, I unbosom myself to thee,
and would owe my crown solely to thy aid. I pass
on to treat with thee, dear Harold, not as lord with
vassal, but as prince with prince. On thy part, thou
shalt hold for me the castle of Dover to yield to my
fleet when the hour comes; thou shalt aid me in peace
and through thy National Witan to succeed to
Edward, by whose laws I will reign in all things con-
formably with the English rites, habits, and decrees.
A stronger king to guard England from the Dane,
and a more princely head to improve her prosperity,
I am vain could I say thou wilt not find in Christendom.
One word more I offer to thee my fairest daughter Ade-
line, to whom thou shalt be straightway betrothed: thine
own young unwedded sister, Thyra, thou shalt give
to one of my greatest barons: all the lands, dignities,
and possessions, thou holdest now, thou shalt still re-
tain; and if, as I suspect, thy brother Tostig can not
keep his vast principality worth the Humber, it shall
pass to thee. Whatever else thou canst demand in
guarantee of my love and gratitude, or so to confirm thy
power that thou shalt rule over thy countships as
free and as powerful as the great counts of Provence
or Anjou reign in France over theirs, subject only to
the mere form of holding in fief to the Suzerain, as I,
stormy subject, hold Normandy under Philip of France,
shall be given to thee. In truth, there will be two
kings in England, though in name but one. And far
from losing by the death of Edward, thou shalt gain
by the subjection of every meeker rival, and the cor-
dial love of thy grateful William. Splendor of God,
earl, thou keepest me long for thine answer!"

"What thou offering," said Harold, fortifying himself
with the resolution of the previous night, and compre-
sessing his lips livid with rage, "is beyond my deserts,
and all that the greatest chief under royalty could de-
sire. But England is not Edward's to leave, or mine
to give; its throne rests with the Witan."

"And the Witan rests with thee," exclaimed Wil-
liam, sharply. "I ask but possibilities, man; I ask
but all thy influence on my behalf; and if it be less
than I deem, mine is the loss. What dost thou resign?
I will not presume to menace thee; but thou wouldst
desire my folly, if now, knowing my designs, let
thee—forth not to aid but betray them. I know thou
lovest England, so do I. Thou deemest me a foreign-
er; true, but the Norman and Dane are of precisely
the same origin. Thou of the race of Cænute knowest
how popular was the reign of that king. Why should
William's be less so? Cænute had no right whatever,
save that of the sword. My right will be kingly to
Edward—Edward's will in my favor—the consent
through thee of the Witan—the absence of all other
worthy heir—my wife's clear descent from Alfred,
which, in my children, restores the Saxon line, through
its purest and noblest ancestry, to the throne. Think
over all this, and then wilt thou tell me that I merit
not this crown?"

Harold yet paused, and the fiery duke resumed:

"Are the terms I give not tempting enough to my
captive—to the son of the great Godwin, who, no
doubt falsely, but still by the popular voice of all Eu-
rope, had power of life or death over my cousin Alf-
red, and my Norman knights? or dost thou thysel
cover the English crown; and is it to a rival that I
have opened my heart?"

"Nay," said Harold, in the crowning effort of his
new and fatal lesson in simulation. "Thou hast con-
vinced me, Duke William: let it be as thou sayest."

The duke gave way to his joy by a loud exclama-
tion, and then recapitulated the articles of the engage-
ment, to which Harold simply bowed his head. An-
imally, William embraced the earl, and then the
two returned toward the tent.

While the steeds were brought forth, William took
the opportunity to draw Odo apart; and, after a short
whispered conference, the prelate hastened to his barb,
and spurred fast to Bayeux in advance of his party.
All that day, and all that night, and all the next day
till noon, couriers and riders went abroad, north and
south, east and west, to all the more famous abbeys
and churches in Normandy, and holy and awful was
the spoils with which they returned for the ceremony
of the next day.

The statly mirth of the evening banquet seemed
to Harold as the malign revol of some demoniac orgy. He thought he read in every face the exultation over the sale of England's soul. Every light laugh in the proverbial ease of the social Normans rang in his ear like the joy of a ghastly Sabbath.

Late in the evening he was led into the chamber where the duchess sat alone with Adeliza and her second son William. A formal presentation of Harold to the little maid, a brief ceremony of words, which conveyed what to the scornful sense of the earl seemed the mockery of betrothal between infant and bearded man, was performed. Glowing congratulations buzzed around him; then there was a flash of lights on his dizzied eye, he found himself moving through a corridor between William and Odo. He was in his room hung with arras and strewed with rushes; before him, in niches, various images of the Virgin, the Archangel Michael, St. Stephen, St. Peter, St. John, St. Valery. The earl closed the door, and sat down on his bed, covering his face with his clenched hand. The veins throbbed in every pulse, his own touch seemed to him like fire. The prophecies of Hilda on the fatal night of the bautastein, which had decided him to reject the prayer of Gurfth, the tears of Edith, and the cautions of Edward, came back to him, dark, haunting, and over-masteringly, of all the varying chants of the Vals, ever two lines seemed to burn into his memory, and to knell upon his ear as if they contained the cause of the things they ordained him to pursue:

"OULY MY OULY OPOSS AND DENOW
Crown and brow shall force diewsell!"

So there he sat, looked and rigid, not reclining, not disrobing, till in that posture a haggard, troubled, fitful sleep came over him; nor did he wake till the hour of twelve, when ringing bells and trampling feet, and the hum of prayer from the neighboring chapel roused him into waking yet more troubled, and well nigh as dreamy. But now Godrith and Haco entered the room, and the former asked, with some surprise in his tone, if he had arranged with the duke to depart that day. "For," said he, "the duke's hour thegns had just been with me, to say that the duke himself, with a stately retinue, are to accompany you this evening towards Harfleur, where a ship will be in readiness for our transport; and I know that the chamberlain (a courteous and pleasant man) is going round to my fellow thegns in your train, with gifts of hawks, and chains, and brodered palls."

"It is so," said Haco, in answer to Harold's brightening and appealing eye. "Go then, at once, Godrith," exclaimed the earl, bounding to his feet, "have all in order to part at the first break of the trump. Never, I ween, did trump sound so cheerily as the blast that shall announce our return to England Haste—we haste!"

As Godrith, pleased in the earl's pleasure, though himself already much fascinated by the honors he had received and the splendor he had witnessed, withdrew, Haco said, "Thou hast taken my advice, noble kinsman."

"Question me not, Haco! Out of my memory, all that hath passed here!"

"Not yet, said Haco, with that gloominess of voice and aspect, which was so at variance with his years, and which impressed all he said with an indescribable authority. "Not yet; for even while the chamberlain went his round with the parting gifts, I, standing in the angle of the wall in the yard, heard the duke's deep whisper to Roger Bigod, who was the gtriad of the keape, 'Have the men all arried at noon in the passage below the council-hall, to mount at the stamp of my foot: and if then I give thee a prisoner—wonder not, but lodge him'—The duke paused, and Bigod said, 'Where, my liege?' And the duke answered fiercely, 'Where? why, where but in the Tour noir—where but in the cell in which Malvoieis rotted so his last hour?' Not yet then let the memory of Norman wise pass away; let the lip guard the freedom still."

All the bright native soul that before Haco spoke had dawned upon the earl's fair face, now closed itself up, as the leaves of a poisoned flower, and the pupil of the eye receding, left to the orb that secret and strange expression which had baffled all readers of the heart in the look of his impenetrable father.

"Guile by guile oppose," he muttered, vaguely; then started, clenched his hand, and smiled.

In a few moments more than the usual levee of Norman nobles thronged into the room; and what with the wonted order of the morning, in the repeat, the church service of Ierse, and a ceremonial visit to Matilda, w.i.o confirmed the intelligence that all was in preparation for his departure, and charged him with gifts of her own needlework to her sister the queen, and various messages of gracious nature, the time waxed late into noon without his having seen William or Odo.

He was still with Matilda when the lords Fitz-a-borne and Raoul de Tancarville entered in full robes of state, and, with countenances unusually composed and grave, prayed the earl to accompany them into the duke's presence.

Harold obeyed in silence, not unpard for covert danger, by the formality of the counts, as by the warnings of Haco; but, indeed, undividing the solemnity of the appointed scene. On entering the inner hall, he beheld William seated in state, his sword in his hand, his ducal robe on his imposing form, his eyes cast so peculiarly erect air of the head which he assumed upon all ceremonial occasions. Behind him stood Odo of Bayeux, in robe and pallium; some score of the duke's greatest vassals; and at a little distance from the throne chair was what seemed a table, or vast chest covered all over with cloth of a

Small time for wonder or self-collection did the duke give the Saxons.

"Approach, Harold," said he, in the full tones of that voice, so singularly effective in command; "approach, and without fear, as without regret. Before this noble assembly—all witnesses of thy faith, and all guarantees of mine—I summon thee to confirm by oath the promises thou hast made me yesterday; namely, to aid me to obtain the kingdom of England, on the death of King Edward, my cousin, to marry my daughter Adeliza; and to send thy sister into Marriage, that I may wed her to one of my wealthiest and most virtuous counts. Advance, Odo, my brother, and repeat to the noble earl the Norman form by which he will take the oath."

Then Odo stood forth by that mysterious receptacle covered with the cloth of gold, and said briefly.

"Thou wilt swear, as far as in thy power, to fulfill thy agreement with William, duke of the Normans, if
Dec. 12, 1868.]

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

137

about live, and God aid thee; and in witness of that
thou wilt lay thy hand upon the reliquary," pointing
to a small box that lay on the cloth of gold.

All this was so sudden—all flashed so rapidly upon
the ear, whose natural intellect, however great, was,
as we have seen, more deliberate than prompt—so
thoroughly was the bold heart, which no siege could
have sapped, taken and surprised by guile—so para-
mount through all the whirl and tumult of his mind
rose the thought of England irrevocably lost, if he who
alone could save her was in the Norman dungeons—
so darkly did Hanse's fears, and his own just suspicions,
yuell and master him, that mechanically, dizzily,
dreamishly, he laid his hand on the reliquary; and re-
peated, with automaton lips—

"If I live, and if God aid me to it!"

Then all the assembly repeated solemnly—"God
aid him!"

And suddenly, at a sign from William, Odo and
Raoul de Tancarville raised the gold cloth, and the
duke's voice bade Harold look below.

As when a man descends from the gilded sepulchre
to the loathsome charnel, so at the lifting of that cloth,
all the dread ghastliness of Death was revealed. There
from abbey and from church, from crypt and from
shrine, had been collected all the relics of human
nothingness in which superstition adored the mementos
of saints divine; there lay, pell-mell and huddled,
skeleton and mummy—the dry dark skin, the white
gleaming bones of the dead, mockingly cased in gold,
and decked with rubies; thore grim fingers protruded
through the hideous chaos, and pointed toward the
living man ensnared; there, the skull grinned scoff
under the holy miter; and suddenly rushed, back lumi-
ninous and searing, upon Harold's memory the dream
long-forgotten, or but dimly remembered in the health-
ful business of life—the gibe and the wringle of the
dead men's bones.

"At that sight," say the Norman chroniclers, "the
carl shuddered and trembled."

"Awful, indeed, thine oath, and natural thine emo-
tion," said the duke; "for in that erst are all those
relics which religion deems the holiest in our land.
The dead have heard thine oath, and the saints even
now record it in the halls of heaven! Cover again
the holy bones!"

THE COAST OF PANAMA.

The coral of the cays and islands is exceedingly
beautiful. When living in their natural element, the
various sorts of coral are covered with a gelatinous
matter of the finest colors; and looking out of a boat
on a sunny day, on the groves of coral, sea-fans, and
polypi, with their brilliant colors dancing upon the un-
steady water, and gaudy fish gliding about among
their branches, one can imagine himself looking
through some brilliant kaleidoscope. Immense lob-
sters, conches, and whelks, the size of a man's fist,
are found in abundance at these coral cays, and also
a large crab about the size of a soup-plate, with a lovely
pink shell spotted with white. Hermit crabs roam
at night over these little islands, disturbing weary boat-
men by biting their toes, and demolishing any kind of
food in the pots; during the day they all disappear,
being snugly hid under the tufts of grass. In the

quiet bays, protected by the coral reefs from the
trembling breakers, flocks of grave pelicans sail about
on the water, with their heads thrown back and their
long bills resting on their breasts, or tumbling headlong
from the air among the shoals of sprats, driving them
in a silver shower out of the water. The predacious
frigate-bird pursues the snowy sea-gull, screaming
from the cay, and amusing the spectator with its ma-
nouvres to escape, till wearied out, it lets fall the
coveted fish, which is seized by the other before it
reaches the water. Along the glaring sandy beach
departures of spies and sand-pipers scamper in pursuit
of their prey, which is washed up in the rolls of sea-
weed by the little waves. Now and then, as a boat
passes, yellow water-snakes will suddenly erect their
heads and show their fangs with an angry hissing.
Occasionally shoals of gunnopus enliven the scene,
spashing, leaping, and hunting one another with the
greatest liveliness. The white, calm bay, with its
background of rich evergreen foliage, and the light,
foathery clouds drifting over with the steady trade
wind, form a coup d'oeil only to be imagined in the
dark and stormy north.

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

Nothing strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits
Sweden at the season of the year when the days are
longest, than the absence of night. Dr. Baird related
some interesting facts. He arrived at Stockholm
from Gottenburg, 400 miles distant in the morning;
in the afternoon went to see some friends. He
returned at midnight, when it was as light as it is in
England half an hour before sunset. You could see
distinctly, but all was quiet in the street; it seemed as
if all the inhabitants were gone away or were dead.

The sun in June goes down in Stockholm a little
before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all
night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the
north pole, and the refraction of its rays is such that
you can see to read at midnight without any artificial
light.

The first morning Dr. Baird awoke in Stockholm
he was surprised to see the sun shining in his room.
He looked at his watch, and found it was only three
o'clock. The next time he awoke it was five o'clock,
but there were no persons in the streets. The Swedes
in the cities are not very industrious.

There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of
Bothnia, where, on the 21st of June, the sun does not
appear to go down at all. A steamboat goes up from
Stockholm for the purpose of conveying those who
are curious to witness the phenomenon. It occurs
only one night. The sun reaches the horizon, you
can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes more
it begins to rise. At the North Cape, latitude seventy-
two degrees, the sun does not go down for several
weeks. In June it would be about twenty-five de-
grees above the horizon at midnight. In the winter
time the sun disappears, and is not seen for weeks;
then it comes and remains for ten, fifteen, or twenty
minutes, after which it descends, and finally does
not set at all, but makes almost a circle around the heav-

Bogus Titles.

Quackery is the prevailing sin of this generation. Humbug is King. New countries always furnish a larger opening for genius of this kind than old ones. In old countries people are so close to each other, and have lived so long with one another, that pretensions are more closely scanned. Of course there are Humbugs there, but in London or Paris to be a Professor, a Doctor, a Lawyer, an Architect or a Judge etc., means something, and implies that a certain standing in society has been obtained. In new countries, such as our own, such titles have no value. They imply nothing. Every man that can play on a jews-harp is a Professor. Every man that has passed by a bookseller where medical works are sold is a "Doctor." Every pettifogger who knows enough of law to act as a "bailiff" is a Lawyer or a Judge. Men who cannot handle a musket are Captains. There are Architects who cannot draw two lines; and Editors who never produce one.

This state of things makes titles useless. They call for no respect. Before professional titles will have any real value anywhere, they will have to be less lavishly bestowed. Take the title of Professor, it is the highest distinction that can be conferred in the old world; and implies that the person to whom it is given is a chief in his line. That a person possesses considerable knowledge of any science or art is no entitlelment to the title of Professor. He should be a great master in his calling. Even of laborious students in any department of learning, only about one person in ten thousand is ever entitled to such a distinction. Where men have obtained no eminence in their pursuits, it is a shame and a burlesque, to take advantage of their innocent and unsuspecting natures by dubbing them "Professors." Our doctrine is, that no man should be insulted by a distinction he has not merited.

It is "a hard saying and who can hear it?" but newspapers, everywhere, are responsible for the encouragement of a fearful amount of humbug in these particulars. An item isn't an item unless it is peppered with Generals, Professors, and Esquires. Even Jones Esq. cannot depart from or arrive in a city, with those two young vagabonds Bob and Tom Jones; but our local columns announce that: "— Jones Esq. accompanied by his two sons, Robert and Thomas Jones Esquires, arrived by yesterday's coach." Every aspirant that plays a hand-organ and displays a monkey, or toves two tin cups one over the other; or lectures with a magic-lantern, is a "Professor"—made so by the press, who cannot afford to call him less, because, there would not, otherwise, be sufficient importance connected with anything about him.

Let us take up the subject of Doctors. The writer reveres science in any profession; but in what profession are there so many bogus titles as in the medical calling? Right in this city there are practitioners whose prescriptions are enough to drive a druggist's clerk to despair in deciphering them. Every man who has read Doctors Thomas or Coffin's work at once starts as a botanical practitioner. It is so simple! Cayenne pepper and lobelia are all that is necessary for a medicine chest, and all you have to do is to give enough. If the patient is cold warm him with cayenne; if he is hot cool him with cayenne. If he is neither hot nor cold make him one or the other with cayenne. It puts one in mind of the currency in the city a few years ago. It was flour, blessed, holy flour—flour, without which none of us particularly wish to live. Flour worth diamonds, when you want it badly enough, but not quite so useful when you have plenty and want something else. Did a man need wood and water was paid in flour. Did he need soap or calico and water was paid in flour. Selling flour was out of the question, and washing one's face or clothing one's child with flour was difficult with most people. Did you mildly protest that hugging a flour barrel was a little more than the chief object of man's existence, you was met with a look of horror and asked how you would like to be located on the top of the Twin Peaks and fed with gold for a fortnight? "Wouldn't you want flour the better you sinner?" Rather! Then why not take flour for everything in life from bed-quilts to wagon-boxes.

Now substitute cayenne and lobelia for flour, and you have the argument of the apostles of those of the really useful substances. The human body under thousands of varying conditions, is to be rectified by one or two general principles applied by men who know no more about the human system, than they do about remodelling the map of Europe or rebuilding Jerusalem.

Of course there are learned quacks as well as ignorant ones. But for our part, we would just as soon be sent out of the world under the hands of a study of medical science, who had lost his road in struggling through that tangled labyrinth of facts connected with the human body, as under the management of an ignoramus who had never tried to explore the mysteries at all. The machinery of ten thousand different steam-engines mingled up together, and cross each other at every angle, could just as easily, and safely, be corrected when out of order, by pouring little coal-oil down the chimney, as the human body with its maze of operations, conditions and forces, is adjusted by the unpractised hand. Let us have good machinists for machinery whether it be made of iron or flesh. Don't give a steam-engine care and direction, which you deny to a Stein-engine, whose valves and pipes are made of flesh and blood.

This is only about a hundredth part of what should be said about bogus doctors. Unhappily the doctors in profession is not alone in this particular. Western territories possess other mushroom-tiny enty in profusion—to wit, judges by the cord, lawyers by the acme. Any man that can write "Whereas," and "the said," and "the aforesaid" is a lawyer. Six months' practice in filling up paper blanks makes him a Judge. We are no lawyers, but we know enough to know that—notwithstanding iniquitous delays of courts and gouging of legal practitioners—true English law is based on the profound principles of equity, requiring years of study and a clear brain at that. For ourselves we much prefer Gospel courts, where men are judged by the speech they display, instead of the technicalities, quibbles and evasions, to which all written law is subject.
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READE AND DION BOUCICAUT.

CHAPTER XLV.

Both were greatly moved; and after one swift glance Helen shot at him, neither looked at the other. They spoke in rapid whispers.

"Can they see the island?"

"I don't know; it depends on how far the boat is to windward of her smoke."

"How shall we know?"

"If she sees the island, she will make for it that moment."

"Why! do ships never pass an unknown island!"

"Yes, but that steamer will not pass us."

"But why?"

At this question Hazel hung his head and his lip quivered, as answered her at last. "Because she is looking for you." Hazel was struck dumb at this.

He gave his reasons. "Steamers never visit these waters; but that steamer is under a courtship; love that will not go unwarranted. Arthur Wardlaw is on board that ship."

"Have they seen us yet?"

Hazel forced on a kind of dogged fortitude. He said, "When the smoke ceases to elongate, you will know they have changed their course, and they will change their course the moment the man at the masthead sees the boat."

"Oh! but how do you know they have a man at the masthead?"

"I know by myself. I should have a man at the masthead right and day.

And now the situation was beyond words. They both watched, and watched, to see the line of smoke cease.

It continued to increase, and spread eastward; and that proved the steamer was continuing her course.

The sun drew close to the horizon. "They don't see us," said Helen, faintly. "No," said Hazel; "not yet."

"And the sun is just setting. It is all over." She put her handkerchief to her eyes a moment, and then, after a sob or two, she said almost cheerfully, "Well, dear friend, we were happy till that smoke came to disturb us; let us try and be as happy now it is gone. Don't smile like that; it makes me cudgel.

"Did I smile? It must have been at your simplicity in thinking we have seen the last of that steamer."

"And so we have."

"Not so. In three hours she will be at anchor in that bay, and I'll bet what will bring her?"

"I shall bring her."

"You? How?"

"By lighting my bonfire."

CHAPTER XLVI.

Helen had forgotten all about the bonfire. She now asked whether he was sure those on board the steamer could see the bonfire. Then Hazel told her that it was now of prodigious size and height. Some six months before he was crippled he had asked her if she would do what he asked her to do.

"That bonfire," said he, "will throw a ruddy glare over the heavens, that they can't help seeing on board the steamer. Then, as they are not on a course, but on a search, they will certainly run a few miles southward to see what it is. They will say it is either a buoy or a ship on fire; and, in either case, they will turn the boat's head this way. Well, before they have run southward half a dozen miles, their look-out will see the bonfire, and the island in its light. Let us get to the boat, my luminous one."

She lent him her arm to the boat, and stood by while he made his preparations. They were very simple. He took a pine torch and smeared it all over with pitch; then put his Lucifer-box in its bosom, and took his crutch. His face was drawn pitifully, but his closed lips betrayed unhurried and unshakeable resolution. He shouldered his crutch, and hobbled up as far as the cove. Here Helen interposed.

"Don't you go down the hill," said she. "Give me the lucifers and the torch, and let me light the beacon. I shall be there in half the time you will.

"Thank you; thank you," said Hazel, eagerly, not to say violently.

"He wanted it done; but it killed him to do it. He then gave her his instructions."

"As big as a haystack," said he, "and as dry as a chip; and there are eight bundles of straw placed expressively. Light the bundles to windward, first, then the others; it will soon be all in a blaze."

"Meanwhile," said Helen, "you prepare our supper. I feel quite faint—for want of it."

Hazel assented.

"It is the last we shall take—" he was going to say it was the last they would eat together; but his voice failed him, and he hobbled into the cove, and tried to smooth his emotion in work. He lighted the fire, and blew it into a flame with a paper leaf, and then, he sat down awhile, very sick at heart; then he got up and did the cooking, sighing all the time; and, just when he was beginning to wonder why Helen was so long lighting eight bundles of straw, she came in, looking pale.

"It will all right after the fire."

"Go and look," said she. "No, let us have our supper first."

Neither had any appetite; they sat and kept casting strange looks at one another.

To divert this anyhow Hazel looked up at the roof, and said faintly, "If I had known I would have wrote more haste, and set pearl there as well."

"What does that matter?" said Helen, looking down.

"Not much, indeed," replied he, sadly. "I am a fool to utter such childish regrets; and, more than that, I am a mean self-willed man to make a wanton remark."

"Come, come, we can't eat; let us go round the Point and see the waves reddened by the beacon, that gives you back to the world you were born to embellish."

Helen said she would go directly. Her languid reply contrasted strangely with his excitement. She played with her supper, and wasted time in a very unusual way, until he told her she was not really eating, and he could wait no longer, he must go and see how the bonfire was burning.

"Oh, very well," said she; and they went down to the beach. She took his crutch and gave it to him. This little thing cut him to the heart. It was the first time she had accompanied him so far as that without offering herself to be his crutch.

He sighed deeply, as he put the crutch under his arm; but he was too proud to complain, only he laid it all on the approaching sideboat.

The subtle creature by his side heard the sigh and smiled sadly at being misunderstood—but what man could understand her? They hardly spoke till they reached the Point. The
waves glittered in the moonlight; there was no red light on the water.

"Why, what is this?" said Hazel. "You can't have lighted the bonfire in eight places, as I told you."

She folded her arms and stood before him in an attitude of defiance.

"If I have not lighted it at all," said she.

Hazel stood aghast. "What have I done?" he cried. "Duty, manhood, everything, demanded that I should light that beacon, and I trusted to you." 

Helen's attitude of defiance melted away; she began to cower, and hid her blushing face in her hands. Then she looked imploringly. Then she uttered a wild and eloquent cry, and fled from him like the wind.

CHAPTER XXXII

That cloud was really the smoke of the Springbrook; which had mounted into air so thin that it could rise no higher. The boat itself was many miles to the northward, returning full of heavy fruits from a fruitless search. She came back in a higher parallel of latitude, intending afterwards to steer N.W. to Easter Island. The life was gone out of the ship; the father was deserted, and the crew could no longer sigh the hope they did not feel. 

Having pursued the above course to within four miles of Juan Fernandez, General Rolleston said to the captain to make a bold deviation to the S.W., and see if they could find nothing there before going to Easter Island.

Captain Moreland was very unwilling to go to the S.W., the more so as coal was getting short. However he had not the heart to refuse General Rolleston anything. There was a most glib breeze: he had the fires put out, and, covering the ship with canvas, sailed three hundred miles S.W. But found nothing. Then he took in sail and got up steam again, and away they went. The ship ran so fast that she had got into latitude thirty-two by ten S.W. next morning.

At 10h. 15m. the dreamy monotony of this cruise was broken by the man at the masthead.

"On deck there!

"Hullo!"

"The schooner on our weather bow!"

"Well, what of her?"

"Well, what of her?"

"She has altered her course.

"How many points?

"She was sailing S.E. and now her head is N.E."

"That is curious."

Captain Moreland, who had come and listened, with a grain of hope, now sighed and turned away. The captain explained kindly that the man was quite right to draw his captain's attention to the fact of a trading vessel altering her course. "There is a sea-grumman," General, said he, "who always says that no vessel is safe, and half worshipped the relics of masonry left by their more civilized predecessors, when Jack hailed the deck again.

"Well," said the captain.

"I think she is bound for the Springbrook."

The three officer and cooperers with astonishment and incredulity not be wonderered at. Nevertheless time confirmed the conjecture: the schooner, having made a short board to the S.E., came about and made a long board due west, which was as near as she could lie to the wind. On this Captain Moreland said the steamer headed south. This brought the vessels rapidly together.

They were about two miles distant, the stranger slackened sail and hove to; hoisting stars and stripes at her mizen. The union jack went up to the shrouds of the Springbrook directly, and she pursued her course, but gradually slackened steam.

General Rolleston walked the deck in great agitation, and now indulged in wild hopes, which Captain Moreland thought best to discourage at once.

He told her, he said; "don't you run into the other extreme, and imagine he has come on our business. It is as easy as to believe a man goes out of his course to speak to you, it is for his sake, not yours. This Yankee has got men sick with secrecy and is come for lime juice. Or his water is out. Or—half a dozen licks."

It was too true. The schooner had a cargo of savages and women; and female, were nearly asked, but the female, strange to say, were dressed to the throat in ample robes of white and flowing skirts, and had little coronets on their heads. And the cooperers didn't think the ship had ever stepped up, and the savages were now dancing in parties of four: the dancing a sort of monkey borandy in quick pace with the hands nearly touching the ground; the women on the contrapect and quickly, swept about in slow rhythm, with most graceful and bewildering moves of the arms and hands and feet, and witching smiles.

The steamboat came alongside, but at a certain distance to avoid all chance of a collision; and the crew clustered to the side and cheered the savages dancing. The poor General was forgotten at the merry sight.

Presently a negro in white cotton, with a face blacker than the savages, stepped forward and hoisted a board, on which was painted very large and tallly:

"219."

He showed this as a moment to sink into the mind, he now reversed the board, and showed these words, still larger:

"The Springbrook!"

There was a thrilling murmur on board; and after a pause of surprise, the quean that was answered by a loud cheer and a wave of the hands.

The reply was perfectly understood; almost immediately the boat lowered by some novel machinery, and pulled toward the steamer. There were two men in it: the springer and the negro. The springer came up the side of the Springbrook, and was dressed in some light drab-colored stuff; a small straw hat; a man with a long Puritanical nose, a nose inclined to be aquiline, a face bronzed by weather and heat, thin, ruddy lips, and a square chin. But for a certain breadth between his green eyes, which revealed more intellect than Crono, or any of his counselors were enigmatical, he might have passed for one of that hard-praying hard-fighting fraternity.

He came on deck, just touched his hat, as if to brush away the fly, and removing an enormous cigar from his mouth, said, "This is the Springbrook. Spy little boat she is: how many knids can ye get out of her now? Not that I am envious."

"About twelve knots."

"And when the steam's off the hile, how many can you make?"

"Sixty."

"That's the best you can do?"

"Light or more. What is your business?"

"Hm! You have been over some water looking for the gal. Where do you hail from last?"

"From the Society Islands. Did you board me to hear me confess？"

"No."

"And when do ye expect to go back to England as wise as ye came?"

"Never while the ship can swim."

"Cried Moreland, angrily to hide his dependancy from the stranger. "And now it is good, I think, that schooner is this by whom commanded and what?"

"The Julia Dodd: Joshua Fullamore; bound for Juan Fernandez for the raw material of civilization—look at the vast, skin-missing—on a printing press; that's the instrument of civilization. I rather think."

"Yes, sir; and why in heaven's name did you change your course?"

"Well, I reckoned I changed it to tell you a lie."

"To tell us a lie?"

"If ever I told the most abstruse lie that ever came out of a man's mouth. First, there's an unknown island somewhere out that's a kinder, more beautiful. On that island there's a British gal wretched."

Exclamations burst forth on every side at this.
Before he could get under way the Springbrook took a circuit and passing within a few feet of him, fired a gun to Lee ward by way of compliment, set a cloud of smoke and foam through the water at her highest speed. Outside the port at Valparaiso she fell in with Skinfint, and found him not quite so black as he was painted. The old fellow showed some patience, however, and General Rolleston, and assured him a weared duck had come on board, and his wife had detached the writing.

They took in coal and then ran westward once more, every heart beating high with confident hope.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Ilen's act was strange, and demands a word of explanation.

If she had thought the steamboat was a strange vessel, she would have lighted the bonfire; if she had known her father was on board she would have lighted it with joy. But Hazel, whose every word now was gospel, had said it was Arthur Wardlaw in that, boat, searching for her.

Still, so strong is the impulse in all civilized beings to get back to civilization, that she went up the hill as honestly intending to light the bonfire; as Hazel intended it to light the bonfire. But, as she went over, her courage cooled, and her feet began to go slowly, as her mind ran swiftly forward to consequence upon consequence. To light that bonfire was to bring Arthur Wardlaw and his men, and on infinite terms. Arthur would come and claim her to his face. Could she disallow his claim? Gratitude would now be on his side as well as good faith. What a shock to Arthur! What torture for Hazel! tortore that he forewarned, or why the face of anguish, of terror, of horror! And to think of Hazel, her hero and her patient. She sat down and sighed, and could no more light the fire, than she could have put it out, if another had lighted it.

She was a girl that could show you at times she had a father as well as a mother, but that evening she was all woman.

They met no more that night.

In the morning his face was haggard, and showed a mental struggle; but her placid and quietly beaming, for the very reason that she had made a great sacrifice. She was one of that.

And this difference between them was a foretaste.

His tender conscience pricked him sore. To see her sit beaming there, when, if he had done his own duty with the same spirit and perseverance, she would have been coming to England! Yet his remorse was dumb: for, if he gave it vent, then he must seem ungrateful to her for her sacrifice.

She saw his deep and silent compassion, approved it secretly, said nothing, but smiled, and beamed, and soothed. He knew not whether to accept it or thrust it from him. He had passed through him, visions of unbroken bliss far from the world.

But this sweet delirium was followed by misgivings of another kind. And here she was at fault. What could they be?

It was the voice of conscience telling him that he was really wishing for love, once inaccessible: and, if so, was bound to tell her his whole story, and let her judge between him and the world. before she made any more sacrifices for him. But it is hard to stop great happiness; harder to stop it and ruin it. He would not have her sacrifice herself to get happiness for him.

Axel's last request was heartily complied with, and the acknowledgments and cheers of the crew poured this strange character to his schooner, at which his eye glistened and twinkled with a quiet satisfaction, but he made it a point of honor not to move a muscle.
One day, he came suddenly through the jungle and found her reading her prayer-book. He took it from her, not meaning to be rude either, but just curious. It was open at the marriage-service, and her cheeks were dyed scarlet.

His heart panted. He was a clergyman: he could read that service over them both. Would it be a marriage? Not in England: but in some countries it would. Why not in this? This was not England.

He looked up. Her head was averted; she was downright disinterested.

He was sorry to have made her blush; so he took her hand and kissed it tenderly, so tenderly that his heart seemed to go into his lips. She offered under it, and her white brow sunk upon his shoulder.

The sky was a vault of purple with a flaming topaz in the centre; the sea, a heavenly blue; the warm air breathed heavily; odors; macaws wheeled overhead; humming-birds, more gorgeous than any flower, buzzed round their heads, and amazed the eye with delight, then cooled it with the desolation of the jungle into which they dived.

It was a Paradise, with the sun smiling down on it, and the ocean smiling up, and the air impregnated with love. Here they could both content nor to spend the rest of their days -

"The world forgetting: by the world forgotten."

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Springbook arrived in due course at longitude 105 deg. 31 min. but saw no island. This was dispiriting; but still Captain Moreland did not despair.

He asked General Rolleston to examine the writing carefully, and tell him what Miss Rolleston's hand-writing. The general had him a head sorrowfully.

"No," said he; "it is nothing like my child's hand."

"Why, all the better," said Captain Moreland; the lady has got something about her who knows a thing or two. The man that could catch wild ducks and turn 'em into poshens, could hit on the longitude somehow, and he doesn't pretend to be exact in the latitude."

Upon this, he ran northward 400 miles; which took him three days; for they stopped at night.

No islands.

He then ran five hundred miles; stopping at night.

No island.

Then he took the vessel zigzag.

Just before sunset, one lovely day, the man at the masthead sang out:

"On deck there!"

"Hallo!"

"Something in sight; on our weather bow."

"What is it?"

"Looks like a mast. No. Don't know what it is."

"Point."

The sailor pointed with his finger.

Captain Moreland ordered the ship's course to be altered accordingly. By this time, General Rolleston was on deck. The ship ran two miles on the new course; and all this time the topman's glass was levelled, and the crew climbed about the rigging, all eyes and ears.

At last the clear half came down.

"I can make it out now, sir."

"What is it?"

"It is a palm-tree."

The captain jumped on a gun, and waved his hat grandly, and instantly advanced with a lusty cheer; and, for once, saluted nobly like washerwomen.

They ran till they saw the island in the moonlight, and the giant palm, black, and sculptured out of the violet sky; then they set the lead going and it warned them not to come too close. They anchored off the west coast.

At daybreak they moved slowly on, still sounding as they went; and, rounding the West Point, General Rolleston saw written on the gunned rocks in large letters:

AN ENGLISH LADY WRECKED HERE. HASTE TO HER RESCUE.

He and Moreland shook hands; and how their eyes glittered!

Presently there was a stranger inscription still upon a rock—a rough outline of the island on an enormous seal, showing the coast-line, the reefs, the shallow water, and the deep water.

"Ease her. Stop her!"

The captain studied this original chart with his glass, and crept slowly on for the west passage.

But warned by the soundings marked on the rock, he did not attempt to go through the passage, but came to an anchor and lowered his boat.

He waded over to the quiet little island; but the captain, in their mutual surprise, told them only three persons would land that morning—himself, his son, and General Rolleston.

The fact is, this honest captain had got a misgiving, founded on a general view of human nature. He expected to find the girl with two or three sailors, of the kind unified to her by some nautical ceremony, duly witnessed, but such as a military officer of distinction could hardly be expected to approve. He got into the boat in a curious state of delight, dashed with uncomfortable suspense; and they rowed gently for the west passage.

"As for General Rolleston, now it was he needed all his fortitude. Suppose the lady was not Helen! After all, the chances were against her being there. Suppose she was dead and buried in that island! Suppose that fatal disease, with which she had sailed, had been accelerated by hardships, and Providence permitted her only to receive her last sight. All these thoughts crossed him on the moment he drew so near the object, which had looked all brightness, so long as it was as attainable. He sat, pale and brave, in the boat; but his doubts and fears were greater than his hope.

They rounded Telegraph Point, and in a moment Paradise Bay burst on them, and Hazel's boat with in a hundred yards of them. It was half-tide. They reached the boat, and General Rolleston landed. Captain Moreland grasped his hand, and said, "Call us if it is all right."

General Rolleston returned the pressure of that honest hand, and beckoned to the boat. The lady was as beautiful as she had been just as he was going into action.

He came to the boat. It had an awning over the stern, and was clearly used as a sleeping place. A series of wooden pipes stood on uprights, led from this up to the cliff. The pipes were in fact mere sections of the sago tree with the soft pliable plants. This was manifestly a tube of communication.

General Rolleston followed it up to he came to a sort of verandah with a cave opening on it; he entered the cave, and was dazzled by its most unexpected beauty. He seemed to be in a giga of the most luxurious type, and rather literary than serious, but the blaze of mother-of-pearl. But, after the first start, brighter to him was an old shawl he saw on a nail; for that showed it was a woman's abode. He tore down the old shawl and carried it to the thick. He recognized it as Helen's. Her arms were in a corner, she rushed and felt them all over with loving hands. They were still warm, though she had left her bed some time. He came out wild with joy, and shouted to Moreland, "She's alive! She is alive! She is alive!" Then fell on his knees, and thanked God.

A cry came down to him from above; he looked up as he knelt, and there was a female figure dressed in white, stretching out its hands as if it would fly down to him, its eyes gleamed; he knew them all that way off. He stretched out his hands as cautiously, and then he got up to meet her; but the stout soldier's limbs were heavier than of old; and he was slowly, that, ere he could take a step, there came flying to him with little screams and inarticulate cries, no living skeleton, nor consumptive young lady, but a grand creature, tanned here and there, very on the morn, and full of lusty vigor; a body all health, strength and beauty, a soul all love. She flung her self all over him in a moment, with cries of love unapproachable, and then it was: "Oh, my darling! my darling! Oh, my own, own! Het ha! ha! Oh! Oh! oh! Is it you? is it you? Little Exquisite hands, little Exquisite hands, then feel her breath on him, feeling his heart and shoulders, then a sudden hail of violent kisses on his head, his eyes, his arms, his hands, his knees. Then a tonti soldier, broken down by this, and sobbing for joy; Oh, my child! My flesh and blood! Oh! oh! oh! Then all mushed melted away, except valenciennes and a father turned mother, and clinging, kissing and rocking to and fro with his child, and both crying for joy if their hearts would burst.

A sight for angels to look down at and receive. In what mortal pen could it be?
LOUIS XVI AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

The story of the King's confinement in the prison of the Temple is one of the most touching in French history, and is only surpassed in pathos by that of the young Prince's treatment, by Simon, the brutal cobbler-gaoler, after Louis himself had been executed. When Louis XVI was first removed to the Temple, he was still legally King, according even to the law of that period. It was not until some time afterward that he was formally deprived of his royalty, though his title was taken from him without any form at all, as soon as he fell into the hands of the Commune of Paris. He was attended in his prison by men who not only treated him with disrespect, but at the same time persecuted him with their incessant interference. In a picture by Mr. Ward we see the gaolers in the room adjoining the one occupied by the King; this room they are converting into a cabinet, and one of the party is puffing the smoke from his pipe into the royal chamber. But Mr. Ward might, without violating history, have shown us the gaolers in the King's own apartment. Indeed, they seldom left the monarch and his family alone, and were always present at their meals; after which, if their libations had been tolerably copious, they would dance and sing the "Ca ira" and the "Carmagnole," varied by some of the obscure ballads of the day.

The Princess de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel accompanied the royal captives to their prison, and remained with them as long as they were allowed to do so, which was, however, only a few days. As a prisoner of the municipality of Paris, in the Temple, Louis was denied, till shortly before his death, pen, ink and paper. His usual employment was instructing his son and reading. He preferred Latin authors to the French. He read, almost every day, portions of Tacitus, Livy, Seneca, Horace, and Terence; in his native language, chiefly travels. On the evening before his death, he found that he had read 157 volumes, in the five months and seven days of his imprisonment. He evinced himself a loving husband and an affectionate father. In his private capacity, no candid man could withhold from him his esteem. January 15, 1793, Louis was declared guilty of a conspiracy against the freedom of the nation, and of an attack on the general security, by a vote of 690 out of 719; on January 7th he was condemned to death, the law requiring for condemnation two-thirds of the votes having been repealed on the 16th, during the trial, and a bare majority declared sufficient. After repeated counting, it was found that 366 votes were given for death, making, consequently, a majority of five in 727. Jan. 21, 1793, he was guillotined, in front of his former palace, in his thirty-ninth year, the appeal to the nation, proposed by his advocates, Maleaserebes, Tronchet, and Desceze, having been rejected, on the 19th, by 380 votes out of 690. He died with the courage of Christian faith. His last words, which asserted his innocence and forgave his judges, were drowned in the rolling of drums and in the cry "Vive la Republique!"

Even in his youth, Louis manifested a sensibility unusual in the higher classes. He needed not the sight of misery; when he heard it spoken of he shed tears, and hastened to relieve it. Unknown, he alleviated misfortune in the cottage and garret. When he was first saluted at Court, as Dauphin, after the death of his father, the Duke of Burgundy, he could not restrain his tears. Still greater was his grief at the death of Louis XV. "Oh, God, he cried, 'shall I have the misfortune to be King!" His favorite maxim was, "Kings exist only to make nations happy by government, and virtuous by their example." The abolition of feudal services, of torture, and of slavery in the dura, are only some of his benevolent measures. He caused the State prisons to be examined, and liberated the unhappy victims of despotism. Louis declared that he would never sign, beforehand, a lettre de cachet. His great object was the happiness and love of his people. On his journey to Cherbourg, in 1786, where he had undertaken the construction of the celebrated harbor, in 1784, to which he had appropriated 37,000,000 livres, he received the most unequivocal marks of the love of the French. He wrote, at the time, to the Queen, "The love of my people has touched me to the heart; think you not I am the happiest King on earth?" And in his will of Dec. 30, 1792, he says, "I forgive from my whole heart, those who have behaved to me as enemies, without my giving them the least cause, and I pray God to forgive them. And I exhort my son, if he should ever have the misfortune to reign, to forget all hatred and all enmity, and especially my misfortunes and sufferings. I recommend to him always to consider that it is the duty of man to devote himself entirely to the happiness of his fellow men; and that he will promote the happiness of his subjects only when he governs according to the laws." As to the equally unfortunate Marie Antoinette while with her husband in prison, she exhibited the full strength of her character. When Louis XVI informed her of his condemnation, she congratulated him on the approaching termination of an existence so painful, and the unpurchasing reward that should crown it. After her husband's death, she asked nothing of the Convention but a mourning dress, which she wore the remainder of her days. July 4, 1793, she was separated from her son. She felt that this separation was forever, yet her firmness was unchanged. August 5, at midnight, she was removed to the keeper's house. A dark and damp dungeon was her last abode. Oct. 3, the Convention ordered her to be brought before the revolutionary tribunal. She was charged with having dissipated the finances, exhausted the public treasury, given large sums of money out of it to the Emperor, with having corresponded with foreign enemies, and favored domestic tumults. But, notwithstanding the multitude of witnesses who were examined, no evidence could be brought against her; and her defender, Chauveau-Legarde, exclaimed justly, "I am embarrass'd not to find answers, but plausible accusations." The Queen herself replied to all inquiries with firmness and decision. She heard her sentence of death with perfect calmness, and soon gently fell asleep, when she was carried back to her prison, after sitting eighteen hours. The next day, at eleven o'clock, she ascended the cart which conveyed her to the scaffold. Great efforts were made to induce the people to insult her on the way, but a deep silence reigned. The charms for which she was once so celebrated were gone. Grief had distorted her features, and, in the damp, unhealthy prison she had almost lost
one of her eyes. At twelve o’clock the cart arrived at the place of Louis XV. She cast back a long look at the Tuileries, and then ascended the scaffold. When she came to the top, she threw herself on her knees, and exclaimed, “Oh, God, enlighten and affect my excentricity!” Farewell, my children, forever; I go to your father!” Thus died the Queen of France, Oct. 16, 1793, towards the close of the thirty-eighth year of her age.

**PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

**THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.**

The Prince Imperial is very small for his age, with his father’s disproportionately short legs so that he is seen to the greatest advantage on horseback. He has a gentle, thoughtful face; his forehead is small, and hair a dark chestnut. You would not call him particularly handsome; but his eyes have all the exquisite sweetness which has made his mother one of the loveliest women in Europe. He has not a little grace of deportment, added to much boyish frankness, which bespeaks a genial nature. He is not deficient in the sense of humor, and of the sweetness of his disposition there can be no doubt. Any one who has seen him at Fontainbleau playing with his huge dog, will be convinced that fondness for animals is also one of the prince’s characteristics. The greatest attachment has long existed between the young Napoleon and one of his playmates and an interesting anecdote is told of them, when only six or seven years old.

Some misunderstanding had arisen in their game, and in the excitement of their juvenile quarrel the Prince received a blow. But here the child beheld himself of the lessons inculcated by his mother; and turning his earnest and thoughtful eye on his little companion, he said, “I cannot return it because you are a Frenchman, and I am the Prince Imperial of France.”

The children were duly separated, and put in disgrace; when, next day, his pugnacious friend was brought by his father to apologize for having so far forgotten himself, the Prince, on seeing him, threw his arms round his neck, saying “Ah, how unhappy I have not to have seen you a whole day!”

There would seem a fair prospect of a kind and generous heart developing itself by the side of an admittedly precocious intelligence in the Prince.

**POWER OF GENTLENESS.**

No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words—by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and bears back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and Patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been the most successful laborers among the poor and vicious, have been the most forbearing.

**PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**

**THE MAGNETIC TABLE.**

Under the top of a common table, place a magnet that turns on a pivot, and fix a board under it that nothing may appear. There may also be a drawer under the table, where that there is nothing concealed. At one end of the table there must be a pin that communicates with a magnet, by which it may be placed in different positions: this pin must be so placed as not to be visible to the spectator. Suck some steel filings, or very small nails, over that part of the table where the magnet is. Then ask any one to lend you a knife, or a key, which will then attract part of the nails or filings. Then placing your hand in a careless manner, on the pin at the end of the table, you alter the position of the magnet; and giving the key to any person, you desire him to make the experiment, which he will then be able to perform. You then give the key to another per-son, at the same time placing the magnet, by means of the pin, in the first position, when the person will immediately perform the experiment.

**INTERESTING PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE MAGNET.**

Fire-irons which have re-posed in one position in a room during the summer months are often highly magnetic.

Iron bars standing erect, such as the grating of a prison cell, or the iron railings before houses, are often magnetic.

The uppermost of the iron tires round a carriage wheel attracts the north end of a magnet, hence south polarity, while the lower end attracting the south end of the same, has north polarity.

**C HA R A E 14.**

An emblem of stupidity.

My first in letters found:

Up in the air oft times high,

Though fastened to the ground,

But by sharp means it is removed,

And managed various ways:

By art or skill may be improved;

Or, perhaps, it makes a blare.

My second is of every kind,

Is good or bad, or gay;

Is dull or bright to suit all minds;

By night as well as day.

The patient dreamer keeps with care my whole,

And well it knows: his secrets night and day;

And though it has no tongue, nor heart, nor soot,

It tells the story of the ship’s long way.

**C O N U N D R U M S.**

40. Why is a coward like a mouse trap?

41. Why is green grass like a master?

46. What two reasons why whispering in company is not proper?

**A LESSON ON PHYSICS.**

You see her in the merry dance—
She seems to fly,
But you don’t see that rapid glance
From her bright eye
Flash through the long and crowded room;
His only sees that glance, to whom
It brings extreme felicity;
That’s electricity.

They dance together, full of grace,
She sings so sweet;
And on his shoulder rests her face—
A blushing rose—
Life in that hour seems doubly sweet,
They see it through a rosy prime;
Their hands so long and often meet:
That’s galvanism.

The night he come to him, but still
No sleep has brought;
To him, though quite against his will,
Fits every thought.
In vain a struggle is with fate;
In vain is all such heroism,
Too powerfully she attracts;
That’s magnetism.
POETRY.

DEATH.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Fear death— to fear the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denude
I am nearing the place,
The power of night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
Not let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elemental rage, and the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,

O then soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be at rest.

HAROLD.

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWERLYTON.

[continued.]

THE OATH AND ITS ABSOLUTION.

The good bishop Alured had returned to his lodge in London (which was in a Benedictine abbey, far from Aldgate), late one evening, from visiting the king in his rural palace of Havering; and he sat down alone in his cell musing over an interview with Edward, which had evidently much disturbed him. The door was abruptly thrown open, and entering, a man so travel-stained in garb, was introduced, rushed in, that Alured at first was as on a stranger, and not till the intruder spoke did he recognize Harold the earl. Even then so wild was the earl's eye, so dark his brow, and so livid his cheek, that it rather seemed the ghost of the man than the man himself. Closing the door on the monk, the earl stood a moment on the threshold, with a breast heaving with emotions which he sought in vain to master; and, as if resigning the effort he sprang forward, clasped the prelate's knees, bowed his head on his lip, sobbed and sobbed. The good bishop, who had known all the sons of Godwin from their infancy, and to whom, Harold was as dear as his own child, folding his hands over the earl's head, soothingly murmured a benediction.

"No, no," cried the earl, standing to his feet, and tossing the disheveled hair from his eyes. Bless me not yet! Hear my tale first and then say what comfort, what refuge thy Church can bestow!"

Hurriedly the earl poured forth the dark story, already known to the reader—the prison at Belbrum, the detestation at William's court, the fears, the snarles, the discourse by the river side, the oath over the relics. This told he continued, "I found myself in the open air, and knew not, till the light of the sun smeared me, what might have passed into my soul. I was, before, as a corpse which a witch raises from the dead, endows with a spirit not its own—passive to her hand—life-like, not living. Then it was as if a demon had passed from my body, laughing scorn at the foul things it had made the clay do. O father, father! is there not absolution from this oath—an oath I dare not keep? rather purgation myself than betray my land!"

The prelate's face was as pale as Harold's, and it was some moments before he could reply.

"The Church can loose and unloose—it is the delegated authority. But speak on, what saidst thou at the last to William?"

"I know not, remember not—ought save these words, 'Now, then, give me those for whom I placed myself in thy power: let me restore Hao to his fatherland, and Wolnoth to his mother's kiss, and send home my way.' And, saints in heaven! what was the answer of this callist? Norman, with his glittering eye and venomed smile? 'Hao thou shalt have, for he is an orphan, and an uncle's love is not so hot as to burn from a distance; but Wolnoth, thy mother's son, must stay with me as a hostage for thine own faith. Godwin's hostages I release, but Harold's hostage I retain: it is but a form, yet these forms are the bonds of princes.'"

"I looked at him, and his eye quailed. And I said..."
That is not in the compact." And William answered
"No, but it is the seal to it." Then I turned from the
duke and called my brother to my side, and I half
"Over the seas have I come for thee. Mount thy
steed and ride by my side, for I will not leave the
land without thee." And Wolnoth answered, "Nay,
Duke William tells me he hath made treaties with
thee, for which I am still to be the hostage; and
Normandy has grown my home, and I love William
as my lord." Hot words followed, and Wolnoth chafed:
refused entreaty and command, and suffered me to
see his heart was not with England. O mother,
mother, how shall I meet thine eye! So I returned
with Hao. The moment I set foot on my native
England, that moment her form seemed to rise from
the tall cliffs, her voice to speak in the winds! All
the glamour by which I had been bound, forsook me;
and I sprang forward in scorn, above the fear of
the dead men's bones. Miserable overcast of the snares!
Had my simple word alone bound me, or that word
been ratified after slow and deliberate thought, by the
ordinary oaths that appeal to God, far stronger
the bond upon my soul than the mean surprise, the
corrct tricks, the insult and the mocking fraud.
But as I rode on the oath pursued me—pale specters
mounted behind me on my steed, ghastly fingers pointed
at me from the walkin; and they, suddenly, O, my father
—I who, so sincere in my simple faith, had, as thou
knowest too well, never bowed submissive conscience
to priest and Church—then suddenly I felt the might
of some power, surer guide than that haughty
conscience which had so in the hour of need betrayed
me! Then I recognized that supreme tribunal, that
mediator between Heaven and man, to which I might
come with the dire secret of my soul, and say, as
I say now, on my bended knee, O, father—father
—bid me die, or absolve me from my oath!"

Then Alfred rose erect and replied, "Did I need sub-
terfuge, O son, I would say, that William himself hath
released thy bond, in detaining the hostage against
the spirit of the guilty compact; that in the very
words themselves of the oath lies the release—"if God
aid thee." God aids no child to pericide—and thou
art England's child! But all school-casuistry is here
a meaningless. Plain is the law that oaths extorted
through compulsion, through fraud and in fear, the
Church hath the right to loose: plainer still the law
of God and of man, that an oath to commit crime is a
deadly sin to keep than to forfeit. Wherefore, not
absolving thee from the miseducation of a vow, not, I say,
absolving thee from that sin, but passing yet to decide
what penance and atonement to fix for its atonement,
I do, in the name of the Power whose priest I am
forbid thee to fulfil the oath; I do release and absolve
thee from all obligation thereto. And if in this I ex-
cceeded my duty as a Roman priest, I do but accomplish
my duties as a living man. To these gray hairs I
take the sponsorship. Before this holy cross, kneel O
my son, with me and pray that a life of truth and
virtue may alone for the madness of an hour."

So by the crucifix knelt the warrior and the priest.
Now Live with strong arms placed the reviving
Harold to itself. Already the news of his return had
spread through the city, and his chamber soors swarm-
ed with joyous welcomes and anxious friends. But
the first congratulations ever, each had tidings that
claimed his instant attention, to relate. His absence
had sufficed to loosen half the links in that ill-woven
empire.

All the North was in arms. Northumbria had re-
volted as due man, from the tyrannous cruelty of Test-
gis; the insurgents had marched upon York; Testgis
had fled in dismay none knew as yet whither. The
sons of Algar had sallied forth from their Mercian
fortresses, and were now in the ranks of the North-
umbrians, with 6 it was rumored, had selected Morea
the elder, in the place of Testgis. Amid these disasters the king’s health was fast de-
caying; his mind seemed bewildered and distraught;
dark ravings of bode that had escaped his lips in his
mystic reveries and visions, had spread abroad, band-
led with all natural exaggeration, from lip to lip. The
country was in one state of gloomy and vague apprehen-
sion.

But all would go well, now Harold the great earl—
Harold the stout, and the wise; and the loved—had
come back to his native land.

In feeling himself thus necessary to England—all
eyes, all hearts all hopes, turned to him, and
to him alone—Harold shook the evil memories
from his soul, as a lion shakes the dews from his
mane. His intellect, that seemed to have burned dim
and through smoke in scenes unfamiliar to its exercise,
rose at once equal to the occasion. His words reas-
ured the more despondent. His orders were prompt
and decisive. While to and fro went forth his
bodes and his riders, he himself leaped on his horse,
and rode fast to Haverings.

At length, that sweet and lovely retire broke on
his sight, as a bower through the bloom of a garden.
This was Edward’s favorite abode: he had built it
himself for his private devotions, allured by its woody
solitudes, and the gloom of its copious verdure. Here
it was said, that once at night, wandering through the
silent glades, and musing on heaven, the loud
song of the nightingales had disturbed his devotions;
with vexed and impatient soul he had prayed that the
music might be stilled: and since then, never more
the nightingale was heard in the shades of Haver-
ing.

Threading the woodland, melancholy yet glorious
with the tints of autumn, Harold reached the low
and humble gate of the timber edifice, all covered with
creepers and young ivy; and in a few moments more
he stood in the presence of the king.

Edward raised himself with pain from the couch on
which he reclined, beneath a canopy supported by col-
umns, and surmounted by carved symbols of the bell
towers of Jerusalem; and his languid face brightened
at the sight of Harold. Behind the king stood a man
with a Danish battle-axe in his hand—the captain of
the royal house-carles, who, on a sign from the king,
withdrew.

"Thou art come back, Harold," said Edward then, in
a fever voice; and the ear, drawing near, was grieved
and shocked at the alteration of his face. "Thou
art come back, to aid this benumbed man, from which
he earthily scepter is about to fall. Hush! for it is
so, and I rejoice." Then examining Harold’s features
yet pale with recent emotions, and now saddened
by sympathy with the king, he resumed—"Well, man
of this world, that went forth confiding in thine own
strength, and in the faith of men of the world like
thee—well, were my warnings prophetic, or art thou contented with thy mission?' 

"Alas!" said, Harold mournfully. "Thy wisdom is greater than mine, O king; and dread the snare laid for me and our native land, under pretext of a promise made by thee to Count William, that he should reign in England, should he be thy survivor."

Edward's face grew troubled and embarrassed.

"Such promise," he said faltering, "when I knew not the laws of England, nor that a realm could not pass like a house and byre, by a man's simple testament, might well escape from my thoughts, never to be bent upon earthly affairs. But I marvel not that my cousin's mind is more tenacious and mundane. And verily in those vague words, and from thy visit, I see the future dark with fate and crimson with blood."

Then Edward's eyes grew locked and set, staring into space, and even that reverie, though it awed him, relieved Harold of much disquietude, for he rightly conjectured that on waking from it, Edward would press him no more as to those details, and dilemmas of conscience, of which he felt that the archbishop of relics was no fitting judge.

When the king, with a heavy sigh, announced return from the world of vision, he strode forth to Harold's wan, transparent hand, and said:

"Thou seest the ring on this finger; it comes to me from above—a merciful token to prepare my soul for death. Perchance thou mayest have heard that once an aged pilgrim stopped me on my way from God's house, and asked me for alms, and I, having naught else on my person to bestow, drew from my finger a ring and gave it to him, and the old man went on his way blessing me."

"I mind me well of thy gentle charity," said the earl, "for the pilgrim snatched it abroad as he passed, and much talk was there of it."

The king smiled faintly. "Now this was years ago. It so chanced this year, that certain Englishmen, on their way to the Holy Land, fell in with two pilgrims—and these last questioned them much of me. And one with face venerable and benign, drew forth a ring and said, 'Though thou reach England, give this to the king's own hand, and say, by this token, that on Twelfth-Day he shall be with me. For what he gave to me I will prepare recompense without bound; and already the saints deck for the new comer the halls where the worm never gnaws and the moth never frets.' And who, asked my subjects amazed, 'who shall we say, speaketh thus to us?' And the pilgrim answered, 'He on whose breast leaned the Son of God, and my name is John.' Wherewith the apparition vanished. This is the ring I gave to the pilgrim; on the fourteenth night from thy parting miraculously returned to me. Whencefore, Harold, my time here is brief, and rejoice that thy coming delivers me up from the cares of state to the preparation of my soul for the joyous day."

Harold, suspecting under this incredible mission some wily device of the Norman, who by thus warning Edward let him escape the precarious health he was well aware, might induce his timorous conscience to take steps for the completion of the old promise—Harold, we say, thus suspecting, in vain endeavored to combat the king's premonitions, but Edward interrupted him with displeased firmness of look and tone:

"Come not thou, with thy human reasoning, between my soul and the messenger divine; but rather serve and prepare thyself for the dire calamities that his preaching in the days to come! Be thine things temporal. All the land is in rebellion. Alas, when thy coming is dismissed, hast thou not promised me with this tale of bloodshed and ravage. Go and bear him to the bedes of thy brother Tostig, who wait without in our hall, go, take as, and take shield, and the men of earth's war, and do justice and right; and on thy return thou shalt see with what rapture sublime a Christian king can soar aloft from his throne! Go!"

More moved, and more softened, than in the former days he had been with Edward's sincerity, if fanatical piety, Harold turning aside to conceal his face, said:

"Would, O royal Edward, that my heart, amidst worldly cares, were as pure and serene as thine! But what at least erring mortal may do to guard this realm, and face the evils thou forseest in the Far—that will I do; and perchance then, in my dying hour, God's pardon and peace may descend on me!" He spoke, and went.

The accounts he received from Amlaf (a veteran Anglo-Dan) were indeed more alarming than he had yet heard. Morcar, the bold son of Algar, was already proclaimed, by the rebels, Earl of Northumbria: the sheriff of Nottingham, Derby, and Lincoln, had poured forth their Hardy Danes populations on his behalf. All Mercia was in arms under his brother Edwin; and many of the Gormian chiefs had already joined the ally of the butchered Gryffyth.

Not a moment did the earl lose in proclaiming the Her-bann—sheaves of arrows were splintered, as announcing the War-Fyr, were sent from thence to thence, and town to town. Fresh messengers were despatched to Guth to collect the whole force of his own earldom, and haste by quick marches to London; and, these preparations made, Harold returned to the metropolis, and with a heavy heart, sought his mother as his next care.

Githa was already prepared for his news, for Haco had of his own accord gone to break the first shock of disappointment. There was in this youth a noiseless sanguine which seemed ever provident for Harold. With his sturdy, unworldly look, and gleam of beauty, bowed as if beneath the weight of some invisible doom, he had already become linked indissolubly with the earl's fate, as its angel—but as its angel of darkness.

To Harold's intense relief, Githa stretched forth her hands as he entered, and said, "Thou hast failed me, but against thy will! Grieve not; I am contented."

"Now our lady be blessed, mother——" 

"I have told her," said Haco, who was standing, with his arms folded, by the fire, his black and white hair, bunched in a knot, his hand on the arm of his chair, and his raven hair, "I have told thy mother that Wolnoth loves his captivity, and enjoys the cage. And the lady hath had comfort in my words."

"Not in thine only, son of Swyn, but in those of thee: for before thy coming I prayed against the long blind earnings of my heart—prayed that Wolnoth might not cross the sea with his kinmen."

"How? exclaimed the earl, astonished."

Githa took his arm, and led him to the farther end of the ample chamber, as if out of the hearing of
Haco, who turned his face toward the fire, and gazed into the fierce blaze with musing unwinking eyes.

"Couldst thou think, Harold, that in thy journey, that on the errand of so great fear and hope, I could sit brooding in my chair and count the stitches on the tremulous hangings! No; day by day have I sought the lore of Hilda, and at night I have watched her by the fount, and the elm, and the tomb; and I knew that thou hast gone through dire peril; the prison, the war, and the snare; and I know also, that his Fylgia has saved the life of my Wodnoth; for had he returned to his native land, he had returned but to a bitter grave!"

"So Hilda lives?" said the earl thoughtfully.

"So says the Vale, the rune, and the Seinc-bsca! and such is the doom that now darkens the brow of Haco! Sceot thou not that the hand of death is in the hush of the smileless lip; the glance of the unjoyous eye?

"Nay, it is but the thought of the captive youth, and nurtured in solitary dreams. Thou hast seen Hilda?—and Edith, my mother? Edith is—"

"Well," said Githa kindly, for she sympathised with the love which Godwin would have condemned, "though she grieved deeply after thy departure, and would sit for hours gazing into space and mourning, but even ere Hilda divined thy safe return, Edith knew it, I was beside her at the time; she started up and cried, 'Harold is in England!' 'How? Why thinkest thou so?' said I. And Edith answered, 'I feel it by the touch of the earth, the breath of the air.' This is more than love, Harold. I knew two twins who had the same instinct of each other's comings and goings, and were present each to each even when absent: Edith is twin to thy soul. Thou goest to her now, Harold: thou wilt find there thy sister Thyrna. The child has drooped of late, and I besought Hilda to revive her, with herb and charm. Thou wilt come back, ere thou departest to Tostig thy brother, and tell me how Hilda hath prospered with my child?"

"I will, my mother. Bless thee, thou hast not reproached me that my mission failed to fulfill my promise. Welcome even our kinswoman's sayings, since they comfort thee for the loss of thy darling!"

Then Harold left the room, mounted his steed, and rode through the town toward the bridge. He was compelled to ride slowly through the streets; and cheapman and mechanic rushed from house and from stall to hail the Man of the Land and the Times.

"All is safe now in England, for Harold is come back." They seemed joyous as the children of the mariner, when, with wet garments he struggled to shore through the storm. And kind and loving were Harold's looks and brief words, as he rode with vailed bonnet through the swarming streets.

Those who are fond of logical entanglements, and can appreciate their felicitous unravelment, will be pleased as a trait recorded in proof of the acute mind of old Mendelssohn the philosopher, as the father of the great composer was called. In his presence some young sculptist propounded this paradox: If the saying that there is no rule without exception be true, how fares it with the truth of the maxim itself? Mendelssohn's way out of the dilemma was that, in the case in point, the rule was its own exception. It takes some time to see it when you are accustomed to dialectics, but the answer is perfect.

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH.

From the Phrenological Journal 1866.

We present a selection from some characteristic sketches of our leading men written by Elder E. Tuillidge for the Editor of the Phrenological Journal. A masterly sketch of President Young, from the same source, has been already published in this city. We therefore, commence with Heber C. Kimball.

This is the man who has stood so closely connected with Brigham Young throughout his life. We give him the third place in the list, for thus it appears to us he stands as a type of Morman character. Not to Brigham Young and Joseph Smith, he is the marked man that the Mormon Church has produced. He may not be as popular and beloved as Joseph and Brigham, but he is scarcely less a character. He is a non-conformist in his habit of mind, and is, as were, the overthrow of his idiosyncrasy or character in the face of others. He conforms to nothing, everything must conform to him. He is full of eccentricity and originality. Those who understand him best think most of him, but it is not every one who understands Heber Kimball. In almost everything he is much better than he seems. Brigham Young understands him, and he has walked side by side throughout their life and ministry, and a strong attachment has existed between them. Like Brigham Young, he is one of the first Twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church. There are only four of them, namely, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde and Orson Pratt. He was chosen by Brigham Young as his first counselor in the new First Presidency, which filled up the organization of the Church and the first quorum, made vacant by the assassination of the brothers Joseph and Hiram Smith. He was about Brigham Young's own age, both being born in 1801. He is the man who opened the European mission in 1837, and consequently might be said to be the man who held the keys of all Mormon missions, as the Mormons would say, in "this last dispensation." The keys of the Mormon priesthood unlock the nations for the missions of the "Latter-day Saints," are given to the Twelve Apostles, and Heber C. Kimball was the first man called by Joseph Smith to go and unlock the nations. Orson Hyde was called to go with Heber, as his associate, and they arrived in Liverpool with, we believe, the magnificent sum of half a hundred thousand souls to this country. They first began to preach at Preston, England. Heber preached the first sermon in Preston, in the old Cock and Wilford Woodruff was the last man to preach at that place, so famous in Mormon history. On the arrival in Preston they were met by George D. Watt, who it is said had dreamed of Heber Kimball, and he knew him at once, and he directly received the Mormon gospel, and was the first man baptized in Europe, and was baptized by Heber C. Kimball, thus giving the first fruits of the foreign missions of the Mormon Church to the man before us. On their arrival in Preston a singular incident occurred, which the
missionaries took as an omen of their success. At that moment the Temperance Society, which was holding a great day, hung out of the window of the Temperance Hall a flag with the inscription "Truth is mighty and will prevail!" Whereupon Heber Kimball led off with a great shout of "Hosanna! Truth is mighty and will prevail." This is like the man, full of earnestness and enthusiasm. He is the greatest of all the Mormon missionaries, and he manifested much fervor in building up the English mission of his Church. Heber C. Kimball, Wilford Woodruff, and George A. Smith, were the men who went to London and built up a church in the British capital. Kimball was just the man to stand up in the streets of London and, send out a great cry of his mission to the whole city, and to make his strong non-conformist character felt as he walked through the very streets, and this in fact he did. To this day Heber works upon everybody, and does a great amount of preaching. It is almost a pity for the Mormon cause that he is not among the outer nations now. He would probably work upon the people in the British mission that he opened with as much force and success now as he did in his youth. No Mormon besides Heber can bear so powerful a testimony of the Mormon work, excepting Brigham Young, for none else are so thoroughly imbued with it, or so practically familiar with its whole history from the beginning. The building up of a small church in London was found to be a long and a hard work, but even then Heber C. Kimball prophesied that it would become the great capital of the European mission, and from London the work should spread to other nations. This has since been fulfilled, for the London Conference is the all-powerful conscience of the British mission of the Mormon Church, and has taken the lead in all the operations of its work in Europe. Touching his prophecying, Heber stands among the greatest of the Mormon prophets, and we are informed that he has made some very remarkable prophecies. Such for instance as in the early history of Utah, when he told the half-clothed congregation, who were destitute of nearly everything, that, right away, they were going to have an abundance of clothing and all those things which the most needed, which were wagons, harness, horses, mules, oxen, and, in fact trains of merchandize. Heber, soon afterward, was the first man to declare his unbelief in his own words, and to express an opinion tantamount to the fact that he was caught that time. But directly upon this came the discovery of gold in California, and that great rush of gold-finders across the continent, laden down with everything which the Mormons most needed, and by the time they reached Great Salt Lake City, the gold-finders were glad to be relieved of a large part of their trains and freight, even as a gift, or leave them and their animals to perish by the wayside; and thus Heber's prophecy was saved. He might not often be so lucky in fulfillment of his prophecies as in this fortunate case; but we understand that it is Heber's doctrine, that a man is lucky in prophecying if he hits the mark exactly once out of ten times. There is more philosophy in this view than some would imagine. It is a skilful rifleman who can every time hit the smallest speck on the board, and there are many predictions fulfilled in the spirit of the matter which do not agree exactly with a man's wording. Heber C. Kimball stands not as Joseph Smith did to the Mormon Church, as the prophet of a dispensation. He is a face of strongly marked character and peculiarities, and much force of individualism. He has a large head, abundant Causality, the organ of Comparison so prominent that it makes up much of his originality and eccentricity in discourse, plenty of the perceptive faculties, large Cautionness, Firmness, and Veneration, Benevolence not deficient, though he is careful, and his private affairs, as well as his organization of brain, show that he has much executive ability. He is six feet or more in stature, powerfully built, of the motive temperament, with much iron in his frame and in his character, and he is, in every sense, a pillar in the Mormon Church.

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF EDMUND KEAN.

At one time a quartette of friends dined weekly together, of whom Edmund Kean and Ellison, we think, were two. After dinner one dark winter's evening, a hackney coach was called, and four friends, each secretly carrying a small bag under his arm, entered the vehicle, which was driven to a street off the strand which was not very brilliantly illuminated. When it had reached a gloomy spot where the gas lamps were widest apart, the driver was told to halt and open the door, and from the steps descended a gentleman attired in full mourning costume, cloak and hat band; then another similarly caparisoned, and another, and another; but these were not all! The flow of mourners continued without interruption, till the line seemed likely to "stretch to the crack of doom." The muffled driver, who stood at the door, holding his arm to assist the strange company as they alighted, bore it for awhile, but overpowering at last with fear and horror, ran off, shouting for the watch to exercise the demoniacal procession.

This was a bit of Edmund Kean's wild fun. He had furnished his companions with their funeral gear in the bag. The cloaks, etc., were assumed as they drove along, and the opposite door of the coach was quietly opened and the steps led down from the other side. To slip unperceived round the back of the coach, and pass nimbly through again before the coachman, who was of the true harry type, could discover the trick, was easy enough. For such old stagers, and whether they had not "All melted into air, into thin air," before the roused Dogberry could be dragged from the watchbox and brought to the scene of action, must be left to the reader's imagination.

SLURS ON WOMAN.

At a recent dinner in this city, (N. Y.), at which no ladies were present, a man responding to the toast of "Women," dwelt almost solely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being in the surroundings.

At the conclusion of the speech, a gentleman present rose to his feet and said: "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, and not to ours." The slanderer was overwhelmed.
WOMAN AND PLURAL MARRIAGE.

A SEQUEL TO "MARRYING AND GIVING IN MARRIAGE."

A letter, written, apparently, by some fair correspondent, and signed Anonymous, has been handed to us. We extract the following portion respecting our article "Marrying and giving in marriage," in No. 37. The writer says:

"I beg to differ from that really ably written article, which seems to exclude the possibility of a woman's capacity developing in equal ratio with that of her husband. Not the development of a capacity to desire more than one husband do I contend for; but the capacity to fully 'supply' and 'occupy' the heart and brain of the man she already has."

We thank the writer for the opportunity presented to do justice to so important a subject. Our correspondent is both right and wrong in judging us on the subject of woman's capacity. We do not disclose in the possibility of a woman's capacity "developing in equal ratio with that of her husband." On the contrary, we are ardent advocates of the doctrine that her capacity for intelligence or love will increase in as great a proportion as that of any man. Where we differ with our correspondent is as to the peculiar character of the matrimonial love appertaining to men and women's natures. We assert that the two sexes in this respect are different in their tendencies; and, that upon this very difference, turns the whole question of the propriety of plural marriage. Women are endowed with monogamic tendencies and men with polygamic ones. In man's bosom there exists (to be developed sooner or later), a tendency to seek more than one object for his matrimonial love. Love with him is an open fire spreading abroad its warmth—a love which finds its capacity and even its intensity increased, instead of being diminished, the greater the number of such objects on which it legitimately rests. This is not the case with woman. All the forces of her nature lead her to converse her wisely attachment upon one being. Her love is as valuable and as rich as man's; it is simply different in its disposition. It has no pleasure in diffusion. Where man's love finds increase and strength, woman's finds weakness and deterioration. This is not because woman's love is less exalted or less important than man's, but simply because men and women are composed of different elements of nature and cannot but manifest themselves in a different way. There is no reason why man should be adapted to love more than one woman, while woman can love but one man, any more than there is why the diamond is not a pearl; or why one end of a magnet turns always to the north while the other end is always repelled by it. The only answer is, they are uncreated and eternal qualities of nature, which never could be different to what they are; and must manifest themselves just as they do to be in harmony with themselves.

Such are our views respecting woman's capacity. Let us now turn to the question of woman's ability to "fill and occupy" her husband "in heart and brain," that he can need no more. On this subject we believe that if a man's nature was of a character to be filled absorbed, and entirely taken up for ever by any one love, it would be by that of a pure woman. But it is not so capable. No love can absorb him for ever. He may occupy all there is of him to day, but he must sooner or later, develop and display new room for love—not displacing the old love, but stretching beyond it. And here comes in a most remarkable fact concerning love. It is this very one wife love which draws out and creates the ability to love the second. Just as the first child operates on the yet unmotherly nature, and prepares it to love another one. Thousands of women—possessing only their first-born—have declared that they never could love another child as they did that one; and yet the second has come and found, not only abundance of love for itself, but a larger motherly nature for the one that preceded it.

The mother is true to herself when she declares that she can love no other child. All other love is latent within her. To her it does not exist; and did not her nature enlarge she never could love another. The love she then possesses really is not enough for her second child. But to her surprise a new fountain of love is brought to light within her. Thus without a sin nor a stain the child's heart towards its mother—great and eternal as that is; and yet upon this point of power take up more loves than one, the husband's and the mother's hearts are just the same.

Can any child (grow up ever so lovingly; be so ever so brilliant) can he so 'occupy' the mother's heart and the motherly brain, that she can love a desire of no other child. Let him progress ever so rapidly, in her love; can he keep pace with the capacity of a mother's power for loving offspring? The true, tender and devoted son can only fill so much of a mother's nature as he can impress. Let him 'occupy' ever so much of her affections, she must, sooner or later, outgrow him; and yet—mark it—he may increase in her esteem and love eternally. So with a wife's love. She may increase forever in her husband's love, welding herself more and more into his nature. Taking a firmer and yet firmer hold upon his being, till his joys are her joys, and she a part of his soul for ever. But, ah! this never touches the question of whether he can love beyond her, any more than the fact that a glorious son may become his mother's worlds—source of her boundless admiration and hope—ever gain upon her heart but never be able to fill her motherly nature so that she cannot love beyond him, it is his very excellence in her eyes; it is her very affection for him that paves the way, moults the mother's heart and opens it to receive the love of another besides himself. So with a wife the more she gains the more she "fills" the more she "occupies" provided he be a growing man and the natural
more women—that plural marriage "is true because it is true." They must discover its harmony with themselves before it will be true to them. It does not matter to a woman how many Dittles, Thrones, and Powers, visible or invisible, are said to have declared such a doctrine true; she may submit externally, but she will disbelieve the statement in her heart, until she seizes its agreement with the wishes and instincts implanted within her by God.

In our next we will endeavor to show wherein this harmony of plural marriage with woman's nature consists.

FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES KANDE AND DION BouCUTCRAIT.

(continued)

CHAPTER L.

They gave a long time to pure joy before either of them cared to put questions or compare notes. But at last he asked her, "What was on the island besides her?"

"Oh, said she, "only my guardian angel. Poor Mr. Welch died the first week we were here."

He parted the hair on her brow and kissed it tenderly. "And who is your guardian angel?"

"Why, you are now, my own papa: and you have proved it. To think of your being the one to come at your age!"

"Well, never mind me. Who has taken such care of my child?—this the sick girl they frightened me about!"

"Indeed, papa, I was a dying girl. My very hand was wasted. Look at it now;—torn as a berry, but so plump; you owe that to him: and, papa, I can walk twenty miles without fatigue: and so strong; I could take you up in my arms and carry you, I know. But I am content to eat you." (A shower of kisses). "I hope you will like him."

"My own Helen! Ah! I am a happy old man this day. What is his name?"

"Mr. Hazel. He is a clergyman. Oh, papa, I hope you will like him, for he has saved my life more than once: and then he has been so generous, so delicate, so patient: for I used him very ill at first; and you will find my character as much improved as my health: and all owing to Mr. Hazel. He is a clergyman: and, oh, so good, so humble, so clever, so self-denying. Ah! how can I ever repay him?"

"No, you shall not. He has been to me like a paragon, and shake him by the hand. You may imagine what I feel to any one that is kind to my darling. An old gentleman? About my age?"

"Oh no, papa."

"If I had been old I should not be here: for he has had to fight for me against cruel men with knives: and work like a horse. He built me a hut, and made me this cave, and almost killed himself in my service. Poor Mr. Hazel!"

"How old is he?"

"Dearest papa, I never asked him that: but I think he is four or five years older than me, and a hundred years better than I shall ever be, I am afraid. What is the matter darling?"

"Nothing, child, nothing."

"Don't tell me. Can't you read your face?"

"Come, let me read yours. Look me in the face, now: full."

He took her by the shoulders, firmly, but not the least roughly, and looked straight into her hazel eyes. She blushed at this ordeal, blushed scarlet; but her eyes, pure as Heaven, faced his fairly, though with a puzzled look.

He concluded this paternal inspection by kissing her on the brow. "I was an old fool," he muttered.

"What do you say, dear papa?"

"Nothing, nothing. Kiss me again. Well, love, you had better find this guardian angel of yours, that I may take him by the hand and give him a father's blessing, and make him some little return by carrying him home to England along with my darling."

"I'll call him, papa. Where can he be gone, I wonder?"

She ran out to the terrace and called.
"Mr. Hazel! Mr. Hazel! I don't see him; but he can't be far off. Mr. Hazel!"

Then she came back and made her father sit down; and she sat at his knee, beaming with delight.

"Ah, papa," said she, "it was you who loved me best in England. It was you that came to look for me!"

"No," said he, "there are others there that love you as well in England. There is your bed for you, out down like a flower the moment he heard you were lost in the Proserpine. Ah, and I have broken faith!"

"That is a story," said Helen; "you couldn't."

"For a moment, I mean; I promised the dear old man—he furnished my room, the men, and the money to find you. He says you are as much his daughter as mine."

"Well, but what did you promise him?" said Helen, blushing and interrupting hastily, for she could not bear the turn matters were taking.

"Oh, only to give you the second kiss from Arthur. Come, better late than never," she knelt before him and put out her forehead instead of her lips.

"There," said the General, "that kiss is from Arthur Wardlaw, your intended. Why, who do you think this is?"

A young man was standing wonderstruck at the entrance, and had heard the General's last words; they went through him like a knife. General Rolleston stared at him.

Helen uttered an ejaculation of pleasure, and said, "This is my dear other, and I have no need to thank you. I don't understand this," said the General. I thought you told me there was no body on the island but you and your guardian angel. Did you count this poor fellow for nobody? When you told him you were going to turn one of you out.

"Oh, papa," said Helen, "you shouldn't. Why this is my guardian angel. This is Mr. Hazel."

The General looked from one to the other in amazement, then he said to Helen, "This your Mr. Hazel!"

"Yes," said Helen, "he is."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me you don't know this man?"

"Know him, papa! why, of course I know Mr. Hazel; know him and revere him, beyond all the world, except you."

The General lost patience. "Are you out of your senses!" said he. "You have made me lose pity on you. This is James Seaton—our gardener—a ticket-of-leave man!"

CHAPTER 11.

At this fearful insult Helen drew back from her father with a cry of dismay, and then moved towards Hazel with her hands extended, as if to guard him from another blow, and at the same time deprecate his resentment. But then she saw his dejected attitude, and she stood confounded, looking from one to the other.

"I knew him in a moment by his beard," said the General, "coolly.

"Oh, Father!" cried Helen, and stood transfixed. She glared at Hazel and his beard with delating eyes, and began to tremble.

Then she crept back to her father and held him tight; but she still looked over her shoulder at Hazel with delating eyes and paling cheek.

As for Hazel, his deportment all this time went farther towards convincing him; he leaned against the side of the cave and hung his head in silence; and his face was ashy pale. When General Rolleston saw his deep distress, and the sudden terror and repugnance the revelation seemed to create in his daughter's mind, he felt sorry he had gone so far, and said, "Well, well; it is not for me to judge you harshly; for you have had me under a deep obligation: and, after all, I can see good reasons why you should conceal your name from other people. But you ought to have told me my daughter the truth.

Helen interrupted him: or rather, she seemed unconscious he was speaking. She had never for an instant taken her eye off the culprit: and now she spoke to him:

"Who, and what are you, sir?"

"My name is--"

"Penfold! Seaton!" cried Helen. Aliens upon aliens! And she turned to her father in despair. Then to Hazel again, "Are you what papa says?"

"I am," said Hazel, "I am."

"Oh, Papa! Papa!" cried Helen, then there is no truth nor honesty in all the world." And she turned her back on Robert Penfold, and cried and sobbed upon her father's breast.

Oh, the amazement and anguish of that hour! The pure affection and reverence, that would have blst a worthy man, wasted on a convict! Her heart's best treasures flung on a dunghill! This is a woman's greatest loss on earth. And Helen sank, and sobbed under it.

General Rolleston, whose own heart was fortified, took a sort of composed and unmoved expression; and, moreover, Helen's face was hidden on his bosom; and what he saw was Hazel's manly and intelligent countenance pale, and dragged with agony and shame.

"Ho, come," he said, gently, "don't cry about it; it is not your fault: and don't be too hard on the man: you told me he had saved your life."

"Would he had not," said the sobbing girl.

"There, Seaton," said the General. "Now you see the consequences of being so softhearted. He is a convict and a criminal, and you have taken him in. You must resume, in a different tone, "But not with me. This is a woman: but I am a man, and know how a bad man could have abused the situation in which I found you two."

"Not worse than he has done," cried Helen.

"What do you tell me, girl?" said General Rolleston, beginning to tremble in his turn.

"What could be done worse, than steal my esteem and venera-
tion, and drag my heart's best feelings in the dirt? Oh, where shall be a man ever look for a guide, instructor and faithful friend, after this? He seemed all truth; and he is all a lie: this world is all a lie: would I could leave it this moment."

"This is all romantic nonsense," said General Rolleston beginning to be angry. "You are a little fool, and, in your ignorance, you have been taken in. He has had a wicked past, and has behaved on the whole. I tell you what; in spite of this one fault, I should like to shake him by the hand. I will, too; and admonish him afterwards.""

"You shall not. You shall not," cried Helen, seizing him almost by the breast, and saying, "You take him by the hand! A monster! How dare you steal into my esteem! How dare you be a miracle of goodness, self-denial, learning, and, every virtue, that a lady might worship, and thank God for, when all the time you are only a convict.""

"I'll thank you not to say that word," said Hazel, firmly.

"I'll call you what you are, if I choose," said Helen defiantly. But for all that she did not do it. She said piteously, "What offence had I ever given you? What crime had I ever committed, that such a heart could dissemble such a deceit! Oh, sir, what powers of mind you have wasted to achieve this victory over a poor unoffending girl! What was your motive? What good could come of it to you? He won't speak to me. He is not even penitent. Sullen and obstinate. I shall go back to England, and well punished for it. Papa, it is your duty.

"Helen," said the General, "you ladies are rather too fond of biting a man when he is down. And you speak daggers. I have no heart to hear this. I was mistaken in this young fellow. You are my child, but you are also a British subject: and, if you charge me on my duty to take this man to England and have him imprisoned, I must. But, before you go that length, you had better hear the whole story.

"Come, come," said the General, 'be quiet both of you, and let me say my say. (To Robert.) You had better turn your head away, for I am a straightforward man, and I am going to show her that you are not a villain, but a madman. This Robert Penfold wrote me a letter, informing me to find him some honest employment, however menial that looked well, and I made him my gardener. He was a capital gardener; but one fine day he caught sight of you. You are a very lovely girl; though you don't seem to know it; and as a madman, and he fell in love with you. Helen uttered an ejaculation of disappointment, and the General resumed. "He can only have seen you at a distance, or you would recognize him; but (real-
ly it is laughable) he saw you somehow, though you did not see him and—— Well, his insanity hurt himself, and did not know how he suspected burglars, and watched night after night under your window. That was out of love for you. His insanity took the form of gidleness and humble devotion. He got a wound for his pains, poor fellow, and you made Arthur Wardlaw get him a clerk's place."

"Oh, Robert Penfold. Was it him to it?" and he groaned aloud.

Said Helen, "Ilo hates poor Arthur, his benefactor. The to Penfold, 'if you are that James Seaton, you received a letter from me.'"

"I did," said Penfold; and putting his hand in his bosom as he drew out a letter and showed it to her.
"Let me see it," said Helen.  
"Oh! you haven't burned me, too," said he, pitily.  

General Rolleston continued:  
"The day you sailed he disappeared; and I am afraid without some wild idea of being in the same ship with you. This was very reprehensible. Do you hear, young man? But what is the consequence! you got shipwrecked, and made a dog's life; but I knew you would not disgrace me, and we are safe and sound."

She stood like a statue.  
"Miss Rolleston," said he, "my history can be told in the time my judge prejudice allows me. I am a clergyman, and a private tutor at Oxford. One of my pupils was—Arthur Wardlaw."

"Oh!" cried Helen, shocked to find him so hardened, as she thought.  
"He is a lawyer," said General Rolleston, "and a man who has seen the world before it was the fashion to use words."

"I am a clergyman," said Robert Rolleston.  
"Oh!" said Helen, shocked to find him so hardened, as she thought.  
"He is a lawyer," said General Rolleston, "and a man who has seen the world before it was the fashion to use words.

"I am a clergyman," said Robert Rolleston.  
"Oh!" said Helen, shocked to find him so hardened, as she thought.  
"He is a lawyer," said General Rolleston, "and a man who has seen the world before it was the fashion to use words.

\[...\]

Robert Rolleston drew himself up to his full height, and uttered these words with a sad majesty that was very imposing. But General Rolleston, clouded by experience of contention, plausibility, and their histronic powers, was staggered only for a moment. He deigned no reply; but told Helen that Captain Moreland was waiting for her, and she had better go on board.

Chapter 111.

\[...\]

"Oh!" cried Helen.  
"I forgot the clergyman: I was a gentleman, and a man, insulted, and I knocked the officer down directly. But his myrmidons swore he could not come: he was dying, and all out of sympathy with me. Fine sympathy! (the world's full of such sympathy) that closed the lips, and concealed the truth.
A groan, or rather we might say, a snort of fury, interrupted the most blissful moment either of these young creatures had ever known. It came from General Rolleston, now white with wrath and horror.

"Oh, I am sorry," he cried.

Helen threw herself upon him, and put her hand before his mouth.

"Not a word more, or I shall forget that I am your daughter and give you to understand. I love you. I made him love me. He has been trying hard not to love me so much. But am a woman; and could not deny myself the glory and the joy of being loved better than woman was ever loved before. And so I am; I am. Kill me, if you like; insult me, if you will. But I give you my hand, and we'll die together on this island. Oh, papa! he has often said that life you value so; and I have saved his. He is all the world to me. Have pity on my child! Have pity on him who carries my heart in his boson!"

"Oh, what a heart, and strained him tight, and implored him, with head thrown back, and little clutching hands and eloquent eyes. His heart is just as strong as my own flesh and blood. Children are so strong—up their knees in their dear faces, bright copies of our own, are the height of our hearts then."

"The old man was staggered, was almost melted. "Give me time to think," said he in a broken voice. "This blow takes me by surprise."

Helen rose and laid her head upon her father's shoulders, and still pleaded for her love by her soft touch and her tears that now flowed freely.

He turned to Penfold with all the dignity and stateliness that "Mr. Penfold," said he, with grave politeness, "after what I have said, I feel that you must insist on her. Well then, I expect you to show me at what she thinks you, and are not what a court of justice has proclaimed you. Sir, this young lady is engaged with her own free will to a gentleman, who is universally esteemed, and he now, with a brave heart, and on her pigtails, the Word's law has fitted out a steam and searched the Pacific, and found her. Can you, as a man of honor, advise her to stay here and compromise her own honor in every way? Ought she to break faith with her betrothed on account of vague accusations made behind his back?"

"It was only in self-defense I accused Mr. Arthur Wardlaw," said Robert Penfold.

Congratulations were resumed.

"You said just now there are accusations which oil a man. If you were in my place, would you let your daughter marry a man of honor, who had unfortunately been guilty of a felony?"

Robert groaned and hesitated, but he said: "No."

"What is to be done? She must either keep her pledged word, or else break it. For whom? For a gentleman whom she esteems, and loves, but cannot marry. A leper may be saint; but I would rather bury my child than marry her for leper. A convict may be a saint; but I'll kill her with my own hand sooner than shall marry a convict: and in your heart and conscience you cannot blame me. Were you a father you would do the same. What then remains for her and me, but to keep faith; and what can you do better, than leave her, and carry her away with her wasted esteem and her father's gratitude. It is no use being good by nature. She is not a selfish villain, and urge her to abandon all shame and live here on this island with you forever, or you must be a brave and honest man, and bow to a parting that is inevitable. Consider, sir; your eloquence and her pigtails have betrayed this young lady into a confession that separates you. Her enforced residence here with you has been innocent. It would be innocent now, now she has been so mad as to own she loves you. And I tell you frankly, if after that confession, you insist on her remaining your wife, I must consider your adherence to this island belongs to me, I may have no right to expect to succeed in strange dominions; but an English ship is English; and if you set foot on the Springbok you are lost. Now then, you are a man of honor; you love my child truly, and not selfishly; you have behaved nobly until to-day; go one step farther and I'll murder you, and you have taken, sir to your aid, and do your duty."

In this attitude, and with these words on her lips, they were surprised by General Rolleston, who came back, astonished at his daughter not following him. Judge of his amazement now.
ANNE, QUEEN OF RICHARD THE THIRD.

All who have witnessed the performance of Madame Scheller as Queen Anne in Richard the Third, at our theatre, as well as all lovers of history, will be interested in the following particulars respecting the life of Queen Anne. It is worth reading if only to learn how near Shakespeare's Richard III is to the facts of history. Splendid as was the great poet as a dramatist, it will be seen that the prejudices of his time against Richard are considerably interwoven with the dramatic story:

This unfortunate lady was the daughter of the great Earl of Warwick, surnamed the "king-maker." Previous to her marriage with Richard the Third, the Lady Anne of Warwick was the wife of Edward, Prince of Wales, son of the lamb-like Henry the Sixth, and his heroic consort, Margaret, the lioness of Anjou.

This Prince of Wales, her husband, was killed, or rather murdered, by Edward the Fourth, immediately after the crushing defeat of the Lancastrian party at Tewkesbury. The Prince of Wales, who had fought most gallantly in defence of his father's and his own right to the throne, surrendered himself to Sir Richard Crofts, who— tempted by the reward of 100l. a-year offered by Edward the Fourth, to any person who should bring Edward, called Prince of Wales, to the King—brought his prisoner to the royal head of the Yorkist faction.

King Edward, struck with the noble presence of the Prince of Wales, who was "a well-featured young gentleman, of almost feminine beauty," demanded of him "How he durst so presumptuously enter his realm, with banners displayed against him?"

"To recover my father's crown and mine own," replied the Prince.

Upon this, King Edward basely struck the chained and helpless captive on the face with his gauntlet. This was the signal for the merciless myrmidons of the tyrant to fall upon the royal prisoner with their daggers. The poor Prince fell, riddled with wounds inflicted by the royal assassins. The spot where he is believed to have been buried is marked by a small undecorated slab of gray marble, in the Abbey Church of Tewkesbury. Among these assassins was the murdered Prince's brother-in-law, George, Duke of Clarence, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third, and Lords Dorset and Hastings.

This atrocious murder took place on the 16th of May, 1471, so that Anne of Warwick, Princess of Wales, became a widow at the early age of seventeen, her unfortunate husband being two years older than her.

Her second husband, the royal hunchback, was her second cousin. They had been intimate from their childhood, and from a very early period had been taught to look upon themselves as destined for each other. But when the great Earl of Warwick quarrelled with the House of York, because of the infamous conduct of Edward the Fourth, the match was broken off, and the Lady Anne of Warwick was given to Edward, Prince of Wales, the heir and hope of the House of Lancaster.

But it is said that Anne, though compelled to give a polite reception to the attentions of Richard, always disliked him. This dislike, owing to the part he took in the assassination of her first husband, had grown to a passion of intense hatred. When, therefore, upon her becoming a widow, she found that her ill-favored cousin was again in pursuit of her, she adopted a variety of stratagems and disguises to elude his search. One of these attempts of the persecuted Princess to escape her detested suitor, is thus related by the continuator of the "Croyland Chronicle:"

"Richard, Duke of Gloucester, wished to discover the youngest daughter of the Earl of Warwick, in order to marry her. This was much disapproved by his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who did not wish to divide his wife's inheritance. He therefore hid the young lady. But the cunning Duke of Gloucester discovered her in the disguise of a cook-maid in the city of London, and he immediately transferred her to the sanctuary of St. Martin-le-Grand. Soon after, she was removed to the care of her uncle, George, Archbishop of York. But Edward the Fourth, on his restoration, deprived her of this protection, for the Archbishop having incurred that monarch's displeasure, was stripped of his enormous riches, and sent a prisoner to Hammees.

The marriage of the widowed Princess of Wales
THE UTAH MAGAZINE

[Dec 19, 1862.

with Richard, Duke of Gloucester, took place at Westminster, in 1473, two years after the murder of her first husband by her second spouse and his brothers, and ten years before the death of Edward the Fourth. This marriage was believed to be invalid, because of the parties being considered too near of kin; and since the ecclesiastical dispensation requisite for the removal of that obstacle had not been obtained.

Richard was Governor of the Northern Marches, and his principal residence was at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire. Here Anne was delivered of her son Edward, in 1474; and here she spent the greater part of her time as Richard's wife, prior to that monstrous assumption of the Throne. She was passionately devoted to her son; and as the Scottish war required that her husband should be absent for a great part of the time, it is probable that her residence at Middleham formed the happiest of the short and checkered life of the unfortunate Anne of Warwick.

Upon the death of Edward the Fourth, Richard, at the head of his Northern partisans, marched towards London, seized his nephews, Edward the Fifth and his young brother, Prince Richard, and having had them duly murdered in the Tower, made himself King of England. On the very day of the murder of the young princes, the usurper had his own son, then in his ninth year, created Prince of Wales. Two days after, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and his wife, Anne of Warwick, were, with an unusual display of pageantry, crowned King and Queen of England.

On the following day, the King, with Queen Anne, his wife, came down out of Whitehall into the great hall of Westminster, and went directly to the King's bench, where they sat some time, and from thence the King and Queen walked barefoot upon striped cloth un- to King Edward's shrine, all their nobility going before them, every lord in his degree.

The reign of Richard the Third was one of the briefest and bloodiest in the annals of this or any other country. It was incessant butchery of his real or supposed enemies. The ferocity of the royal miscreant was directed in a special manner against the Woodville family, the relatives of the Queen-Dowager Elizabeth Woodville. But every one who had enjoyed the favor of his late brother, Edward the Fourth, was hateful to Richard. Even the poor fallen and miserable Jane Shore; the frail wife of the City goldsmith, and the favorite mistress of the too amorous Edward, did not escape the unscrupulous Richard.

For the purpose of reviving his brother's licentious manners, Richard ordered his servile ecclesiastics to inflict penance upon Jane Shore, who, though only a tradesman's wife, was one of the most accomplished ladies of the time. "Proper she was and fair," says Sir Thomas Moore; "Yet delighted not, men so much in her beauty as in her pleasant behavior, for a proper wit had she; and could both read well and write; neither mute nor babbling. Many mistresses the king had, but her he loved; whose favor, to say the truth, she never abused to any man's hurt, but often employed to many a man's relief."

The cruel selection of such a person for ignominious punishment, arose, probably, in part from her plebian condition, and in part from her having become the paramour of Hastings, who, though enamoured of her in Edward the Fourth's lifetime, had then abstained from any nearer approaches to her. Lord Hastings was one of the first men murdered by Richard, on that usurper's assumption of the throne.

The life of Anne of Warwick, as Queen of England, was one of the most wretched imaginable. She knew that she was the wife of a man stained with the foulest crimes. Her only son, in whom all her hopes and affections were centered, died about a year after the murder of his consins, the princes, in the Tower. Before her accession to the dignity of Queen-Consort, she had the seeds of a fatal disease implanted in her system. She knew that she was dying of a rapid consumption, and that her husband was looking forward with impatience and a pleasant expectation to her death, in order that he might espouse his own niece, Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the Fourth and Elizabeth Woodville, and the sister of the two boy-princes whom he had caused to be murdered in the Tower. Indeed, a eagier was Richard the Third to get rid of Anne of Warwick, that he could scarcely be induced to wait for her death, though that event was visibly and rapidly approaching. He now pretended to have scruples about the validity of his marriage, on account of their near relationship, and the absence of the Papal dispensation usually resorted to for the purpose of removing that bar to matrimonial union. It was even alleged that he meditated resorting to poison, in order to free himself from the trammel of a disagreeable spouse. The poor Queen knew all this, and her painful illness received an additional pang from her knowledge of her husband's speculations on her death.

But black and fiendish almost beyond any monarch before or since though Richard was, there is no trust- worthy ground for charging him with murdering his wife with poison. His unkindness and her own poignant grief for her son, were as potent as any life-de- stroying drug to accomplish her death. So the poor broken-hearted Anne of Warwick died in her thirty-first year, at Westminster on the 16th of March, 1485, in the midst of the greatest eclipse of the sun that had happened for years. She had a pompous and magnificent funeral. She lies interred near the altar at Westminster Abbey, not far from the monument of Anne of Cleves; but no memorial marks the spot where rest the remains of the last of the Plantagenet Queens.

Five months afterwards her infamous husband lost his life and his crown on the memorable field of Bosworth; by which the path to the throne was cleared for Henry Earl of Richmond, the first of the Tudor monarchs.

PUBLIC BUSINESS.

A story is told of a King of France who told his Minister that complaints of justice deferred had become so clamorous that he was determined, for the future, to look into the affairs of the State himself. Next morning his Majesty, looking from his bedroom window, saw six huge waggons, from which bundles of papers, duly red-taped and ticketed, were being discharged. On asking the Minister who accompanied the papers what this meant, the reply was, those wagons contained a small instalment—the rest were to follow—of the papers which his Majesty, following out his praiseworthy determination to attend to business, would require to examine. The King was satisfied.
POETRY.

A POET'S REASONS.

I sing because I love to sing,
Because instinctive fancies move;
Because it hurts no earthly thing,
Because it please some I love,
Because it cheats night's weary hours,
Because it cheereth the brightest day;
Because, like prayer, and light, and flowers,
It helps me on my heavenly way.

Because with pools of happy words
I would exercise merited care;
Because a touch of deeper chords
May turn a heart to love and prayer.

Because all sounds of human fate
Within my heart an echo find;
Because whatever is good or great
Leaves the music of the mind.

Because above the changing skies
The spirit saith good angels sing;
Because wherever sunshine lies
The woods and waves with music ring.

Because amid earth's babble noise
All happy things that go or come
Give to their grateful hearts a voice;
Then why should I alone be dumb.

"Spurn me not from thee, Harold! This England

is to me the land of the stranger; in thy mother's

house I feel but the more the orphan. Henceforth I

have devoted to thee my life! And my life my dead

and dread father hath left to thee, as a doom or a

blessing; wherefore cleave I to thy side, cleave we in

life and in death to each other!"

A certain cheerless thrill shot through the earl's

heart as the youth spoke thus; and, a remembrance

that Haco's counsel first induced him to abandon his

natural hardy and gallant manhood, meet wife by

wife, and thus suddenly entangled him in his own

meshes, had already mingled an inexpressible bitterness

with his pity and affection for his brother's son.

But, struggling against that uneasy sentiment, as un-

just to one to whose counsel—however sinister, and

now repented—he probably owed, at least, his safety

and deliverance, he replied, gently,

"I accept thy trust, and thy love, Haco. Ride

with me; but pardon a dull comrade, for when the

soul communes with itself the lip is silent."

"True," said Haco, "and I am no babbler. Three

things are ever silent, Thought, Destiny, and the

Grave."

Each, then purusing his own fancies, rode on fast,

and side by side; the long shadows of declining day

struggling with a sky of unusual brightness, and

thrown from the dim forest trees and the distant hill-

locks. Alternately through shade and through light

rode they on; the bulls gazing on them from holt

and glade, and the booms of the bittern sounding in its

peculiar mournfulness of tone as it rose from the dank

pools that glistened in the western sun.

It was always by the rear of the house, where stood

the ruined temple, so associated with the romance of

his life, that Harold approached the home of the Valsa;

and as now the hilllock, with its melancholy diadem

of stones, came in view, Haco for the first time broke

the silence.

"Again—at a dream!" he said abruptly. "Hill

ruin, grave-mound—but where is the tall image of the

mighty one?"

"Hast thou then seen this spot before?" asked the

earl.

"Yes, as an infant here was I led by my father

Sweyn; here too, from thy house, yonder, dim seen

through the fading leaves, on the eve before I left

this land for the Norman, here did I wander alone;

and there, by that altar, did the great Valsa of the

North chant her runes for my future."
“Alas! thou too!” murmured Harold, and then he asked aloud, “what said she?"

“That thy life and mine crossed each other in the skin; that I should save thee from a great evil and share with thee a greater.”

“Ah youth,” answered Harold bitterly, “these vain prophecies of human wit guard the soul from no danger. They mislead us by riddles which our half hearts interpret according to their own desires. Keep thou fast to youth’s simple wisdom, and trust only to the pure spirit and the watchful God.”

He suppressed a groan as he spoke, and springing from his steed, which he left loose, advanced up the hill. When he had gained the height he halted, and made sign to Haco, who had also dismounted, to do the same. Half way down the side of the slope which faced the ruined peristyle, Haco beheld a maiden, still young, and of beauty far surpassing all that the court of Normandy boasted of female loveliness. She was seated on the sward; while a girl younger, and scarcely indeed grown into womanhood, reclined at her feet, and leaning her cheek upon her hand, seemed hushed in listening attention. In the face of the younger girl Haco recognized Thyra, the last-born of Githa, though he had but once seen her before—the day ere he left England for the Norman court—for the face of the girl was but little changed, save that the eye was more mournful and the cheek was paler.

And Harold’s betrothed was singing, in the still autumn air, to Harold’s sister. The song was sung on that subject the most popular with the Saxon poets, the mystic life, death, and resurrection of the fabled Phoenix. As the lay ceased, Thyra said—

“Ah, Edith, who would not brave the funereal pyre to live again like the phoenix?”

“Sweet sister mine,” answered Edith, “the singer doth mean to image out in the phoenix, the rising of our Lord, in whom we all live again.”

And Thyra said mournfully—

“But the phoenix sees once more the haunts of his youth—the things and places dear to him in his life before. Shall we do the same, O Edith?”

“It is the persons we love that make beautiful the haunts we have known,” answered the betrothed. “Those persons at least we shall behold again, and wherever they are—there is heaven.”

Harold could restrain himself no longer. With one bound he was at Edith’s side, and with one wild cry of joy he clapsed her to his heart.

“I knew thou wouldst come to-night—I knew it Harold,” murmured the betrothed.

While, full of themselves, Harold and Edith wandered hand in hand, through the neighboring glades—while, into that breast which had forestalled, at least in this pure and divine union, the wife’s privilege to soothe and console, the strong man poured out the tale of the sore trial from which he had passed with defeat and shame—Haco drew near to Thyra, and sat down by her side. Each was strangely attracted towards the other; there was something congenial in the gloom which they shared in common; though in the girl the sadness was soft and resigned, in the youth it was stern and solemn.

And as the stars rose, Harold and Edith joined them. Harold’s face was serene in the starlight, for the pure soul of his betrothed had breathed peace into his life; and in his dying superation, he felt assured that he now restored to his heart in anguish, the dead man had released her a walled hand.

But suddenly Edith’s hand trembled in his, and she shivered. Her eyes were fixed upon the Haco.

“Forgive me, young kinsman, that I forgot one so long,” said the earl. “This is my brother, Edith, thou hast not, that I remember, seen him afore?”

“Yes, yes,” said Edith falteringingly.

“When, and where?”

Edith’s soul answered the question, “In a dream, but her lips were silent.”

And Haco rising, took her by the hand, while the earl turned to his sister—that sister whom he had pledged to send to the Norman court; and Thyra said plaintively—

“Take me in thine arms, Harold, and wrap me in the mantles round me, for the air is cold.”

The earl lifted the child to his breast, and gazing into her cheek long and wistfully, then questioning tenderly, he took her within the house; and Haco followed with Haco.

“Is Hilda within?” asked the son of Sweyn.

“Nay, she hath been in the forest since I answered Edith with an effect, for she could not cover her awe of his presence.”

“Then,” said Haco, halting at the threshold, “I will go across the woodland to your house, Harold, and prepare your court for your coming.”

“I shall tarry here till Hilda returns,” answered Harold, “and it may be late in the night ere I come; but Sexwulf already hath my orders. And rise we return to London, and thence we march to the insurgents.”

“All shall be ready. Farewell, noble Edith. And thou, Thyra, my cousin, one kiss more to our parting again.”

The child fondly held her arms to him, and then she kissed his cheek, whispered—

“In the grave, Haco!”

The young man drew his mantle around him and moved away. But he did not mount his steed, but was still grazed by the road; while Harold’s more formal, with the place, had found its way to the stall; and he take his path through the glades to the house of his kinsman. Entering the Druid temple, he marvelled among the carvings of the Teuton-tomb.

The night grew deep and deeper, the stars were luminous, and the air was hushed, when a voice at his side, said clear and abrupt—

“What does youth the restless by death the stagnant?”

It was the peculiarity of Haco, that nothing seemed to startled or surprise him. In that lonely boyhood, the solemn, quiet, and sad experience of all fore-armed, of age, had something in it terrible and supernatural; so, without lifting his eyes from the stone, at the unexpected voice, he answered,

“How sayest thou, O Hilda, that the dead still?”

Hilda placed her hand on his shoulder, and still too look in his face.

“Thy rebuke is just, son of Sweyn. In time in the universe there is no stillness! Through
"Away, son of Sweeney; thy feet trample the grave of the mighty dead!"

Then Hilda lingered no longer, but took her way toward the house. Hao's eyes followed her in silence. The castle, gracing in the great space of the crumbling parapet, looked up as she passed; the watch-dog wandering through the starlit columns, came snorting round their mistress. And when she had vanished within the house, Hao turned his head.

"What matter?" he murmured; "the answer which the Vale can not or dare not give! To me is not denied the love of woman or the ambition of life. All I know of human affection binds me to Harold; all I know of human ambition is to share his fate. This love is strong as hate, and terrible as doom—it is jealous, it admits of no rival. As the shell and the sea-weed interlaced together, we are dashed on the rushing surge; whither? oh, whither?"

**SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN OF UTAH.**

(From the.<br />
Pharmaceutical Journal. 1864.)

DANIEL H. WELLS.

This gentleman holds at the present time the high office of second counselor to Brigham Young, which office and relation to the successor of Joseph Smith was, as we have noticed, filled by Brigham's cousin, Willard Richards. After the death of Willard (the habit of the Mormons seems to be to mark their chief men with their Christian names), Jedediah M. Grant became Brigham's second counselor, and he, also, held the military rank of Lieutenant-General of the Mormon militia, for Brigham has never lost his appreciation of the character of military commander, his type of work being that of the statesman. But Joseph seems to have loved the title of chief general, and even in his mightydom Willard Richards calls him repeatedly, not Prophet, but General Joseph Smith. The first one who next appeared in the rank of Lieutenant-General among the Mormons was Jedediah Morgan Grant, who, dying, was succeeded by the third in his line Daniel H. Wells, as second counselor to Brigham Young, and Lieutenant-General of the militia of Utah. Within a year he has been elected mayor of Great Salt Lake City, which office was previously held by Jedediah M. Grant. He is also superintendent of the public works. He did not come into the Mormon Church during the lifetime of Joseph, he was an alderman and an influential citizen of Nauvoo. He was at that time called Squire Wells, and this is the case more or less now. After the Church was driven from Nauvoo, and the chief men, "Brigham," "Heber," "Willard," and the rest of the Twelve had taken the main body of the Church up to Winter Quarters, now known as Council Bluffs, the residue of the people and Nauvoo found her champion in Squire Wells, and he commanded in the famous Nauvoo battle. Before the Mormons could all retreat from their beloved city to follow Brigham to the rocky mountains an armed force bombarded Nauvoo. Three days lasted the Nauvoo war; the city and the Mormons were defended under the command of Daniel H. Wells, now Lieutenant-General of the Mormon militia. They were at last driven out, and Squire Wells leaving his all, like the "Saints," hastened to the winter quarters.
of Brigham and the 'main body' of the 'Chaitiff,' and united his destiny with the modern 'Israel' in the wilderness. These circumstances of the man's keeping out of the Mormon Church so long though residing in Nauvoo, and at last taking a leading part with them in battle, and afterwards uniting with them in the direst extremities of 'their' 'eventful' history, may be taken as a summary of the man's character. Doubtless these circumstances in his history favorably established Daniel H. Wells in the opinion of Brigham, and finally gave him his position as second counselor. He is tall, and has much iron in his frame and character. His nose is large; chin prominent, and all his features the same. His perceptive faculties are very remarkably developed, so much so that the great predominance of the perceptive brain is observable at a distance. He is eminently practical and executive, but there is not much theory about him, either in religion or statesmanship. He could not understand any complicated psychological phase of the human mind, or the secrets of the heart and characters of men like Brigham Young. He is said to be a man of unimpeached integrity, and no one is more respected as a gentleman in the whole Mormon community. He is well fitted for his office as General, and though there is nothing empyrean or combustible about him, he would be decidedly a fighting, not a parlor general.

**PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

**GENERAL PRIM AND THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.**

Don Juan Prim, Marqués de los Castellanos, Comte de Rensi, the celebrated Spanish General, who now plays so important a part in the affairs of his recently revolutionized country, was born at Rensi in Catalonia in 1811. Little is known of his early history up to the time of the civil war which followed the accession of Isabella to the throne of Spain, in 1833. Here it was that he commenced his first campaign, as an officer in the interest of the Queen-Mother, Christina; then Regent. In 1837 he was promoted to the rank of colonel. Soon after this the Queen was obliged to take flight from Spain when Prim associated himself with the party of Progressists, in their opposition to the Dictatorship of Espartaro. He was next accused of complicity in the insurrection of Sargossa, in 1842, and compelled to seek refuge in France, where he again attached himself to the fortunes of Queen Christina, in her efforts to bring about a restoration.

In 1843, Colonel Prim was returned as a deputy to the Cortes of Barcelona; and was enabled to return to Spain, where he joined the coalition formed between the Christians and the Progressists against Espartaro. In the month of May, in the same year, he headed an insurrection in his native city of Reus, but was speedily beaten by Zarbino, one of Espartaro's lieutenants, and compelled to seek refuge in Barcelona. Following these events came the fall of Espartaro and the return of the Queen-Mother to power, when Prim was made a general, with the title of Count de Reus, and the post of Governor of Madrid.

This state of affairs, however, was not of long dura-
Wore the ordinary white shake. At his entrance there was a roar of cheering. From every balcony and door, the crowds waved; every head was uncovered, and the stones were thrown frantically into the air. The hope of their future recovery was not wiped away by this enthusiastic greeting. The room was then cleared, and the applicants were left alone with the medium.

In this limited space, there is considerable difference between the dispositions of Serrano and Prim, who have the mark of the dead. Serrano was almost oppressed by it. He continued to take his place, but his hands were more, and he appeared to be deeply moved. Prim, on the other hand, seemed to be infected with the religious enthusiasm. He rode up on his horse, waved his arm to the people, some of them took off his forage-cap, and waved it over his head, as showing the enthusiastic greeting.

Behind Prim rode a number of staffs of generals, reds, and others in cocked hats and gold lace. Then came the state carriage, with the deputation of Juan J., who met the general at the station. To add to the attractiveness of the sight, many persons suddenly released a number of white pigeons, which flew hither and thither over the heads of the crowd, and swarmed and swarmed, and swarmed, until the tremendous din. Very slowly the procession made its way to the center of the square, and then turning off, went down the calle de San Sumonio to the House of Deputies.

Chineese Spiritual Mediums.

One class of Chinese female mediums profess to bring in and transmit the news required by means of a very diminutive image, made of willow-tree wood. The image is first exposed to the dow for four weeks, when, after the performance of a super-human ceremony relating to it, it is believed to have the power of speaking. The image is laid upon the stomach of the woman to whom it belongs. She, by means of it, is supposed to be the medium of communication between the living and the dead. She is sometimes in a trance and the image is put into the world of spirits to find the person about whom the intelligence is sought. It then changes into an elf spirit, and departs on its errand.

The spirit of the person enters the image and gives the information sought after by the surviving relative. The woman is supposed not to understand the message, but the person concerned proceeds from the image.

The question is addressed to the medium: the replies are from the stomach of the medium. The doctrine helps to delude the medium.

The medium takes no incense or candles in the performance of this method. Another class of women who pretend to be able to obtain information from the dead proceed in a very different manner. The medium sits by a table. Having enquired in regard to the name and surname of the deceased, and the precise time of death, she bows her head and rests it on the table, the face being concealed from view. The table is then placed in front of the spectators, and the three sticks of lighted incense placed upright, sometimes in a center, sometimes in a side, and sometimes in a horizontal position upon a vessel containing a small quantity of boiled rice. Two lighted candles are also placed upon the table. The woman who seeks information draws near in profound silence. After a short time the medium raises her head from the table with her eyes closed, and begins to address the applicant. She is now supposed to be possessed by the spirit of the dead individual, and to whom information is desired. In other words, the dead has come into her body, using her organs of speech to communicate with the living. The conversation passes between the living and the dead, mutually giving and receiving information. At the close of the interview the medium places her head down on the table, and after a few minutes she often appears to begin to twitch or vomit. After drinking some tea she soon becomes herself again, the spirit of the dead having retired.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. McCormick, Parm.-We have received a copy of a poem by John Brown, collection of poems composed and published by an artist, the author of 'The Art of Living.' This little work will doubtless find many purchasers among our American friends, and the public generally. Its price is 25 cents, postage included. Our answer to the former inquiry is as follows: "The humble success and enthusiastic welcome of the people.Clouds and lightning."

This month's number of the "New Republic" has been published with a price of 5 cents each.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. T. McCormick, Parm.-We have received a copy of a poem by John Brown, collection of poems composed and published by an artist, the author of 'The Art of Living.' This little work will doubtless find many purchasers among our American friends, and the public generally. Its price is 25 cents, postage included. Our answer to the former inquiry is as follows: "The humble success and enthusiastic welcome of the people.Clouds and lightning."
There is an important truth which all women will learn sooner or later, and that is, that if it were possible that another object of affection engaging the husband’s soul could be obliterated out of being equally as though it had never existed, they would leave no more love for them. The only effect would be that their husband would be so much the poorer, while they would be none the richer. Thousands of men, not in polygamy, but who have a dear wife, know, that could it be proved to them that their wife departed dear one, absolutely, never existed at all, and her image eternally wiped from their hearts, that fact would leave untouched in extent and quality the love for the wife living here. That operation would make it no more nor less, although some women in their voracious think it would. The truth is, every woman engraves her own image in her husband’s soul; she carves her own niche; and, whether anyone else ever carves another or not, it is just of the size she makes it, and of the enrichment which with her, herself, endows. Her virtues; her love; her wisely; her moral soul, determines its own impression and influence upon her husband’s heart. Even he has nothing to do with its power. It is what it is—as we may say—in spite of the husband himself; much less can it be aided by the absence, or weakened by the presence of any woman that lives.

In this respect, if in no other, man is a type of Deity. If all the blessing allusions of the universe with their myriad intelligences were swept out of existence till but one soul remained to share its keep, let that one soft would be the noblest in the world. That one soul would still possess only its first unalterable and eternal value; beyond which it would be heir to no greater blessing by the change, the improvement and desolation by which it was surrounded. And so with women who imagine when a heaven of love they would share could every other such affection be banished forever from their husband’s heart. Compared to the magnitude of additional nature destined for woman’s source of blissness and love, the heaven they would gain would simply be a withered nature and a bankrupt life for ever.

It must be distinctly understood, all the time, that our assertions with regard to the results of divine plural marriage, are based entirely on the supposition of heaven-directed unions, and heaven-regulated marriages. The scheme in the mind of God is planned solely with an eye to an eternally progressive future. Polygamy is, therefore, in our opinion, a principle of progress, unsuited to the mass, by whose experiences it can never be judged; except as they rise from the general condition to one of nobler life and holier aspiration.

While the benefits of plural marriage in this life are always realized in exact proportion to the correctness of the principles by which it is regulated, still the scheme necessarily looks to immortality for its most glorious results; because it will take immortality to produce perfect men and women. But it does not do so on the ground of some miraculous change to be wrought out in women’s natures in a future life. It supposes no womanly yearning to be crushed out, or annihilated out of her bosom. It will destroy the ‘nurse of jealousy; and find its sources of love and union where the polygamy of barbarism, or civilized in
WOMAN: AND PLURAL MARRIAGE.

Sec. 26, 1868.

woman's and plural marriage.

be known, appreciated, and admired—so will they, by the great law of superiority of quality, make and take their own; and—firm as the influence of Deity—enthroned themselves in universal regard; but more than all, in the deeper recesses of a husband's soul. And in proportion as women realize their husband's purity of purpose; and his inevitable progress towards the divine quality of true judgment, so rivalry will die having no food for life. Instead of fearing future additions to their husband's love—as much as it can take nothing from them, but will add to him in whom their all centres; and by reflection on themselves—they will glory in every increase of that extending circle of affection, in the midst of which they and he are to be eternally embossed; and find their undying source of variety, life, concord and joy.

Thus, in the experience of plural marriage, where its true relations are sustained, women will find solid ground for all their hopes of enduring love—a foundation secure to them as the immortality of their own being, because based on their own imperishable beauties of character. Qualities potent with all righteous and progressed beings, but sealed with a diviner seal, and sustained and assured by the ties of eternal affinity, in his bosom whose the Manager of life has made them one.

Security of love, with such full return as all the deepest and deepest affections of her soul can in their very nature require for happiness, is all a woman needs. She must love; and this her husband's progressed nature must inevitably yield. Women are not in their true nature, constitutionally, suited to others being loved, even by the same object as themselves, could they but be satisfied that all their love was returned, and assured to them forever. Their jealousies are not nature's voice protesting against the extension of their husbands' love, but nature within them fearing for its own. It is not nature crying for a monopoly of love, but nature asserting the necessity of full and unbounded return. Women's jealousies are their fears, based on a consciousness of their own and men's present weaknesses, and the influences of external gifts and fascinations upon them. Their fears are a legitimate result of a state of things for which plural marriage was never intended. Divine plurality is adapted for only a higher plane of things, in which men must pass beyond such conditions of weakness; and a greater knowledge dissipates women's fears. If man perfects his character, until the love-like qualities of Christ are developed in him—as all men must, or demonstrate their unfitness for plural marriage—they will fill a woman's being with that love; and being filled she will need no more. Her own happiness being assured, she will not care how many others join with her in loving qualities so precious in her eyes. The more others love him, the more she will rejoice that her heart's idol is lifted up; and the deeper and closer their love for him—seeing it cannot push her out—the deeper her's for them, and the stronger her unity with them.

Another truth, when realized, will give a woman peace. As divinely purposed in this system, none can come together for eternal unions but such as the Master of Life has decreed. None, therefore, can come to her husband from vanity, rivalry or passion. None can—while he seeks for heavenly guidance and waits on its providing—be led to unite with him but the
life you are to receive, but that which is more precious still; my
good name."

"Ah, that would be worth living for," said Helen.

"You will find it very hard to do, but not harder for a wo-
man than to launch a boat and sail without a mast. See, my
father, Michael Penfold. See Underwood, the Expert. See the
soldier—the counsel. Still, the whole story; and above all,
find out why Arthur Wardlaw died not enter the witticism
of crying a man so as to supplicate as a woman; and don't talk of
dying, when there is a friend to be renewed from
dishonor by living and working."

"Diel while I can remove you from death and dishonor. I will
not be so base. Al, Robert, Robert, how well you know me.

"Yes, I do know you, Helen. I believe that great soul of
years will keep your body strong to do this brave. work for
him you love, and who loves you, And as for me, I am
enough to live for years upon this island, if you will
only promise me two things."

"I promise, then."

"Never to die, and never to marry Arthur Wardlaw, until
you have reversed that lying sentence, which has blasted me.
In your hand on your father's head, and promise me that."

"Yes, I will come for her to be fair and attachment, and say,
I pledge my honor not to die, if life is possible, and never to
marry any man, until I have reversed that lying sentence
which has blasted the angel I love."

"Oh, indeed!"

"said General Rolleston warmly, "for now I know you are a
man of honor. I have too often been deceived by eloquence to
Helen much to that. But now you have proved by your actions
what you are. You pass a forged check, knowing it to be
hashed. I'd make my
surveil to take them down to the boat. Then he came back
and the General took her to the boat.

All this time the girl herself sat wringing her hands in
anguish, and not a tear. It was beyond that now.

As he passed Robert, the General said, "Take leave of her
alone. I will wait ten minutes. You see, now sure I feel you are a
man of honor."

When Robert went in, she rose and tutored him, and fell
on his neck. She saw it was the death-bed of their love, and
she kissed his eyes, and clung to them. They met each of the
other and Peter and Robert had the courage to take them down to the boat. Then he came back
and the General took her to the boat.

The General came back, and he and Robert took Helen
shivering and fainting, to the boat. As the boat put off, she
awoke from her stupor, and put out her hands to Robert with
one piercing cry.

They were parted.

CHAPTER LII.

In that curious compound the human heart, a respectable
motive is sometimes connected with a criminal act. And it was
so with Joseph, the man who had formed his attachment to
Nancy Rose, and her price was two thousand pounds.

This Nancy House was a character. She was General Rol-
leston's servant for many years; her place was the kitchen; but
she was a woman of such restless activity, and so wanting in
the proper pride of a servant, that she would be a housemaid
or a lady's maid, or do anything almost, except to be idle. To
use her own words, she was one as couldn't abide to sit
manchance. That fatal foe to domestic industry, the London
Journal, flattered Britain's eyes for down her spirit and 1 would not rush. She supported a sick mother out of her wages, sided by a few
presents of money and clothes from Helen Rolleston, who had
a great regard for Nancy, and knew what a hard fight she had
to keep the sick woman out of her twenty pounds a year.

Nancy was not unadorned; her face was fresh, her eye
shone, and her smile was sweet. She stood on the steps, her
arms folded, and her height and the strength of her
voice, her boldness, and her eloquence, and her
energy, were balanced by a prevailing sadness, and an
irritating habit of speaking her mind. She humbled her
lovers' vanity one after another, and they fled. Her heart smarted
more than once.

Nancy was not unadorned; her face was fresh, her eye
shone, and her smile was sweet. She stood on the steps, her
arms folded, and her height and the strength of her
voice, her boldness, and her eloquence, and her
energy, were balanced by a prevailing sadness, and an
irritating habit of speaking her mind. She humbled her
lovers' vanity one after another, and they fled. Her heart smarted
more than once.
the world was through that great battered house and its gard en, in Chancery.

Now it may appear strange coincidence that Nancy’s price to Wylie was two thousand pounds, and Wylie’s to Wardlaw was two thousand pounds; but the fact is it was a forced coincidence. Wylie, bargaining with Wardlaw, stood out for two thousand pounds, because that was the price of the house and garden. Wardlaw, having no price to stand out for, paid twenty thousand pounds for it.

But young Wardlaw lay on his sick bed; his father was about to return to the office, and the gold disguised as copper was ordered up to the cellarers in Finchley Street. There, in all probability, the contents would be examined ere long, the sound explored, and other unpleasant consequences might follow over and above the loss of the promised £2000.

Wylie felt very disconsolate, and went down to Nancy House dejected. In spite of her surprise she received him with more attention than ever, and, reading his face in a moment, her apparent object was to give information: his real object was to go. "I will be so in your way of life," said this homely companion; "your sort comes home empty handed one day, and money in both pockets the next. I’m glad to see you home at last, Mr. Wylie. You’re very welcome, Joe. If you are come home honest and sober, why that is the next best thing to coming home rich.

Wylie hung his head and pondered these words; and well he might, for he had had no home either so sober or so boisterous as he went out, but quite as poor. However his elastic spirit soon revived in Nancy’s sunshine; and he became more in love with her than ever.

But when, presuming upon her affection, he urged her to marry him, and trust to Providence, she laughed in his face. She was not to be forced to marry. "I am too, too, Joseph. If you are unlucky, I must be lucky, before you and me can come together."

Then Wylie resolved to have his £2000 at all risks. He had one strong advantage on the young doctor, and that was that he had committed a crime: he could always go to sea, and find employment, first in one ship, and then in another. Terra firma was not one of the necessaries of his life.

He came to Wardlaw’s office to feel his way: and talked earnestly to Michael Zemfoh about the loss of the Proserpine. He learned that Wardlaw was very much occupied with fitting out a steamer: that the forty ships of copper had actually come up from the Shannon and were unloaded in the river. He said that he could not get the money on which he was depending: that they had committed an innocent crime, and that the men had been deserted. Wardlaw was not at the time till the real cause of young Wardlaw’s illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw’s continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fig-ured as the looks in the when he heard about the young man’s desperate illness, and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw’s illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw’s continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fig-ured as the looks in the when he heard about the young man’s desperate illness, and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw’s illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw’s continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fig-ured as the looks in the when he heard about the young man’s desperate illness, and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw’s illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw’s continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fig-ured as the looks in the when he heard about the young man’s desperate illness, and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw’s illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw’s continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fig-ured as the looks in the when he heard about the young man’s desperate illness, and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw’s illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw’s continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fig-ured as the looks in the when he heard about the young man’s desperate illness, and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw’s illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw’s continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fig-ured as the looks in the when he heard about the young man’s desperate illness, and never came to the office. Michael had not at that time learned the true cause of young Wardlaw’s illness. Yet Wylie saw that young Wardlaw’s continued absence from the office gave Michael singular uneasiness. The old man fig-ured as the looks in the when he heard about the young man’s desperate illness, and never came to the office.Michael wrote an earnest letter to say that Wardlaw senior had been betherto much occupied in fitting out the Springbok, but that he was going into the books next week. What to be done?

The note was received; but Arthur declined to see the bear-er. Then Wylie told the servant it was Joseph Wylie, on a matter of life and death. Tell him I must stand at the stairfoot and hail it out, if he won’t hear it any other way.

This threat excited his admittance to Arthur Wardlaw. The sailor found him on a sofa, in a darkened room, pale and worn to a shadow.

"Mr. Wardlaw," said Wylie firmly, "you mustn’t think I don’t feel for you; but, sir, we are gone too far to stop, you know.

Therefore: in business: It is £51,000 for you, and £2000 for me, or it is—"

"What do I care for money now?" groaned Wardlaw. "Let it all go to the devil, who tempted me to destroy her! I loved nothing but money, and now—"

"Well, but hear me out," said Wylie, "I say it is £51,000 to you, and £2000 to me, or else it is twenty years’ penal service to both on us—"

"Penal service!" And the words rousted the merchant from his lethargy like a shower-bath.
"You know that well enough," said Wylie. "Why, twas a hanging matter a few years ago. Come, come, there are no two ways; you must be a man, or we are undone!"

For a time Whyle hesitated to drink a warmer glass; and then to sit at the table and examine the sailor's declaration; and the log. "I'm no great scholar," said he. "I warn't going to say these before the underwriters, till you had overhanded them. There, take another drop now—'twill do you good!"

Thus encouraged and urged, the broken-hearted seaman languidly compared the seaman's declaration with the log; and, even in his feeble state of mind and body, made an awkward discovery at once.

"Why, they don't correspond!" said he.

"What don't correspond?"

"Your men's statement and the ship's log. The true form of a heavy gale after another, in January, and the pumps going; but the log says, 'A puff of wind from the N. E. At'—again, the entry expresses your exaggeration; one branch of our evidence contradicts the other; this comes of trying to prove too much. You must say the log was lost, went down with the ship."

"How's that?" cried Wylie. "I have told you it was safe at home."

"Why did you say that? Why madness?"

"Why were you away from your office at such a time? How can I know everything and do everything? I counted on you for the work when you was out of the way, to sign the log to that part of our tale—might paste in a leaf or two, eh?"

"That would be discovered at once. You have committed an indefensible error. What broad strokes this Hudson makes. He must have written with the stump of a quill."

Wylie received this last observation with a look of contempt for the mind that could put so trivial a question in quite so great an emergency.

"Are you quite sure poor Hudson is dead?" asked Wardlaw in a low voice.

"Dead! Don't tell you I saw him die!" said Wylie, trembling all of a sudden.

He took a glass of brandy and sent it flying down his throat. "Leave the paper with me," said Arthur, languidly, "and tell Penfold I'll crouch to the office to-morrow. You can meet me there; I shall see nobody else."

Wylie called next day at the office, and was received by Penfold. "I have had some letters of Joseph's," said Arthur, of his grief, and ushered the visitor in to him with looks of benevolent concern. Arthur was seated like a haloed, pale and motionless; on the table before him was a rosette and a salt-cellar, which he had been looking at. His mind appeared to alternate between love and fraud, for, at times, he would take a flower from the salt-cellar and hand it to Wylie, and the paper and the salt-cellar.

"Examine them; they agree better with each other now," Wylie examined the log, and started with surprise and suspicions terror. "Why, Hieron! his ghost has been here at work!" said he. "It is his very handwriting!"

"Hush!" said Wardlaw; "not so loud. Will it do?"

"The writing will do first-rate; but any one can see this log here, never been to sea?"

Inspired by the other's ingenuity, he then, after a moment's reflection, copied the salt-cellar into a plate, and poured a little water over it. He wetted the leaves of the log with this salt-water, and dog-eared the whole book. When he thought his experiments were driven to its ulterior, said he. He then took a little salt from the chimney, and mixed it with salad oil. He applied some of this mixture to the parchment cover, rubbed it off, and by much manipulation gave it a certain mellow look, as if it had been used by working.

Wylie was armed with these materials, and furnished with money, to keep his sailors to their tale, in case of their being examined.

Arthur begged, in his present affliction, to be excused from giving his evidence before the master of the Pansperson, and said that Penfold had the ship's log, and the declaration of the survivors, which the insurers could inspect, previous to their being deposed at Lloyd's.

The whole thing wore an excellent face, and nobody found a peg to hang suspicion on so far.

After this preliminary, and the deposit of the papers, nothing was hurried; the merchant, absorbed in his grief, seemed to be forgetting to ask for his money; and the underwriters paid him their utmost, without a loss to the underwriters. The Pansperson had abundant at sea; several lives had been lost, and of the survivors, several died, owing to the hardships he had endured. All this betokened a genuine calamity. More melancholy adventures rested on the case, at first. The captain lost the Pansperson had lost a great many ships; and on the first announcement one or two were removed to sift the matter on that ground alone. But, when five eye-witnesses, supporting all; menaces of the word, "drink," declared that Captain Hudson had refused to leave the vessel, and described his going down with the ship, from an obstinate and too exalted state of party, heavy chick was closed; and, to cut the matter short, the insurance money was paid to the last shilling, and Benson, one of the underwriters, was the first to arrange a new underwriting for the same vessel.

At last Wylie lost all patience, and began to show his teeth; and then Arthur Wardlaw paid him his £2000 in forty crisp notes.

He crammed them into a side-pocket, and went down triumphantly to Nancy Rose. Through her parasol window he saw the bony countenances of Michael Penfold. He then remembered Penfold had told him, some time before, that he was going to lodge with her, as soon as the present lodger should go. Arthur had been looking on the Pansperson all this time, and presently noticed Wylie's design of going in and checking the two thousand pounds into Nancy's lap. On the contrary, he showed them deeper down in his pocket, and resolved to see the old gentleman to bed, and then produce his pelf, and fix the wedding day with Nancy. The Pansperson was giving Wylie a kind of Pansperson making weak efforts to console her. The tea things were on the table, and Nancy's cup had emptied.

Wylie came in, and said—"What is the matter now?"

He said this proudly and cheerfully, as one who carried the panacea for all ills in his pocket, and a medicine peculiarly suited to Nancy Rose's constitution. But he had not quite fathomed her yet. As soon as ever she saw him she wiped her eyes, and asked him, what was wanted there, Wylie stared at the reception; but replied stoutly that it was pretty well known by this time what he wanted in that quarter.

"Well, then," said Nancy, "Wilt you be your master. Why did you never tell me Miss Holcus was in that ship, my dear mistress as was, that I feel for like a mother, you left her to drown, and saved your own great useless catfish, and drowned she is, poor dear. Get out o' my sight, do.""

"It wasn't my fault, Nancy," said Wylie, earnestly. "I didn't know, and I advised her to come with me, but she would go with that parson chap!"

"What parson chap? What a farce you be! She is Ward- law's sweetheart, and don't care for you. If you didn't know you were to blame, why didn't you tell me a word of your own accord? You keep dark. Do you call yourself a man of sense, and base? and young, and base, and young—""

"She had as good a chance to live as I had," said Wylie, sullenly.

"No she hadn't; you took care o' yourself. Well, since you are so fond of yourself, keep yourself to yourself, and don't
Dec. 26, 1868.]

FOUL

PLAY.

167

some here no more. After this, I hate the sight of ye. You're like the black dog in my eyes, and always will be. Poor, dear Miss Helen! Alas, I cried when she left—my mind misgave me then. Indeed, I thought she would part in the salt seas, and if the want of a man to the steamboat—Mr. Penfold had told me all about it. I'll believe you weren't so much to blame. But no; looking and looking all day for months. There's my door, and I can't cry comfortably before you, as I had a hand in the drowning of her. You and me is parted forever. I'll die as I am, an 'll marry a man; which you still one, nor nothing before. Is she waiting for you. To hold the door open, Mr. Penfold or domineer, as plainly as I could, I thought as I gave the steamboat was sent. . . .

"Well I'm going," said Wylie suitably, and with consider-

able feeling. "This is hard lines."

But Nancy was irascible, and turned him out with the

nose down and flung them furiously down the

Then he did what everybody does under similar circum-

stances; he picked them up again and posed them along

with the other then he had gathered. Next day he went down to the docks, and looked out for a

ship: he soon got one, and signed as second mate. She was to

all in a fortnight.

But, before a week was out the banknotes had told so upon

him, and he set off to look for another game to go on sea. But the captain

he signed with was a Tartar, and not to be trifled with. He consulted a knowing friend, and that friend advised him to

regale himself till the ship had sailed. Accordingly he rigged

himself out with worried him night and day. He was afraid to
to a barn, afraid to take him about with him to his

haunts; afraid to leave them at home; and out of this his per-

sonal accidents some incidents worth relating in their proper

order.

Arthur Wardlaw returned to his business; but he was a

changed man. All zest in the thing was gone. His fraud set

able to his advantage—she was now old enough for him, in

whom ambition was now dead, and indeed nothing left alive in

him but deep regrets.

He drew in the horns of a speculation, and went on in the

same old safe routine; and to that still more he added a

sordid story. His eyes were black for Helen; and sorrowed without hope. He felt he had

offended Heaven, and had met his punishment in Helen's

death.

Wardlaw senior retired to Elm Trees, and seldom saw his

son. When they did meet the old man sometimes whispered

hope, but the whisper was faint and unbelief.

One day Wardlaw senior came up express, to communicate

to Arthur a letter from General Rolleston, written at Velpar-

isco. In this letter General Rolleston deplored his unsuccessful

adventure, and said that he must not be published that you have been for eight months on an island

with a convict. Anything sooner than that. You know the

maltolice of your own sex: if one of the ladies, who kiss you at
every visit, gets hold of that, you will be an outcast from soci-

ety. Helen blushed and trembled. "Nobody need be told that

but Arthur; and I am sure he loves me well enough not to in-

jure me with the world!"

But he would be justified in declining your hand, after such a

resumption.

"Quite, and I hope he will decline it, when he knows you

love another, however hopelessly.

"You are going to tell Arthur Wardlaw all that?"

"No, I promise you.

"Then all I can say is, you are not like other women.

"I have been brought up by a man.

"If I was Arthur Wardlaw, it would be the last word you

should ever speak to me.

"If you were Arthur Wardlaw, I should be on that de-

for him. The rare vigor she had as a child was out now with the

walked the deck with briskness, and a pertinacity that awa-

kened admiration in the crew at first, but by-and-by superstiti-

tious awe. For while the untiring feet went to and fro over

houses and lawns, and the green的眼睛 were turned inwards, and the mind, absorbed with one

idea, shivered the men and things about her listlessly.

She had a mission to fulfil, and her whole nature was string-

ing itself up to do the work.

He smiles a day, partly from excitement, partly with a deliberate resolve to cherish her health and

strength; "I may want them both," said she, "to clear Robert

Penfold." Thought and high purpose shone through her so,

that after while nobody dared trouble her mind in common

places. To her father she was always sweet and affectionate; but sad-

ly cold compared with what she had always been hitherto. He was

taking her body to England, but her heart stayed behind

upon that island: he saw this and said it.

"Forgive me," said she, coldly and that was all her reply.

Somedays she had violent passions of weeping; and then

he would endeavor to console her: but in vain. They ran

their course, and were succeeded by the bodily activity and concen-

tration which followed. When they had reached a little

home. At last, after a rapid voyage, they drew near the English

coast; and then General Rolleston, who had hitherto spared her

feelings, and been most indulgent and considerate, felt it was

high time to come to an understanding with her as to the course

they should both pursue.

"Now Helen," said he, "about the Wardlaws!"

Helen gave a slight shudder. But she said, after a slight

hesitation. "Let me know your wishes."

"Oh, mine are, not to be too ungrateful to the father, and not
to deceive the son."

"I will not be ungrateful to the father, nor deceive the sen,

said Helen, firmly.

The General kissed her on the brow, and called her his

bride. "Put this," said he, "in your pocket. It is something that

must not be published that you have been for eight months on an island

with a convict. Anything sooner than that. You know the

maltolice of your own sex: if one of the ladies, who kiss you at
every visit, gets hold of that, you will be an outcast from soci-

ety. Helen blushed and trembled. "Nobody need be told that

but Arthur; and I am sure he loves me well enough not to in-

jure me with the world!"

But he would be justified in declining your hand, after such a

resumption.

"Quite, and I hope he will decline it, when he knows you

love another, however hopelessly.

"You are going to tell Arthur Wardlaw all that?"

"No, I promise you.

"Then all I can say is, you are not like other women.

"I have been brought up by a man.

"If I was Arthur Wardlaw, it would be the last word you

should ever speak to me.

"If you were Arthur Wardlaw, I should be on that de-

land now."
“Well suppose his love should be greater than his spirit and—”

“if he does not go back, when he hears of my hopeless love, I don’t see how I can. I’m sure he will shun me with all his power. I’ll open every door in London to Robert Penfold except my husband’s. And that door, while I live, I shall never enter. Oh, my heart; my heart!” She burst out sobbing desperately; and her father laid her head on his arm, and signed deeply, and asked himself how all this would end.

Before they landed her fortune seemed to return; and of her own accord she begged her father to telegraph to the Wardlaws.

“Well not like a day to compose yourself, and prepare yourself for this trying interview,” said he.

“If I should: but it is more weakness. I must cure myself of weakness, or I shall never clear Robert Penfold. And then, perhaps, think of you. If old Mr. Wardlaw heard you had been in town, you might suffer in his good opinion. We shall be in London at seven. Ask them at eight. That will be an hour’s respite. God help me.”

Long before eight o’clock Arthur Wardlaw had passed from a state of sombre misery and remorse to one of joy, exhilaration, and unmingled happiness. He no longer regretted his crime nor the loss of the proserpine. Helen was alive and well, and attributed not her danger but only her preservation to the Wardlaws.

Wardlaw senior kept his carriage in town, and presently at eight o’clock they drove up to the door of the hotel.

They followed the servant with bountiful hearts, and rushed into the room where the General and Helen stood ready to receive them. Old Mr. Wardlaw, with both hands out and so the General met him, and between these two it was almost an embrace, Arthur ran to Helen with cries of joy and admiration, and kissed her hands, again and again, and shed such genuine tears of joy over them that she trembled all over. And he was obliged to sit down. He melted at her feet, and still imprisoned one hand, and, clambered, while she, turned her head away and held her other hand before her face to hide its real expression, which was a mixture of pity and revulsion. But, as her face was covered, and her eloquent body quivered, and her hand was not withdrawn, it seemed a sweet picture of feminine affection, to those who had not the key.

At last she was relieved from this embarrassment by situation by old Wardlaw: he cried out on this monopoly, and Helen instantly darted out of her chair and went to him and put up her cheek to him, which he kissed; and then she thanked him warmly for his courage in not despairing of her life, and his goodness in sending out a ship for her.

Now, the fact is, she could not feel grateful. and she was ashamed to show no feeling at all in return for so much; so she was eloquent, and the old gentleman was naturally very much pleased at first; but he caught an expression of pain on her face and then he stopped her. “You ought to thank me,” said he, “you ought to thank Mr. Wardlaw, not me; for it was his love for you which was the cause of my seal. If you owe anything, pay it to him, for he deserves it best. He nearly died for you, my sweet girl. No, no, you mustn’t hang your head for that, neither what that fool I am to revive our sorrows! Here we are, the happiest four in England.” Then he whispered to her. “He kind to poor Arthur, that is all I ask. His life depends upon you.”

He obeyed her order, and went slowly back to Arthur; and sat, cold as ice, on the sofa beside him, and he made love to her. She carefully heard what he said; she was making herself she could and this intolerable interview, and escape her father’s looks, who knew the real state of her heart.

At last she rose and went and whispered to him: “My courage fails me. Have pity on me and get me away. It is the old man; he kills me.”

General Rolleston took the hint, and acted with more tact than one would have given him credit for. He got up and rang the bell for his cloak: “I said to Helen. “You don’t drink tea now, and I see you are excited more than is good for you. You had better go to bed.”

“Yes, papa,” said Helen. She took his candle, and as she passed young Wardlaw, she told him in a low voice, she would be glad to speak to him alone to-morrow. ‘What at hour?” said he eagerly.

“If you like. At one.”

And she pointed, leaving him in ecstasy. This was the first downright a-signation she had ever made with him.

**LADIES’ TABLE.**

**CHINESE CAKES.—Boat the yolks well, and to each yolk add a tablespoonful of sugar and one of flour and any flavoring preferred. Drop them on a pan well greased, and bake in a quick oven. Make them small. They look pretty with other kinds of cake, and are very nice.**

**COOKIES, WITH EGG-YACQUE.-Chop two or three hard boiled eggs fine. Put a lump of butter at large as an egg in a manezone on the fire. When melted take a little lemon juice and the chopped egg, and after stirring a little turn it over the fish. Always put a fish in cold water when it boils, let a two-pound fish cook two or three minutes, a six-pound fish six or eight minutes.**

**FISH, CAPER-SACIO.-Take a fish. Pour boiling water over it, and in a few moments scale it till it scrap off easily. Put the fish on the fire, just covered with cold water, with a little pepper and salt, slice of onion and carrot, and clove of garlic. Put a little butter and flour on the fire. When melted, add half a pint of the fish water and stir, with a little touch of vinegar. This is in your courses just as you are ready to turn it over the fish.**

**THE ROSEBUD.**

We wandered in the garden,

The linnit sang in the tree,
My love she spied a rosebud,
And plucked and gave to me.

I kissed the beautiful rosebud,
Dear love, that thou gavest to me,
And that summer day in the garden
My heart I gave to thee.

Three days in a vase in my chamber
I cherished my flower with pride,
And with a sweet and boyish delight
Its petals opening wide.

Until it had bloomed a queenly rose,
And then my flower I took,
And carefully laid it between the leaves
Of an old and scatty book.

Three years the mild old held my heart
In a casket of her own,
Till the beautiful bud of passion had grown
A fragrant rose full bountiful.
She drained its tender fragrance,
And then, ah, woke the day!
Unlock the casket of her heart,
And sing my flower away.

In the saunty book I was reading to-day,
Forgotten awhile of my woes,
When I turned over a leaf; and there beheld
A faded, withered rose.

It breathed of the past—of that summer day
In the garden where it grew,
And sorely I wept over my withered flower.
And my heart-love withered too.

**PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.**

**RIDDLE 1.**

Tell me why is it if you lead But forty dollars to a friend, It does your kindness more commend Than if you should give five hundred and

ANSWERS TO NO. 26. PAGE 144.

44. The coward skanking round about Is like a mouse-trap as you see, For that will enrage any mouse. And pennilessmen in her.

45. Because the cattle is frightfully bad.

46. It is not done & likewise.
POETRY.

LINES TO A FAVORITE

I stray alone amid this calm
And shadowy twilight—on the air
Comes evening’s low mysterious psalm.
As solemn as the voice of prayer.
Oh, as these sounds my sorrows fall,
My soul, from earth’s dark fettered tree,
Goes forth to greet the beautiful,
Flying on Love’s dear wings to thee.

Oh, thou to me art very dear,
I love thy soft and high control,
And all thy tones so sweet and clear
Are blessed music to my soul.
Thou art my star amid the dark,
My sunbeam on the tempest’s brow,
My young dove of life’s wandering ark
To bring to me Love’s olive-bough.

Mayest thou ever be as now thou art,
May life thy every hope fulfill,
And no springs grow within thy heart
That time or grief to love can chill.
May’st thou never know earth’s bitter tears,
May’st thou escape its every strife,
And all the day-springs of thy years
Redden with glory in thy life.

“For my country’s sake, Heaven be my witness,
not my own,” resumed the earl, “I have blotted my conscience and suffred my truth. My country alone can redeem me, by taking my life as a thing hallowed ever more to her service. Selfish ambition do I lay aside, selfish power shall tempt me no more; lost is the charm that I beheld in a throne, and, save for Edith—”

“No! not for Edith,” cried the betrothed, advancing, “not even for Edith shall thou listen to other voice than that of thy country and thy soul.”

The earl turned round abruptly, and his eyes were moist.

“O Hilda,” he cried, “see hencoreforth my only Vala; let that noble heart alone interpret to us the oracles of the future.”

The next day Harold returned with Haco and a numerous train of his horse-carles to the city. Their ride was as silent as that of the day before; but on reaching Southwark, Harold turned away from the bridge toward the left, gained the river side, and mounted at the house of one of his lieutenants (a frankling, or freed ceorl). Leaving there his horse, he summoned a boat, and with Haco, was rowed over toward the fortified palace which then rose toward the west of London, jutting into the Thames, and which seems to have formed the out work of the old Roman city. The palace, of remotest antiquity, and blending all work and architecture, Roman, Saxon and Danish, had been repaired by Canute; and from a high window in the upper story, where were the royal apartments, the body of the traitor Edric Streone (the founder of the house of Godwin) had been thrown into the river.

“Whither go we, Harold?” asked the son of Swayne.

“We go to visit the young Atheling, the natural heir to the Saxon throne,” replied Harold in a firm voice, “He lodges in the old palace of our kings.”

“They say in Normandy that the boy is an imbecle,”

“That is not true,” returned Harold. “I will present thee to him—judge.”

Haco mused a moment and said,—

“I think I divine thy purpose; is it not focused on the sudden, Harold?”

“It was the counsel of Edith,” answered Harold, with evident emotion. “And yet if that counsel prevail I may lose the power to soften the Church and to call her mine.”

“So thou wiltst sacrifice even Edith for thy country?”

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE THRONE.

“I tell thee, Hilda, said the earl impatiently, “I tell thee, that I renounce henceforth all faith save in him whose ways are concealed from our eyes. Thine and thy gaedra have not guarded me against evil, nor armed me against sin. Nay, perchance—aye, perchance: I will no more tempt the dark art—I will no more seek to disentangle the awful truth from the glistening lie. All so foretold me I will seek to forget—hope from no prophecy, fear from no warning. Yet the soul go to the Future, under the shadow of old!”

“Pass on thy way as thou wilt, its goal is the shine, whether seen or unmarked. Peradventure thou art wise,” said the Vasa, gloomily.
Since I have sinned methinks I could," said the proud man humbly.

The beat shot into a little creek, or rather canal, which then ran inland, beside the black and rotting walls of the fort. Two earl-born leaped ashore, passed under a Roman arch, gained a court the interior of which was rudely filled up by the early Saxon habitations of rough timber work, already, since the time of Canute, falling into decay (as all things did which came under the care of Edward), and mounting a stair that ran along the outside of the house, gained a low narrow door, which stood open. In the passage within were one or two of the king's house-carles, who had been assigned to the young Atheling, with livers of blue, and Danile axes, and some four or five German servitors, who had attended his father from the Emperor's court. One of these last ushered the noble Saxons into a low, forlorn ante-hall; and there, to Harold's surprise, he found Alfred the Archbishop of York, and three thegns of high rank, and lineage ancient and purely Saxon.

Alfred approached Harold with a faint smile on his benign face—

"Methinks, and may I think aright, thou comest hither with the same purpose as myself and ye noble thegns?"

"And that purpose?"

"To see and to judge calmly if, during his years, we may find in the descendant of the Ironsides such a prince as we may commend to our decaying king as his heir, and to the Witan as a chief fit to defend the land."

"Thou speakest the cause of my own coming. With your ears will I hear, with your eyes will I see; as ye judge, will judge I," said Harold, drawing the prelate towards the thegns, so that they might hear his answer.

The chiefs who belonged to a party that had often opposed Godwin's house, had exchanged looks of fear and trouble when Harold entered; but at his words their frank faces showed equal surprise and pleasure.

Harold presented to them his nephew, with whose grave dignity of bearing, beyond his years, they were favorably impressed, though the bishop sighed when he saw in his face the sombre beauty of his guilty sire. The group then conversed anxiously on the declining health of the king, the disturbed state of the realm, and the expediency, if possible of uniting all suffrages in favor of the fittest successor. And in Harold's voice and manner, as in Harold's heart, there was nothing that seemed conscious of his own mighty stake and just hopes in that election. But as time wore the faces of the thegns became overcast; proud men and great satrapes were they, and they liked it ill that the boy prince kept them so long in the dismal ante-room.

At length the German officer, who had gone to announce their coming, returned; and in words intelligible indeed from the affinity between the Saxon and German, but still disagreeably foreign to English ear, requested them to follow him into the presence of the Atheling.

In a room still retaining the rude splendor with which it had been invested by Canute, a handsome boy about the age of thirteen or fourteen, but seeming much younger, was engaged in the construction of a stuffed bird, as a lure for a young hawk that still blindfold on its perch. The employment made habitual a part of the serious education of youth that was smoothed their brows at the sight, and deemed the boy worthily occupied. At another end of the room, a grave Norman priest was seated at a table on which were books and writing implements; was the tutor commissioned by Edward to teach the Norman tongue and saintly lore to the Atheling. A profusion of toys strewn the floor, and some child of Edgar's own age were playing with them. A little sister Margaret was sitting seriously apart from all the other children, and employed in needlework.

When Alfred approached the Atheling, with a blending of reverent obeisance and paternal cordiality, a boy carelessly cried in a jargon, half German, half Norman-French—

"There, come not too near, you snare my hawk! What are you doing! You trample my toys with the good Norman bishop William sent me as present from the duke. Art thou blind man?"

"My son," said the prelate, kindly, "these are things of thy childhood—childhood ends sooner with princes than with common men. Leave thy hue and thy toys, and welcome these noble thegns, and dress them, so please you, in our own Saxon tongue."

"Saxon tongue!—language of villeins! not I. Lith- do I know of it, save to scold a coeur or a nun. King Edward did not tell me to learn Saxon, but Norman; and Godfroi yonder says, that if I know Norman well, Duke William will make me his knight. But I don't desire to learn anything more to-day." And the child turned peevishly from the thegns and prelate.

The three Saxon lords interchanged looks of protest; found displeasure and proud disdign, but Harold, with an effort over himself, approached and said whimsically—

"Edgar, the Atheling, thou art not so young in thy knowest already the great live for others. We thou not be proud to live for this fair country, and these noble men, and to speak the language of Alfred the Great?"

"Alfred the Great! they always weary me with a fret the Great," said the boy pouting. "Alfred the Great, he is the plague of my life! If I am the Atheling, men are to live for me, not I for them; and you tease me any more, I will run away to duke William in Rome; Godfroi says I shall never be there!"

So saying the child, already tired of hawk and he threw himself on the floor with the other children and snatched the toys from their hands.

The serious Margaret then rose quietly, and went to her brother and said in good Saxon—

"Fie, if you behave thus I shall call you nothing!"

At the threat of that word, the vilist in the language—that word which the vilist coeur would feel life rather than endure—a threat applied to the Atheling of England, the descendant of Saxon heroes—three thegns drew near and watched the boy, hoping that he would start to his feet with wrath and shame.

"Call me what you will silly sister," said the child indifferently, "I am not so Saxon as to care for your coeless Saxon names."

"Even," cried the proudest and greatest of the thegns, his very mustache curling with ire. "Hev-
on earth, nor under it, than kan out-style, out-step out-brag, or out-pluck a regular Bantam rooster.

They always put me in mind of a small dandy, practicing before a looking-glass.

They don't weigh more than 30 ounces, but they make as much fuss as a ton, I've seen them tricing tew pick a quarrel with a two horse wagon, and don't think they would hesitate to fight a meeting house, if it was the best bit sassy tew them.

It is more than fun tew bear one of these little chivellers crow, it is like a four-year old baby tricing tew sing a line out of the Star Spangled Banner.

The hen partner ov this concern is the most exquisit little bouquet of neatness and feathers that the eye ever roosted on. They are as prim as a primrose yung lady. It is a luxury to watch their daintiness, tew see them lay each feather with their bills, in its place, and preside over themselves with as much delicacy and pride as a belle before her mirror.

But the consummation is tew see the wife, a mother, leading out six little chickens a buggign; six little chickens no bigger than bumblebees.

It seems tew be necessary that there should be something outrageous in every thing, to show us where propriety ends and impropriety begins. This is melancholy, the ease in the rooster affair, for we have the shanghai rooster, the greatest outrage, in my opinion, ever committed in the annals ov poultry.

These critters are the canals ammow fowls, they moop around the barnyard, tipping over the hay racks and stepping on the yung gollins, and every now and then they crow confusion.

If anybody should give me a shanghai rooster I should halter him, and keep him in a box stall, and feed him on cut feed, and if he would work kind in harness, all right, if not, I would butcher him the first day that cum, and salt him down to give to the poor.

But there ain't nobody a goin tew give me 1 ov this breed, knot if I kno it, I don't think there is a man on earth mean enuff tew do it.

Roosters do but very little household work, they won't lay enny eggs, nor try to hatch enny, nor see tew the young ones; this satisfies me that there is sum truth in the mythological account or the rooster's first origin.

Yu kan git a rooster to pay enny attention tew a yung one, they spend their time in crowing, strutting, and occasionally find a worm, which they make a remarkabull fuss over, calling up their wives from a distance, apparently tew treat them, but just as the hens git there, this elegant and elaborate mass lands over and gobbles up the morzel.

Just like a man for all the world!

Tis wondrous strange how great the change since I was in my teens; then I had a beard, and a billet-doux, and joined the gayest scenes. But lovers now have ceased to vow; no way they now contrive—to poison, hang, or drown themselves—because I'm thirty-five. Once, if the night was ever so bright, I'd 'er' ahead could roam, without—'the bliss, the honor, Miss, of seeing you safe at home.' But now I go, through rain and snow—fatigued and scarred alive—through all the dark, without a spark—because I'm thirty-five.
HE FAKEER WHO WAS BURIED ALIVE AT LAHORE.

RELATED BY SIR CLAUDE WADE.

I was present in 1837, at the court of Runjeet Singh when the Fakeer mentioned by the Honorable Captain Borne was buried alive for six weeks; and although I arrived a few hours after his actual interment, and did not, consequently, witness that part of the phenomenon, I had the testimony of Runjeet Singh himself, and others of the most creditable witnesses of his court, to the truth of the Fakeer having been so buried before that, and from my having myself been present when he was disinterred and restored to a state of perfect vitality, in a position so close to him that I was enabled to judge, to render any deception impossible, it is my firm belief there was no collusion in producing the extraordinary fact which I have related. Captain Osborne's book is not at present before me, that I might refer to such parts of his account as devolve the authenticity of the fact on my authority. I will therefore briefly state what I saw, to enable others to judge of its weight due to the evidence; and whether any proofs or collusion can, in their opinion, be detected.

On the approach of the appointed time, according to invitation, I accompanied Runjeet Singh to the spot where the Fakeer had been buried. It was a square building called borra durna, in the middle of one of the gardens adjoining the palace at Lahore, with an open verandah all round, having an enclosed room in the centre. On arriving here, Runjeet Singh, who was attended on the occasion by the whole of his Court, disembowling from the elephant, asked me to join him in examining the building to satisfy himself that it was closed as he had left it. We did so; there had been a door on each of the four sides of the room, three of which were perfectly closed with brick and mortar, the fourth had a strong door, which was also closed with mud up to the padlock, which was sealed with the private seal of Runjeet Singh, in his own presence, when the Fakeer was interred. Indeed, the interior of the building presented no aperture by which air could be admitted, or any communication held by which food could be conveyed to the Fakeer. I may also add that the walls closing the doorway bore no mark whatever of having been recently disturbed or removed.

Runjeet Singh recognised the seal as the one which he had affixed, and as he was as sceptical as any European could be of the success of such an enterprise,—the guard as far as possible against any collusion, he had placed two companies from his own personal escort near the building, from which four sentinels were furnished and relieved, every two hours, night and day, to guard the building from intrusion. At the same time, he ordered one of the principal officers of his Court to visit the place occasionally, and to report the result of his inspection to him; while he himself, or his minister, kept the seal which closed the hole of the padlock, and the latter received the report, morning and evening, from the officer on guard.

After our examination we settled ourselves in the verandah opposite the door, while some of Runjeet Singh's people dug away the mud wall, and one of his officers broke the seal and opened the padlock.

When the door was thrown open, nothing but a dark room was to be seen. Runjeet Singh and myself then entered it, in company with the servant of the Fakeer, and a light being brought, we descended about three feet below the floor of the room into a sort of a cell, where a wooden box, about four feet long by three broad, with a sloping roof, containing the Fakeer, was placed upright, the door of which had also a padlock and seal similar to that on the outside. On opening it, we saw a figure enclosed in a bag of white linen, fastened by a string over the head—on exposure of which a grand salute was fired, and the surrounding multitude came crowding to the door to see the spectacle. After they had gratified their curiosity, the Fakeer's servant; putting his arm into the box, took the figure out, and closing the door, placed it with his back against it, exactly as the Fakeer had been squatted (like a Hindoo idol) in the box itself.

Runjeet Singh and myself then descended into the cell, which was so small that we were only able to sit on the ground in front of the body, and so close to it as to touch it with our hands and knees.

The servant then began pouring warm water over the figure; but as my object was to see if any fraudulent practices could be detected, I proposed to Runjeet Singh to tear open the bag and have a perfect view of the body before any means of resuscitation were employed. I accordingly did so, and may here remark that the bag, when first seen by us, appeared mildewed as if it had been buried some time. The legs and arms of the body were shrivelled and stiff, the face full and the head reclinable on the shoulders like that of a corpse. I then called to the medical gentleman who was attending me to come down and inspect the body; which he did, but could discover no pulsation in the heart, the temples or the arm. There was, however, a heat about the region of the brain which no other part of the body exhibited.

The servant then recommenced bathing him in hot water, and gradually relaxing his arms and legs from the rigid state in which they were contracted, Runjeet Singh taking his right and I his left leg, to aid by friction in restoring them to their proper action; during which time the servant placed a hot wheaten cake about an inch in thickness on the top of the head—a process which he twice or thrice renewed. He then pulled out of his nostrils and ears the wax and cotton which were stopped; and, after great exertion, succeeded in opening his jaws by inserting a penknife between his teeth, and, while holding his jaws open with his left hand, drew his tongue forward with his right in the course of which the tongue flew back to its curved position upwards, in which it had originally been, so as to close the gullet.

He then rubbed his eyelids with ghee (or clarified butter) for some seconds, until he succeeded in opening them, when the eyes appeared quite motionless and glazed. After the cake had been applied for the third time to the top of the head, the body became violently convulsed, the nostrils became inflated, respiration ensued, and the limbs began to assume a natural fulness, but the pulsation was still faintly perceptible. The servant then put some of the ghee on his tongue and made him swallow it. A few minutes after the eyeballs became dilated, and recovered their natural color, when the Fakeer, recognising Runjeet Singh, etc.
Singh sitting close to him, articulated, in a low sepulchral tone, scarcely audible, "Do you believe me now?" Runjeet Singh replied in the affirmative, and invested the Fakere with a pearl necklace and a superb pair of gold bracelets, and pieces of silk and muslin, and shawls, forming what is called a khofat, such as is usually bestowed by the princes of India on persons of distinction.

From the time of the box being opened to the recovery of the voice not more than half an hour could have elapsed; and in another half-hour the Fakere talked with myself and those about him freely, though feebly, like a sick person; and we then left him, convinced that there had been no fraud or collusion in the performance we had witnessed.

I share entirely in the apparent incredibility of a man being buried alive, and surviving the trial for various periods of duration; but however incompatible with our knowledge of physiology, in the absence of any visible proof to the contrary, I am bound to declare my belief to the facts which I have represented, however impossible their existence may appear to others.

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH.

From the Pionphogol Journal 1868.

THE CHURCH HISTORIAN, GEORGE A. SMITH.

This is the cousin of Joseph Smith, and an Apostle. He was in the field as a Mormon missionary in his youth, traveling in his ministry through the United States, afterward a missionary in England, a principal man in building up churches in the Potteries and organizing the Staffordshire Conference, and was one of the Three Apostles in laying the foundation of the work in London. He is the General Historian of the Church, succeeding Willard Richards, and Wilford Woodruff is the Assistant Historian. He has written a history of the Church, and has been a chief officer of the General Council of the Church. George A. Smith is a force among his people, and the first politician and diplomatist of Utah. He makes great speeches, but chiefly on political occasions, and has been a foremost man in leading out the settlements, traveling throughout the Territory, urging home development, and reporting and relating in public the whole history of the growth of these settlements and everything concerning them in astonishing detail. Upon these reports Brigham administers and gives instructions to all the Bishops in Utah. He is in memory what Woodruff's journals are in record, and even to the standing of a stone by the wayside that he has observed, all is remembered, and not a single thing or circumstance throughout his whole life is lost. George A. Smith is said to have the whole history of the Church in his own mind, in all its details, but, unfortunately for the future, he would carry this mental record to the grave unless extracted by his scribes. Much of the Church's history has been made up from George A. Smith's memory, and if there is found any slight difference in incident, dates, or names between his memory and Woodruff's journals, "Wilford," with the greatest assurance that "George A. Smith," is right, will, twenty years after the occurrence, alter his journals accordingly. He is the infallible walking history of the Church, from which there is no appeal.

WILFORD WOODRUFF, THE ASSISTANT HISTORIAN.

This is also a remarkable man in Mormon history. He stands next to Orson Pratt in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles. Excepting Heber C. Kimball he has no equal in the history of Mormondom in building up churches in England in the early rise of his people. He, in reality, has kept most of the history of his Church. Wherever he has been there everything has been recorded in his daily journals. Wilford Woodruff's journals have become quite a household word among the Mormons. It is almost incredible to believe the number of volumes and the amount of matter contained in those journals. We know a Mormon Elder, from whom we have received much information, who has labored eighteen months upon those journals, changing them from diary into regular historical form, and still has nearly ten years to bring up. If the Mormon Church were to lose Wilford Woodruff's journals, it would lose one of its greatest treasures, though much of it now has been incorporated with the General Church History. Everything is there recorded which has taken place and been said in the highest councils and private "circles" of the First Presidency and Twelve Apostles. It would be the best witness that could be handed into court and given to some first-clas advocate upon a case involving Mormon interests. His journals are kept in the General Church Historian's office, in iron safes. He has recorded things without knowing at the time whether they were going to be of value or not, and after years have given them meaning and importance. He did not himself scarcely know what was in his journals until read to him by his scribe, changed from diary form into large volumes of autography, and that, too, in some instances, thirty years after the occurrence, were recorded. Upon the scene of the Mountain Meadow massacre, of which we have heard so much, the gentleman who has recently worked upon those volumes says, "Let any committee of the houses of Congress decide on examining into that case, and of knowing how much Brigham Young had to do with it, call into court Wilford Woodruff's journals. They would be their best and most reliable witness. Wilford Woodruff was with Brigham in his office when the messenger brought the first news of that dreadful occurrence." The record of his building up the Hesperus Conference is like a fable. He went to "Froon's Hill," in Hesperus, one day and began his work, and in six months built up nearly fifty churches, establishing the same number of chapels or meeting-houses, and baptized as many members and hundreds of members. In fact, he found a circuit called "The Froom's Hill Circuit of the United Brethren," who had broken off from the Methodist body, and he swept them all into his Church, members, ministers, chapels, and all. What could resist that man so fiercely engaged in his work? Though he is now nearly sixty years of age, one could almost venture a prophecy that he is just coming out to do the same work over again, this time in the U. S., which is just big enough for that restless worker.
"A revival of Shakespeare!" 'Twas well desired, and does credit to our Management. Yes, let us have a new dispensation of our deity of the drama. The old one is like a worn out orthodoxy. Shakespeare demands a revival, for he is sick with disgust. Take up the best current exponent of classical literature and read his yearnings for a new revelation of himself. His special apostles of the new dispensation are his critics, not his actors. His plays shall be incarnations on the stage, no longer acting, for Shakespeare is in league with the poets and authors. They are reviewing him again, and they can incarnate him in their conceptions, for they share with their monarch the poet-soul. Leaving the charmed circle, where my master rules, I want the other night to see his revival on the stage in Mr. McCulloch's Hamlet.

It was the first time for three years that I could endure to see Shakespeare, excepting in the reviviser's mirror. I was delighted with the expositions of Mr. McCulloch; for I saw illustrated every moment that Hamlet is, by what Hamlet was not, and felt how much Shakespeare can be revived when genius, such as that of David Garrick, Edmund Kean, and Junius Brutus Booth shall burst the Great Master's unopened seals. When these rendered Shakespeare the world was satisfied with them. Why? Because they incarnated so much of the genius of the master; but when we witness stars—not to word it offensively, of not more than the third magnitude as revolving suns of transcendent spheres, we question if Hamlet, Richard or Macbeth have ever been fully illustrated in the theatre. Indeed, our best critics have, like Charles Lamb, adoringly clung to the conceit that Shakespeare must be wooed into the closet by the sublimest natures, that they, lost in the author's "divine frenzy," might witness Shakespeare revealing himself.

Note a few points to suggest the compass of Hamlet's part. Examine the rare subject between him and Ophelia. An episode, only, yet what a volume is in the theme! It is that of a mighty passion which struggles in Hamlet's soul to overmatch the greater theme which constitutes the play. Take Shakespeare's own expositions. Here is a subject of passion for our hero to render:

Oph. My lord as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet—with his doublet all unbraced, No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd, Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle, Pale as his shirt; his knees as black as each other, And with a look so piteous in purport, As if he had been loosed out of hell To speak of horrors—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. Yes. He took me by the wrist and held me hard: "Why goes he to the length of all his arm, And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow. He falls to such perusal of my face, As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so; At last—a little shaking of mine arm.

And thrice his head thus waving up and down—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And crumple it entirely.—That done he lets me go;
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd
He seemed to find his way without his eye;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol: Come, I will send for him; I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy of love.

Mark! This is the very opening mood of Hamlet after the famous ghost scene, which closed with Hamlet recovered from the ecstacy into which the appearance of his father's spirit in arms threw him. It is now the ecstacy of love. That is the minor mood, and it is plaintive, passionate and antique, as fine mirror subjects always are. It is thus in music as in poetic expositions of passion, and thus, in fact, in all the manifestations of nature and art. It is a fine method, therefore, of Shakespeare to give us his minor mood in the ecstacy of passion immediately after its correspondent in the principal theme held between him and his father's spirit. This will also be found to agree with all the workings of the play throughout. In fact the close of his great soliloquy of "To be or not to be":

Soft you, now! The thir Ophelia—Nymph in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered!

Ecstasy of love ever rushes upon the stage to distract Hamlet immediately after the great expositions of the metaphysics of the play. And

"Get thee to a nunnery; Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners,"

soon follows to make discord to the touching tenderness of the theme, so pregnant in the salvation:

Here, we have the counterpart of the scene between Hamlet and Ophelia which called forth from Polonius—

"This is the very ecstacy of love!"

It is true this scene is not in the action of the play upon the stage. But Shakespeare, in the text, has given that unique scene of a soul distracted by two rival ecstacies—one of an adoring despairing love, and the other ruling him through the potent workings of his father's spirit; and our poet has furthermore painted it so strongly that there is nothing left for the imagination to conceive, though much for the genius of the actor to render. That might be rendered Shakespeare has transposed that very scene into another form immediately after his metaphysical triumph in "To be or not to be!" This is another proof how much the genius of our great exponents of Hamlet should exhaust itself in the famous Ophelia passage of the play. Indeed, it was just here that Edmund Kean surprised a London audience into an uncommon admiration, and upon which his critic Hazlitt dwelt with so much delighted appreciation. But, how is it with our modern "stars" in general? How was it with Mr. McCulloch in Hamlet the other evening? Our Hamlets are ever huge in the ghost parts and the crawling-on-the-belly scene, but they become very much diminished in the play with Ophelia. Any fair actor can render the stage parts of a piece, but rare artists delight in their minor renderings and touches, even more than in their scenes of power and passion. This, in fact, is true of Shakespeare himself. A master critic can discover how exquisite was the passion of Shakespeare for his minor methods, and how
The critic finds Shakespeare's genius most revealed in minor themes and workings, and it is just in them that they can test his capacity and dramatic art. He has not to have plumed himself upon his soliloquies, he loved his Lady Ann and Ophelia parts, for they are of the minor quality, and will afford him unique triumphs, and surprise his carries into a clapping of hands. Then our Booths and Keans have their triumphs, too, for the analytical intellect of the Ired world in admiration before them to applaud, not their ghost parts and stage-displays, but their Lady Ann and Ophelia scenes. But actors of Mr. McCulloch's degree need not expect to reach so much of triumph over Shakespeare and his critics. Madam Scheller made me feel how great was her woman's affection of Hamlet's love for Ophelia; but who could imagine that Mr. McCulloch loved her with more than the sum of forty thousand brothers' love? I rejoin the subject in the text:

"What is he, whose grief

Bears such an emphasis; whose phrase of sorrow

Conspires the wound and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,

Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into Ophelia's grave."

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

[Exit Ophelia."

"I love'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum. What will you do for her?

Your eyes shew me what you'll do upon it:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

Woo'd drink up Esco, eat a crocodile?

I'll do't—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with loaping in my grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singe his pate against the burning zone.

Make less like a want!"

Old Polonius was right. This is the very ecstasy

love—a love crossed, distracted, oft driven into

idleness by the potent spirit that ruled the play.

Here, mark Hamlet's pledge to his murdered father,

and, thus linked with the Ophelia subject, what an

intensity of conception is thrown into birth, how vast

and complex the part given to the actor to render

upon the minor theme—the "ecstasy of love"—is

ixed in the mighty distraction of Hamlet's mind:

"Remember thee?"

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds her seat

in this distracted globe. Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

And all your valedictions of love and peace past,

That youth and observation coped there;

And thine commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmixed with baser matter: Yes, by heaven,

O most pernicious woman!"

What method and complexity have we in this cli-

ax! His love comes not in his pour; Ophelia is not

ured—his mother is merely implied, but they both

geret into Hamlet's mind, and would

from him his bitterest passage:

"Urnixed with baser matter: Yes, by heaven.

O, most pernicious woman!"

Did Mr. McCulloch, the other evening, as Hamlet,

render a title of this Ophelia subject, not exacting

here upon any part of the greater theme? Did he

conceive a title? I instance this gentleman be-

cause he played the part, and not to belie his exci-

ence, nor to spit out a spit. The great Forrest may

equally take the matter to himself. The reviewer

must stand neither for favorite stars, nor upon a con-

sideration for the management, when Shakespeare is

under review. Conscious that even the genius of Ed-

mund Kean and J. B. Booth did not burst into final

perfection the immortal parts which left them some-
things to do after the great Garrick passed away,

I dare not speak of a perfect Hamlet.

The passage, "Get thee to a nunnery" &c., in

which Edmund Kean made his startling hits, origin-

ating that now stagey exit and quick return, gener-

ally strike the audience through the medium of a

harsh repugnant treatment. They only excuse Ham-

let's cruel manner upon the supposition of his mad-

ness; yet to the critic those very passages are the

most affecting of any part in this grand play, and

thus such artistes as the Keans and Booths have ren-

dered them. It is a phase of love in its extreme distrac-

tion. The true interpretation of its burden is: Get

thee to a nunnery! for I love thee, Ophelia; "forty

thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity

of love, make up my sum." But Hamlet's passion was

at once betraying Ophelia, himself, and the cause of

his murdered father. Hence the distraction and ap-

parent discords in the tender theme of love. "Why,

would'st thou be a breeder of sinners?" is not rude as

too often made, but it is sharpened with a keen per-

sonal point, and has in it a blended agony of despair

and desire. "We will have no more marriages," &c.,

is of the same quality: therefore, "To a nunnery go;

and quickly, too. Farewell!"

Touching Ophelia with these words, the other evening, lot it be

here observed that Madam Scheller is one of the very

best Ophelia's of the modern stage; but there will, in

another number, appear a dramatic and biographical

detection of this excellent artiste.

Of Mr. McCulloch as a Shakespearean actor, I must

come to no uncommon appreciation. Madam Schel-

ler, who played Ophelia to his Hamlet, could answer

the question whether he helped her with that magnet-

ism with which Hamlet, above all other, characters is

charged. She could answer, too, whether or not our

own David McKenzie possesses more than the other

gentleman this same quality of magnetism. Now,

this quality comes from the essence of genius. Mr.

McKenzie contains in his nature fifty degrees out of

the hundred more of this magnetism—this genius—

than nearly every professional star that has shined

on the Salt Lake Stage. I except Davenport,

Paucekfort and Coullock; no others. Mr. McKen-

zie might aspire to the character of Hamlet. He has
genius, and it has for a time exhausted him; but the

class to which the majority of our modern "stars" be-

long, only suffer from physical, not metaphysical,

evaluation: therefore, they can never incarnate a Ham-

let; they are in no danger of closing their mortal career like Edmund Kean, carried home to die at the
date of his great speech "Ophelia's occupation's gone!"
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES BRADB AND DON BRADG.

CHAPTER LIV.

They met at one another's; he radiated as the sun, and with a
rose in his button-hole; she sad and sombre, with her very
self. Who, nothing at the thought of the explanation she had to
go through.

He began with amorous commonplace; she stopped him,
gravelly. "Arthur," said she, "you and I are alone now, and
uncoined; I marvel that ever you know that you, as I keep faith with you. He has been driven from
so to sake: that slander I aim to set and confute.

It will be long and difficult; but I shall do it; and you could
help me if you chose. But that I will not be so cruel as to say

Arthur bit his lip with jealous rage; but he was naturally
oung, and his ouning showed him there was at present
but one road to Helen's heart. He quelled his rhetoric about
as well as he could, and resolved to take that road. He recog-
nized moment, and for that one who is almost as
unjust to you, as the world has been to him;" then, fixing her
eyes full on him, she said, "Arthur, it is your old friend and
tutor, Robert Penfold.

CHAPTER LV.

Arthur Wardlaw was thunderstruck: and, for some time, sat
stupidly staring at her. And to his blank gaze succeeded a
look of terror, which seemed strange to her and beyond the
occasion. But this was not all; for, after staring at her with
scared eyes and shaky cheeks a moment or two, he got up and
literally staggered out of the room without a word.

He had been taken by surprise, and, for once, all his arts had
failed him.

Helen, whose eyes never left his face, and had followed his
retreating figure, was frightened at the weight of the blow
she had struck; and strange thoughts and conjectures filled her
mind. Hitherto, she had felt sure that Robert Penfold was
under a delusion with regard to Arthur Wardlaw, and that his
suspicions were as unjust as they certainly were vague. Yet,
now, at the name of Robert Penfold. Arthur turned pale and
fled like a guilty thing. This was a coincidence that confirmed
her good opinion of Robert Penfold, and gave her ugly thought
of Arthur. Steel was she one very slow to condemn a friend.

She was not, to clear Robert Penfold of a crime. Yet Arthur's strange
behaviour was a great shock to her; for, here at the very out-
set, he had somehow made her feel she must hope for no as-
nance from him. She was exalted at this check, and asked herself
whom she should apply first for aid. Robert had told her to see
his counsel, his solicitor, his father, and Mr. Undercliff, an
Expert, and to sift the whole matter.

And so, little by little, she began, she thought; she would,
after all, wait a day or two to give Arthur time to recover him-
self, and decide calmly whether he would co-operate with her
or not.

In this trying interval, she set up a diary,—the first time in
for the first time in her life; for she was no agnostic: and she noted down all
we have just related, only in a very condensed form, and
wrote at the margin,—Mysterious.

Arthur never came near her for two whole days. Till
looked grave. On the third day she said to General Roi-

"Papa, you will help me in the good cause, will you not?"
He replied that he would do what he could, but feared that
would be little.

"Will you come down to Eltumree, this morning?"

"With all my heart."

He took her down to Eltumree. On the way she said: "Pa-
papa, you must let me get a word with Mr. Wardlaw, alone."

"Oh, certainly. But, of course, you will not say a word to
obscure as a man; be supplied as a woman!"

She might have consulted her father on this difficulty, so slight to any but an inexperienced girl. He told her there must be a report of the trial in the newspapers, and the report would probably mention the counsel; she had better consult a friend.

Then the thing was to where to find a file. After one or two failures, the British Museum was suggested. She went thither, and could not get into read without certain formalities. While these were being complied with, she was at a stand-still.

That same evening came a line from Arthur Wardlaw:

"DEAREST HELEN,"

"I hear from Mr. Adams that you desire to know the name of the counsel who defended Robert Pentfold. It was Mr. Tollemache. He has chambers in Lincoln's Inn."

"Ever devotedly yours,

"ARTHUR WARDLAW."

Helen was touched with this letter, and put it away endorsed with a few words of gratitude and esteem, and copied it into her diary, and remarked, "This is one more warning not to judge hastily. Arthur's agitation was probably only great enough to shew me the man, whose lamentation he believes and whose sad fate distresses him." She wrote back and thanked him sincerely, and in terms that encouraged a visit. Next day she went to Mr. Tollemache. A seedy man followed her at a distance, Mr. Tollemache was not at his chambers, nor expected till the week after. He was in court. She left her card, and wrote on it in pencil that she would call at four.

She went at ten minutes after four. Mr. Tollemache declined through his clerk to see her if she was a client; she could only be approached by her solicitor. She felt inclined to go away and cry; but this time she remembered she was to obtrude as a man, and suppose as a woman. She wrote on a card, "I am not a client of Mr. Tollemache, but a lady deeply interested in obtaining some information, which Mr. Tollemache can with perfect propriety give me. I trust to his courtesy as a gentleman not to refuse me a short interview."

"Admit the lady," said a sharp, little voice.

She was ushered in, and found Mr. Tollemache standing before the fire.

"Now, madam, what can I do for you?"

"Some years ago you defended Mr. Robert Pentfold; you were accused of forgery."

"Oh, was I? I think I remember something about it. A banker's clerk, wasn't he?"

"No, sir. A clergyman.

"A clergyman! I remember it perfectly. He was convicted."

"Do you think he was guilty, sir?"

"There was a strong case against him."

"I wish to sift the case."

"Indeed. And you want to go through the papers."

"What papers, sir?"

"The brief for the defence."

"Yes," said Helen, boldly, "would you trust me with that. Sir. Oh, if you know how deeply I am interested? The tears were in her lovely eyes.

"The brief has gone back to the solicitor, of course. I dare say he will let you read it upon a proper representation."

"Thank you, sir. Will you tell me who is the solicitor, and where he lives?"

"Oh, I can't remember who was the solicitor. That is the very first thing you ought to have ascertained. It was no use coming to me."

"Forgive me for troubling you, sir," said Helen, with a deep sigh.

"Not at all, madam; I am only sorry I cannot be of more service. But do let me advise you to employ your solicitor to make these preliminary inquiries. Happy to consult with him and re-open the matter, should he discover any fresh evidence." He bowed her out, and sat down to a brief while she was in sight.

She turned away heart-sick. The advice she had received was good: but she shrank from bearing her heart to her father's solicitor.

She sat disconsolate awhile, then ordered another cab, and drove to Wardlaw's office. It was late, and Arthur had gone home; so, indeed, had everybody, except one young subordinate, who was putting up the shutters. "Sir," said she, "can you tell me where old Mr. Pentfold lives?"

"Somewhere in the suburbs, miss."

He turned to make his campaign.
"Yes, sir, but where?"

"I think you are not going to Pimlico way."

"Could you not give me the street? I would beg you to accept a present if you could." This startled the young gentleman's wit; he went in and groped here and there, till he found Fairfields Cottages, and left it there. Not, Fairfields Cottages, Primrose Lane, Pimlico. She gave him a sovereign, to his infinite surprise and delight; and told the cabman to drive to the hotel.

The next moment the man who had followed her, was clapping familiarly with the underman, and helping him put up the shutters, "Yee, Dick," said the younger, "Pensfield is up in the market; a duchess was here just now, and gave me a sov, to tell her where he lived. Wait a moment till I sp' on it for her."

The agent however did not wait to witness the interesting ceremony, he went back to his Hancome round the corner, and drove at once to Arthur Wardlaw's house with the information.

Helen noted down Michael Pensfield's address in her diary, and would have gone to him that evening but that she was engaged to dine with her father.

Next day she went down to Fairfields Cottages at half past four. The boy was at the door, and the agent waited for her at the front, and in her hand. She entered the cottage, and the mayor's son passed in and out, and her own eyes, and tested it in every way. Yet her father remained the servant of a firm, the senior partner of which had told her to her face Robert was guilty.

It was a strange and terrible enigma. Yet she clung to the belief that some new light would come to her from Michael Pensfield. Then came bashful fears. "How should she account to Mr. Pensfield for the interest she took in his son, who was accused to Mr. Pensfield's employer?" She arrived at 3 Fairfields Cottages with her cheeks burning, and repeating to herself, "Now I shall be supposed as a woman but don't tell me a man," she said aloud to herself. "Well, she said, "and I will write what time I talked to Mr. Pensfield, for I do not know if Mr. Pensfield was at home."

"Can you tell me he will be at home?"

"No, miss. He has gone to Scotland. A telegraph came from Warldews last night, as he was to go to Scotland, first thing in the morning; he went at six o'clock."

"Oh, dear! What a fine!"

"Who shall I say called, miss?"

"Thank you, I will write what time did the telegram come?"

"Between five and six last evening, miss."

She returned to the hotel. Fate seemed to be against her. Baffled at the very threshold: at the hotel she found Arthur Wardlaw's card, and a beautiful bouquet.

She sat down directly and wrote to him affectionately, and asked him in the postscript if he could send her a report of the trial. She received a reply directly, that he had inquired in the office, for one of the clerks had the report of it, but the clerk was unfortunately out, and had locked up his desk.

Helen sighed. Her feet seemed to be colder at every step of this inquiry.

Next morning however, a large envelope came for her, and a Mr. Hand wrote to her thus—

"MARM.

"Having been requested by Mr. Arthur Wardlaw to send you my reports of a trial, the Queen versus Pensfield. I have forwarded the same, and would feel obliged by your returning them at your convenience."

"Your obedient servant."

"Mr. Hand."

Helen took the enclosed extracts to her bedroom, and there read them over many times. She could see the case for the Crown was a neat, clear, cogent and straightforward, and supported by evidence. The defence was chiefly arguments of counsel to show the improbability of a clergyman being a man of good character passing a forged note. One of the reports stated that Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, a son of the principal witness, had taken the matter so to heart that he was now dangerously ill at Oxford. The other report did not contain this, but it stated, on the other hand, that the prisoner had endeavoured to lay the blame on Mr. Arthur Wardlaw, but that the judge had stopped him, and that he could only aggravate his offence by endeavouring to cast slur upon the Warldews, who had both shown a manifest desire to shield him, but were too poor to do so for everybody. Even Mr. Henshaw, the counsel for the Crown, had opened the case with humane regret, and confined himself to facts, and said that nobody would be more pleased than would, if this evidence could be contradicted, or explained in a manner consistent with the prisoner's innocence."

"What a stone she had undertaken to roll—up what a hill!"

"What was to be her next step? Go to the Museum, which was now open to her and read more reports?" She shrank from that. The newspapers are all against him," she said, "and I don't want to be told he's guilty when I know he is innocent."

She now re-examined the extracts with a view to names, and found the only name mentioned were those of the counsel. The Expert's name was not given in either. However she knew that from Robert. She resolved to speak to Mr. Henshaw first, and try and get at the defendant's solicitor through him."

She found him out by the Law Directory, and called a few minutes past four.

Henshaw was almost opposite to Tollemache. He was about the size of a gentleman's wardrobe; and, like most men, was rather shabby. She entered, and said he was wearing a doublet of black, and was looking at a man she saw with his usual indulgent eye that she was no common person, and, after a slight hesitation on professional grounds he heard her request. She sent for his note-book and found the case in one moment. It was another; he told her the solicitor for the Crown in that case was Freeth.
That evening Mr. Freshfield had the courtesy to send her the good news. The legal secretary of the solicitor who had defended Robert Penfold. Lovejoy and James, Lincoln's Inn Fields. She called on them, and sent them her card. She was kept waiting a long time in the outer office, and felt ashamed, and sick at heart, seated among young clerks. At last she was admitted, and told Mr. Lovejoy, and he and her father, General Rolleston, were much interested in a late client of his Robert Penfold, and would be kind enough to let her see the brief for his defence?

"Are you a relation of the Penfolds? Madam?"

"No, sir," said Helen, blushing.

" Humph!" said Lovejoy.

He touched a hand-bell, a clerk appeared.

"Ask Mr. Upton to come to me." Mr. Upton, the other clerking clerk, came out due course, and Mr. Lovejoy asked him.

"Who instructed us in the Queen versus Penfold?"

"It was Michael Penfold, sir."

Mr. Lovejoy then told Helen that she must get a line from Mr. Michael Penfold, and then the papers should be submitted to her.

"Yes; but, sir," said Helen, "Penfold is in Scotland."

"Well, but you can write to him."

"No! I don't know how to write in the lingo of Scotland he is."

"Then you are not very intimate with him?"

"No, sir; my acquaintance is with Mr. Robert Penfold."

"Have you a line from him?"

"I have no written authority from him: but if you take my word for it, I am sure of getting it."

"My dear madam," said the lawyer, "we go by rule. There are certain forms to be observed in these things. I am sure your own good sense will tell you that it would be cruel and improper to send these papers without an order from Robert or Michael Penfold. Pray consider this as a delay, not as a refusal."

"Yes, sir," said Helen, "but I meet with nothing but delays, and my heart is breaking under them."

But Robert Penfold would not act irregularly. She went home sighing, and condemned to wait the return of Michael Penfold.

The cab-door was opened for her by a steady man. She fancied she had seen before.

Baffled thus, and crippled in every movement she made, however slight, in favour of Robert Penfold, she was seduced on the other hand into all the innocent pleasures of the town. Her adventure had transpired somehow or other, and all General Rolleston's acquisitions floundered up: and both father and daughter were counted by people of tone as lions. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about it, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon in her desolate island. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about it, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon in her desolate island. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about it, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon in her desolate island. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about it, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon in her desolate island. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about it, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon in her desolate island. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about it, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon in her desolate island. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about it, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon in her desolate island. A shipwrecked beauty is not offered to society every day. Even her own sex raved about it, and about the chain of beautiful pearls she had picked upon in her desolate island.

Day after day passed, and he did not write to her. She began to chafe, and then to pine. Her father saw, and came to a conclusion that her marriage with Arthur ought to be hastened. He resolved to act quietly but firmly towards that end.

A SIERRA LEONE WEDDING.

The behavior of the applicants for the hands of Hy- men is, for the most part, decorous; but I am sometimes compelled to read them a lecture, as well as the friends who attend them; I make, however, every allowance for their not knowing better. The most troublesome and unpleasant part of the duty is to regulate and keep in order the ill-behaved, and very often disreputable, characters who crowd into the church on such occasions, and would, if not restrained by severe and decisive interference, bring their rudeness up to the ranklings of the altar. I have often been obliged to send for a policeman to preserve decorum; and then the miserable beings will run out of the church with laughter and grins, and every other expression of ignorance and contempt. The dress of the bride and bridegroom at the bridal merits a better pen than mine to describe it. The uglier the parties, the more pains they seem to take to show contrast of finery and colour; fancy a short, dumpy, waddling bit of a body, black as jet, covered with white silk and satin flounced four deep, white satin shoes; white gloves; artificial wreath, or a fillet of natural flowers, encircling her curly pate—there is no exaggeration in this. Then the massive ear-rings of virgin gold depending from two monstrous lapping ears, the almost imperceptible nose, the plumply white and white pearly teeth! So much for the bride; now for the bridegroom. Scarcely able to turn one way or the other, so tightly is he casued in a blue swallow-tailed coat, with girt figured buttons, white folding waistcoat, and everything else to correspond. The wedding-ring must not be over-looked, as it is frequently a curiosity itself, and not always of gold, or plain, but sometimes silver, brass, tin, broach and twisted. The glove of the bashful lady has generally to be violently taken off to admit the putting on the finger the emblem of fidelity and perpetuity of love; and I have never wanted volunteers to officiate for me in helping the most interested of the party to get the ring honestly and fairly in its appointed place. The most painful part of my duty in those matters was to get them to repeat the words of the service after me; the wretched stupidity they would show in trying to do this exceeds belief, and the unseasonable ridicule it would provoke in their own people was distressingly trying. In short, their deplorable ignorance in numerous cases of the serious nature of the responsibility they were undertaking could not fail of causing regret that they marry at all. After the ceremony is over, they are very fond of parading themselves through the streets, but cannot conceal the unamusing they are manifestly suffering from a style of dress to which they are not habituated. Not unfrequently the new-married couple take off shoes and stockings, track up their smart flounces, and in this more simple way of travelling pursue their path homewards to conclude the day with the marriage feast. These convivial suppers are conducted according to the circumstances of the parties, on a scale equal to, if not beyond, their means. The earnings and savings of many months are expended in furnishing them with what their notions of good things deem necessary for so grand a palaver, to use a homely expression; they set their hearts upon being able to board together as much of everything as they can purchase, or otherwise obtain, and very often foolishly expend all they possess. —Dr. Pock.
A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

'The shades of night were falling fast,'
As through the streets of London passed
A youth who trudged through snow and ice,
Stamped on his breast the fond device,
Loved Arabella!

His coat was rough, his hat was sleek,
The frost had nipped both nose and cheek;
But as he walked he softly sung,
Those words so often on his tongue,
Loved Arabella!

To Camden Town, try not the way,
The snow has fallen thick to-day:
This was a coward's last good-bye,
But bold, he said, For Her I'll try,
Loved Arabella!

Oh! buy my chestnuts baked and warm,
A damsel cried, then touched his arm;
A long, long look was in his eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Loved Arabella!

About the pantomime he'd read,
Of fays and sprites, so onward sped;
For to those scenes of festive light
He'd vowed to lead his lady bright,
Loved Arabella!

The villa reached, he saw the light
Of chandelier and firelight bright;
While on the blind he traced a shade
Like that of his long-worshipped maid,
Loved Arabella!

E'en as he gazed, beside her came
A hated rival, 'Jones' by name;
One she had sworn no more to meet,
Nor even how to in the street,
False Arabella!

Above her head he held a spray—
A sacred plant, 'twas once, they say:
Then under this protection base,
He bent and kissed her blushing face.
False Arabella!

The outside lover shook his fist,
To choke his rival much he wished;
For acting such a traitor's part,
And deserting thus his fair one's heart,
False Arabella!

A moment later up was there
Glaring at the detected pair
With words of anger sharp, but few,
He bade the maid a last adieu,
False Arabella!

Then on he went, for well he knew
That maxim old, and yet so true—
'There's always good fish in the sea,'
And, therefore, maidens more true than she:
False Arabella!

A SENSIBLE MAN.

A young fellow—no matter what his name was—thought he was destined to rival Pagamul, and be as rich as a bank. So he went to the conservatory, and worked hard, and carried off the first prize for the violin. He rubbed his hands and said, "Now one concert will suffice to make Paris and the whole world know what I am capable of; and the day after I give it all I shall have to do will be to stop down and pick up banknotes and laurels." He gave the concert. There was nobody present but schoolfellows to whom he had given tickets; and not half of the schoolfellows to whom he had given tickets were present. He said to himself, "It seems I am not as easy to be successful as I had thought; I will try again next year."

The following season he gave a second concert; there were twelve paying auditors, which were not enough to cover a quarter of the expenses. He then began to give lessons on the violin at three francs a lesson, and great was the walking he had to do to procure six pupils. He kept on at this rate for three years, and then he said one morning, "My youth is passing away in a profitless manner. I have had enough of art; I write a good hand, and I am master of arithmetical; so I mean to become a bookseller. It is the way I was, the artist, commit suicide and desert art." As he said all this to himself the housemaid call out to him, "Master, I have three eggs, butter and parsley, to make an omelet for you, but not a bit of wood can I find to cook it with." He exclaimed in reply, and clapped his hands to his brows as he spoke, "No wood-wait, old lady, and I will give you wood." He went to his violin case, took out the violin given him as first prize at the conservatory, carried it to the kitchen and gave it to the cook, saying, "Take this bit of wood and make a good fire with it, for it is well seasoned."

The servant obeyed, she cooked the omelet, and the musician declared that it was the best he ever ate in his life. He obtained a place under government and rose rapidly, and in now wealthy; comfortable, and honored.

PARLORE AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

If from you take 9, and from you take 10; and if 40 from 60 be taken there will just half a dozen remain.

ANSWER.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Take 9</th>
<th>Take 10</th>
<th>Take 40</th>
<th>From 60</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>S</td>
<td>X Rom.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THE MONEY GAME.

A person holding in hand a piece of silver, and in the other a piece of silver, you may tell in which hand he has the gold and in which he has the silver, by the following method. Some value represented by an even number such as eight, and an odd number such as three must be assigned to the silver; after which, desire the person to multiply the number in the right hand by any even number whatever, as such as two and that in the left hand by any odd number such as three; then add him together the two products; and if the whole sum be odd, the gold will be in the right hand and the silver in the left; if the sum be even the contrary will be the case.

To conceal the artifice better, it will be sufficient to ask whether the sum of the two products can be halved without a remainder; for in that case the total will be even, and in the contrary case odd.

It may be readily seen, that the pieces, instead of being in the two hands of the same person may be supposed to be in the hands of two persons, one of whom has the even number, or piece of gold, and the other the odd number or piece of silver. The same operation may then be performed in regard to those two persons, as are performed in regard to the two hands of the same person, calling one privately the right and the other the left.

RIDDLE.

As I was beating on the far east grounds,
Up starts a hare before my two greyhounds.
The dogs, being light of foot, did fairly run,
To her fifteen rods, just twenty-one;
And the distance that she started up before,
Was six and ninety rods, just and no more.
Now, I would have you merry boys declare
How far they ran, before they caught the hare.

CONTRADRUM.

59 Why is a gooseberry pie like counterfeit money?
60 Why does a fisherman blow his horn?
61 Why is there no danger of starving in a desert?

ANSWERS TO NO. 49 PAGE 172.

RIDDLE.—

It is but D—t, as you see,
If you send 500, send,
But truly XL will be,
When you the 40 lend.
POETRY.

UNITED FOR EVER.

When the starry veil of midnight spreads its folds upon the earth,
And through the sleeping city all hush'd is daylight's shrill,
And the nightingale's sweet music is heard from every tree.
"Tis then, my own lost spirit-bride. I feel thou art with me.

And though the breadth of heaven divides my soul from thine,
I feel thy tender love, its eyes are gazing into mine,
I feel thy hand's soft pressure, thy sweet lips mute cares
Those lips that never opened but to pity or to bless.

And in my ear an angel-voice doth whisper, "Hope and wait!
For the day when I may meet thee at heaven's golden gate.
And I see an angel form floating upwards through the air;
And I gaze up into heaven, and feel my heart is there!

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR W. BULWER LYTTON.

THE NATION'S CHOICE.

The difficulty between the fierce Tostig and his subjects had been decided by an appeal to the Witan much to the disgust of Tostig himself. To the assemblage of this Witan it now wanted but three days; most of its members had already assembled in the city; and Harold, from the window of the monastery in which he lodged, was gazing thoughtfully into the streets below, where, with the gay dresses of theges and eneches, blended the grave robes of ecclesiastic and youthful scholar—for to that illustrious university (pillaged and persecuted by the sons of Caunite) Edward had, to his honor, restored the schools—when Haro entered, and announced to him that a numerous body of theges and prelates, headed by Alfred, archbishop of York, craved an audience.

"Knowest thou the cause, Hao?"

The youth's cheek was yet more pale than usual, as he answered slowly—

"Hilda's prophecies are ripening into truths."

The earl started, and his old ambition, reviving, flushed on his brow, and sparkled from his eye—he checked the joyous emotion, and bade Hao briefly admit the visitors.

They came in, two by two, a body so numerous that they filled the ample chamber; and Harold, as he greeted each, beheld the most powerful lords of the land—the highest dignitaries of the Church—and, oft and frequent, came old be by the side of his trustiest friend. They all paused at the foot of the narrow dais on which Harold stood, and Alfred repelled by a gesture his invitation to be the foremost to mount the platform.

Then Alfred began an harangue, simple and earnest. He described briefly the condition of the country; touched with grief and with feeling on the health of the king; and the failure of Cerdtie's line. He stated honestly his own strong wish, if possible, to have concentrated the popular sufferages on the young Atheling; and, under the urgency of the case, to have waved the objection to his immature years. But as distinctly and emphatically he stated, that that hope and intent he had now formally abandoned, and that there was but one sentiment on the subject with all the chiefs and dignitaries of the realm.

"Wherefore," continued he, "after anxious consultations with each other, those whom you see around have come to you; yes, to you, Earl Harold, we offer our hands and hearts to do our best to prepare for you the throne, on the demise of Edward, and to seat you therein as firmly as ever sat King of England and son of Cerdtie; knowing that in you, and in you alone, we find the man who reigns already in the English heart; to whose strong arm we can trust the defense of our land; to whose just thoughts, our laws. As I speak, so think we all!"

With downcast eyes Harold heard; and but by a slight heaving of his breast under his crimson robe, could his emotion be seen. But as soon as the approving murmur, that succeeded the prelate's speech, had closed, he lifted his head, and answered—

"Holy father, and you, right worthy my fellow-thege, if ye could read my heart at this moment, believe that you would not find there the vain joy of aspiring man, when the greatest of earthly prizes is placed within his reach. There you would see, with deep and wordless gratitude for your trust and your love, grave and solemn solicitude, earnest desire to divert my decision of all mean thought of self, and judge only whether indeed, as king or as subject, I can best guard the weal of England. Pardon me, then, if I answer you not as ambition alone would answer; neither deem me insensible to the glorious lot of presiding, under heaven, and by the light of our laws, over the destiny of the English realm—if I pause to weigh
well the responsibilities incurred, and the obstacles to be surmounted. There is that on my mind I would fain unboast, not of a nature to discuss in an assembly so numerous, but which I would rather submit to a chosen few, whom you yourselves may select, to hear me, in whose cool wisdom, apart from personal love to me, ye may best confide—your most veteran thegnas, your most honored prelates. To them will I speak, to them make clean my bosom; and to their answer, their consuls, will I in all things defer; whether with loyal heart to serve another, whom hearing me, they may decide to choose; or to fit my soul to bear, not unworthily, the weight of a kingly crown.

Alfred lifted his mild eyes to Harold, and there was both pity and approval in his gaze, for he divined the earl.

"Thou hast chosen the right course, my son; and we will retire at once, and elect those with whom thou may'st freely confer, and by whose judgment thou may'st righteously abide."

The prelate turned, and with him went the conclave.

Left alone with Haco, the last said, abruptly—

"Thou wilt not be so indiscreet, O Harold, as to confess thy compelled oath to the frandful Norman?"

"That is my design," replied Harold, coldly.

The son of Sweyn began to remonstrate, but the earl cut him short.

"If the Norman say that he has been deceived in Harold, never so shall say the men of England. Leave me. I know not why, Haco, but in the presence, at times, there is a glamour as strong as in the spells of Hilda. Go, dear boy; it is not thy fault, but the superstitious infirmities of a man who hath once lowered, or, it may be, too highly strained, his reason to the things of a haggard fancy. Go, and send to me my brother Guth. I would have him alone of my house present at the solemn crisis of its fate."

Haco bowed his head, and went.

In a few moments more, Guth came in. To this pure and spotless spirit Harold had already related the events of his unhappy visit to the Norman; and he felt as the young chief passed his hand, and looked on him with his clear and loving eyes, as if Honor made palpable stood by his side.

Six of the ecclesiastics, most eminent for Church learning—small as was that which they could boast, compared with the scholars of Normandy and the Papal States, but at least more intelligent and more free from mere formal monasticism than most of their Saxon contemporaries—and six of the chiefs most renowned in war or council, selected under the sagacious promptings of Alfred, accompanied the prelate to the presence of the earl.

"Close, thou! close! close! close! Guth," whispered Harold: "for this is a confession against man's pride, and sorely doth it shame; so that I would have thy bold, sinless heart beating near to mine."

Then leaning his arm upon his brother's shoulder, and in a voice, the first tones of which, as betraying earnest emotion, irresistibly chained and affected his noble audience, Harold began his tale.

Various were the emotions, though all more akin to terror than repugnance, with which the listeners heard the earl's plain and candid recital.

Among the lay chiefs the impression made by the compelled oath was comparatively slight: for it was the worst vice of the Saxon laws, to entangle all charges, from the smallest to the greatest, in a reck less multiplicity of oaths, to the grievous loosening of the bonds of truth; and oaths then had become almost as much matter of legal form, as certain oaths—bad relic of those times—still existing in our par liamentary and collegiate proceedings, are deemed by men, not otherwise dishonorable, even now. And to no kind of oath was more latitude given than to such as related to fealty to a chief; for, in the constant rebellions which happened year after year, were openly violated, and without reproach. Not a sub king in Wales who harbored the border, nor an earl who raised banner against the Basileus of Britain, but inflicted his oath to a be a good man and true to the lord paramount; and even William the Norman himself never found his oath of fealty stand in his way whenever he deemed it right and expedient to take arms against his suzerain of France.

On the churchmen the impression was stronger and more serious: not that made by the oath itself, but by the relics on which the hand had been laid. They looked at each other, doubtful and appalled, when the earl ceased his tale; while only among the laymen circled a murmur of mingled wrath at William's bold design on their native land, and of scorn at the thought that an oath, surprised and compelled, should be made the instrument of treason to a whole people.

"Thus," said Harold, after a pause, "thus have I made clear to you my conscience, and revealed to you the only obstacles between your offers and my choice. From the keeping of an oath so extended, and so deadly to England, this venerable prelate and mine own soul have freed me. Whether as king or as subject, I shall alike revere the living and their long prosperity more than the dead men's bones, and, with sword and with battle-axe, hew out against the invader my best atonement for the lip's weakness and the heart's desertion. But whether, knowing what hath passed, ye may not deem it safer for the land to elect another king—this it is which, free and pre-thoughtful of every chance, ye should now decide."

With these words he stepped from the dais, and retired into the oratory that adjoined the chamber, followed by Guth. The eyes of the priests then turned to Alfred, and to them he spoke as he had done before to Harold—he distinguished between the oath and its fulfillment—between the lesser sin and the greater—the one which the Church could absolve—the one which no Church had the right to exact, and which, if fulfilled, no penance could expiate. He owned frankly, nevertheless, that it was the difficulties so created, that had made him incline to the Atheling; but, convinced of that prince's incapacity, even in the most ordinary times, to rule England, he shrank yet more from such a choice, when the swords of the Normans were already sharpening for contest. Finally he said, "If a man as fit to defend us, as Harold, can be found, let us profer him, if not—"

"There is no other man!" cried the thegnas with one voice. "And," said a wise old chief, "had Harold sought to play a trick to secure the throne, he could not have devised one more sure than the tale he hath now told us. Whet just when we are most assured that the dolefulness and deathless foe that our land can brave, waits but for Edward's death to enforce on us.
A smile, somewhat sad, fitted over the pouting's pale lips, and Harold was once more alone with Guthr.

The soul of all council and cabal, on behalf of Harold, which had led to the determination of the principal chiefs, and which now succeeded it was Hao.

His rank as son of Swyn, the first-born of Godwin's house—a rank which might have authorized some pretensions on his own part, gave him all field for the exercise of an intellect singularly keen and profound. Acquainted with the atmosphere of practical statecraft in the Norman court, with faculties sharpened from boyhood by vigilance and meditation, he exercised an extraordinary influence over the simple understandings of the homely clergy and the uncultured thegns. Impressed with the conviction of his early doom, he felt an interest in the objects of others; but equally believing that what ever of bright, and brave, and glorious, in his brief, deformed career, was to be reflected on him from the light of Harold's destiny, the sole desire of a nature which, under other auspices, would have been intensely daring and ambitious, was to administer to Harold's greatness. No prejudice, no principle, stood in the way of this desirous enthusiasm. As a father, himself on the brink of the grave, schemes for the worldy grandeur of the son, in whom he confounds and melts his own life so this somber and predestined man, dead to earth and to joy, and the emotions of the heart, looked beyond his own tomb to that existence in which he transferred and carried on his ambition.

If the leading agencies of Harold's memorable career might be, as it were, symbolized and allegorized by the living beings with which it was connected—Edith was the representative of stainless Truth—as Guthr was the type of dauntless Duty—as Hilda embodied aspiring Imagination—as Hao seemed the personification of Worldly Wisdom And cold now in that worldly wisdom, Hao labored on—now conferring with Alred and the partisans of Harold—now closeted with Edwin and Morcar—now gliding from the chamber of the sick king. That wisdom foresaw all obstacles, smoothed all difficulties; ever calm, never resting; marshaling and harmonizing the things to be; like the ruthless hand of tranquillity. But there was one with whom Hao was more often than with all others—one whom the presence of Harold had allured to that anxious scene of intrigue, and whose heart leaped high at the hopes whispered from the smileless lips of Hao.

There have been some pretty tough stories told illustrative of the ignorance of the people of Pike and other truly rural localities, of matters pertaining to religion. Here is something to match:

Calino was on his death-bed, he was ninety years old. A priest who came to give him spiritual comfort addressed to him the elementary questions about divinity.

"How many gods are there?" he asked.

"Three," said Calino.

"You mean three persons in one God?"

"Dame! I was assured in my youth that there were three: but I am ninety years old now, and it may be that some of them have died during that time."
REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH.

(Character-sketches and Biography.)

BY HOWARD W. TULLIDGE. (No. 1.)

WILLIAM JENNINGS.

I shall give in my three opening sketches the Representa-
tive Merchant Princes of Mormondom—William Jennings, William S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence. Our Delegate, (W. H. Hooper,) General H. B. Clavese and Horace S. Eldredge, though merchants, must have another classification. In the commercial history of Utah, the gentlemen chosen are the most representative, and they afford the best types of their class for character sketches Chief among his class is William Jennings; and in the history of the growth of Utah into commercial importance, he justly deserves the leading place.

It may, perchance, be deemed an eccentricity in a Mormon author that he should give to the merchants the opening of his sketches of representative men, passing by the authorities of the people, and forgetting for a time his pets of the professions. Good taste, however, seems to suggest this method, for everybody loves novelty and variety. Moreover, I look upon commercial men as the very leaders in the social growth of a people—the very pillars among society-builders; and while I pray, God bless the men who establish churches, I not less fervently pray, God bless the men who build up and beautify cities and send commerce over all the earth. To this class William Jennings, William S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence belong.

In the growth of Utah into importance in the nation, our commercial men have a distinct and very superior mission. While, on the one hand, for near nearly a quarter of a century, the people of the United States have paid but little attention to the doctrinal theology of the Mormon Elders, no sooner had we grown into commercial importance than this community began to be respected in the nation. Men everywhere can understand the gospel of commerce, and the manifestations of the kingdom of God are quite as palpable in the growth of cities and commercial influence abroad as in the more spiritual affairs. We must, therefore, give to such men as William Jennings a very important apostleship in the building up of the Mormon people and commonwealth. We must value men's missions by the practical good to society which they work out in their career in life, and not for any fanciful superiority, as regards the men personally, derived from the authority which God has conferred upon mortals. That authority was bestowed to make them instruments to the accomplishment of His purposes; and, therefore, when we see Providence working out the commonwealth of Israel in the lives and enterprise of certain representative men, not in the list of special Church authorities, we should recognize their usefulness and even give to them an apostleship according to their own order. Pursuing this vein of thought and its illustration in history it may be affirmed that Mr. Jennings' class has done more to build up Utah and to bring this community into a recognized importance in the United States than any chant prince to the dignity of our Apostles, nor imply that his name will be emblazoned in history with their quality, but rather to make prominent a few practical facts.

Before now the mission of commerce touching the people was not too clearly recognized, and our merchants were somewhat a proscribed class, but the independence of character and enterprise of such men as William Jennings, W. S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence have redeemed their class, and made themselves a power in the commonwealth of our modern Israel. We see them now leaders in Zion's Co-operative Mercantile movement, backing with their wealth and unity the vast design of President Young; and should it not bring forth the great results nascent in the sublime conception of a social and commercial unity, it will certainly not be the fault of President Young or William Jennings, W. S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence. All that men can do, to make a vast and somewhat problematical movement a practical fact, will be done by these merchant princes in question.

What a suggestive change in a few years! The great social and commercial worth of such men, proved unquestionable by their tried fidelity to the Mormon cause, has made our minded men the very pillars of the State. Foremost in every direction, which has led to this result, has always been our merchant-king, William Jennings. I will pass now from this general introduction to a special sketch of his character, with a biographical epitome of his life.

HIS CHARACTER.

William Jennings is not merely chief of the Utah merchants in his present position, and in the commercial history of Salt Lake City, during the last ten years, but he is this in his very constitution. He is the type of the men who create wealth, as naturally as poets germinate thought and store the world with the treasures of mind. Chief among the merchants—chief among railroad directors—chief among bankers is Mr. Jennings' rank, and he is capable of reaching either of these high places in society just according to his opportunities and actual training. Of course to fill the career of one of the world's great bankers, we should have to presuppose the necessary education, and practical training among the banking princes, as well as considerable insight into the policies of nations. Now Mr. Jennings has all the fitness of nature, but he has not the fundamental training and intimate association with the financial administration of nations and the vast commerce of a world. His name has a local, not a general, significance, just in accord with his career and training; yet he has the genius for a more extended sphere, and, perhaps, will find it, when, under the era of the Pacific railroad, Utah shall have opened wide his business highroad into the affairs and vast enterprises of our great republic. Most satisfactory had his destiny not been cast with this people, he would, giving him a sufficient length of life, have been one of the most successful emigrants that ever came to America, and would at the end of his days rank as one of the great American merchants. Is not this his own conception of himself? "I would accumulate wealth in any part of the world!" was the man's words to me, years ago.
The sign of a man's character is concerned. And William Jennings was right; he would accumulate wealth for any part of the world! A man's conception of himself is always true, when, like these words of Mr. Jennings, they are the spontaneous expressions of his nature. Thus it is with poetic genius, when it says I can do this and that. It was also thus with Apollon, when laying-down the map of Europe before his Secretary, Bourescie, both of them equated the floor in his cabinet, the Great First Consul examined, lost in his theme and positions, "I should meet the face of the Austrians here, and there!" There is no notion in genius, and there is none in really representative men, even in their sublimest flights of power, and there was none when William Jennings said, "I would accumulate wealth in any part of the world!" This is the natural expression of the wealth-creating faculty. It is not the language of the miser. The miser's hoarding and saving qualities of mind utterance to the omnipotence of money in a very different style. There is in the miser a welling. His imps are for money speaks his everlasting self-communion, "With gold I can buy everything," but to the world he says, I am poor, I am very poor.

Mr. Jennings has what phonologists call the organ Acquisitiveness as largely developed as many men, but the organ is not in the mood to hoard and save so often is this talent confounded with the lower manifestations of acquisitiveness seen in those most unworthy of human wretches, who, grudging themselves the crust of bread they nibble with toothless gums, die alone in a garret possessed of half a million. Hence it has become a proverb, "Any fool can make money." But this is not true. Never was there a popular saying more destitute of the philosophy of character, nor one more in discord with the actual experience of life than this saying, that "any fool can make money." It is, however, true that any fool can save and hoard money, and that any groveling wretch can die rich by turning miser, if he has acquisitiveness large and even the commonest talents of ordinary men. Now as there are degrees of this it may be that the fool's brain, in the world, and America, and the world, and England, and the world, and America, and the world, and England, being estimated merely as a nation of shopkeepers, Any fool can make money, but never made that admission, nor do your countryman who would buy and sell to the universe, he could make a good trade out of the concern. Napoleon the First made the same general mistake when he spoke contemptuously of the English as a nation of shopkeepers. Any fool can make money, was the tenor of his thought, whether thus worded or not, and England being estimated merely as a nation of shopkeepers, such as Frenchmen had seen swarm like bees in perilous Albania, commercial England was deemed worthy of the contempt of that extraordinary man, whose genius was to create empires and not to keep stores. Now had Great Britain been represented by that numerous class of shopkeepers which cent of the British people, not by any means equaling their robust yeomanry and cunning artisans—then the Man of Destiny would not have found England his rock to split upon. It so happened, however, that Great Britain as a commercial nation possessed for its representative men the very class of which William Jennings, William S. Godbe and Henry Lawrence are types. It was the commercial England, such as their class constituted, backed by the hardy stamina and irresistible force of the Saxon-Norman race that proved to Napoleon that no military empire can stand against a dominant commercial empire.

There is a type of genius which I will denominate the commercial genius. We recognize poetical and musical genius, the Imbolic class of genius, and the genius of our great statesmen, such as our Cecils of England, Richelieus of France, and our Websters of America; but we do not distinctly recognize the genius commercial. The Jews as a race represent this genius, but it is also manifested by individuals of other nations, and William Jennings is pre-eminently of its type. It brings forth our great bankers, merchant princes, and ministers of finance. All, however, who belong to the domain of commerce are not specially of it, any more than the thousands who can write prose and poetry excellently well authors and poets born, and authors and poets made by the irresistible necessities and instincts of their nature. But thus it is of our Shakespeare, Byron, and Dickens. They are of a special type, and comparable with them are those of the commercial genius. Its language is that of William Jennings: "I would accumulate wealth in any part of the world," which always implies, "I will engage in all the great enterprises of the nation." Men who are eminently endowed with this genius pursue the tracks of commerce as unerringly as does the hound the scent of the fox. It is instinct in both. They are successful from a kind of natural destiny, and they are more to be relied on than men intellectually superior. They astonish us with their sagacity; but they are not idealists. How naturally William S. Godbe and William Jennings start upon our pages in contrast just here. The latter is, by far the best specimen of the special type, for, though the former is largely endowed with the commercial nature, he also blends with it that of the idealist. Now of these two classes of men comes the commerce of the world. They bring forth our Sir Robert Peel, Gladstones, John Jacob Astors, and our Rothschilds. In these names of commercial origin there is strikingly suggested the blending of the instincts and ideals of commerce, and the fact that this genius becomes ruling in Prime Ministers and Chancellors of Exchequers, as in Peel, Gladstone, and Disraeli is a proof how high it deserves to rank, how vast in the affaire of nations is the empire it wields. William Jennings types its instincts, W. S. Godbe its idealities.

A sketch of the life of our merchant chief will appear in our next.
THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1869.

REDUCED PRICE. GIFTS OF PERIODICALS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Every one will read with interest the proposition of the firm of Harrison and Co. for the new volume of this magazine, which will be found on the 3d page of our advertisements.

The great success which has attended the magazine hitherto, has determined the proprietors to present it at the close of the present volume (which will end with No. 52) in an enlarged and greatly improved form. For this purpose, a larger and very superior article of paper with an entire new outset of type etc. is being procured from the East.

The magazine will be enlarged from twelve to sixteen pages of solid reading matter, with cover in addition; and in this enlarged form will be presented at the reduced price of $4.50 per year, if obtained from the office or had through the post; or for the trifling extra charge of 50 cents per year if delivered at the residence of the subscriber in the city.

GRATUITOUS PUBLICATIONS, &c.

To make this enlarged and improved magazine the more acceptable, the proprietors have determined to present gratuitously to their subscribers the following handsome premium of Eastern publications, which will include the choicest and the most richly illustrated papers published in the United States:—Every Club of four persons will be furnished weekly with two of the best Eastern periodicals, free of cost; a club of six persons will be furnished with three periodicals; a Club of twelve will receive five per week while a Club of twenty will receive weekly the handsome donation of no less than eight of the best periodicals of the day.

The Ladies will find among these publications for their benefit Harper's Bazar with its fashion plates, and crowds of splendid engravings of patterns for dresses and fancy work, and The New York Ledger with its stories, The politically inclined will have Harper's Pictorial Weekly, with Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper. The scientific will find the Phrenological Journal and the Scientific American for their entertainment. The farmer will have that fine serial—The American Agriculturist for his perusal; while the literary reader will have Harper's Illustrated Monthly, with its travels, biographies and stories, with the Pictorial Literary Album, and The Chimney Corner in addition; and this list for selection will be yet greatly extended.

We think this is an offer which for its attractiveness and real utility cannot be excelled. In addition, we will pay premiums in cash to all getters-up of Clubs.

Let it be understood these publications will be presented at once to our readers as soon as the Club is formed and the money forwarded to us, without waiting till our New Volume commences, which will be sent to every subscriber as soon as No. 33 is due.

For further particulars, we say read the advertisement; form your Clubs and have the benefit of all this reading matter right away.

OUR FRIENDS IN THE SETTLEMENTS

will now have plenty of amusement for their Winter evenings. Any enterprising man can commence by getting up a club of four persons, and the two publications promised will be sent, without delay. He can then enlarge the club to six, twelve or twenty persons, and the extra publications will be forwarded just as the club grows—until the club has a weekly library of eight publications for the perusal of its members.

As these publications will cost us cash, and cash down, orders must be accompanied by cash in advance. It must also be understood that a name now and another at some later date does not constitute a club. To enable us to meet the expenses of these costly periodicals the names and pay necessary to form the club must come at one time; but as stated, a small club can be formed first, and afterwards enlarged. This will give everybody a chance.

Specimen copies of our new volume will be issued before the close of the present one. If not satisfactory money will be returned.

Our numerous friends throughout the city and settlements will confer a favor by drawing the attention of their acquaintances to our proposition.

“OUR HIRED MAN” IN THE FLOUR TRADE

Disgusted with Editing and Railway Speculations, the partner of our literary labors looked around him for a firm, and found it in the flour business, for a young man recently, for some honorable employment. Now to what department could a high-minded young man so readily turn as to the “flour and general produce business.” That calling—until the meaner profession of merchandising—has always retained its own floury whiteness; and has never been degraded by the meanness of men. Hence, having exactly enough money to purchase one sack of flour, two bushels of potatoes and a string of onions, “Our Hired Man” leased one quarter of a ten-foot square shanty and “started for himself.”

In the innocence of his unsuspecting nature, Our Hired Man supposed that the price of flour was always determined in the settlements by the rule of threes, and brought to Salt Lake City with his premises unalterably tacked on the back of each sack. Here he judged his woe-wilderness after starting to make his first purchase, and bashfully sidling up to the first wagon he met, and asking the proprietor of two wheat sacks, the price of flour, to be met with the characteristic answer of “What yer giv.” Of course, “Our Friend” would give with the price he was worth; and, of course, the amiable proprietor of the flour replied “Very likely, but it’s worth while, I can get for it, yer see.”

In other communities and by-gone times, Our Literary friend had heard of flour markets with quotations, showing that flour was “dull this morning at 18c. lively at 18½” or “mad and kicking at 20c.” therefore innocently told the vender of the two sacks in question, to wait while he went and asked the price at the stores! He found that it was worth actually $9.50 at four stores, $9.75 at two stores, $10 at three stores and exactly what could be got for it in ten other ones. With this enlightenment, he returned to the flour proprietor prepared to purchase, but only in time to see his two sacks disappearing on two pairs of legs into the store of Messrs. Shave & Grindon.

Our friend next made a dive at a 6-sack wagon when a gentleman of the tooting profession, on the other side of the wagon, remarked he “might as well go home for he had looked at that o’er flour first.” the amiability of his soul, Our Friend turned away another wagon just coming down the street with two more gentlemanly touters each hold of the hose
bridles, and bidding like a couple of madmen for four
sacks—at that moment performing the part of a
spring sent to one lady and three small children Gen-
tlemanny touts, finally compromising matters by
each collaring two sacks apiece, while our new flour-
dealer gazed aghast.
In ten minutes more, Our Hired Man was after a
wagon with ten bushels of potatoes and seven sacks of
flour, and he found himself in the center of a group
of four touts; while the wretched flour proprietor—
who was being pulled all ways—was in an agony of
doubt whether he ought to sell to anybody, seeing
that, judging from appearances, he might get $50 per
sack by waiting till tomorrow. He had arrived in
the city expecting to sell at nine dollars—that
amount being exactly three dollars more than he ever
expected to get for it when he raised it; but owing to
Providence and four touts, he was compelled to wit-
ness his flour go at the starvation price of ten dollars
per sack. If these four touts had only had the
mouths of or the lumbago that morning, Providence
would probably have sold the flour at nine dollars or
less, but the touts being at abominably healthy, the
flour went at ten while Our Hired Man's abilities
went for exactly nothing at all.
Our Hired Man made just ten other feeble-minded
attempts to purchase flour that morning, retiring
greatly demoralized each time. He succeeded
at last in buying three bushels of potatoes and got a
promise of some flour next time the man comes into town. However our friend has retired in
disgust with his faith in flour greatly shaken. He
returns a wiser and a saddler man to the "buzzum"
of the editorial profession which opens its arms to re-
ceive its repentant son. He intends to write a book
shortly, showing that Providence may manage most
things, but it is touts that control the flour question.
Innocent and unenlightened mortals may imagine
that the price of flour depends on the quantity in the
country, this delusion he means to dispel by showing
that it is the size of the breakfast and the number of
cups of coffee drunk by the touts that determine the
question whether you or I pay six dollars or
twenty-five for our flour. This interesting and re-
markable work will be affectionately dedicated to his
late brethren of the touting fraternity.

BOUCICAULT AND SHAKESPEARE

Boucicault is the idol of modern managers. He is
on their platform; they are up to his level. They can
understand his effects and methods for they belong to
stage materialism. It is the gaudy tinsel, the red
light, and the paper crown which they represent, and
not the empire of art; and their effects are not meta-
physical but of the lowest sensationalism. To the
intellectual taste, however, there is nothing but dis-
gust created by the means which they adopt to excape;
and their terrific efforts at stage managing provok as
much contempt in an author's mind as that in the
London theatre when, in supreme disgust, he gracefully
measures the length of his own hand from the tip of
his nose and exclaims with much real dramatic ef-
fect "Ho! won't set the Thames a fire."
At one time the Drama commanded the highest
genius, and there was not a great poet from Shak-
speare and Milton down to the introduction of the
sensational class of plays, who did not give to it their
best efforts. If Milton figures not as a dramatist,
side by side with Shakespeare, it is not because he did
not test the capacity of his genius on the drama, but
because his genius was epico-theological rather than
dramatic in its manifestations: hence, the tragedies
which he wrote were plays written by an Isaiah, or a
David rather than by a Shakespeare. Byron, also, as
well as Milton, both exercised and tested his genius
in dramatic compositions, and, if we forget them in
the presence of Shakespeare, it is but another evidence
how transcendent is the dramatic genius, how great
our monarch's rank in the empire of art. But for
sooth, Shakespeare must bow his head in shame when the
divine Bouicacault enters his presence. With
Bouicacault come his managers, not excluding from
that august circle the managers of the Salt Lake
theatre, and the authors and the critics bow their
head to them with as much reverence as the humble
Shakespeare pays to the idol of the modern stage.
And yet this superlative genius of Bouicacault and his
managers, by which they rule the theatrical world,
evaluates itself to produce an "Under the
Snow," whose avalanche, as witnessed by us last night
on the Salt Lake stage, at the very best resembled noth-
ing better than the falling of an old house. It is
true, it cost the Bouicacaultian genius about half an
hour to fix up for that stupendous triumph, but what of
that, the culmination of talent was reached at last
and Madam Scheller and Mr. John C. Graham were
buried under the snow for three months, perhaps four,
for I have not yet discovered how long they were
buried. Now, though I highly appreciate Madam
Scheller as a genuine artiste, and much esteem that
excellent comedian, John C. Graham, I was not very
much affected by the terrible catastrophe of the ava-
lanche. True, the beautiful simplicity of a pure
minded maiden, with the artless romance of her moun-
tain shepherdess life was very nicely interpreted by
the artiste the other night; so was the grand trust-
fulness of woman's nature—grand in the very artless-
ness of its faith—well described in the exquisite
woman-touches of Madam Scheller. But all this is to
be credited to the gifted lady, and not to the author.
He has simply given to an interesting artiste an oppor-
tunity to bring out woman's angelic nature, and
Madam Scheller portrayed it beautifully; Bouicacault's
part consisted simply in the situation and his ava-
lanche. His crude conception of woman's chaste
nature and the artless simplicity of an orphan maiden
with interesting surroundings have not even the poor
merit of originality for they can be found in nearly
every novel published for the last hundred years.
Can that be said of Ophelia, Desdemona, Cleopatra,
Lady Macbeth, Miranda, Beatrice, Cordelia, Juliet,
Mrs. Page, Emma, or any single one of Shakespeare's
female characters, no matter how small in the cast of
his plays? Can it be said of Hamlet, Othello, Shy-
lock, Richard, Romeo, Macbeth, Lear, Falstaff? These
are conceptions—all creations. Bouicacault's are all
situations. He never did, nor can he, create a
character. He has not the genius. He can only
give opportunities to carpenters and stage managers.
I will show to them, in my next, what Shakespeare
can do.
FOOL PLAY

BY CHARLES MARZ AND DON HOPPVCY.

CHAPTER LV.

Up to this time Helen's sex, and its attributes, had been a great disadvantage to her. She had been stopped on the very threshold of her inquiry by petty difficulties which a man would have seen surmounted. But, one fine day the stage Door opened a little turn, and she made a little discovery, thanks to her sex.

Women, whether it is that they are born to be followed or are accustomed to be followed, seem to have eyes in the back of the head, and instinct to divine when somebody is after them. This inexperienced girl, who had missed seeing many things our readers have seen, observed in merely passing her window a seedy man in the courtyard of the hotel. Would you believe it, she instantly recognized the man who opened her cab-door in Lincoln's Inn Field. Quick as lightning was flashed through her mind, "Why do I see the same figure in Lincoln's Inn Fields and at Charlton Cross?" At various intervals, she passed the window; and twice she saw the man again. She pondered, and determined to try a little experiment. Robert Penfold, it will be remembered, had mentioned an expert as one of the persons she was to see. She had looked for his name in the Directory; but exports were not down in the book. Another fatality! But at last she had found Undercliff, a lithographer, and fancied he must be the same person. She did not hope to learn much that way, for the newspapers had said his evidence had caused a smile. She had a distinct object in visiting him the nature of which will appear. She ordered a cab, and dressed herself. She came down, and entered the cab; but instead of telling the man where to drive, she handed him a slip of paper. "Mr. Undercliff," she said, "will you take me to such and such a place, there?" said she a little mysteriously. The cabman winked, suspecting an intrigue, and drove off to the place. There she learned that Mr. Undercliff had moved to Fifth Street, Soho. He had a little shop and family for Mr. Undercliff. He was out, and not expected in for an hour. "I will wait," said Helen; and she sat down with her head upon her white hand. A seedy man passed the window rapidly with a busy air; and if his eye gave a glance into the shop, it was so slight and careless. But Helen's eye was a spy, and he had done his work effectually as he flashed by. In that moment the young lady, through the chink in her fingers, which she opened for that purpose, not only recognized the man, but noticed his face, his hat, his dirty linen, and the pin in his necktie.

"Ah!" said she, and blushed to the brow.

She became conscious of a formidable old woman, who was standing behind the counter at a side door, crying her with the greatest scrutiny. This old woman was tall and thin, and had a fine face, the lower part of which was feminine enough; but the forehead and brows were alarming. Though the hair was silver, the brows were black and shaggy, and the forehead was divided by a vertical furrow into two temples. Under this shaggy brow there were under the eyes, pushing for black with most people; and those eyes were fixed on Helen, reading her. Helen's light-hazel eyes returned their gaze. She blushed, and still looking, said, "Pray, madam, can I see Mr. Undercliff?"

"My son is out for the day, miss," said the old lady, civilly.

"Oh, dear! how unfortunate I am," said Helen, with a sigh.

"He comes back to-night. You can see him to-morrow at ten o'clock. A collection of brawny boys.

"Not exactly," said Helen, "but he was a witness in favor of a person, I know was innocent."

"But he was found guilty," said the other with a cool look.

"Yes, madam; and he has no one to clear him but me; a poor weak girl, baffled and defeated whichever way I turn," she began to cry.

The old woman looked at her crying with that steady countenance which marks her sex on these occasions; and when she was better said quietly: "You are not so weak as you think."

She added, after a while, "If you wish to retain my son, you had better show your force."

"With pleasure, madam. What is the fee?"

"One guinea. Of course, there is a separate charge for any work he may do for you."

"That is but reasonable, madam."

And with this she paid the fee and rose to go.

"Shall I send any one home with you?"

"No thank you," said Helen. "Why?"

"Because you are followed, and because you are not used to be followed."

"Why, how did you find that out?"

"By your face when a man passed the window—a shabby genteel fellow; he was employed by some gentleman, no doubt. Such faces as yours will be followed in London. If you feel uneasy, miss, I will put on my bonnet, and see you safe home."

Helen was surprised at this act of civility from the Gorgon. "Oh, thank you, Mrs. Undercliff," said she. "No, I am not the least afraid. Let them follow me, I am doing nothing that I should be ashamed of."

"And I am glad I am worth the following. It shows me I am not so thoroughly contemptible. Good-bye, and many thanks. Ten o'clock tomorrow."

And she walked home without looking once behind her till the Hotel was in sight; then she stopped at the cab-window, and in a moment her swift eyes embraced the whole landscape. But the shabby-genteel man was nowhere to be seen.

CHAPTER LVII.

When Joseph Wylie disappeared from the scene, Nancy Rousse made a discovery, which very often follows the dismisal of a servant. Two men were considerably more attached to her than she had thought. The house became dull, the subordinate washerwomen languid; their tactuality irritated and depressed Nancy by turn.

In the midst of this, Michael Penfold discovered that Helen had come back safe. He came into the parlor, beaming with satisfaction, and told her of the good news. It gave her immense delight at first. But when she had got used to her joy on that score, she began to think she had used Joe Wylie very well. Now that Helen was back, she could no longer realize that Wylie was much too much to him.

She even persuaded herself that his disappearance was the result of a justly offended man, and as he belonged to a class of whose good sense she had a poor opinion, she was tormented with the idea that he had gone with the man who had insulted her self, or worst of all, marry some sly rope. She became very anxious and unhappy. Before this misfortune she used to go about singing the first verse of a song and whistling the next, like any ploughboy; an economical performance, but it made the house gay. Now, both song and whistle were suspended: and, instead, it was all hard work, and hard crying; turn about.

She attached herself to Michael Penfold because he had known trouble, and was sympathetic; and those two opened their hearts to each other, and formed a friendship that was very honest and touching.

The tone of their conversation, and mutual consolation was Nancy's parlor: a little niche of a room she had partitioned off from her business. "For," said she, "a lady I'll be—after my work is done—If it's only in a cupboard. The room had a remarkably large fire-place, which had originally warmed the whole floor, but was now used as a ventilator only. The gas would have been sitting without it. As for lighting a fire in it, that was out of the question.

In return for the turn of events after Penfold's return from Scotland, the pair sat over their tea, and the conversation turned on the missing sweetheart. Michael had been thinking it over, and was full of encouragement. He said:

"Miss Rousse, something tells me that, if poor Mr. Wylie only knew your heart, he would turn up again directly. When we met, he seemed to try to look for him in all the sailors' haunts: some sharp fellow—dear me, what a knocking they keep up next door."

"That is always the way when one wants a quiet chat. Pray the man? I'll have hisindication.

"No, you won't. Miss Rousse: she is a poor soul, and has no business except letting lodgings; she is not like you. But I do hope she will be so kind as to come quite through the
FOUL PLAY.

189

not a vestige of color left in them.

However, after a period of general paralysis, Penfold whispered:

"Do you think it worth the while to keep a lookout for me?"

"You'll have to change your name before that," said Tuck. "But then, it's a good one.

"Thank you," said Tuck, as he got up. "I'll be back in a minute."
Robert Penfold.

"Is not that piece of paper, but the original; this is a facsimile, so far as the writing is concerned. It was not necessary in this case to imitate paper and color. Stay, here is a sheet on which I have lithographed the three styles; that will enable you to follow my comparison. But perhaps that would not interest you?" Helen had the tact to say it would. Thus encouraged, the Expert showed her that Robert Penfold's writing had nothing in common with the forged note. He added, "I also detected in the forged note habits which were entirely absent from the true writing of John Wardlaw. You will see for yourself there were plenty of unconvincing specimens in Court to go by.

"Then, oh, sir," said Helen, "Robert Penfold was not guilty." "Certainly not. Of writing the forged note, I swore that, and I'll swear it again. But, when it came to questions, whether he had passed the note, and whether he knew it was forged, that was quite out of my province.

I can understand that," said Helen; "but you heard the trial; you are very intelligent, sir; you must have formed some opinion as to whether he was guilty or not.

The Expert shook his head. "Madam," said he, "mine is a profound and difficult art, which aims at certainties. Very early in my career I found that to master that art, one must first of all learn to observe, then you must learn to form theories, then you must test theories, and only when you have arrived at the point that you have given an opinion of some value of the outside facts. But that is not my line. If you feel sure he was innocent, and want to aid him, you must get hold of the handwriting of every person who was likely to know old Wardlaw's handwriting, and see if that might have imitated it. All the clerks in his office, to begin with. Nall the forger; that is your only chance."

"What, sir?" said Helen, with surprise, "if you saw the true handwriting of the person who wrote that forged note, should you not recognize it?"

"Why not? It is difficult; but I have done it hundreds of times."

"Oh! Is forgery so common?"

"In all the cases; and besides, I do a great deal in a business that requires the same kind of expertise—anonymous letters. I detect assassins of that kind by the score. A gentleman or lady, down the country, gets a poisoned arrow by the post, or perhaps a shower of bullets. They are not uncommon in disguise. Handwriting: those who receive them send them up to me, with writings of all the people they suspect. The disguise is generally more or less superficial; five or six unconscious habits are the true characteristic of the writer. And I'll tell you something curious, madam; it is quite common to recognize handwriting in disguise. I wrote to you, and received a reply. I write back, 'Send me the handwriting of the people you suspect the least; and amongst them I often find the assassin.'"

"Oh, Mr. Undercliff," said Helen, "you make my heart sick."

"Oh, it is a vile world, for that matter," said the Expert; "and the country no better than the town; for all it looks so sweet with its green fields and purring rills. There they sow anonymous letters like barley; the very girls write anonymous letters, that make my hair stand on end. Yes, it is a vile world."

"Don't you believe him, miss," said Mrs. Undercliff, appearing suddenly. Then, turning to her son, "How can you measure the world? You live in a little one of your own: a world of friends and relatives. You hardly know what your habits are when you fancy they are common as dirt; but they are only common to you, because they all come your way."

"Oh, that is it," said the Expert, doubtfully. "I'll promise that," said the elderly lady, quickly; then after a pause she said, "I want you to do your very best for this young lady."

"I always do," said the Artist. "But how can I judge without material? And she brings me none."

Mrs. Undercliff turned to Helen, and said, "Have you brought him any material?"

Then Helen sighed again. "I have no handwriting except Mr. Penfold's; but I have two printed reports of the trial."

"Printed reports," said the Expert, "they are no use to me. Ah! here is an outline I took of the prisoner during the trial. You can read faces: tell the lady whether he was guilty or not; and he handed the profile to his mother with an iron look, not that he doubted her proficiency in the rival reading faces, but that he doubted the existence of the art."

Mrs. Undercliff took the profile, and, coloring slightly, said to Miss Rolleston, "It is living faces I profess to read: this can see the movement of the eyes and other things, that son, here, has not studied." Then she scrutinized the profile, added, "It is a very handsome face," said she.

The Expert chuckled. "There's a woman's judgment," he. "Handsome is the fellow I got transported for life down there. He was an Adonis, and forged wills, bonds, and power of attornment, and disposed of property in the dock."

"There's something noble about this face," said Mrs. Undercliff, ignoring the interruption; "and yet something simple, think him more likely to be a cobbaw than a felon." He delivered this with a certain modest dignity. She laid the profile on the counter before Helen.

The Expert had a wonderful eye and hand; it was a great thing for society he had elected to be gamekeeper, instead of prosecutor; detector of forgery, instead of forger. No physiognomy was ever truer than this outline. Helen stared at it. She bowed her head over the sketch to conceal the strong and various emotions that swelled at sight of the portrait of her son. In vain; if the eyes were hidden the tender bosom burned, the graceful body quivered, and the tears fell fast upon the counter."

Mrs. Undercliff was womanly enough, though she looked like the late Lord Thurlow in petticoats; and she instantly aided the girl to hide her beating heart from the man, though she looked as though she could have wanted to pour her heart out. "Give me all your notes, Ned," said she, "and let me see whether I can make something of them; but first, perhaps, Miss Rolleston will empty her bag on the counter. Go back your work a moment, for I know you have enough to do." She delivered the bundle to Helen, who was surprised at the casket, for which there were no materials; and so Helen, seated, was served except by one of her own sex. She saw directly what Mrs. Undercliff had done for her, and lifted her sweet eyes with tears to thank her. Mrs. Undercliff smiled magnetically, and then took one of these black-lace covered Mephistophelian twinkling of an eye, and without a word spoken; when anon, Helen being once more composed, Mrs. Undercliff took up the prayer-book, and asked her with some curiosity what was it, could she read it."

"Oh," said Helen, "only some writing of Mr. Penfold. Undercliff does not want to see that; he is already sure Bob Penfold never wrote that wicked thing."

"Yes, but I should like to see some more of his handwriting for future reference. I am looking suddenly up."

"But it is only in pencil," said Helen."

"Never mind; you need not fear I shall alter my opinion."

Helen colored high. "You are right; and I should disregard my good causes by withholding anything from your inspection."

"Raid's dying words before the Expert; he glanced over the page with an eye like a bird, and compared them with his notes."

"Yes," said he, "that is Robert Penfold's writing, and I can swear it is again, that hand never wrote that forged note."

"Oh, yes," said Helen, rather irresolutely, "but I looked into the things as well as the writing, and I promised you——"

"Can't you trust me?" said Mrs. Undercliff, turning suddenly sly and a little suspicious.

"Oh yes, madam; and, indeed, I have nothing to reproach myself with. But my papa is anxious—However, I am sure you are my friend; and all I ask is that you will never mention my name to anyone else."

"I promise that," said the elderly lady, instantly bestirred her brow upon the writing. And, as she did so, Helen observed her countenance rise, as a face is apt to do when its owner enters on congenial work.

"I must have my revenge; I shall mistake to keep this from me," said she, gravely. Then she pondered profoundly; then she turned to her son and said, "Why, Edward, this is the very young lady who was wrecked in the Pacific Ocean, and cast on this desolate island. We have all read about you in the papers, but they are so vague, I could not make out your face. Now I have seen you. You must let me go into this with you."

"Ah, if you would," said Helen. "Oh, indeed, I have got through tortures already for want of somebody of my own to keep me in countenance. Oh, if you could have seen how I have been received! with what cold looks, and sometimes
grull, or a bad steel pen, drunk or sober, calm or agitated, in full daylight or desk, etc., etc., all this is a dead letter to them, and they have a bias towards suspicion of forgery; and a banker's clerk, with his mere general impression, is better evidence than they are. But I am an artist of a very different stamp. I have a brain of a poisoner's, I have no brain at all. I never will have. The judges know this, and the pains and labors I take to be right, and they treat me with courtesy. At Penfold's trial the matter was easy; I showed the court he had not written the note, and my evidence crushed the indictment. The jury knew how well I could have laughed at my testimony! Why, they acted upon it. Those reports are not worth a straw. What journals were they cut out of?

"I don't know," said Helen.
"Is there nothing on the upper margin to show?"
"None.
"What, not on either of them?"
"No.
"Show them me, please. This a respectable paper too!" The Daily News."

"Oh, Mr. Undercliff, how can you know that?"
"I don't know it; but I think so, because the type and paper are like that journal: the conductors are fond of clean type; so am I, if I can.
"Why do you have a bias against me, if you have no brain at all?"
I have no brain at all, and I am not the kind of woman to be fooled by a good-looking man."

Helen lifted up her hands and eyes in despair. "Where shall I find the truth?" she said. "The world is a quicksand.

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Undercliff, "don't you be discouraged! there must be a correct report in some paper or other!

"I am not so sure of that," said Undercliff, "I believe the reporters brindle off to the nearest public house together, and light their pipes with their notes, and settle something or other by memory. Indeed, they have reached a pitch of inaccuracy that could not be attained without cooperation. Independent liars contradict each other; but these cannot follow one another in falsehood, like geese following after one another across a common.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Undercliff, "if you can't help us, don't hurt us. We don't want a man to talk yellow Jameside to us. Miss Rolleston must employ somebody to look all the other papers and compare the reports with these."

"I'll employ nobody but myself," said Helen. "I'll go to the British Museum, directly."

"The Museum!" cried Mr. Undercliff, looking up with surprise. "Why, they will be half an hour groping for a copy of the Times."

"No, no, go to Poole's Coffee House. Be there, where she to find that place; and she was so eager to do something for Robert, however small, that she took up her bag directly, and put up the prayer-book, and was going to ask for her extrems, when she observed Mr. Undercliff was scrutinizing her with great interest, so she thought she would leave him with her; but, on looking more closely, she found that he was examining not the reports, but the advertisements and miscellaneous on the reverse side.

She waited out of politeness, but she colored and bit her lips. She could not talk with her anger and indignation. "Any thrash is more interesting to people than poor Robert's case," she thought. And, at last, she said bitterly,

"Those advertisements seem to interest you, sir; shall I leave them with you?"

"If you please," said the Expert, over whose head, bent in dogged scrutiny, this small thunderbolt of feminine wrath passed unconscious.

Helen drove away to Poole's Coffee House. Mrs. Undercliff pondered over the facts that had been elucidated in this conversation; the Expert remained absorbed in the advertisements at the back of Helen's reports.

When he had examined every one of them separately, he held the entire extracts up to the light and looked for a lead; then he stuck a double magnifier in his eye, and looked through them with that. Then he took two pieces of card, wrote on them Be Penfold, and looked about for his other materials, to put them all neatly together. Lol! the profile of Robert Penfold was seen.
SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEN IN UTAH.

(From the Pneumological Journal 1866.)

EDWARD HUNTER, THE PRESIDING BISHOP.

This is one of the most eccentric but best men in the Mormon Church. He is the presiding Bishop over the whole people. He has a large head, great originality of mind, but there is much irrelevance about the mouth. Every Mormon quotes Edward Hunter's old sayings with infinite drollery, though there is nothing facetious intended by him. "It beats the devil—it beats the devil!" "Yes, yes, yes; every poor man should have a cow." If you asked him for his daughter, you would probably be answered. "Yes, yes; cattle dying on the ranges. Man come in to me last night and said cattle were dying on the ranges very fast." The Bishop would not have enough unkindness to say you should not have his daughter, but this would be enough we should think for any wiser. Upon the subject of the Constitution he says: "Father came in to see me, and said, 'Edward, what do you think of the Constitution of the United States?' Too good for a wicked world!" He possessed large landed property in Pennsylvania, but gave it all to the Church. He is the Third Presiding Bishop, having succeeded Bishop Whitney.

THE MYSTERIOUS BED.

A traveler, while wending his way through the eastern part of the State of New York, stopped over night at the village of —, with some friends, who were great wags. In one of the bedrooms of the house there was a bedstead fastened by pulleys to the ceiling. Night time came and our traveler was shown to this room. A girl led the way, candle in hand, and, after pointing out the bed, departed with the light, saying that she needed it for the other lodgers. The traveler undressed and groped his way to the bed, or to the spot where he had seen it, but was surprised to find that it had disappeared. From corner to corner he groped, but the search was useless. Some what frightened, he commenced shouting, proclaiming that the house was bewitched. The landlord and two or three of his guests, bearing lights, answered the emphatic summons, and just as he was about to tell the story of the missing bed, he looked, and lo! there it stood as it was before. He tried to inform them of his inability to find the bedstead, but they only laughed at him, telling him he must be crazy. Bidding him good night, and advising him to go to bed at once, and sleep off his delirium, they left him. As soon as they had shut the door he made a dive for the bed and landed on the floor. He then began to howl and yell louder than ever, and darted for the door. In attempting to descend the stairs he fell headlong to the bottom, making such a terrific noise that all the inmates of the house rushed to him to learn the cause of the disaster. Again he told his story, but it was received with ridicule. To satisfy him that he had been mistaken one of the guests proposed that he should enter the room with him and remain there till he fell asleep. The proposition was gladly accepted, and in about twenty minutes the traveler was fast asleep. The wags then gently hoisted the bedstead almost to the ceiling and commenced shouting "fire, murder, etc." Thoroughly alarmed, he sprang out of bed, but the distance being fully six times what he had calculated, he imagined he had fallen over fifty feet. Fear seemed to strengthen his lungs, and he shouted like a trooper, proclaiming that the house was haunted, and that the imp of darkness had attempted to fly away with him. The other guests, who had entered the room, coolly pointed to the bedstead saying that it could not have moved; but they were unable to shake his belief that His Imperial Majesty had taken refuge in the mysterious bed.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ELASTICITY OF THE AIR.

This can be shown by a beautiful philosophical toy that can easily be constructed. First procure a glass jar, then mount three or four little figures in wax, and make them hollow with in, and having each a minute opening at the heel, by which the water may pass in and out. Place them in a glass jar, and adjust them by the quantity of water admitted to them, so that in specific gravity they differ a little from each other. The mouth of the jar should now be covered with skin or India-rubber, and then, if the hand be pressed on the top or mouth of the jar, the figures will be soon to rise or descend as the pressure is heavy or light, rising or falling or standing still, according to the pressure made.

REASON FOR THIS.

The reason for this is, that the pressure on the top of the jar condenses the air between the cover and the water surface, this condensation then press upon the water below, and increases it through its whole extent, compressing also the air in the jar, forcing as much more water into them as to render them heavier than the water, and therefore heavy enough sink.

TRADITION.

When winter months have passed away,
And summer suns shine bright,
You open the screen where I lay
And bring my first to light,
My second is a valiant knight,
Who wears his crest and spur,
And when he's challenged to a fight,
He does not long demur.
My whole, as ancient fables say,
Was once a friend of June,
In dress he makes a grand display—
His name by this time you know.

32 How is it that Methuselah was the oldest man, when
died before his father?
33 What is that which, supposing its greatest breadth to be four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains just a solid foot?

ANSWERS TO NO. 41, PAGE 180.

RIDDLE—The hounds gain 6 rods in every 21. They must therefore run as many times 21 rods as 6 will go into 96. Therefore 96 divided by 6 equals 16. 21 multiplied by 16 equals 336 rods.

CONUNDRUM.

49—Because it is not current (current).
50—To let you know he is coming.
51—Because of the Sand which is (Sandwiches) under your foot.
POETRY.

IN MEMORIAM.

Closed are those eyes for ever, once so full
Of light and tenderness! Mute that sweet voice,
Whose silver music, in the days gone by,
Shed o'er my lonely life such radiance!
Cold that pure heart, which once I fondly hoped
To call my own! But, not it cannot be!
This could not die! It has but winged its flight
Beyond the skies, to its own native home
Of peace and love. I feel it near me now,
While, lone and desolate, I sadly gaze
Into the dying fire, and dream of all
That might have been. I feel thy presence, love
Through the long watches of the restless night,
While sleeping on my lonely couch I lie,
Waiting the hour when this sad, weary heart
May join thee in thy home, and be at rest.
Then come, my spirit love, and cheer my soul
With thy pure influence! With thy radiance light
The pathway of my darkened life, until,
By death released, my spirit mounts with thee
To that bright realm of joy, where never word
Of parting comes; and we at last may be
Once more united—for eternity!

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

was the second day after that which assured him allegiance of the thegsu, that a message was sent to Harold from the Lady Alyth. She was staid, at a convent, with her young daughter by Welsh king; she prayed him to visit her. The whose active mind, abstaining from the intrigues and him, was delivered up to the thoughts, restless, everish, which haunt the repose of all active men, was not unwilling to escape awhile from him.

He went to Alyth. The royal widow had laid the signs of mourning; she was dressed with the stately and loose-robed splendor of Saxon maids, and all the proud beauty of her youth was relit to her cheek. At her feet was that daughter afterward married the Fleance so familiar to us Shakespeare, and became the ancestress mother of the Scotch kings who had passed, in pale shadows, in the eye of Macbeth; by the side of that child

Harold to his surprise saw the ever-ominous face of Haco.

But proud as was Alyth, all pride seemed humbled into woman's sweeter emotions at the sight of the Earl, and she at first unable to command words to answer his greeting.

Gradually, however, she warmed into cordial confidence. She touched lightly on her past sorrows; she permitted it to be seen that her lot with the fierce Gryffith had been one not more of public calamity than of domestic grief; and that in the natural and horror which the murder of her lord had caused, she felt rather for the ill-starred king than the beloved spouse. She then passed to the differences still existing between her house and Harold's, and spoke well and wisely of the desire of the young earl to conciliate his grace and favor.

While thus speaking, Mercur and Edwin, as if accidentally, entered, and their salutations of Harold were such as became their relative positions; reserved, yet distant—respectful, not servile. With the delicacy of high natures, they avoided touching on the matter before the Witran (fixed for the morrow) on which depended their cardoms or their exile.

Harold was pleased by their bearing, and attracted toward them by the memory of the affectionate words that had passed between him and Leofric, their illustrious grandsire, over his father's corpse. He thought then of his own prayer: "Let there be peace between thine and mine!" and looking at their fair and stately youth, and noble carriage, he could not but feel that the men of Northumbria and of Mercia had chosen well.

The discourse, however, was naturally brief, since thus made general; the visit soon ceased, and the brothers attended Harold to the door with the courtesy of the times. Then Haco said, with that faint movement of the lips which was his only approach to a smile,

"Will ye not, noble thegsu, give your hands to my kinsman?"

"Surely," said Edwin, the handsomer and more gentle of the two, and who, having a poet's nature, felt a poet's enthusiasm for the gallant deeds even of a rival—"surely, if the earl will accept the hands of those who trust never to be compelled to draw sword against England's hero."

Harold stretched forth his hand in reply, and that cordial and immortal pledge of our national friendships was enteredchanged.

Climbing the steep. Harold said to his chamber.
"Standing as I do toward the young earls, that appeal of thine had been better omitted."

"Nay," answered Haec; "their cause is already prejudged in their favor. And thou must ally thyself with the heirs of Lothric and the successors of Siward."

Harold made no answer. There was something in the positive tone of this beardless youth that displeased him; but he remembered that Haec was the son of Sweyn, Godwin's first-born, and that, but for Sweyn's crimes, Haec might have held the place in England he held himself, and looked to the same bright destinies beyond.

In the evening a messenger from the Roman house, arrived, with two letters for Harold; one from Hilda, that contained but these words: "Again peril menaces thee, but in the shape of good. Beware and, above all, of the evil that wears the form of wisdom."

The other letter was from Edith; it was long for the letters of that age, and every sentence spoke a heart wrapped in his.

Reading the last, Hilda's warnings were forgotten. The picture of Edith—the prospect of a power that might at last effect their union, and reward her long devotion—rose before him, to the exclusion of wilder fancies and loitering hopes; and his sleep that night was full of youthful and happy dreams.

The next day the Witan met. The meeting was less stormy than had been expected; for the minds of most men were made up, and so far as Tostig was interested, the facts were too evident and notorious, the witnesses too numerous, to leave any option to the judges. Edward, on whom alone Tostig had relied, had already, with his ordinary vacillation, been swayed toward a right decision, partly by the counsels of Alfred and his other prelates, and especially by the representations of Haec, whose grave bearing and profound dissimulation had gained a singular influence over the formal and melancholy king.

By some previous compact or understanding between the opposing parties, there was no attempt, however, to push matters against the offending Tostig to vindictive extremes. There was no suggestion of outlawry, or punishment, beyond the simple deprivation of the earldom he had abused. And in return for this moderation on the one side, the other agreed to support and ratify the new election of the Northumbrians. Morcar was thus formally invested with the vice-kingship of that great realm; while Edwin was confirmed in the earldom of the principal part of Mercia.

On the announcement of these decrees, which were received with loud applause by all the crowd assembled to hear them, Tostig, rallying round him his house-carles, left the town. He went first to Githa, with whom his wife had sought refuge; and after a long conference with his mother, he and his haughty, countless journeymen to the seaboard, and took ship for Flanders.

Guth and Harold were seated in close converse in the earl's chamber, at a long hour after the complin (or second vespers), when Alfred entered unexpectedly. The old man's face was unusually grave, and Harold's penetrating eye saw that he was grieved with some matters of great moment.

"Harold," said the prelate, seating himself, "the hour is come to test thy truth, when thou saidst thou were ready to make all sacrifice to thy land, further, that thou wouldst abide by the counsel of those free from thy passions, and looking on thee as the instrument of England's weal."

"Speak on, father," said Harold, turning somewhat pale at the solemnity of the address; "I am ready to the council so desire, to remain a subject, and aid the choice of a worthier king."

"Thou dost me ill," answered Alfred; "I do not call on thee to lay aside the crown, but to crumble the heart. The decrees of the Witan assigns Mercia and Northumbria to the sons of Algar. The old denominations of the heptarchy, as thou knowest, are so worn out; it is even now less one monarchy, than various states retaining their own laws, and inhabited by different races, who under the sub-kings, can earls, acknowledge a supreme head in the Basle of Britain. Mercia hath its March law and its prince; Northumbria its Dane law, and its leader. To crown a king without civil war, these realms, for so it is the care, must unite with and sanction the Witan or that where held. Only thus can the kingdom be safeguarded against foes without and anarchy within; and more so, from the alliance between the new earls, the great provinces and the House of Gyrth, which still lives in Caradoc his son. What if, at Edward's death, Mercia and Northumbria refuse to sanction thy accession? What if, when all our forces succeded against the Norman, the Welsh break loose from their hills, and the Scots from their moors? Malcolm of Cumbria, now king of Scotland, is Tostig's closest friend, while his people side with Morcar. Verily these are dangers now for a new king, or if William's sword slept in its sheath."

"Thou speakest the words of wisdom," said Harold, "but I know beforehand that he who wears the crown must abjure remorse."

"Not so; there is one way, and but one, to reconcile all England to thy dominion—to win thee back to the cold neutrality but the eager zeal of Mercia and Northumbria; to make the first guard thee from the Welsh, the last be thy rampart against the Scots. A word, thou must ally thyself with the blood of these young earls; thou must wed with Aldyth thy sister."

The earl sprang to his feet aghast.

"No—no!" he exclaimed; "not that! any sacrifice but that!—rather forfeit the throne than resign the heart that leans on mine! Thou knowest my pledge to Edith, my cousin; pledge hallowed by the faith of long years. No—no, have mercy human mercy can we do no other!—any sacrifice but that!"

The good prelate, though not unpardoned for his burst, was much moved by its genuine anguish; he steadfast to his purpose, he resumed—

"Alas, my son, so say we all in the hour of trial; any sacrifice but that which duty and heaven ordain. Reign the throne thou canst not, or thou leavest thy land without a ruler, distracted by rival claims and ambitions, an easy prey to the Norman. Reign the human affection thou canst not; and the more O Harold, that even if duty compelled not this..."
P AR L O R A MUSEMENTS.

JAN. 16, 1869]

P AR L O R A MUSEMENTS.

alliance, the old tie is one of sin, which as king, and high example, in high place to all men, thy conscience within, and the church without, summon thee to break. How purify the erring lives of the churchmen, if thyself a rebel to the Church? and if thou hast thought that thy power as king might prevail on the Roman pontiff to grant dispensation for wedlock within the degrees, and so that thou mightest legally confirm thy now illegal truth, bethink thee well, thou hast a more dread and urgent boon now to ask—in absolution in thine oath to William. Both prayers, surely, our Roman father will not grant. Will thou choose that which absolves from sin, or that which consults but thy carnal affections?

Harold covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud in his strong agony.

"Aid me, Gurth," cried Alfred, "thou, blameless and spotless; thou, in whose voice a brother's love can blend with a Christian's zeal; aid me, Gurth, not to melt the stubborn, but to comfort the human heart."

Then Gurth, with a strong effort over himself, knelt by Harold's side, and in strong, simple language, backed the representations of the priest. In truth, all argument drawn from reason, whether in the state of the land, or the new duties to which Harold was committed, were on the one side, and unanswerable; on the other, was but that mighty resistance which love opposes ever to reason. And Harold continued to murmur, while his hands concealed his face.

"Impossible!—she who trusted, who trusted—who so loves—she whose whole youth has been consumed in patient faith in me!—Resign her, and for another! I can not—I can not. Take from me the throne! Oh vain heart of man, that so long desired its own curse! Place on it the Athelging; my manhood shall defend his youth. But not this offering! No, no—I will not!"

It were tedious to relate the rest of that prolonged and agitated conference. All that night, till the last stars waned, and the bells of prime were heard from church and convent, did the priest and the brother alternately plead and remonstrate, chide and soothe; and still Harold's heart clung to Edith's with its bleeding roots. At length, they, perhaps not unwisely, left him to himself; and as, whispering low their hopes and their fears of the result of the self-confidence, they went forth from the convent. Haco joined them in the courtyard, and while his cold, mellow eye scanned the faces of priest and brother, he asked them "how they had sped?"

Alfred shook his head, and answered.

"Man's heart is more strong in the flesh than true to the spirit."

"Pardon me, father," said Haco, "if I suggest that your most eloquent and persuasive ally in this, were Edith herself. Start not so incredulously; it is because she loves the earl more than her own life, that—once show her the earl's safety, greatness, honor, duty, lie in release from his truth from her—that naught save his erring love resists your counsel and his country's claims—and Edith's voice will have more power than yours!"

The virtuous prelate, more acquainted with man's selfishness than woman's devotion, only replied by an impatient gesture. But Gurth, lately wedded to a woman worthy of him, said gravely—

"Haco speaks well, my father; and methinks it is due to both that Edith should not, unconsulted, be abandoned by him for whom she has abjured all others; to whom she has been as devoted in heart as a sworn wife already. Leave me awhile, my brother never the slave of passion, and with whom England must at last prevail over all selfish thought; and ride we at once to tell to Edith what we have told to him; or rather—woman can best in such cases speak to woman—let us tell all to our lady—Edward's wife, Harold's sister, and Edith's holy godmother—and abide by her counsel. On the third day we shall return."

"Go we so charged, noble Gurth," said Haco, observing the prelate's reluctant countenance, and leave us our reverend father to watch over the earl's sharp struggle."

"Thou speakest well, my son," said the prelate, "and thy mission suits the young and the layman, better than the old and the priest."

"Let us go, Haco," said Gurth, briefly. "Deep, sore and lasting is the wound I inflict on the brother of my love; and my own heart bleeds in his; but he himself hath taught me to hold England as a Roman held Rome."

P AR L O R A MUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

TO TELL THE NUMBER OF CARDS BY THE WEIGHT.

Take a pack of cards, say forty, and privately insert among them two cards rather larger than the others; let the first be the fifteenth, and the other the twentieth, from the top. Seem to shuffle the cards, and cut them at the first long card; pose those you have taken off in your hand, and say "There must be fifteeen cards here;" then cut them at the second long card, and say, "There are but eleven here;" and posing the reminder, exclaim, "And here are fourteen cards." On counting them, the spectators will find your calculations correct.

RIDDLE.

I go, but never stir. I count, but never write. I measure and divide, and, sir, you'll find my measures right. I run but never walk. I strike, but never wound. I tell you much, but never talk. In my diurnal round.

CONSONANTS.

54. Why is a consonant like a monkey?

ANSWERS TO NO. 12, PAGE 192.

CHALAKAY—Pea-cock.

CYNOSMUS—52. His Father was translated. 53. A Shoe.

A merry heart makes sunshine. Everybody is warmed and enlightened by it; it exhilarates a whole household, its cultivation should be general. The world is better for it, and vastly happier.
REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH
(Charter-sketches and Biography.)

Author’s Note.—The author is solely responsible for his views of men and he is resolved to follow his own judgment and say and think just what he pleases. He will not submit to be fettered by any magazine or newspaper in which he cannot be both generous and independent. The design laid down is to bring to the public notice the representative men of Utah and men of talent wherever he can find them. It will take time, with special inducements, genius among the people from whom the author is one, and profoundly to represent.

His dictionary of characters and biographies will include T. B. H. Stenhouse, William Silver, John Sharp, William Morris, Joseph A. Young, Philip Margetts, Henry Bowring, William Dunbar, Geo. Ortinger, Daniel Wiegland, etc. Among our Lawyers and Military men, Seth M. Blair, James Ferguson, the historical General Charles C. Rich, and General Burton will appear. Those names will illustrate the design. The sensitive editor pleased with the author to drop W. S. Goodbe from the arrangement in consequence of his present connection with the Magazine, but the programme was fixed. The author will not ask Mr. Goodbe what he shall say of Mr. Jennings nor consult Mr. Jennings as to what he shall say of Mr. Goodbe; nor will the Utah Magazine exclude the Daily Telegraph, or any other competitor for public patronage. The name of the editor will not pass over any estimate of the characters presented. The name is Edward Tudridge cannot be just, truthful, broad in its aims, and generous in its feelings. And in his expressions through the medium of this paper or magazine, he will promptly break all connection with it as an unworthy thing.

Since commencing the article on Mr. Jennings, we have concluded to vary the professions and shall therefore leave the merchants awhile. Our next character will be T. B. H. Stenhouse and Joseph A. Young.

WILLIAM JENNINGS.

BY EDWARD W. WILDLING.—(NO. 3.)

Mr. William Jennings belongs to that famous Jennings family who originally did so much to build up Birmingham, just as he himself has done to build up Salt Lake City. The great lawsuit in chancery, of the family over the vast property belonging to it amounting to the value of forty millions of dollars, cost the father of our Jennings twenty thousand pounds. Our Utah merchant, however, believes that his branch of the family is not quite so direct to the heathenism as another of the branches found in America, though his father was a principal in the action. He further thinks that the English government is too polite to allow a property so vast to pass out of its hands to enrich an American heir. The lawsuit, therefore, is expected never to reach any issue, and the contested property will remain in chancery till doomsday. Perhaps the descendents of the Utah branch may say in their future among the great merchants of the Pacific, we need not, for our commercial importance, even the wealth lost to the family in the famous chancery suit.

The Jenningses came over to England with William the Conqueror; and they are, therefore, not only a very ancient family, but also high in historical rank among the English aristocracy. However, while some of the stock still rank among the gentry and aristocracy of England in various parts of the realm, the father of the subject of our biographical sketch was born in the class of the English yeomanry. Notwithstanding the fact that his branch had found it desirable to rise the level of the robust working classes, the instincts of the “self-made men” have been strongly manifested in its present representatives, the father and the brother in England making their mark as the great butchers of Birmingham, while William Jennings becomes an emigrant to America, and has grown into the importance of chief merchant of Utah.

The subject of our sketch was born in 1823, in Yardley, Worcestershire, his native place being three miles from Birmingham. In his youth, he was brought up to cattle dealing and butchery.

In 1847 he left his father’s house like many an adventurous youth before, to seek his fortunes in a strange land. It is the history of all ages, but not the history of the Prodigal son, who said, “Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.”

But your true-spirited man says ever, “I ask no portion. I will go abroad into the great and unexplored world. I will carve out my own fortune.” Of such are all the “self-made men” of the world; and William Jennings was constituted of the very elements to make a successful man in any part of the earth, especially the successful emigrant to America.

England passed out of the destiny of William Jennings and his descendents from the moment he planted his foot upon the emigrant ship in the Mersey Docks. He, perchance, dreamt not of his great success in the land of America. Yet when the future Utah millionaire sailed from Liverpool, he became divorced from his old nationality—linked for ever with his descendents to the destiny of America by the very success of the career that awaited him.

Our emigrant landed at New York in 1847, at the age of 24. The world was before him, the generous reward of a generous nation within his reach, for in the United States all who are equal to it and worthy of it can become “Self-Made Men.”

The young emigrant, on his arrival in New York, became acquainted with a Mr. Taylor, a Manchester man with whom he engaged as employee. His occupation was in salting pork. His wages amounted to the sum of six dollars per week; as many thousand-made now in man’s allotted six days of labor would not excite our Utah merchant. But William Jennings had the grit and stamina of the working man as well as the instincts of wealth, coupled with the ambition which characterizes all “self-made men.” To this fact he owes his great success, and not to sheer luck as many suppose. Take the illustrations of it in the development of his career.

Having stayed five months in New York, he removed into Ohio with his employer, Mr. Taylor. Here he was again occupied with the pork salting business which he followed for a short period. He next went into cattle dealing, to which he was brought up, and which to this day he acknowledges with a commendable pride as his primitive business.

This is a peculiarity of all men who have made their mark in the world, especially in republican America. They are not ashamed of their origin. If they really feel their own capacity and are truly proud of their own success, they boldly proclaim themselves to the world, and the self-reliant plebeian with an infinite complacency challenges the aristocrat with the humiliating assumption, I am of the people; what art thou? I have made myself; your ancestors made you. Who has the most cause to be proud?
William Jennings followed the business of cattle dealer in Ohio for some time and made some means out of his shrewd "tradings." This, doubtless, sharpened his native English talents for business in this country and gave him his first tendencies for the American speculativeness which generally combines the Yankee sagacity: Hence from the bent of his training, we see to-day the go-ahead enterprise of this nation rather than the slow solidity of England. Nor was this lessened by his coming home one day after a hunting recreation to find himself robbed of all he possessed in the world.

After this robbery, our emigrant engaged himself as a journeyman butcher at twenty dollars per month. His next employment was as superintendant of a warehouse in the bacon business.

In March, 1849, Mr. Jennings removed to St. Louis. Not finding employment readily in his own line, and being now embued with the genius of the American who turns his hand to everything nearest him, William went to work manfully on the landing unloading steamboats, which occupation he followed for three weeks. His stay in St. Louis was but short for in April of the same year, he went to St. Joe's in Missouri to try the bent of his fortunes farther west. There he engaged as a journeyman butcher until July, when the cholera struck him down. In bed two months, helpless and alone, without the gentle care of a loving wife to sooth and sustain him; such was the circumstances of the "princely Jennings" then. It is but as a day in the by-gone time; no longer ago than the autumn of 1849 he arose from a bed of sickness just snatched from death, all that he had made in life wasted, every penny gone, and two hundred dollars in debt! How changed the circumstances of William Jennings to-day?

As soon as he became fairly convalescent our emigrant, nothing discouraged, again started into life. About this period he became acquainted with a benevolent Roman Catholic Priest, the Rev. Mr. Shecanlan. From this kind friend he borrowed fifty dollars and once more commenced the butchering business. Was there luck in the borrowed money? Perhaps not; but there was a providence in its results, for from the day the benevolent Catholic priest loaned William Jennings fifty dollars he became the successful man, and everything has flourished in his hands. Surely all men are brothers, Catholic and Protestant, Mormon and Gentile. Such providential hints ever and anon opens our minds to these universal thoughts and sympathies. God, by these helps which we meet in life, breaks down our sectarian barriers and makes us feel how much humanity are all akin.

It was this benevolent Catholic priest and not the Mormon priest that started William Jennings into his successful career.

After our Utah merchant received the loan from his kind friend he resumed his calling of butcher and cattle dealer, which he followed with considerable profit till the Spring of 1852, when he sold out and started for Great Salt Lake City, where he arrived on the 12th of May of the same year.

In the meantime, however, Mr. Jennings had married at St. Joe, in 1851. His bride was a young lady of the Mormon persuasion; her name was Miss Jane Walker, who was like himself an emigrant from England. Thus his destiny became united to that of the Mormon people and from that union God more abundantly blessed him.

William Jennings, however, was not himself connected with the Latter-day Saint Church until after his arrival in Salt Lake City; but not sooner had he fairly "looked around," than, like a sensible man, he not only identified himself with the social progress of the people, but also with their religious destiny. Eight days after his arrival he was baptized by Jeter Clinton, our well-known Justice of the Peace.

Mr. Jennings commenced his career in Great Salt Lake as a butcher and cattle dealer. In 1855 he also entered into the tanning business, and in both of these primitive occupations his enterprise was wise and profitable. It was not until 1850 that he entered into the broad dominion of commerce proper when he soon outstripped all the merchants of Utah, and grew to what he is now to-day.

NOBILITY OF BLOOD.

Grants in his "Saxon History," tells us of an Earl of Alstia, surnamed an account of his great strength, "The Lion," who was a favorite of Edward the Third, of England, and much envied, as favorites are always sure to be, by the rest of the courtiers. On one occasion, when the king was absent, some noblemen maliciously instigated the Queen to make trial of the noble blood of the favorite, by casing a lion to let loose upon him, saying, according to the popular belief, that if the Earl was truly noble, the lion would not touch him. It being customary with the Earl to rise at the break of day, before any other person in the Palace was stirring, a lion was let loose during the night, and turned into the lower court. When the Earl came down in the morning, with no more than a night-gown cast over his shirt, he was met by the lion, bristling his hair and growing destruction between his teeth. The Earl, not in the least daunted, called out with a stout voice, "Stand, you dog!" At these words, the lion crouched at his feet, to the great amazement of the courtiers, who were peeping out at every window to see the issue of their ungenerous design. The Earl laid hold of the lion by the mane, turning him into his cage, and placing his night-cap on the lion's back, came forth without casting a look behind. "Now," said the Earl, calling out to the courtiers, "let him amongst you all that standeth most upon his pedigree, go and fetch my night-cap."

Thet the World over.—When Peter of Cortona was engaged on a picture for the royal palace of Pitti, Ferdinand II particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. "Has your Majesty," said the painter, "a mind to see how easy it is to make this child laugh?" And, suitting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips and the inner extremity of the eyebrows, when the little urchin seemed in danger of splitting his sides with laughing, who, in a moment before, seemed breaking his heart with weeping. If this be true in the world of living men, slight, very slight, are the causes that make or break the happiness of life.
MADAME SCHELLER.

Madame Marie Scheller was born in the city of Hamburg, on the 25th July, 1841. Her parents were in easy circumstances—her father being a flourishing carriage manufacturer. She had three other sisters, Bertha, Pauline and Henrietta, who all subsequently followed the dramatic profession. Henrietta became the most distinguished of the three, and a very popular soubrette actress. Mlle Scheller, at an early age evinced a taste for music, for nature gave to her the soul of the true artiste. They who possess the poetic soul are children of the professions born; they who possess it not, belong not propertly to the family of artists. Now, Madame Scheller, like our Julia Dean, was born with the poet-soul. By Nature's ordination, by the very necessities of her poetic composition and instinct, she belonged to the empire of art. One of these necessities manifested itself in the child, waking within her the harmonies of sound, as it now does the harmonies of poetic thought. This is evinced in her exquisite conception of the beautiful character of Ophelia, so finely drawn by Shakespeare, so seldom rendered by the actress. The author, the poet, the true artiste, whether of the opera or the regular drama, are all akin; and so the first expositions of Madame Scheller's artistic nature was in her early taste for music. This was wisely fostered, and the interesting child was entrusted to the care of the celebrated Madame Gornet, in Hamburg, who gave her a good musical education.

In September, 1848, our heroine came to America, with the view of singing in German opera, but in consequence of this operatic enterprise being in inexperienced hands, it failed before she arrived. Upon the request of her brother-in-law, Mr. Adolph Meuth, husband of her sister Henrietta, she entered in the walks of the drama, and for two seasons played the leading juvenile roles in her own language, rising rapidly to public favor. She created a great sensation as "Louise Muller," in Schiller's domestic tragedy of "Love and Intrigue," as "Emilia Gallatii" and other classical characters. Mr. J. Guido Meuthen, then one of the dramatic critics of New York, and almost a daily visitor at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, had his attention directed to the young rising actress by Mrs. Boucicault (Agnes Robertson) who frequently visited the German theater. Mr. Boucicault, at the time, superintended the production of "Jessie Brown," in German, and it also achieved a great success in that language. She soon attracted the attention of other American critics, and won the sobriquet of "La Belle Scheller, the Pearl of the Stadt." Augustin Daly, author of "Under the Gaslight," then dramatic editor of the Sunday Courier, wrote the first elaborate essay upon her performances. He was followed by Thads Meighan, editor Sunday Dispatch, Robert Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr, of the Sunday Mercury, J. P. Wilkins of the Herald, and Leader, known under the name of "Personne," H. Morford of the Atlas, Henry Neill of the Tribune, D. Otis of the Express, Wm. Winter of the Albion, and other prominent critics, who all paid high compliments to her talent and genius.

On the 1st June, 1861, Madlle Scheller was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. Meuthen, and retired from the stage for three years. Meanwhile, the New York critics prevailed upon her to study the English language and make the American Stage the scene of her triumphs. She undertook this difficult task, and, with a strong resolution, commenced her studies in May, 1863; and, on the 2d March, 1864, she made her first debut on an English stage at the Boston theater, in the character of "Lorrie," in the drama of "Lorrie's Wedding," dramatized by Aug. Daly, from the German of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, the famous author of "Fanchon, the Cricket," and a hundred other plays. Mr. Jno. McCullough supported her as "Reinhard, the Painter." Her success was highly flattering. On the 25th March, she appeared in the same character at the Winter Garden, New York. In October, 1864, she appeared at Niblo's Garden as "Ophelia" in "Hamlet," and "Pauline" in "The Lady of Lyons." In these characters she at once established her reputation as a first-class artiste. Mr. Ford, manager of the Holliday Street theater, Baltimore, then engaged her expressly to play the part of "Annie Lee" in "Emoch Arden," which was produced with great splendor, and obtained a lengthy run. She subsequently played highly successful engagements in Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Philadelphia and other leading cities. In the fall of 1866, Mr. Stuart, the able and scholarly manager of the Winter Garden, solicited her to play the leading female characters in Booth's Shakespearean revivals and other productions. This gave her such a prominence in the World of Art as few actresses before have ever enjoyed. She achieved triumphs after triumph, and her brilliant career at this theatre was only suspended by the complete destruction of the Winter Garden by fire; in this sad catastrophe, she lost her entire wardrobe, the most valuable in the country. During this glorious engagement, the most remarkable performances, to record took place, when Davison, the greatest living German actor, played Othello (in German), Mr. Booth, Iago (in English), and Madame Scheller, the part of Desdemona in English and German, as no vehemence of long duration, never before known in the annals of dramatic history. A prominent critic said the following of her: "(Opr. 1.)"

"Madame Scheller, as Ophelia, brought the character out in much more importance than we have ever seen it before. In deep, rich, pathetically feeling voice, she sang Ophelia quite as important as if she were in a German theater, where grief destroys reason, she is beautiful in her sorrow-thrilling in her misfortune. Throughout this act, there is a deep vein of pathos pervading her playing, this is the highest grade of eloquence. Careful and delicate, with the bonds of her strength, she wavers out her soul to her quirkers in unison with her voice. One who listens, feels her grief as she feels it, with all the sentiment of tenderness, and the tears of joy. It is no wonder that both plays' best with Madame Scheller as Ophelia."

And here is another comment, also from a able pen: "Madame Scheller as the 'fair and gentle' Ophelia, we venture to assert, has no superior on the modern stage, and her presentation of that character, last night, could have been surpassed. The inflections of her flat-like voice seemed to blend with a thousand notes of delicious harmony. He
speech: "O what a noble mind is hero o'erthrown!" was con- 
vincing evidence to us that she had a true conception of the 
character; in fact, her acting throughout was most ex- 
cellent, and her representation was a creation of purity and loneliness, 
which did not fail to move the hearts of every lover of the 
biblical woman who witnessed it."

In a few weeks after the calamity in the Winter Garden, she played an engagement in Pittsburgh, and then slowly moved across the American Continent, fulfilling engagements on her way, until she neared Salt Lake City in May, 1868. In New York, she is exclusively known as the representative of legitimate, particularly Shakespearian character, but in the provinces where variety is necessary in order to attract, she assumes characters in every species of drama and in the delineations of native sentimental parts, she is un- 
rivalled. Her "Marie" in the "Pearl of Savoy," her "Lorrie," her "Mathilda," her "Josephine" in the "Child of the Regiment," her "Pauvrette" are beautiful creations. She has also shown her talent as a pan- 
tomimic artiste, as her impersonation of "Myrtle" in "The Broken Sword" fully demonstrates.

SPIRITUALISM AND PRIESTHOOD.

In the present number will be found an extract from the Daily American concerning the new spiri- 
tualistic fascination, known as Planchetto. It consists of a small heart-shaped board about one-eighth of an inch thick, supported on two little wheels, one under each lobe of the heart, and with a small pointed pen- 
cil under the point of the heart for the third leg. It is asserted, that upon persons of mediumistic tenden- 
cies extending the tips of their fingers upon the surface of "Planchetto," and affectionately addressing the lady, invisible influences will cause the wheel legs to revolve, while the pencil leg writes an answer to any question, mental or otherwise, that may be put to it.

It is a wonderful thing is human nature on spiri- 
tualistic matters. Everybody laughs at believers in ghosts and everybody is always dying to hear some- 
thing about them. From the cottage to the palace, secretely, "Planchetto" has been consulted; so with other phenomena peculiar to the spiritualistic move- 
ment, its details have been greedily devoured.

True, this America of ours has produced, as some say, from 5 to 10 million of avowed believers in spirit 
manifestations, who affirm they have held converse 
with the spirits of the departed; and to-day there are 
published in our eastern cities spiritualistic sheets, 
which print regularly messages, supposedly from spirits to their friends and relatives in different parts 
of the country.

For ourselves, while for reasons which we shall 
briefly adduce, we have no faith in spiritualism as a 
teacher or a reliable source of enlightenment, we consid- 
er the evidence of millions of people worth a great deal as to the truth of the phenomena itself. When- 
ever multitudes persistently affirm a fact through so 
many years, as spiritualism has existed—no matter to 
what extent imposture may be intermixed with the 
system, there must be a truth and a grand fact un- 
derlying the whole.

The weak point in spiritualism, we believe to be, 
that while its phenomena is in most cases true—ex- 
ccept so far as it demonstrates the truth of a future 
life—it is comparatively a valueless system for the 
propagation of truth, when that fact is admitted.

Years ago, the earthly founder of Mormonism—Jo- 
seph Smith, struck out an idea which to our minds 
grew deeper than Spiritualism ever ventured. He 
admitted in the main, the truth of spirit manifesta-
tions, but pointed to the fact of the innumerable million 
of spiritual intelligences appertaining to the earth, 
"behind the veil," and filling the innumerable worlds of 
space, needing some grand Godlike system for the 
preservation of order, and the correct transmission of 
truth. He pointed to the fact repeatedly admitted by Spiritualists themselves—that John Jones, or Daniel 
Webster dying was John Jones and Daniel Webster still, with the precise ignorance or enlightenment with which each laid the earthly body aside. And 
that spirits revealing—no matter how sincere—could 
not reveal their ignorance. It was clear to our minds 
then, as now, that in such a grand Universe of law and order as this, no such tremendous gap was left in the 
provisions of God for its beauty and progress as the 
lack of some channel through which truth from the 
highest sources could be correctly transmitted, and by which, amidst the multitudinous sentiments of 
conflicting millions, it might be correctly determined 
and preserved. It was clear to us that a God who left himself without such a grand method of fur- 
thering His movements, as some organized system for 
the transmission of His will, was destitute of the 
simple skill of the commonest organizing human 
mind; and therefore to our judgment evidently not the God who has inbreathed into intelligent man's composition throughout the world such a passion 
for organization. Here "Mormonism," to our 
view, then, as to day, exceeded Spiritualism—in the 
grandeur of its proportions concerning humanity; and 
therefore, we consider though Spiritualism—which 
is an unorganized, as well as unauthorized, system of 
religion—doubtless imparts some truths and facts, 
there is one greater truth yet than all for its advo- 
cates yet to learn, and that is that there is, and must 
be, a divine system for the transmission of intelli-
gence—a priesthood in fact—not a system of priestly 
control over the intelligence of mankind, but a 
system designed—however imperfectly developed at 
present in these its early days—to further and bless all intelligence and all freethought. A system 
without which the universe would be a desolation, 
and progress shorn of its mightiest wings. On this 
side of the river of life, the spirits, both in and out of the flesh, who work 
out of this system, are incapable for their own or 
their fellow's fullest aid. They can but reflect weak 
glimpse of the sum of truth. They stand on the 
steps of the palace of Humanity—they hear the echo- 
ning voices within the doors but they do not enter in. 
It has long been a standing complaint with Spiritu- 
alists that they never could perfect an organization. 
How could they? Directed by ever varying and un- 
educated intelligences, they must eternally differ, and 
differing, waste that strength and force which they 
might converge for the blessing of mankind; and this 
we predict they will continue to do until the day 
come when the priesthood with its greater enlight- 
enment shall sweep them within its ample folds.
FOUL PLAY.

BY CHARLES READS AND DON BUCKLAFT. [CONTINUED]

CHAPTER LIX.

"Now that is too bad," said he. "So much for her dovileike eyes, that you admired so. Miss Innocence has stolen that profile.

"Stolen! she bought it—of me," I said.

"Why, she never said a word.

"No; but she found out who it was. She asked me with those sweet impolite eyes—" Have you got it? and I looked, yes; then she glanced towards you, and put down a note. Here it is."

"Why, you beat the telegraph, you two. Ten pounds for that thing! I must make it up to her somehow."

"If you wish you could. Poor girl, she is a lady, every inch. But she is in love with that Penfold. I'm afraid it is a hopeless case."

"I have seen a planter. But hopeless it is not. However, you will work it out."

"But you can't, you have no materials."

"No; but I have found a door that may lead to materials."

Having delivered himself thus mysteriously, he shut himself up in obfuscent silence, until Helen Rolleston called again, two days after, with a shght full of mannerisms, a tip this time; to wit, copies in her own handwriting of eight reports, the Queen vs. Penfold. She was in good spirits, and told Mrs. Undercliff that all the reports were somewhat more favorable than the two she had left; and she was beginning to tell Mr. Undercliff about the box, when he interrupted her and said, "All that is secondary now. Have you any objection to answer me a question?"

She colored; but said, "Oh, no. Ask me anything you like; I have finished doctoring."

"How did you come possessed of those two reports you left with me the other day?"

At this question so different from what she feared, Helen cleared up and smiled, and said, "From a Mr. Hand, a clerk in Mr. Wardlaw's office, that in his name sent me at my request." The Expert seemed pleased at this reply; his brow cleared; and he said, "Then I don't mind telling you that those two reports will bring Penfold's case within my province. To speak plainly, Miss Rolleston, your newspaper extracts are hopeless now?"

CHAPTER LX.

"Forgoverie!" cried Helen, with innocent horror.

"Rank Forgoverie!" repeated the Expert, cooly.

"Forgoverie!" cried Helen, "Why how can printed things be that?"

"That is what I should like to know," said the old lady.

"Why, what else can you call them," said the Expert.

"They are not up to look like extracts from newspapers. But they were printed as they are, and were never in any journal. Shall I tell you how I found that out?"

"If you please, sir," said Helen.

"Well, then, I looked at the reverse side and I found seven misses in one place, and five in another place. That was a great number to creep into printed slips of that length. The trial part did not show a single erratum. 'Hullo!' said I, to myself: 'why one side is printed more carefully than the other.' And that was not natural. The printing of advertisements is always more carefully done than any other part in a journal. Why, the advertisers themselves cry out if they are missprinted."

"Oh, how shrewd!" cried Helen.

"Child's play," said the Expert. "Well, from that blot I went on. I looked at the edges, and they were cut too even. A gentleman with a pair of scissors can't cut slips out of a paper like this. They were cut in the printer's office. Lastly, on holding them to the light, I found they had not been machined upon the plan now adopted by all newspapers; but were, but she looked a look—"

"Oh!" said Helen "To think I should have handled forgery, and shown them to you for real. Ah! I'm so glad; for now I have committed the same crime as Robert Penfold; I have uttered a forged document. Take me up and have no put in prison, for I am as guilty as ever he was." Her face shone with rapture at sharing Robert's guilt.

The Expert was a little puzzled by sentiments so high-falutin' and unpatriotic.

"I think," said he, "you are hardly aware what a valuable discovery this may put to you. For then, the next step is to get a specimen of the person's handwriting who furnished you with these. The chances are, he is the writer of the forged note.

Helen uttered an exclamation that was almost a scream. The inference took her quite by surprise. She looked at Mr. Undercliff.

"He is right, I think," said the old lady.

"Right or wrong," said the Expert, "the next step in the inquiry is to do what I said. But that demands great caution. We must have a specimen of this handwriting, and that's the problem."

"Oh, what friend have I found at last!" cried Helen.

She thanked them both warmly, and hurried home, for it was getting late.

Next day she brought Hand's letter to Mr. Undercliff, and dropped his commission while he inspected it keenly, and compared it with the forged note.

The comparison was long and careful, but unanswerable. Mr. Undercliff could not conscientiously say whether Hand had written the forged note or not. There were pros and cons.

"Fetch me that note," said Undercliff, and his eyes sparkled. He was on a hot scent now.

"And let me study the genuine reports, and compare what the two were worth—" said Mr. Undercliff.

"Oh, what friends have I found at last!" cried Helen.

She thanked them both warmly, and hurried home, for it was getting late.

Next day she brought Hand's letter to Mr. Undercliff, and dropped his commission while he inspected it keenly, and compared it with the forged note.

The comparison was long and careful, but unsatisfactory. Mr. Undercliff could not conscientiously say whether Hand had written the forged note or not. There were pros and cons.

"If any value to Miss Rolleston, she was quite at liberty to keep them. He added there was a coffee-house in the city where she could read all the London papers of that date. This letter, which contained a great many words than the other, was submitted to Doctor Pistoia, who said he was not sure it was genuine."

If of any value to Miss Rolleston, she was quite at liberty to keep them. He added there was a coffee-house in the city where she could read all the London papers of that date. This letter, which contained a great many words than the other, was submitted to Doctor Pistoia, who said he was not sure it was genuine.

"We are in a deep water," said he. Finally he told his mother he was at a standstill for the present.

"But I am not," said Mrs. Undercliff. She added, after a while, "I think there is felony at the bottom of this."

"Smells like it to me," said the Expert.

"Then I want you to do something very clever for me."

"What is that?"

"I want you to forge something, "Come, I say."

"Quite innocent! I assure you.""

"Well, but it is a bad habit to commence."

"All depends on the object. This is to take in a forger, that is all.

The Expert's eyes sparkled. He had always been sadly discomforted with the efforts of the forgers, and thought he could do better.

"I'll do it," said he, gaily.

CHAPTER LXI.

General Rolleston and his daughter sat at breakfast in the hotel. General Rolleston was reading the Times, and his eye lighted on something that made him start. He looked toward Helen, and his first impulse was to communicate it to her; but on second thoughts, he preferred to put a question to her first.

"You have never told the Wardlaws what those sailors said"
"She is only gone down the street. I'll send her in to take care on you.

With this she went off, and in due course led Helen up the stairs. She ran in, and whispered in Michael's ear—

"It is Miss Helen Rolleston."

Thus they announced a lady at No. 3. Michael stared with wonder at so great a personage visiting him; and the next moment Helen glided into the room, blushing little, and even panting insensibly, but all on her guard.

She saw before her a rather stately figure, and a face truly venerable, beauteous and beautiful, though deficient in strength. She cast a devouing glance on him as she curtsied to him; and instantly flashed across her, "but for you there would be no Robert Penfold." Then in an unconscious tenor in her voice as she spoke to him, for she had to open the interview.

"Mr. Penfold, I fear my visit may surprise you, as you did not write to me. But when you hear what I am about, I think you will not be displeased with me for coming.

"Dissatisfied, madam? I am highly honored by your visit—a lady, who, I understand, is to be married to my worthy employer, Mr. Arthur. Pray be seated, madam."

"Thank you, sir."

Helen began in a low, thrilling voice, to which, however, she gave firmness by a resolute effort of her will.

"I am come to speak to you of one who is very dear to you, and to all who really know him."

"Dear to me! It is my son, the rest are gone. It is Robert."

And he began to trouble. "Yes, it is Robert," said she, very softly; then, turning her eyes away from him, lest his emotion should overcome her, she said—

"He has laid me and my father under deep obligations."

She dragged her father in; for it was essential not to show Mr. Penfold she was in love with Robert Penfold. "Injuries to your child, to whom you were so attached, to whom you gave such a happy home, to whom you gave such love, to whom you gave such care."

"He defended me against robbers, single-handed." "I said the old man, glowing with pride, and looking more beautiful than ever, "he was always brave as a lion."

"That is nothing: he saved my life again, and again, and again."

"God bless her for it! and God bless you for coming and telling none of it. Oh, madam, he was always brave and gentle, and just, and good; so noble, so unfortunate."

And the old man began to cry.

Helen's bosom heaved, and it cost her a bitter struggle not to throw her arms around the dear old man's neck and cry with him. But she came prepared for a sore trial of her feelings, and she clenched her hands and teeth, and would not give way an inch,

"Tell me how he saved your life, madam."

"He was in the ship, and in the boat with me."

"Ah, madam," said Michael, "that must have been some other Robert Penfold; not my son. He could not come home. His time was not up, you know.

"It was Robert Penfold, son of Michael Penfold."

"Of course, I must receive her," said Michael, half consultative; the mite; it belonged to a sex which promptly assumes control of such gentle creatures as he was.

"Miss Rouse in the way?" said he.

She was amazed, and said—
"I am learning it fast, though. It may take me a few years perhaps to make powerful friends, to grope my way amongst forgers, and spies, and wicked, dishonest people of all sorts, but so surely as you sit there, I'll clear Robert Penfold before I die!"

The good feeble old man gazed on her with admiration and astonishment.
She subdued her flashing eye, and said with a smile, "And you shall help me. Mr. Penfold, let me ask you a question—"I called here before; but you were gone to Edinburgh. Then I wrote to you at the office, begging you to let me know the moment you returned. Now, do not think I am angry; but pray tell me why you would not answer my letter?"

Michael Penfold was not burdened with "amour propre"; but who has not got a little of it in some corner of his heart?
"Miss Rolleston," said he, "I was born a gentleman, and was a man of fortune once, till false friends ruined me: and neither as a gentleman nor as a man of business could I leave a lady's letter unanswered. I never did such a thing in all my life. I never got your letter," he said, quite put out, and his wrath was so like a dove's, that Helen smiled, and said, "But I posted it myself. And my address was in it; yet it was not returned."

"Well, it was not delivered, I assure you!"

"It was intercepted, then?"

He looked at her. She blushed, and said, "Yes, I am getting suspicious; ever since I found I was followed and watched. Excuse me a moment." She went to the window and peered through the curtains. She saw a man walking slowly by; she quickened his pace the moment she opened the curtain. She said, "It was intercepted, and I am watched wherever I go."

Before she could say any more a bustle was heard on the stairs, and in bounced Nancy Role, talking as she came. "Excuse me, Mr. Penfold, but I can't wait no longer with my Majesty's business; it's this! Oh my dear, sweet young lady, the Lord be praised. You really are here alive and well. Kiss you I must and shall; come back from the dead; there—there!"

"Nancy! my good, kind Nancy," cried Helen, and returned her embrace warmly.

Then followed a burst of broken exclamations; and, at last, Helen made out that Nancy was the landlady, and had left Lambeth long ago.

"But, dear heart," said she, "Mr. Penfold, I am properly jealous of you. To think of her coming here to see you, and not me!

But I didn't know you were here, Nancy." Then followed a stream of inquiries, and such warm-hearted sympathy with all her dangers and troubles, that Helen was led into revealing the cause of it all.

"Nancy," said she, solemnly, "the ship was wilfully cast astern, and there was a man on board that made holes in her in honour and purpose, and sunk her."

Nancy lifted up her hands in astonishment. But Mr. Penfold was far more surprised and agitated.

"For heaven's sake, don't say that!" he cried.

"Why not, sir?" said Helen; "it is the truth; and I have got the testimony of dying men to prove it."

"Oh, for mercy! Pray don't let anybody know. Why, Wardlaw must lose the insurance of £100,000."

"Arthur Wardlaw knows it; my father told him."

"And he never told me," said Penfold, with growing surprise.

"Goodness me! what a world it is," cried Nancy. "Why that was murder, and no less. It is a wonder she wasn't drowned, and another and the bargain that I had in that very ship. Oh, I wish I had the villain here that done it; I'd tear his eyes out."

Here the mite of a servant bounded in, radiant and giggling, gave Nancy a triumphant glance, and popped out again, holding the keys in her open hand through which in scowling a sooty man, drawn by Penfold's escort, was led, and decoyed into Nancy's presence by the imp of a girl, who thought to please her mistress.

Nancy, who for some days had secretly expected this visit, merely gave a little squeak; but Helen uttered a violent scream; and, upon that, Wylie recognized her, and literally staggered back a step or two, and those words fell out of his mouth:

"Oh, the sick girl!"

Helen caught them.

"Ay!" cried she; "but she is alive in spite of you: alive, and I'll have you and to punish you."

She darted forward, and her eyes flashed lightning.

"Look at this man, all of you," she cried. "Look at it well: this is the wretch that settled the Proserpine!"

CHAPTER LXII.

"O Miss Helen, how can you say that?" cried Nancy, utterly dismayed. "I'll lay my life poor Joe never did no such a thing."

But Helen waved her off without looking at her, and pointed at Wylie.

"Are you blind? Why does he cringe and cower at sight of me? If you tell me he is safe, you will suffer. Yes, sir, you destroy a ship, and the lives of many innocent persons, whose blood is now cries to Heaven against you; and if I am alive to tell the cruel tale, it is too shocking to you; for you did your best to make it. What is worse, to kill Robert Penfold, this gentleman; for he was on board the ship. You are not better than a assassin.

"I am a man that's down," said Wylie, in a low and broken voice, hanging his head. "Don't hit me any more. I didn't mean to take anybody's life: I look my chance with the lady. I have lain in my bed many's the night crying like a child, with thinking you were dead. And now, am glad you are alive to be revenged on me. Well, you are it now your turn; you have lost me my sweetheart; she'll never speak to me again, after this. Ah, poor Joe, got all the blame! You don't ask who tempted me; and, was to tell you, you'd hate me worse than ever; so I'll be. If I'm a sinner, I'm a sufferer. England's too hot to hold I've only to go sea, and get drowned the quickest way."

And with this he vented a deep sigh, and slouched out of the room.

Nancy sunk into a seat, and threw her apron over her head, and rocked and sobbed as if her heart would break. As for Helen Rolleston, she stood still in the middle of the room, as one with something new to learn.

Then poor old Michael came to her, and said, almost whispering—

"It is a bad business; he is her sweetheart, and she had the highest opinion of him."

Helen nodded her head, with a great measure. She turned and looked at Nancy, and said—

"O dear, what a miserable thing! But I couldn't know that."

After a while, she drew a chair, and sat down by Nancy, and said—

"I won't punish him, Nancy."

Nancy burst out sobbing at once.

"You have punished him," said she, briskly, "and me as ever did you no harm. You have driven him out of the country, you have."

At this piece of feminine justice Helen's anger revived. "Then," said she, "ships to be destroyed and ladies and gentlemen murdered, and nobody is to complain or say an unword, if the wicked happens to be paying his addresses to you. Then you have to bear all for all the world. What! Come, honest woman like you lose all sense of right and wrong for man! And such a man!"

"Why, he is as well-made fellow as ever I saw," sobbed Nancy, "Oh, is he?" said Helen, ironically, "her views of man, beauty were different, and black eyes a "sine qua non" with her, "then it is a pity his soul is not made to correspond."

"Hope by my next visit you will have learned to despise him worth a man ever so much. I'd hear him on my heart if he committed a crime; ay, though I tore my eyes out of my body to do it."

"No you wouldn't," said Nancy, recovering some of her natural dignity; for we are all turned with the same stick.

"But I assure you I would," cried Helen; and so said you.

"Well, miss you begin," cried Nancy, suddenly springing through her tears. "If the Proserpine was settled, which I swear it was, I should have been well pleased; but why, your sweetheart is more to blame for it than mine."

Helen rose with dignity.

"You are in grief," said she. "I leave you to consider whether you have done well to a friend in your own house."

"Oh, miss, I know it. I know it. She was the best friend I ever had. I have just lost her. She go on and on—"
said he had a friend in the Bank of England, who might per-
haps be able to discover to what private bank they had been
issued in the first instance, and then those bankers, on a
strong representation, might perhaps examine their books, and say to
whom they had paid them. He told her the notes were quite
new, and evidently had not been separated since their first
issue.

Nancy caught a glimpse of his meaning, and set herself
doggedly to watch the thin lips of the person who had passed the notes
through the chimney should come for them. "He will miss
them," said she, "you mark my words."

Thus Helen, though reduced to a stand-still herself, had set
an inquiry on foot which was alive and rambulating. The course of
events led her to a petition from Mrs. Underslice. That lady came in and laid a prayer-book on the
table, saying, "I have brought it you back, miss; and I want
you to do something for my satisfaction."

"O, certainly," said Helen. "What is it?"

"Well, miss, first examine the book and the writing. Is it
all right?"

Helen examined it, and said it was: "Indeed," said she,
"the binding looks fresher, if anything."

"You have a good eye," said Mrs. Underslice. "Well, what
I want you to do is—of course, Mr. Wardlaw is a good deal
about you?"

"Yes."

"Does he go to church with you ever?"

"No."

"But he if would you were to ask him?"

"I have no doubt he would, but why?"

"Manage matters so that he shall go to church with you, and
then put the book down for him to see the writing, all in a
moment. What if he will?"

Helen colored up and said, "No, I can't do that. Why,
it would be turning God's temple into a trap! Besides,—"

"The real reason first, if you please," said this horribly
shrewd old woman.

"Well, Mr. Arthur Wardlaw is the gentleman I am going to
marry."

"Good Heaven!" cried Mrs. Underslice, taken utterly aback
by this most unexpected turn. "Why, you never told me that!"

"No, said Helen, blushing. I did not think it necessary
to tell you that. Well, of course, it is not in human nature
that Mr. Wardlaw should be zealous in my good work, or put him-
self forward; but he has never refused to lend me any help
that was in his power; and it is repugnant to my nature to
betray him of a harm, and to my feelings to lay a trap for
him."

"Quite right," said Mrs. Underslice, "of course I had no idea
that you were going to marry Mr. Wardlaw. I made sure Mr.
Penfold was the man."

Helen blushed higher still, but made no reply. Mrs.
Underslice took the conversation directly. "My son has
given many hours to Mr.und's two letters, and he told me
to tell you that he is beginning to doubt whether Mr. Hand
is a real person with a real handwriting at all."

"O Mrs. Underslice! Why, he wrote me two letters! How-
ever, I will ask Mr. Penfold whether Mr. Hand exists or not.
When shall I have the pleasure or seeing you again?"

"Whenever you like, my dear young lady; but not upon
this business of Penfold and Wardlaw. I have done with it
forever, and my advice to you miss, is not to stir in the midst
any more." And with these mysterious words the old lady
retired, leaving Helen discouraged at her desertion.

However she noted down the conversation in her diary, and
made this comment: People find no pleasure in proving and
equating persons innocent; the charge as does the guilt.
This day a good, kind friend abandons me because I will not
turn aside from my charitable mission to suspect another person as
wrongfully as he I love has been suspected.

Mem: To see, or make inquiries about, Mr. Hand.

General Bolleson had been a man who had found in Hanover
Square. He now moved into it, and Helen was compelled to
bus herself in household arrangements.

She made the house charming; but unfortunately stood in
a draught whilst hoisted, and caught a chill, which a year ago
would very likely have gone to her lungs and killed her, but
now enabled her to fight in view of the nervous pains, and con-
fined her to her bed for a fortnight.

She suffered severely, but had the consolation of finding she
was tenderly beloved. Arthur sent flowers every day, and
affectionate notes twice a day. And her father was constantly
by her bedside.
PLANCHETTE.
From the Daily American.

We do not know that being editor of a religious paper has a tendency to make men overwise, but the editors of several such journals have recently displayed an extraordinary amount of wisdom on the subject of Planchette. They acknowledge something remarkable and mysterious in its performances, but undertake to explain them away as the results of conscious or unconscious volition. Among other theories (which might easily be believed by these who have never seen Planchette work,) they announce that the answers given are talent in the mind of the operator, and that his eye must be kept on the machine to have it write correctly, while the contrary is known to be the case to every one who has honestly examined the workings of the phenomenon. Most of these editorials, however, possess one merit—they do not thrust the whole matter straightforward upon the devil, but are willing to have the subject investigated without denouncing it in toto. Their error lies in trying to explain away an unexplainable matter. Each one of them has a theory of his own, which to any one possessing a well regulated Planchette must appear ridiculous.

It has been our good fortune to witness the performances of one of these wonderful instruments, which, in our opinion, has not been excelled by any of those whose doings various magazines have recently had reports of. Two facts we are as perfectly satisfied as of our own existence: first, that the answers given were, in every case, not the productions of the persons operating the Planchette, that they were not the authors of the replies, and acted merely as the mediums of some unknown power in transcribing them; and second, that the instrument worked equally as well when the operators were blindfolded; both of which facts show the fallacy of the theories advanced by the "Advance."

We approached the little mystery as most persons have done, with perfect faith that it was an unmitigated humbug, and were only convinced to the contrary after "confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ." In relating a few of our experiences we shall not give one-tenth of its remarkable sayings and doings, for time would not permit; and, moreover, an abler pen than ours has taken notes of the same and will shortly make them public, so we shall tell nothing which would occasion duplicates of the same phenomena. The writer, after hearing repeatedly of the curious performances of the instrument, devoted several half hours at different times to watching it, but it repeatedly refused to work while he was present. Of course this only confirmed him in his skepticism, and one day on going into the room where two ladies had their hands on the board, he said: "Now, Planchette, if you will answer a mental question for me, I will believe in your wonderful powers," and immediately inquired, mentally, "How many pages are in the letter I have just written?" Planchette immediately wrote in a plain hand, "six," which was correct. Now the peculiarities of this reply were, the question was mental, and had it been aloud no one but the questioner knew the truth, and he was not near the board. Surprised, but not satisfied that this might not have been a fortunate guess, several other questions were proposed, the answers to which could by no possibility have been known excepting to the writer, and each time Planchette wrote correctly. It was not until after repeated evidences as convincing as the above, that we were unwillingly forced to admit that Planchette was unmistakably operated by an intelligence, which evidently used the hands of the operators to write whatever it willed; an intelligence, moreover, foreign to any one in the room.

In reply to questions as to who was writing, Planchette gave the name of a distinguished author long since dead, and what has been very remarkable, this particular intelligence always appears when the same person's hands are on the board. In fact, partial in this particular is Planchette to the person, question, that it will move whenever she touches it, writes readily and plainly, while for others it sometimes refuses to write entirely, sometimes writes poorly and slowly, as if under protest. For its favor it always writes rapidly and with the greatest accuracy, stopping to dot every i and cross every t in its replies, however, it makes no pretensions to unerring accuracy, frequently asserting its ignorance of the correct answer, and warning against placing implicit confidence in its predictions, because, as it says: "If we always told the truth you would place in implicit faith in us, and you must only believe in the true Word."

In reply to a query whether its action was akin to Spiritualism, it replied: "Something akin, but not a word the world understands the term," and then branch out for a disquisition on electricity and magnetism.

One day, Planchette moved uneasily about the paper and would not write for some time, and then slowly spelled out the word MABEL—the name of one of our pet, a sweet, little, four-year-old niece, with blue eyes and golden hair. Mabel was seated near the table, and placed her little hand on the board. Some one said, "Planchette, you ought to write something for Mabel," whereupon it started off rapidly and wrote without hesitating an instant:

"Little girl, with golden hair,
Will you come home to share?
Little girl, with bright blue eyes,
Will you come beyond the skies?"

all of which Mabel declined to do.

One night, the lady whom we have called its favorite, was operating it for the amusement of some friends, when, in reply to a request for some poetry, it wrote:

"The day has fled with its gusty clouds,
In purple and gold and crimson deck,
And the still, gray midnight is ushered in
By the striking of twelve o'clock.

Twelve silvery links is the ties that binds
Our Past with the coming To Be
And mystical blessings come oftentimes
In that hour to you and me."

Now the lady in question has never written a line of poetry in her life and probably never will; but with her hands alone on the board, sometimes blindfolded, and sometimes while she has been engaged in conversation with others, paying no attention to the table, Planchette has written more than a dozen little poems, some of them possessing considerable merit, and most of them possessing certain features of the style of the authors already referred to, whose name Planchette always gives; and, who, during her life, wrote some poetry much inferior to her present Planchettisms.

Concluded in our next.
THE UTAH MAGAZINE;
DEVO TED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, A.F.T. AND EDUCATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 44. SALT LAKE CITY, JAN. 23, 1869 Vol. 2

POETRY.

- MY ANGEL-DRESS.-

BY LUCY LARUM.

Heavenly Father, I would wear
Angel-garments, white and fair;
Angel-vesture undecled
Will thou give unto thy child.

Not a robe of many hues,
Such as earthly fathers choose;
Discord weaves the gaudy vest:
Not in such let me be drest.

Take the rainvent soiled away
That I wear with shame to day:
Give my angel robe to me
White with heavenly purity.

Take away my cloak of pride,
And the worthless rage 'twould hide;
Clothe me in my angel-dress,
Beautiful with holiness.

Perfume every fold with love,
Hiding heaven where'er I move;
As an Indian vessel's sails
Whisper of her costly bales.

Let me wear thy white robes here,
E'en on earth, my Father dear,
Holding fast Thy hand, and so
Through the world unpolluted go.

Let me now my white robes wear,
Then I need no more prepare;
All apparelled for my home
Whereo'er Thou callest "Comet!"

Thus apparelled, I shall be
As a signet set for Thee,
That the wretched and the weak
May the same fair garments seek.

"Buy of Me," I hear Thee say:
I have naught wherewith to pay,
But I give myself to Thee,
Clothed, adopted I shall be,

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

OFFERED UP.

It is the nature of that happiness which we derive from our affections to be calm; its immense influence upon our outward life is not known till it is troubled or withdrawn. By placing his heart at peace, man leaves vent for his energies and passions, and permits their current to flow toward the aims and objects which interest labor or arouse ambition. Thus absorbed in the occupations without, he is lulled into a certain forgetfulness of that internal repose which gives health and vigor to faculties he employs abroad. But once mar this scarce felt, almost invisible harmony, and the discord extends to the remotest chords of our active being. Say to the busiest man whom thou seest in mart, camp, or senate, who seems to thee all intent upon his worldly schemes, "Thy home is rent from thee—thy household goods are shattered—that sweet, noiseless mechanism of the springs which set the large wheels of thy soul into movement is thine no more."—and straightway all exertion seems robbed of its object—all aim of its alluring charm. "Othello's occupation is gone!" With a start; that man will awake from the sunlit visions of moon-tide ambition, and exclaim in his desolate anguish, "What are all the rewards of my labor, now thou hast robbed me of my repose? How little are all the gains wrung from strife in a world of rivals and foes, compared to the smile whose sweetness I knew not till it was lost; and the sense of security from mortal ill which I took from the trust and sympathy of love?"

Thus it was with Harold in that bitter and terrible crisis of his fate. This rare and spiritual love, which had existed on hope, which had never known fruition, had become the sublimest, the most exquisite part of his being; this love, to the full and holy possession of which, every step of his career seemed to advance him, was it now to be evermore rent from his heart, his existence, at the very moment when he deemed himself most secure of its rewards—when he most needed its consolation? Hitherto in that love he had lived in the future—he had silenced the voice of the turbulent human passion by the whisper of the pa-
tient angel, "A little while yet, and thy bride sits beside thy throne!" Now what was that intense, how loveless, how desolate! The splendor vanished from ambition—the glow from the face of fame—the sense of duty remained alone to counteract the pleading of affection; but duty no longer covered all the gorgeous colorings it took before from glory and power—duty stern, and harsh, and terrible, as the iron brand of a Grecian Destiny.

And thus, front to front with that duty, he sat alone one evening, while his lips murmured, "Oh fatal voyage! Oh lying truth in the hell-born prophecy! this, then, was the wife my league with the Normans was to win to my arms!" In the streets below were heard the tramp of busy feet hurrying homeward, and the confused uproar of joyous wassail from the various resorts of entertainment crowded by careless revelers. And the tread of steps mounted the stairs without his door, and there paused, and there was the murmur of two voices without; once the clear voice of Gurt, one softer and more troubled. The curt lifted his head from his bosom, and his heart beat quick at the faint and scarce heard sound of the last voice. The door opened gently, gently; a form entered, and her foot pressed on the shadow of the threshold; the door closed again by a hand from without. The curt rose to his feet, tremulously, and the next moment Edith was at his knees; her head thrown back, her face upturned to his, bright with unshed beauty, serene with the grandeur of self-sacrifice.

"O Harold!" she exclaimed, "dost thou remember that in the old time I said, Edith had loved thee less, if thou hadst not loved England more than Edith? Recall, recall those words. And dearest thou now that I, who have gazed for years into thy clear soul, and learned there to see my woman's heart in the light of all glories native to noblest man—dearest thou, O Harold, that I am weaker now than then, when I scarce knew what England and glory were?"

"Edith, Edith, what wouldst thou say? What knowest thou! Who hath told thee! What led thee hither, to take part against thyself?"

"It matters not who told me; I know all. What led me? Mine own soul, and mine own love! Springing to her feet, and clasping his hand in both hers, while she looked into his face she resumed; "I do not say to thee, 'Grieve not to part;' for I know too well thy faith, thy tenderness—their heart, so grand and so soft. But I do say, 'Soar above thy grief, and be more than man for the sake of men.' Yes, Harold, for this last time I behold thee. I clasp thy hand, I lean on thy heart, I hear its beating, and I shall go hence without a tear."

"It cannot, it shall not be!" exclaimed Harold, passionately. "Thou deceivest thyself in the divine passion of the hour: when the fever slakes, it will leave thee to the exhaustion of a lonely heart—the despair of a crushed and broken fate. We were betrothed together by ties strong as those of the Church—over the grave of the dead, under the vault of heaven, in the form of ancestral faith! The bond cannot be broken. If England demands me, let England take me with the ties it were unholy, even for her sake, to rend!"

"Alas, alas!" faltered Edith, while the flush on her cheek sank into mournful paleness. "It is not as

thou sayest. So has thy love sheltered me from the world—so utter was my youth's ignorance or my heart's oblivion of the stern laws of man, that when it pleased thee that we should love each other, I could not believe that love was sin; and that it was sin hitherto I will not think; nor it hath become one."

"No, not!" cried Harold; all the eloquence on which thousands had hung, thrilled and spell-bound, deserting him in that hour of need, and leaving to him only broken exclamations—fragments, in each of which his heart itself seemed shivered; "no, not sin! sin only to forsake thee. Hush! hush! This is a dream—wait till we wake! True heart! noble soul! I will not part from thee!"

"But I from thee! And rather than thou shouldst be lost for my sake—the sake of woman—to honor and conscience, and all for which thy sublime life sprang from the hands of Nature, if the elopement may not open to my soul, may the grave receive my form! Harold, I last must le me be worthy thee; and, feel, at least, if that not thy wife—that bright, that blessed fate not mine! still, remembering Edith, just men may say, 'She would not have disdained the heart of Harold!'"

"Dost thou know," said the curt, striving to speak calmly, "dost thou know that it is not only to resign thee that they demand—that it is to resign thee; and for another?"

"I know it," said Edith; and two burning tears, despite her strong and preternatural self-check, swelled from the dark fringe, and rolled slowly down the colorless cheek, as she added, with proud voice, "I know it; but that other is not Aldyth, it is England! In her, in Aldyth, behold the dear cause of thy native land; with her enwove the love which thy native land should command. So thinking, thou art reconciled, and I consider: it is not for woman that thou deservest Edith."

"Hear, and take-from those lips the strength and the valor that belong to the name of Hero!" said a deep and clear voice behind; and Gurt—who, whether discerning the result of an interview so prolonged, or tenderly desirous to terminate its weight, had entered unobserved—approached, and wound his arm carelessly round his brother. "Oh, Harold!" he said, "dear to me as the drops in my heart is my young bride, newly wedded; but if for one title of the claim that now call thee to the torture and trial—yes, if for one hour of good service to freedom and law—I would consent without a groan to behold her no more. And if men asked me how could I so conquer man's affections, I would point to thee, and say, 'So Harold taught my youth by his lessons, and my manhood by his life.' Before thee, visible, stand Happiness and Love, but with them, Shame; before thee, invisible, stands Woe, but with Woe are England and eternal Glory! Choose between them."

"He hath chosen," said Edith, as Harold turned to the wall, and leaned against it, hiding his face; then, approaching softly, she knelt, lifted to her lips the hem of his robe, and kissed it with devout passion. Harold turned suddenly, and opened his arms. Edith resisted not that mute appeal; she rose, and fell on his breast, sobbing:

Wild and speechless was that last embrace. The
moon, which had witnessed their union by the heathen grave, now rose above the tower of the Christian church, and looked wan and cold upon their parting.

Solemn and clear poured the orb—a cloud passed over the deck—and Edith was gone. The cloud rolled away, and again the moon shone forth; and where had knelt the fair form, and looked the last look of Edith, stood the motionless image, and gazed the solemn eye, of the dark son of Swayne. But Harold leaned on the breast of Gurt, and saw not who had supplanted the soft and loving Fylyaa of his life—saw naught in the universe but the blight of desolation!

THE LAST DAYS OF KING THEODORE.

THE STORMING OF MAGDALA ON FESTIVE MONDAY.

About half past two o'clock the steel guns of the A-21 battery opened fire on the fortress, so directing their shells as to render the vicinity of the gate too hot for its defenders. Then the rockets were made to play among the houses, from which a desultory fire was being maintained, or made to disperse the crowds of fugitives who were taking refuge behind the rocks on the left, and might have proved troublesome on the bank. A more devastating fire, or a more deadly, it would be impossible to conceive, and Theodore's last lesson in this world was that the din of battle and the reality of utter defeat and despair meant. Now the rush was made up the steep and rugged pathway that led to the gateway, which, being strongly barricaded, at first refused to give way. All round was a thick edge of horizontal point-stakes, through which bullets occasionally came whizzing, though without doing much harm. A sheep-rack to the right was discovered, up which a party of the Engineers and some of the 33rd scrambled, in single file, and here they ultimately succeeded in surrounding the stakes by means of a scaling ladder. Then the gate was assailed on both sides, while others crowded up the narrow path and drove back the Abyssinians inside. The gateway was found to be composed of two doors, ten feet apart, the space between being securely built up with large stones. Inside the gate another loopholed battlement of about fifty feet high presenting its defiant front, and this can only be ascended by a rocky staircase, so narrow that only one man can run up at a time. It, too, is defended by a gate where Theodore made his stand, and near which, finding that all was over, he placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth, and shot himself, falling dead on the spot. Then all opposition ceased.

Those who had fought when their king was alive, now braw away their arms, and tried to look as much like peaceful citizens as they could; the soldiers crowded up, with the loss of nine or ten, wounded, amidst round cheers from the women and tears of joy from the captives, who hobbled around as fast as their fetters would allow them, and kissed the hands and the feet of their liberators. Close by the King's house stood a gallant sergeant of the 33rd Regiment, with a knife in his hand, and around him crowded a dozen captives, whose chains he was busily sawing asunder. Manifestations of joy and gratitude prevailed on all sides; not even in the palace itself did Theodore's death seem to be regretted.

Theodore, it has been ascertained, shot himself dead, with a revolver which, many years ago, Queen Victoria sent him as a present for his kindness to the late Consul Ploveden and Mr. Bell, two Englishmen who had succeeded in gaining the place of first favorites at his Court.

THE QUEEN OF ABISSINIA—THEODORE'S WIDOW.

Her Majesty, who died of consumption in the British camp, was a lady-like woman of about six and twenty, with very fair complexion, full eyes, fine aquiline nose, and beautiful hands. What most attracted attention, however, was her magnificent hair, arranged in neat plaits, and instead of being tied in a knot at the nape of the neck, as is the custom of the country, falling in a cascade of glossy ringlets over her shoulders. Her dress was the simple white cotton dress of the country, gathered in a fold at the waist by a band. Theodore's left hand, but favorite Queen, is altogether a different sort of woman—stout, dark, and voluptuous-looking, reminding one very much of a fat Indian ayah. In the palace was a miscellaneous collection of "Europe" articles, and tokens of a civilization which showed itself nowhere else—pianos, harmoniums, musical boxes, cartridges for breech-loading rifles, and, as the catalogues says, a "variety of other articles too numerous to mention."

POST MORTEM APPEARANCE OF THE DICTATOR.

The Times correspondent says:—"His face seemed to me rather a disappointing one, after all that has been said about it; but then it was impossible to judge properly after death, especially as the eye was said to be, from its fire and expression, the most remarkable feature. There was a look of brooding, sensual indulgence about the cheeks by no means heroic or kingly; but the forehead was intellectual, and the mouth singularly determined and cruel. A very strange smile still lingered about the lips, as if, even in the death-throes, his last thought had been one of triumph at having baulked his conquerors by dying a king." He was buried in the church in Magdala, the funeral being attended by a military escort of one or two staff officers. The fortress was afterwards destroyed by fire.

Theodore's son and heir, by the lady above described, a boy of about seven or eight years of age, has been taken charge of by Sir Robert Napier, who intended to have him educated under Dr. Wilson, of Bombay; but since then it has been resolved that he shall be brought up in England. And thus has ended one of the most difficult military undertakings in which any nation ever engaged, with hardly the loss of a single life in battle or in storming the fortress on the part of the British, though the monarch who fought against us was the most powerful and ferocious of all the African potentates, and though the stronghold which we assailed and captured is naturally the most impregnable in the world. Surely, no honors which this nation can bestow are too great for the magnificent commander and the valiant army who have brought this perilous undertaking to such a glorious conclusion!

Eaurum.—In the Biographical sketch of Madame Scheller, first line, second paragraph, read: In September, 1853, instead of 1848.
REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH
Character-sketches and Biography.

BY K. W. TULLIDGE.

"If I might give a hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiased truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fail him with the iron bands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—De Foix.

JOSEPH A. YOUNG.

Here is the type of the intellectual man. Review him as God created him, and as Phenology and Physiognomy explain him in his signs of character. Look at him in his physical make up, and observe the organic signs and quality of his face and head. He is five feet ten and a half, and has just that symmetrical form and constitutional firmness seen in the artistic class, the aristocracy, and creatures of good blood generally. Instance the race horse and the hunter, as well as the intellectual man. There is more in the old aristocratic concept of good blood, than the plebisan would have us credit. Indeed in the animal creation, below man, everybody recognizes the philosophy of good blood, which manifests itself in fineness, blended with a certain constitutional strength, and the physiognomist takes account of the same in man. Joseph A. Young, even at first sight, physically impresses you with the fact that he belongs to the finely organized class. There is pride, spirit, and independence and a certain consciousness of birth indicated. You would know that he drove fast horses, and with a seeming reckless dash, but it comes of a chivalric spirit. Indeed it was just such a gallant spirited race, as "Joseph A." which in olden times created the chivalry of Europe. His great father belongs not to that specialty, thoug Brigham has a deal of spirit and resistless will; but the best historical example of President Young is William Cecil, the most famous of England's Prime Ministers, who ruled the martial lions of the reign of "Good Queen Bess." Joseph A., eldest son of Brigham Young, born to rank in that age, would have been one of those gallant knights.

I have conceived this fancy with a special design and an appreciation of the man in my own mind. It is to bring him back to the grateful remembrance of the public, in the most touching episode of his life. We all remember him, or should remember him in that disastrous scene of the Handcart Emigration, when the elements combined to make calamitous a well arranged but perhaps badly executed scheme. In that day Joseph A. proved himself worthy to be his father's son. Just returned from his mission to England, scarcely at home and the fond welcome of his family and the embrace of his wife received, when the news of the disastrous emigration burst upon the city, heeded the hearts of the people, and kindled in the soul of Joseph A. Young a heroic ardour to fly to the rescue. In that day, Joseph was a young hero, with all the generous impulses of the knights of old, who donned their armor and flew to succor the distressed. I need not detail the circumstances of those times, and the joy of the poor emigrants from Europe, whose strength was worn out by the journey, and their route buried in the snow, when Joseph A. gallantly dashed into the advanced camp for the rescue, and encouraged by his bold spirit their stricken hearts; but it can be truly said that to such men as Joseph A. Young, William Kimball and Ephraim Hanks, inspired by the fatherly care of Brigham and Heber, we owe the rescue of that Handcart emigration.

And there is in the mind of Joseph to-day a touching remembrance of that scene, and a simple gratitude of felicity that Providence assigned to him the part in played, which has much pleased and affected the author of these sketches. Indeed it is this, and not the fact of his being the President's eldest son which has led me to give him No. 2 of my character sketches, in place of my friend T. B. H. Stenhouse, who has requested me not to parade his name before the public as one of the representative men of Utah. I have therefore suppressed the name of one of my best loved friends, until after I shall have given a few such men as George A. Smith, General Wells and George Q. Cannon. But to return to the subject of my sketch No. 2.

It is scarcely three weeks ago when, in the private sanctum of the Daily Telegraph, in his residence on the hill, my friend, the editor, Joseph A. Young and myself, were in deep conversation upon topics for literary work The Utah expedition, polygamy, and kindred subjects were under review, and Joseph A. by our special request, "talked up" the points with a profundity of thought and eloquence of expression which much delighted me. Among the rest came the duties of an earnest and a true man's life, and the reminiscence of the Handcart days.

"It is the faithful performance of a man's duties in life," said Joseph A. Young, "that brings me to the most satisfaction. I take, it is true, a passing pleasure in the ball-room and in the circle of my acquaintances, but it is when I am alone with my own reflections, reviewing what I have done well in life of my duties as a man, that gives me satisfaction. The remembrance of the performance of my part in helping in the Handcart emigration, I value more than all the pleasures of society, or the brilliant advantages of position."

Such sentiments always leave a deep impression upon me, but the enthusiasm with which Joseph A. uttered these genuine sentiments of his heart, I cannot reproduce on paper. The heart and manly intellect spoke; for they alone could have impressed the mind of one whose subtle instincts are ever ready to seize traits of character, and trace the genuine expressions of men's thoughts and feelings. I confine from that time I have looked upon Joseph A. Young with much higher views, and a better appreciation than before, and believe that God created him to be a noble-minded, noble-acting man. If any flaws have come in his performance of the duties of life—as I realize, and painfully realize so many have come in mine,—still God made him to be a good and noble man. On the occasion of our conversation, I took my physiognomical and phrenological observations of him, and will take up again a scientific reading of the signs of his character, which I am interspersing with the incidents and examples of his life.

There is a classical form in the front head an
The countenance of Joseph A. Young. The face is elongated, and shows Nature’s fine chiseling. The eye is large. It is not fathomless as the deep mystic black eye, nor like it passionate, changeable and consuming; nor is it the cold grey eye, so often found in statesmen and successful business men; but the courageous, frank and fond blue eye, which expresses warm affections and sentiments, but does not flash out volcanic passion.

The nose is denominated the “Defensive Nose.” It is a blending of the Grecian and Roman, and as a group with the American nose, it indicates the love of country and a respect for human rights, rather than the disposition to crush either out of the world or out of the nation, or better still, because applied to home, not the disposition to crush the American genius out of Utah. He would indeed have stood up for the people, and aimed to show up north and a manly man, than strike him down. If this is not true of him, then he has perverted the manifestations of the character scientifically assigned the American type. Being a blending of the Roman and Grecian, it also indicates the love of prowess, or in the special phrase, g-aheadiveness, combined with the love of refinement and intellectual pursuits. He should be both a reader and a patron of letters, a lover and a patron of art. He could also be the people’s man, rather than the man of the people, a codfish aristocracy. Indeed he would rather be royal and an aristocrat among the people, while he would tend and protect the other, and fly to their rescue like the good-hearted emigrant. If this is not the case always, as it was then, it must be because he has parted from the promptings and ordinances of Nature, or else because not continuous opportunities have combined to keep him before the public as the people’s helper and the people’s favorite.

The mouth is generous. The lips are not thin nor forced or compressed, but somewhat plump and red. There is a certain reckless benevolence, as well as a bold outspokenness in their expression, which shows once that he has both the heart and the daring to tell the truth. His not being the firm, closed, secretive man, which conceals and speaks only after much consideration and uneatable resolve, which is the case with his father—Joseph is therefore liable to those bound him, among his family, friends and workers—to speak too quick and too severe; for as well as possessing the spirit of the man, he has also the mental and susceptible temperament, and from the unclosed mouth the fiery words will pour; he has therefore the mouth of a burning eloquence, as well as of offence, not being too cautious too secretive, and very combative and high spirited, as indicated in both his head and face, he is liable to do and say things which he afterwards regrets, and would apologize for, but for his proud spirit and a certain haughtiness of his native character and birth. He is however much hurt when he realizes that he has betrayed himself into unkind words or actions, especially when the matter concerns those under him, or those whom it is or he thinks it is in his power to hurt. This would apply very extensively to his workmen and very little to arrogant and “managing” men, whom he must by the ordinances of his very nature be antagonistic to, and whom he never would and never could succumb. Convinced of being in the wrong, he would make the amende honorable, but nothing farther; to the working man in his employ, he would make it up with a certain lavish benevolence. He is not cruel, but the reverse; for “Destructiveness” is not large in his head, while his organs of antagonism are. “Combattiveness,” “Self Esteem,” and “Firmness” being in good and powerful moods combined with his capacity and impassive temperment, he has a great deal of “push” in life. It is often driven on, his ideals driven on, his instincts driven on, for the civilization agencies of life driven on, and if ever he is used or curbed it has always been in such matters as music or literature. But he is a natural patron, a natural power, and an active agent in such matters, and it is quite reasonable to expect and to find Joseph’s influence in both.

I am brought to another reminiscence of Joseph, illustrative both of his literary instincts and his natural impulses to take into consideration any one in whom he saw the germinations of talent. I had been a month or so laboring as an assistant editor of the Millennial Star, and in the period of my recent to the press. Joseph A. Young was boarding for a few days at the “Conference House,” where Thomas Williams and myself were regular boarders. One morning in the office of the “President’s room,” I read and revised with Franklin D. Richards an article in four chapters, entitled “Theocracy, or God’s Solution of the Social Problem.” Joseph was there. He was struck by the article, as were also James Ferguson and others afterwards. When he returned to his Conference, on the receipt of the Conference President’s advanced Star, sent before the general day of publication, on the Sunday morning, he read the article to the congregation instead of preaching his own sermon. He had preached up me, not himself; glorified my name and not his own. The circumstances of men not bringing out themselves and glorifying themselves, but rather preaching another’s sermon in preference to their own, is so uncommon that I deem this case quite a unique point in my sketch of the character and life of Joseph A. Young.

I had met such in my life towards me, even in the exceptions and not the rule, I should not have dared in my feelings to speak of men and things as I find them. I thank God that I have not been proclaimed and asserted thus by many Joseph A. Youngs, for it has given me spirit and resolution to assert myself.

Joseph A. was ever a great lover of the best literature, and I well remember in those days with its enthusiasm and critical delight he expatiated upon Juinio’s Letters, the most classical of compositions, and the appreciation or analysis of which required a very classical taste and intellect. He did review them, and never pointed out to me the point of those matchless and cutting political epistles. Joseph, while in England on his first mission, collected a very select and extensive library. I saw the list of his choice before the purchases were made, and noticed...
that his selection of books appeared to be first-class, including Julius' Letters, "Locke on the Understanding," Shakespeare, Histories, etc. And what Joseph reads or experiences he remembers. IIls was about the first worthy to be called a family library in Utah. Looking for virtues, I found him spoken of with great affection by men in his service, and lauded for his profound benevolence. He seems to be much of an idol to those who profess to know him best by practical experience. That is surely not a bad sign of the character of Joseph A. Young.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.


AN INVITATION TO ALL.

It is our wish to constitute the Magazine the representative of home talent; and, to this end, we solicit contributions from our friends throughout the Territory; and from all interested in the cause of education. We shall be happy to receive correspondence on any Educational, Scientific, or Literary questions, and lay the same before the public for their consideration. Short popular Lectures, simplifying any science, will also be gladly received; as will any brief communications in prose or poetry.

Let our Literary and Debating Societies also forward to us reports of Lectures or of any interesting points brought out at their meetings. They will be useful to similar societies in other parts of the Territory, and be interesting to the public.

We shall keep a corner for any humorous communications or reedy correspondence of any kind. There are many of such, who could help to enrich our Home Magazine; and amuse the public. Let them send on their happiest conceits.

If any of our readers differ with us in their estimate of any views we may advocate, we shall be happy—provided their communications are not too long—to present them ideas before our readers, and having all such questions thoroughly ventilated.

In short, let all designs of aiding us, send on their best thoughts. Let none be fearful of criticism, or delay sending until they can write perfectly. Practice will improve the untried and perfect the accomplished. We invite communications from all. Send on, we shall be glad to hear from you.

DANCING PARTIES, AND THE LADIES.

It took the advent of 1869, with its leap-year balls, to fully open our editorial eyes to the lamentable mismanagement of the masculine gender, in the conducting of our dance-parties. The superior enjoyment and interest felt by the ladies in the leap year parties on the one side, and the dolorous and unhappy condition of certain masculine "wall-flowers" on the other, first suggested to our minds that there was something wrong somewhere. Being of the sex masculine, we naturally revolted from the idea that it could be with the men; but vengeance, as everybody knows, never will sleep, and ghostly visions of dance-parties we have attended in the past persued us. We saw visions of rows of melancholy-looking ladies adorning one side of certain "gay and festive scenes," and rows of similarly lonely gentlemen, but less melancholy, adorning the other. We saw ladies of the class youthful, invited to dance ceaselessly without intermission, while ladies of the class elderly, were sitting with their hands before them, gazing hopelessly, and wondering when their turn would come—and save the introductory dance with their partner, thus sitting gazing and hoping from half-past seven p.m. until those poetical, but eternally quoted, "we sma' hours ayont the twal," arrived. As this vision opened to our understanding, we "smut our brow," called ourselves a villain for being a man; or dazed, and went to wear it.

We make the above confession on behalf of ourselves and some of our brethren, fully assured that the latter will not be very likely to make it for themselves. And now seriously, what is the matter?—The matter is that we men haven't the sense of peacocks, if we have their vanity. We take ladies to dance-parties, and with a full knowledge that there is nothing under heaven so tasteless to a lady as the society of ladies—except when there is nothing better to be had—we walk off in little menish groups, flap our coat-tails, look wise, cough and hem, and try to get up some flabby kind of talk,—while the ladies, who were specially created by nature to help us out of just such difficulties, are consigned to the same embarrassments with their own sex. And this is not all, we take such a disproportionate number of ladies to every party that Esquid himself could not contrive a plan by which they could all dance sufficiently to make the party interesting to them all. Now often may I say that ladies, who are noted for solitary dances, follow with their eyes some special friend, wondering whether the multiplicity of his engagements will permit him to think of them. It is a sin—that is, it is nearly half a sin, and pretty well a whole shame, and it was leap-year parties which brought us to a sense of our true condition.

And now we say to Bishops—no not Bishops, for we mustn't talk to them—but to our managing men, make us do better. Lay a gentle hand—about the weight of an iron crow-bar—on these solitary groupings of men and women, and this stringing of ladies along the wall. Break up our unsociable habits; make us mix with and talk to the ladies—you'll have no trouble whatever in making the ladies talk to us—they are dying to do that all the time. See to it that we don't bring more ladies to a party than can be properly entertained, attended to, and go home rejoicing in you, and the Utah Magazine.

Follow sinners—in a Pickwickian sense—accept these suggestions. You will have our blessing in carrying them into execution; and if you want to perfect yourselves in grace—get a law passed at this sitting of the legislature fixing every man who uses that abominable phrase "Extra Ladies!" Let there be additional ladies if you please when their comfort will permit—but "Extra" ones never.
NOT FORGOTTEN.

I do not forget the brave and earnest men who built up the great British mission, and made all Europe palpitate with their godly zeal. Pronder am of the men known to the world as Mormon Elders—of the historic names of my native land, or the patriotic and heroic names of America, the land of my adoption and destiny. Pronder than even to be one of these historic names, am I to be and have been for twenty years one of those Mormon Elders. This is no affectation, no special pleading for my orthodoxy, my doctrine, which I have but little, nor a sign of a disposition to "tickle" my brave compeers—the host of Mormon Elders—that they might be satisfied with me, for I should much prefer to provoke men to stumble over me, to my own hurt and perdition their own, than to hold out my fidelity through what Emerson calls a "rush of concession."

I am proud of my brethren, the Mormon Elders, they have been a host of heroes. Said James Marsden to me the night before I left London to emigrate to the Far West: "I never saw such a brotherhood before; I never expect to see such a brotherhood again."

I had said to see brother Marsden after his exit from the church, feeling for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" a desire to visit that brilliant champion of Mormonism in my native land, previous to securing my destiny from that native land forever.

"How do you do, sir?" said Elder Marsden, with sensitive suspicion, when his wife called him to answer to my desire to see him. "How do you do, brother Marsden?" I replied cordially, holding out my hand. For a moment he eyed me searchingly, and then his hand came with all his heart, and with it the affection, thought aloud: "Yes, I know you do not eat as apostates the men who conscientiously change their views from those of your Church." He then told me how often he had been taught for by leading ministers to oppose the Church he had helped to build up in Great Britain, how he constantly resisted, how he had tried to establish a new faith in his mind, and how by bearing towards the old people kept him from all new fads. His past had humbled him. He was no longer the Mormon Elder in name, but he was a man his being the Mormon Elder still, and when he was not that he was not James Marsden even to himself. I was greatly affected by the sorrowful pathos manifested by the man, even when trying to convince me that the Book of Mormon was not of divine origin. He had been the great champion of that Book in England. "Brother Marsden," I said, "I have called to see you before my departure from my native land, for the sake of old friendship and old affections of our common brotherhood as Mormon Elders. You know me well. You cannot change me to the difference of feather's weight: I cannot change you. And you do not also know that you can even now turn round and meet on the public platform the best talent of the English clergy, in defending the Book of Mormon and our religion." The Mormon Elder was alive in him. He had left his heart. With the same pride that I threw my name to the States in my articles in the Galaxy, under the style of "A Mormon Elder," so said James Marsden erect his head proudly as-of yore, and exclaim: "I would match the greatest champions of your Church, even now, in defending the old cause!"

And soon upon this followed, uttered in an indescribable tone of blended tenderness and despair: "I never saw such a brotherhood before. I never expect to see such a brotherhood again!" Brethren of the old corps of Mormon Elders—of whom that man was thus proud, yet left in his intellectual advance of us, as he thought—shall we ever forget James Marsden and the work that he performed in building up our Church and maintaining our cause in the British mission? Or shall we forget any of our self-sacrificing, heroic band of Mormon Elders, who have done their work well in the old countries or in this, or any who have shown of old examples of devotion and tried worth? Shall we forget those at home, in our Zion, any more than I forget James Marsden, who came not home with us Mormon Elders, but took himself so far out of our hearts and out of our destiny?

Brothers of the old days and the old campaigns of Europe, we have forgotten ourselves since we have been home, and it is time that we should remember ourselves. We have forgotten one another, forgotten to love one another like we did of yore, when we traveled together preaching the Gospel without purse or scrip, sleeping together in the same bed, arms around each other, like brothers of the flesh, sleeping in peace and confidence after our evening prayers. In our eager pursuits in life since we have been home, and in a certain seeming necessity for success in business, that we should each attend to our own affairs and forget every body else, we have really forgotten nearly every man who has been a "somebody" in past days in the great Mormon work, and in that part of our life we have even forgotten ourselves. Why there are men who have been pastors and presidents of missions, and men who have spent twenty years in the ministry in Europe, performing wonderful deeds, writing in their devoted lives immortal chapters of themselves, yet who have now forgotten what they have been and what they have done. They have wrought wonderful things in Europe, showed too God examples of devotion to His cause, combined with a grand self sacrificing heroism of which there is no parallel in the history of religious movements. God has not forgotten! Those immortal chapters of their lives, written by them in their missions, are copied and preserved in the Recording Angel's book in the spheres above. I will help them to remember themselves and what they have done, and help others to remember it too, in my encyclopedia of the Representative Men of Utah. For that end it was designed. None shall be forgotten by me, not even those in a fallen state, if they are still true to our people, to the work of God, and in their lives aim to bring about "peace on earth and good will among men."

EDWARD.

Representative Woman of Utah—The design of this chapter is to interperse my character sketches and biographies with the Representative Women of Utah. Why should not our sisters be represented? Woman is the greatest power in the world, spite of the arrogance of us lords of creation. I believe so much in "Women's Rights," so often sneered at by us men, that I would even give the women their political rights in the affairs of the nation.
FOUL PLAY

BY CHARLES READE AND DON ROCCOCO.

CHAPTER LXIII.

(CONTINUED)

At last she came down to the drawing-room, but lay on the sofa, well wrapped up, and received only her most intimate friends. The neuralgia had now settled in her right arm and hand, and she could not write a letter; and she said to herself with a sigh, "Oh, how odd a girl is to do anything great! We always fail just when health and strength are most needed."

Nevertheless, during this period of illness and inaction, circumstances had occurred that gave her joy.

Old Wardlaw had long been exerting himself in influential channels to obtain what he called justice for his friend Rollosten, and had received some very encouraging promises; for the General's services were indisputable, and, while he was stirring the matter, Helen was unconsciously cooperating by her beauty, and the noise her adventure made in society. At last a gentleman, whose wife was about the queen, promised old Wardlaw one day, that, if a fair opportunity should occur, that lady should call Helen's adventure, and how the gallant old General, in answer to a deathless appeal, had gone out to the Pacific, and found his daughter, and brought her home. This lady was a courtier for ten years' standing; and waited her opportunity; but when it did come, she took it; and she soon found that great tact or skill was necessary on such an occasion as this. She was listened to with great sympathy, and the very next day some inquiries were made, the result of which was that the Horse Guards offered Lieutenant General Rolleston the command of a crack regiment and a full general. For ten days, it was intimated to him from another official quarter, that a baronetcy was at his service, if he felt disposed to accept it. The tears came into the stout old warrior's eyes at this sudden sunshine of royal favor, and Helen kissed old Wardlaw of her own accord; and the star of the Wardlaws rose into the heavens; and for a time Robert Peufold seemed to be quite forgotten.

The very day General Rolleston became Sir Edward, a man and a woman called at the Charing Cross Hotel, and asked for Miss Peufold and Nancy Rouse.

The answer was, she had left the hotel about ten days.

"Where is she gone, if you please?"

"We don't know."

"Why, hasn't she left her new address?"

"No. The footman came for letters several times."

"No information was to be got here, and Mr. Peufold and Nancy Rouse went home greatly disappointed, and puzzled what to do."

At first sight, it might appear easy for Mr. Peufold to learn the new address of Miss Rolleston. He had only to ask Arthur Wardlaw. But, to tell the truth, during the last fortnight, Nancy Rouse had impressed her views steadily and persistently on his mind, and he had also made a discovery that cooperating with his influence and arguments to undermine his confidence in his employer. What that discovery was, we must leave him to relate.

Look, then, at matters with a less unsuspicious eye than heretofore, he could not help observing that Arthur Wardlaw never put into the office letter-box a single letter for his sweetheart. He must write to her, thought Michael; but I am not to know her address. Suppose, after all, he did intercept that letter.

And now, like other simple, credulous men whose confidence has been shaken, he was literally full of suspicions, some of them reasonable, some of them rather absurd.

He had too little art to conceal his change of mind; and, so, vowing, after a vain attempt to see Helen Rolleston at the inn, he was bundled off to Scotland by business of the office.

Helen missed him sorely. She felt quite alone in the world. She managed to get through the day—work helped her; but at night she sat disconsolate and bewildered, and she was now beginning to understand her theory. For certainly, if all that money had been Joe Wylie's, he would hardly have left the country without it.

Now, the second evening after Michael's departure, she was seated in his room, brooding, when suddenly she heard a peculiar knocking next door.

She listened a little while, and then stole softly down stairs to her own little room.

Her suspicions were correct. It was the same sort of knocking that had preceded the phenomenon of the hand and ball; and now it had crept into the kitchen and whispered, "Jenny, Polly—come here!"

A stout washerwoman and the mite of a servant came whispering.

"Now you stand there," said Nancy, "and I do as I bid you. I hold it signifies new; I know all about it.

The myrmidons stood silent, but with panting bosoms; the mysterious knocking now concluded and a brick in the chimney began to move.

It came out, and immediately a hand with a ring on it came through the bottom, and felt about.

The mite stood firm, but the big washerwoman gave signs of agitation that promised to end in a scream.

Nancy put her hand roughly before the woman's mouth, and said, "Hold your tongue, ye great soft —! And, without finishing her sentence, she darted to the chimney and seized the hand with both her own and pulled it with such violence that the wrist followed it through the masonry, and a toot was heard. "Hold on to my wrist, Polly," she cried. "Jenny, take pot on the end of a piece of hose, and tie his hand to it we while hold it in quick! quick! Are ye asleep?"

Thus adjured, the mite got the washerwoman and, like a dog, tried to tie the wort to it.

"This, however, was not easy. the hand struggled so desperately."

However, pulling is a matter of weight, rather than muscle, and the weight of two women pulling downwards on a chimney powered the violent struggles of the man; and the mite ceased to struggle, and tie his hand to it.

The women contemplated their feat with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

When they had fastened a reasonable time on the imprisoner, they and two of them, true to their sex, scrubbed the green stone upon one of the figures, to see whether it were real or false. Nancy took them by the shoulders, and bundled them good-naturedly out of the room.

Then she lowered the gas and came out, and locked the room behind her. Then all the dirty kitchens give me hers. I never was more in a hurry, she put down her mop, and hurried off to the body like bird-line.

There was a knock at Nancy's street door; the little servant full of curiosity was far running to it on the instant. But Nancy obeyed her, "Take your time," said she. "It is only a lodger having a tea.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Sir Edward Rolleston could not but feel his obligations to the Wardlaws, and, when his daughter got betrothed, he spoke with astonishment, joy, and thankfulness of the subject, and asked her to consider seriously whether she had not tried Arthur's affection sufficiently.

"He does not complain to you, I know," said he; but he feels it very hard that you should punish him for an act of justice that has already so deeply afflicted him. He says he is content to live out a few more weeks, when he will leave his fortune to the poor."

"But why did he not come forward?"

"He declares he did not know when the trial was till a month after: his father bears him out; says he was actually disposed of, and his life in danger—"

"I myself can testify that he was not," said the washerwoman. "I have had the pleasure of seeing him, and you on board his ship. Why not give him credit for some genuine distress at young Peufold's unhappiness? Come, Helen, is it fair to afflict and punish this gentleman for the misfortune of another, whom he never speaks of but with affection?"
AN. 23, 1869. | FOUL PLAY. 213

I pity! He says that if you would marry him at once, he

inks he should feel strong enough to throw himself into the
use with you, and would spare neither money nor labor to
ear Robert Penfold; but, as it is, he says he feels so wretched,
and so tortured with jealousy, that he can’t co-operate
army with you, though his conscience reproaches him every
very young man. He is really a very hard case. For
promised him your hand before you ever saw Robert
enfold.”

“I did,” said Helen; “but I did not say when. Let me have
some chance to my good work, before I devote my whole life to
Helen.”

“Well, it will be a year wasted. Why postpone your mar-
riage for that?”

“I promised.”

“Yes, but he chose to fancy young Wardlaw is on your
ought to relax that, now he tells you he will co-operate with
you as your husband. Now, Helen, tell the truth—Is it a wo-
man’s work? Have you found it so? Will not Arthur do it
better than you?”

Helen, weakened already by days of suffering, began to cry,
and said, “What shall I do? what shall I do?”

“If you have any doubt, my dear,” said Sir Edward, “then
think of what I owe to these Wardlaws.”

And, with that he kissed her, and shed a tear or two; and, soon
after, into his hat and up to please his own cause.

It was a fine summer afternoon; the long French cession,
looking on the garden of the Square, were open, and the balmy
air came in and wood the beautiful girl’s cheeks, and just
slipped her hair at limb distance.

Arthur Wardlaw came softly in, and gazed at her as she lay;
her loveliness filled his heart and soul; he came and knelt by
her sofa, and took her hand, and kissed it, and his own eyes
lighted with tenderness.

He said nothing—that thing in his favor. He loved her.
He knew all that she knew, she said, and he would be
her sorrow, as well as a husband, and no wish of her heart
should be ungratified.

“None?” she said, fixing her eyes upon him.

“Not one,” said he; “upon my honor.”

Then he was so soft and persuasive, and allured so delicately
as to be permitted, faith that, she felt like a poor bird
caught in a snare.

“Sir Edward is very good,” said he; “he feels for me,”

At that moment a note was sent up.

“Mr. Wardlaw is here, and has asked me when the marriage
is to be. I can’t tell him; I look like a fool.”

She took the note, gathered those tears that women a woman. She glanced despairingly to and fro;
and saw no escape. Then, Heaven knows why or wherefore—
probably with no clear design at all—her woman’s weak de-

cise to cause a momentary diversion, to go up to her room,
said she to Arthur: “Please give me that
prayer-book. Thank you. It is right you should know this.”

And she put Cooper’s deposition, and Welch’s, into his hands.
He devoured them, and started up in great indignation. “It
is a heinous slander,” said he. “We have lost ten thou-
sand pounds by the wreck of that ship, and Wylie’s life was
saved by a miracle as well as your own. It is a foul slander.
I hurl it from me.” And he made his word good by hurling
the prayer-book out of the window.

Helen uttered a scream. “My mother’s prayer-book,” she
cried.

“Oh! I beg pardon,” said he.

“As well you may,” said she. “Kim and send George after

“No, I’ll go myself,” said ho. “Pray forgive me; you don’t
know what a terrible slander they have decapitated your prayer-
book with.”

He ran out, and was a long time gone. He came back at
last, looking terrified.

“I can’t find it,” I said he; “somebody has carried it off. Oh
how unfortunate I am!”

“Not found?” said Helen. “But it must be found.”

“Of course it must be found,” said Arthur. “A pretty scan-
del to go into the hands of Heaven knows who. I shall offer
twenty guineas reward for it at once. I’ll go down to the
Times office this morning. Was ever anything so unlucky?”

“Yet, go at once,” said Helen; “and I’ll send the servants
into the Square. I don’t want to say anything unkind, Arthur,
but you ought not to have thrown my prayer-book into the
public street.”

“I know I ought not; I am ashamed of it myself.”

“Well, let me see the advertisement.”

“You shall, I have no doubt we shall recover it.”

Next morning the Times contained an advertisement offering
twenty guineas for a prayer book lost in Hanover Square, and
valuable not in itself, but, as a role of a deceased parent.
In the afternoon, Arthur, “called to know if anybody had
brought the prayer-book back.”

Helen shook her head sadly, and said “No.”

He seemed very sorry, and so she added, that Helen said:

“Do not despair. And if it is gone, why, I must remember
you have forgiven me something, and I must forgive you.”

The footman came in.

“If you please, miss, here is a woman who wishes to speak to
you; says she has brought a prayer-book.”

“O, show her up at once,” cried Helen.

Arthur turned away his head to hide a cynical smile. He had
good reasons for thinking it was not the one he had flung
out of the window yesterday.

A tall woman came in, wearing a thick veil, that concealed
her features.

She entered on her business at once.

“You lost a prayer-book in this Square, yesterday, madam.”

“Yes.”

“You offer twenty guineas reward for it.”

“Yes.”

“Please to look at this one.”

Helen examined it, and said with joy it was hers.

Arthur was thunderstruck. He could not believe his senses.

“Let me look at it,” said he.

Her eyes went at once to the writing. He turned as pale as
death, and stood petrified.

The woman took the prayer-book out of his unsuspecting
hand, and said:

“I will excuse me, sir; but it is a large reward, and gen-
tlefolk sometimes go from their word when the article is
found.”

Helen, who was delighted at getting back her book, and
rather tickled at Arthur having to pay twenty guineas for
loosing it, burst out laughing, and said:

“Give her the reward, Arthur; I am not going to pay for
your misdoings.”

“With all my heart,” said Arthur, struggling for composure.

He sat down to draw a check.

“What name shall I put?”

“H MLS Edith Heskel.”

“Two’s?”

“No, only one.”

“Meet her at my house.”

“Thank you, sir.”

She put the check into her purse, and brought the prayer-
book to Helen.

“Look it up at once,” said she, in a voice so low that Arthur
heard her, but not the words; and she retired, leaving
Helen staring with amazement, and Arthur in a cold perspira-

CHAPTER LIV.

When the Springbrook weighed anchor and left the island,

a solitary form was seen on telegraph hill.

When she passed eastward, out of sight of that point, a soli-
tary figure was seen on the cliffs.

When she came close to the island died astern of her, a

solitary figure stood on the east bluff of the island, and was
the last object seen from the boat as she left those waters for
ever.

What words can tell the sickening sorrow and utter desola-
tion which possessed her soul.

When the boat that had carried Helen away was out of sight,

she came back with uneven steps to the cave, and looked at all
the familiar objects with stony eyes, and scarce recognized
them, for the sunshine of her presence was there no more.

He thought he had borne the thing in a heavy strop, broken every now and
then by sharp pangs of agony that almost made him scream.

And so the poor, bereaved creature wandered about all day.
He could not eat, he could not sleep, his misery was more than
he could bear. One day of desolation succeeded another.

“His life was a burden.”

He dragged it about with him in sheer convention.
He began to hate all the things he had loved well at all she was there. The beautiful cave, all glorious with pearl, that he had made for her, he could not enter it, the sight killed him and she not there.

He left Paradise Bay altogether at last, and anchored his boat in a cove of Seal Bay; and there he slept in general; but sometimes he would dream, wherever he happened to be and sleep as long as he could.

To him to wake was a calamity. And, when he did wake, it was always with a dire sense of reviving misery, and a deep sigh at the weariness that swelled him.

His flesh wasted on his bones, and his clothes hung loosely about him. The sorrow of the mind reduced him almost to that miserable condition, in which he had landed on the island.

The dog and the seal were faithful to him; used to lie beside him, and often whimpered: their minds, accustomed to communicate without the aid of speech, found out. Heaven knows how, that he was in grief or in sickness.

These two creatures, perhaps, saved his life, or his reason.

They pact a month of wretchedness unspirable. Then die grief took a less sullen form.

He came back to Paradise Bay, and at sight of it he burst into a passion of weeping.

He went about his carcases, and inaugurated a grief more tender than, but less akin to madness and despair.

Now he used to go about and cry her name aloud, passionately, by night and day.

"Oh, Helen! Helen!" these were the words in his mouth, and his eyes would fill in one respect, and he clung to every reminiscence of her. Every morning he would run between her haunts, and kissed every place where he had seen her put her hand.

Only the care he could not face.

He tried, too. He went to the mouth of it again and again, and looked in; but in it and face it, empty of her — he could not.

He prayed often.

One night he saw her in a dream.

She bent a look of angelic pity on him, and said these words, "Live in my cave," then vanished.

Alone on an island in the vast Pacific, who can escape superstition? Fill the air: He took this communication as a command.

The night, and the night might be in the cave.

But he entered it in the dark and left it before dawn.

By degrees, however, he plucked up courage and faced it in daylight. But it was: a trial; he came out crying bitterly after few moments.

Still he persevered, because her image had bade him, and last one evening he even lighted the lamp, and sat there looking at the glorious walls and roof his hapless love had made.

Getting stronger by degrees, he searched about and found little else than a bed, a shirt, a waistcoat, a pair of shoes, a pair of gloves, a needle and thread, a large box of matches, and a pocketbook.

But one day he found at the very back of the cave a relic, that made him start as if a viper had stung his loving heart.

It was a letter.

He knew it in a moment. It had already caused him many a pang: but now it almost drove him mad. — Arthur Wardlaw's letter.

He received it, and let it lie. He went out of the cave, and cursed his hard fate. But he came back. It was one of those horrible things a man abhors, yet cannot keep away from. He took it up, and dashed it down with rage many times; but it all ended in his lighting the lamp at night, and tormenting himself with every word of that loving letter.

And still going home to the writer of that letter, and he was left prisoner in the mad, and his heart, his conscience, his body and soul, and with such agony that so his very grief was blunted for so long. He felt as if he must go mad.

Then be prayed — prayed fervently. And at last, worn out with such anceless, Connor, he fell into a deep sleep, and did not wake till the sun was high in heavens.

He woke: and the first thing he saw was the fatal letter lying at his feet in a narrow stream of sunshine that came peering in.

He eyed it with horror. This was to haunt him by night and day.

He eyed it and eyed it. Then turned his face from it. But could not help crying it again.

And at last certain words in this letter secured to him to bear an affinity to another piece of writing that had also caused him
In inspection it looked like one, but of what metal he could not tell; it was as black as a coal. He threw this one aside, I found nothing more; but the next day he turned up some other fragments, which he took home and cleaned with lime water. They came out bright in place like silver. One piece was a conglomeration of several silver coins, and the other was a silver coin encrusted with some marine growth or shell. He left them in the sea, but found no more.

The discovery threw light on the other. The piece of black sand weighing about seven pounds, was in reality silver coin of a century of submersion. It had not been before it ever went into the furnace. He dug with fresh energy on the discovery, but found nothing like a ship that day.

Then he occurred to him to carry off a few hundred weight of pink coral. He got some fine specimens; and, while he was at the work, fell in with a piece that looked very solid at the root and naturally heavy. On a nearer examination this proved to be a foreign substance encrusted with coral. It had twisted and curled over the thing in a most unobserved way. Robert took it home, and by rubbing here and there, it fell into juice; at last satisfied him. If this object was a fragment of an octopus' egg, it was a rare thing in the sand, and as it was.

And now he dug no more. He thought he could sell the bonnet as well as the island, by sample, and he was impatient to be gone. He reproached himself, a little unjustly, for allowing a great undertaking to the task of clearing him. To what annoyances, and perhaps affairs, have I imposed you, said he. No, it is a man's business: to defend, not to be scolded.

To conclude, at high tide one fine afternoon he went on board and started, and, hoisting his sail only, crossed the sea, running along the island till he reached the bluff. He sailed under this, and by means of his compass and previous observations, set the boat's head exactly on the line the other took. Then he set his mainsail too, and trimmed her fairly across the great Pacific Ocean.

Time seems to wear out everything, even bad luck. It ran against Robert Penfold for years; but, when it had worn its worst away, and parted him and Helen Rolleston, and he of good luck set in, which, unfortunately, he wasted in the most unprofitable way, it returned forever, so it was. He wanted oil, and a whale came aboard. He wanted water, and the sea gave him a little bit of all it could afford; and now he wanted fine weather; and the hot days and nights were like peach-colored glass, dimpled and soft. He was fished up by the sky and day.

To be sure he was on the true Pacific Ocean. At a period when it was entirely free from storms. Still even for that latter he had wonderful weather for six days, and on the seventh fell with a schooner, the skipper and crew of which looked over the bulwarks with wonder and cordiality, of casting out a rope astern took him in tow.

The skipper had been eyeing him in amazement for some time through his telescope: but he was a man that had seen a great many strange things, and it was also a point of honor with him never to allow that he was astonished, or taken by surprise, or greatly moved. "Wal, stranger," said he, "what craft is that?"

"The Hecate.""When ye're a-

[The end]
One night, in answer to questions, Planchette gave the personal history of this authoress, with which no one in the room happened to be familiar. The next day, on referring to her biography, written by Mrs. Gaskell, it was found that the particulars, as given, were correct, even so far as dates of years, months, and days.

But our Planchette is not only a philosopher and a poet, piously inclined, but, also, a panister. In numerous instances, it has perpetrated puns which it had to underline before its stupid readers could see through them. One of the younger members of the family having lost a gold pen and case, asked one night where it was. Planchette replied, “Not lost, but gone before.” “Gone before what?” some one inquired. “Before he wanted to have it,” was the facetious reply.

One day last week, Judge——, of the Superior Court of this State, was visiting at the house, and hearing of the instrument, wished it to write for him. It was asked what visitor was in the room. “The man with the wig,” it replied, undoubtedly referring to the Judge, for our Planchette is English, where judges wear wigs. It was then asked if a certain bridge case, then before the Court, would be decided, to which it replied, “Ask the man with the wig; he ought to know.” The judge asked if he was going to Europe soon, no one in the room knowing his intentions on the subject. Planchette replied, “Yes,” then drew a picture of a steamer with the Judge standing on the quarter-deck, waving his handkerchief, and wrote underneath, “Wiggy, farewell.”

The last time we witnessed its operations (Thanksgiving night), a gentleman was present who had just returned from Havana. Being utterly incredulous of its powers, he commenced asking questions, and was confounded at receiving intelligent replies written in excellent Spanish. As he was the only person in the room understanding the language, he became a speedy convert, and before an hour had passed, was a fautorated a believer in Planchette as any of its oldest acquaintances. This same night it wrote in eight different languages. The sentences in English, French, Spanish, German, Latin and Greek were found to be correct. The other sentences professed to be Russian and Dacota, and had every appearance of being genuine. The persons having their hands on it while it was writing were versed in but two languages, and were entirely unconscious of what the board was writing.

Although we have not given a title of the remarkable doings of this singular discovery, (we regard it more as a discovery than an invention), its story is becoming too lengthy. For the genuineness of the facts given, and many others still more wonderful, we will vouch, and we have no hesitation in asserting that Planchette is no humbug, in the ordinary acceptance of the term.

A writer in Harper’s Magazine has made a readable story, intended to show that Planchette is only a swindle, operated by some skilful hypocrite. Hundreds of persons know from their own experience that the author of said article is either himself a dupe or a

HOT WATER LIGHTER THAN COLD.

Pour into a glass tube, about ten inches long, and one inch in diameter, a little water colored with pink or other dye; then fill it up gradually and carefully with colorless water, and not to mix them; apply heat at the bottom of the tube; the colored water will ascend and be diffused throughout the whole.

The circulation of warm water may be very pleasingly shown, by heating water in a tube similar to the foregoing; the water having diffused in it some particles of any light substance not soluble in water.

ANSWERS TO NO. 13, PAGE 193.

Riddle No. 54—What does a Clock?

No. 53.—Because it is—Far fetched and full of houses
POETRY.

A LOVE SONG.

O pretty pet with the tangled hair,
   Going to muse by the summer sea—
O dimpled darling with cheeks so fair,
Tell me, O dearest, when you get there.
   Will you think of me?

O sweetest sweet, when the salt breeze sighs
   Midst silken locks ever flowing free;
Whilst gulls glint white against sleepy skies,
Will looks of those loving bright-brown eyes
   Be he turned to me?

A laughing child, when your eyes beam bright,
   And pouting lips are parted in glee;
When the shore is glad in still summer night,
With your sweet soft smile, and your laughter bright,
   Do you smile on me?

When the moon is up, and sleeps the land
   To tender music in minor key;
When bright silver rippling on the strand
Scare cease to dimple the golden strand,
   Will you dream of me?

Poor little heart! when your cheeks are wet
   With tears that sadden one heart to see,
Your moist lips tremble—you can't forget
The sun sometimes through the rain shines, pet
   When you weep for me!

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE THRONE.

It was the eve of the 5th of January—the eve of the day announced to King Edward as that of his deliverance from earth; and whether or not the prediction had wrought its influence on the fragile frame and susceptible nerves of the king, the last of the line of Cerdic was fast passing into the solemn shades of eternity.

Without the walls of the palace, through the whole city of London, the excitement was indescribable. All the river before the palace was crowded with boats; all the broad space on the Isle of Thanet itself, thronged with anxious groups. But a few days before, the new-built abbey had been solemnly con-

seated, with the completion of that holy edifice, he had built his tomb.

Within the palace, if possible, still greater was the agitation more dread the suspense. Lounges, halls, corridors, anterooms, were filled with churchmen and thrones. Nor was it alone for news of the king's state that their brows were so knit, that their breath came and went so short. It is not when a great chief is dying, that men compose their minds to deplore a loss. That comes long after, when the worm is at its work, and comparison between the dead and the living oft rights the one to wrong the other. But while the breath is struggling, and the eye glazing, life, busy in the bystanders, murmurs, "Who shall be the heir?" And, in this instance, never had suspense been so keenly wrought up into hope and terror. For the news of Duke William's designs had now spread far and near; and awful was the doubt, whether the abhorred Norman should receive his sole sanction to so arrogant a claim from the parting assent of Edward. Although, as we have seen, the crown was not absolutely within the bequest of the dying king, but at the will of the Witan, still, in circumstances so unparalleled, the utter failure of all natural heirs, save a boy feeble in mind as body, and half foreign by birth and rearing; the love borne by Edward to the Church; and the sentiments, half of pity half of reverence, with which he was regarded throughout the land; his dying word would go far to influence the council and select the successor. Some whispering to each other, with pale lips, all the dire predictions then current in men's mouths and breasts; some in moody silence; all lifted eager eyes, as, from time to time, a gloomy Benedictine passed in the direction to or from the king's chamber.

In that chamber, traversing the past of eight centuries, enter we with hushed and noiseless feet—a room known to us in many a later scene and legend of England's troubled history, as, "The Painted Chamber," long called "The Confessor's." At the farthest end of that long and lofty space, raised upon a regal platform, and roofed with regal canopy, was the bed of death.

At the foot stood Harold; on one side knelt Ethel, the king's lady; at the other Alfred; while Stigand stood near—the holy rood in his hand—and the abbots of the new monastery of Westminster by Stigand's side; and all the greatest thrones, including Mercia and Edwin, Earl and Leofwine, all the more illustrious prelates and abbots, stood also on the dias.

In the lower end of the hall, the king's physician
was warming a cordial over the brazier, and some of the subordinate officers of the household were standing in the niches of the deep-seat windows; and they—not great show for emotion save that of human love for their kingly lord—they wept.

The king, who had already undergone the last holy offices of the Church, was lying quite quiet, his eyes half closed, breathing low but regularly. He had been speechless the two preceding days; on this he had uttered a few words, which showed returning consciousness. His head reclined on the coverlet, was clasped in his wife's arms, who was praying fervently. Something in the touch of her hand, or the sound of her murmur, stirred the king from the growing lethargy, and his eyes opened, fixing on the kneeling lady.

"Ah!" said he faintly, "ever good, ever meek! Think not I did not love thee; hearts will be read yonder; we shall have our guardian."

The lady looked up through her streaming tears. Edward released his hand, and laid it on her head as in benediction. Then motioning to the abbot of Westminster, he drew from his finger the ring which the palmers had brought to him, and murmured scarcely audibly.

"Be this kept in the house of St. Peter in memory of me."

"He is alive now to us speak—" whispered more than one thug, one abbot, to Alfred and to Stigand, as the harder and more worldly man of the two, moved up, and bending over the pillow, between Alfred and the king, said—

"O royal son, about to win the crown to which that of earth is but an idiot's wreath of withered leaves, not yet may thy soul forsake us. Whom commandest thou as shepherds to thy bereaved flock? whom shall we admonish to tread in those traces thy footsteps leave below?"

The king made a slight gesture of impatience; and the queen, forgetful of all but her womanly sorrow, raised her eye and finger in reproof that the dying was thus disturbed. But the stake was too weighty, the suspense too keen, for that reverent delicacy in those around; and the thuggs pressed on each other, and a murmur rose, which murmured the name of Harold.

"Bethink thee, my son," said Alfred, in a tender voice tremulous with emotion, "the young Atheling is too much an infant yet for these anxious times."

Edward signed his head in ascent.

"Then," said the Norman bishop of London, who till that moment had stood in the rear, almost forgotten among the crowd of Saxon Prelates, but who himself had been all eyes and ears "Then," said Bishop William, advancing, "if thine own royal line so fail, who so near to thee love, who so worthy to succeed, as William, thy cousin, the Count of the Normans?"

Dark was the scowl on the brow of every thug, and a muttered "No, no; never the Norman!" was heard distinctly. Harold's face flushed, and his hand was on the hilt of his sheath. But no other sign gave he of his interest in the question.

The king lay for some moments silent, but evidently striving to recollect his thoughts. Meanwhile the two arch-prelates bent over him—Stigand eagerly, Alfred fondly.

Then raising himself on one arm, while with the other he pointed to Harold at the foot of the bed, the king said—

"Your hearts, I see, are with Harold the earl; let ye be it, je le prevoit."

At these words, he fell back on his pillow; a loud shriek burst from his wife's lip; all crowd round him as the dead.

At the cry, the indescribable movement of the throng, the physician came quick from the lower part of the hall. He made his way abruptly to the bedside, and said chillingly, "Air, give him air." The throng parted, the leach moistened the king's pale lips with the cordial, but no breath seemed to come forth; no pulse seemed to beat; and while the two prelates knelted before the human body and by the blessing of God, the rest descended the dais, and hastened to their part. Harold only remained; but he had passed from the foot to the head of the bed.

The crowd had gained the center of the hall, where a sound that startled them as if it had come from the grave, chanted every footstep—the sound of the king's voice, loud, terribly distinct, and full, as with the vigor of youth restored. All turned their eyes, all were pale; all stood spell bound.

There sat the king upright on the bed, his face seen above the kneeling prelates, and his eyes bright and shining down the hall.

"Yea," he said deliberately, "yea, as this shall be a real vision or a false illusion, grant me, Almighty One, the power of speech to tell it."

He paused a moment, and thus resumed—

"It was on the banks of the frozen Seine, this day, thirty-one winters ago, that two holy monks, whom the gift prophetic was vouchsafed, told me direful woes that should fall on England; 'For God,' said they, 'after thy death, has delivered England into the hand of the enemy, and friends shall wander over the land.' Then I asked in my sorrow, 'Can naught avert the doom? and may not my people free themselves by repentance, like the Ninivites of old?' And the prophets answered, 'Nay, nor shall thine calamity ease, and the curse be completed, till there be carried away, yet move, of itself, to the ancient trunk, unite to the stem, bud out with the blossoms, and stretch forth its fruit.' So said the monks, and now, ere I spoke, I saw them again, then standing unite, and with the paleness of dead men, but the side of my bed!"

These words were said so calmly, and as it were so rationally, that their import became doubly awful from the cold precision of the tone. A shudder passed through the assembly, and each man shrunken from the king's eye, which seemed to each man to dwell on him. Suddenly that eye altered in its cold beam; suddenly the voice changed its deliberate accent; the gray hairs seemed to bristle erect, the whole face to work with horror; the arms stretched forth, the form withered on the couch, distorted fragments from the older Testament rushed from the lips—"Sanguis! Sanguis!—the Lake of Blood, shrieking forth the dying king, "The Lord hath bent his bow the Lord hath bared his sword. He comes down as a warrior to war, and his wrath is in the steel and the flame. He boweth the mountains, and cometh down, and darkness is under his feet!"
As if revive but for these tremendous denunciations, as the last word left his lips, the frame collapsed, the eyes set, and the king fell a corpse in the arms of Harold.

But one smile of the skeptic or the world-man was seen on the paling lips of those present: that smile was not on the lips of warriors and men of mail. It distorted the sharpened features of Stigand, the world-man and the miser, as, passing down, and amidst the group, he said, 'Tremble ye at the dreams of a sick old man?'

The time of year, customary for the National Assembly; the recent consecration of Westminster, for which Edward had convened all his chief spiritual lords; the anxiety felt for the inhumane state of the king, and the interest as to the impending succession—all conpired to permit the instantaneous meeting of a Witan worthy, from rank and numbers, to meet the emergency of the time, and proceed to the most momentous election ever yet known in England. The thegs and prelates met in haste. Harold's marriage with Aldyth, which had taken place but a few weeks before, had united all parties with his own; not a claim counter to the great earl's was advanced; the choice was unanimous. The necessity of determining at such a crisis all suspense throughout the kingdom, and extinguishing the danger of all counter intrigues, forbade to men thus united any delay in solemnizing their decision; and the august observances of Edward were followed on the same day by the coronation of Harold.

It was in the body of the mighty Abbey Church, not indeed as we saw it now, after successive restorations and remodelings, but simple in its long rows of Saxon arch and massive column, blending the first Teuton with the last Roman masonries, that the crowd of the Saxon freemen assembled to honor the monarch of their choice. First Saxon king since England had been one monarchy, selected not from the single House of Gold—in the first Saxon king, not led to the throne by the pale shades of fabled ancestors tracing their descent from the Father-God of the Teuton, but by the spirits that never knew a grave—the archeternal givers of crowns, and founders of dynasties—Valor and Fame. Abrid and Stigand, the two great prelates of the realm, had led Harold to the Church, and up the aisle to the altar, followed by the chiefs of the Witan in their long robes; and the clergy with their abbots and bishops sang the anthems—'Permutat manus tua,' and 'Glória Patri.'

And now the music ceased; Harold prostrated himself before the altar, and the sacred melody burst forth with the great hymn, 'Te Deum.'

As it ceased, prelate and thug raised their chief from the floor, and in imitation of the old custom of Teuton and Northman when the lords of their armies was borne on shoulder and shield—Harold mounted a platform, and rose in full view of the crowd.

"Thus," said the arch-prelate, "we chose Harold, son of Godwin, and for king." And the thegns drew round and placed hand on Harold's knee, and cried aye. "We choose thee, O Harold for lord and for king." And row by row, line by line all the multitude echoed forth, "We choose thee, O Harold, for Lord and for king." So there he stood with his calm brow, facing all. Monarch of England and Basileus of Britain.

Now unheeded amidst the throng, and leaning against a column in the arched of the aisle, was a woman with her veil round her face; and she lifted the veil for a moment to gaze on that lofty brow, and the tears were streaming fast down her cheek, but her face was not sad.

"Let the vulgar not see, to pity or scorn thee, daughter of kings as great as he who abandons and forsakes thee!" murmured a voice in her ear; and the form of Hilda, needing no support from column or wall, rose erect by the side of Edith. Edith bowed her head and lowered the veil, as the king descended the platform and stood again by the altar, while clear through the hushed assembly rang the words of his triple promise to his people:

"Peace to his Church and the Christian flock.

"Intiductum of rapacity and injustice.

"Equity and mercy in his judgments, as God the gracious and just might show mercy to him."

And deep from the hearts of thousands came the low "Amen!"

Then after a short prayer, which each prelate repeated, the crowd saw afar the glitter of the crown held over the head of the king. The voice of the consecrator was heard, low till it came to the words "So potently and royally may he rule, against all visible and invisible foes, that the royal throne of the Angles and Saxons may not desert his scepter."

As the prayer ceased, came the symbolical rite of anointment. Then peeled the sonorous organ, and solemn along the aisles rose the anthem that closed with the chorus, which the voice of the multitude swelled, "May the king live forever." Then the crown that had gleamed in the trembling hand of the prelate, rested firm in its splendor on the front of the king. And the scepter of rule, and the rod of justice, "to soothe the pious and terrify the bad," were placed in the royal hand. And the prayer and the blessings were renewed till the close. "Bless, Lord, the courage of this prince, and prosper the works of his hand. With his horn, as the horn of the rhinoceros, may he blow the waters to the extremities of the earth; and may he who has ascended to the skies be his aid forever!"

Then Hilda stretched forth her hand to lead Edith from the place. But Edith shook her head and murmured:

"But once again, but once!" and with involuntary step moved on.

Suddenly, close where she paused, the crowd parted, and down the narrow lane so formed amidst the wedged and breathless crowd, came the august procession—prelate and thug swept on from the church to the palace; and alone, with firm and measured step, the diadem on his brow, the scepter in his hand, came the king. Edith checked the rushing impulse at her heart, but she went forward with veil half drawn aside, and so gazed on that form of more than royal majesty, fondly, pt... ty. The king swept on and saw her not; love I ved no more for him.
A REMARKABLE METEOR.

The wonderful bolide of Warsaw, a few months ago, was something more fantastic than anything the astronomer ever dreamed of. On a starlight night the citizens of that place gazed petrified with fear at the rapid approach of an immense ball of fire, which at last burst over their heads with a noise and shock such as never has been heard or felt before on the face of the earth. After the globe burst, each of the pieces, in turn, broke up, until parts of the mass before reaching the earth, were in powder, the first discharge representing, from the sound, the discharge of artillery, and the smaller pieces, the rolling discharge of many regiments of small arms. M. Daubree, of the French Academy of Science, who has just been lecturing on the subject has obtained for the Academy 932 pieces of the broken bolide. M. Krantz of Bonn, gathered up for himself 1,612 pieces. Other professors have done the same, and millions of pieces yet remain strewn over the district of country where it broke.

It was computed that this globe had a surface of 2,000 acres, and was consequently large enough to maintain the life of many microscopic nations. Where did it come from—and what was the force that directed it thus in a straight line against the earth? When first seen, it appeared as large as the moon, and never appeared larger till it struck our atmosphere, and exploded. This fact shows its frightful rapidity of motion; for, from the distances at which it appeared less than the moon, till the time it exploded, it must have shot so rapidly that the eye had not time to perceive its enlargement. Then, again, what was the cause of the explosion—and especially of an explosion so complete as to almost triturate the particles? Was it the density of the earth’s atmosphere that broke it—or was the explosion due to the contact of certain gases of the meteor with the constituents of the air? It is more-consoling to adopt the first theory, because we may then feel as if our atmosphere served as a cuirass to the earth, and would continue to protect us from the stray globes like that of Warsaw. The shock, and the spring of the air, must have been something beyond the computation of man; for it did not knock people down, and yet it occurred at something like fifty miles from the earth; and the pieces picked up show it to have been a tolerably hard stone.

AN INVITATION TO ALL.

It is our wish to constitute the Magazine the representative of home talent; and, to this end, we solicit contributions from our friends throughout the Territory; and from all interested in the cause of education. We shall be happy to receive correspondence on any Educational, Scientific, or Literary questions, and lay the same before the public for their consideration. Short popular Lectures, simplifying any science, will also be gladly received; as will any brief communications in prose or poetry.

Let our Literary and Debating Societies also forward to us reports of Lectures or of any interesting points brought out at their meetings. They will be useful to similar societies in other parts of the Territory, and be interesting to the public.

We shall keep a corner for any humorous communications or racy correspondence of any kind. There are many of such, who could help to enrich our Home Magazine; and amuse the public. Let them send on their happiest conceits.

If any of our readers differ with us in their estimate of any views we may advocate, we shall be happy—provided their communications are not too long—to present their ideas before our readers, and have all such questions thoroughly ventilated.

In short, let all detractors of aid us, send on their best thoughts. Let none be fearful of criticism, or delay sending until they can write perfectly. Practice will improve the untied and perfect the accomplished. We invite communications from all. Send on, we shall be glad to hear from you.

READ IT.

The attention of all our friends is called to the Prospectus of the New Volume of the Magazine, published in the advertising pages of this number. Read the magnificent and attractive offer of Eastern periodicals to be given free to all Clubs. It is worth attention.
representative men of utah.

character-sketches and biography.

by e. w. tullidge.

"if i might give a hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. if he resolved to venture upon the dangerous
precipice of telling unhallowed truth, let him proclaim the
resignation of his character, and write history the way it is.
let him dare to tell the truth, and write history as it is.
let it be a story of the men, and not the nation.
"--de foe.

daniel spencer.

here is a man whose illustrious memory will even

daniel spencer. disarm envy. it is a providence for an author to

find such a subject for his sketch as daniel spencer. i have taken the pertinent hint of de foe, to writers

prophetic of their fate, if they dare to be impartial as

a standing note to my "representative men of utah."

i do not expect, however, that this note of the whole

will ever be applicable to me as an author, viz: "if he
tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the
iron bands of the law." i have no crimes of great

tell, but this passage is pertinent: "if he tells

them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob

attacks him with slander." but who will slander me

for honoring daniel spencer! on such a subject i

am safe indeed! his grave -- not yet reconciled to

the common law of mortality, "dust to dust, ashes to

ashes." would agonize almost, did any slanderer

touch the name of edward tullidge for epitomizing

the constant virtues in the life of that good, that noble,

that just man! deep in the hearts of the saints

aye, of all who ever knew him -- has daniel spencer

been every moment of his honored and useful life;
deep in the hearts of us who still remain, is the mem

ory of the dear departed; everlasting shall he be in

our love when a blessed immortality reunites us all

again.

daniel spencer belonged to the stock of the "fine

old english gentleman, one of the olden times," so

often sung of englishmen when they were something

nobler than a nation of shop-keepers. the spencers

are not only from the best blood of england, high

and renowned in history for their noble character and

deeds, but they gave to england one of the fathers of

poetry, aye, one of the very fathers of the english

language. chaucer, spenser, and shakespeare come in

the lightning thought flashed upon my page. even
to this very day, the english spencers are a very

pure stock in all its branches, and that of daniel

spencer is among the best.

the hon. john c. spencer, of new york, secretary of

the treasury of the united states in 1845-49, is

connected with the family of daniel spencer. his

brother orson was one of the chief men in the secreta-

ry, and during his presidency of the church in

great britain, he assisted his distinguished relative in

overseas the heraldry office to trace the family in

their connections. it was found that the ex-treasurer

of the united states was an offshoot of the spencer

stock, identified with the puritan emigration of this
country, and this identification of course brought

in his distant relatives orson and daniel.

tracing the immediate line of our own spencers,

who have made a distinguished mark in the history of

to this church, and among the representative men of

utah, we find them in character noted for their love

of independence and justice. the father of the

ject of this memoir took up arms at the commence-

ment of the revolutionary war, for the inalienable

rights of man and the independence of the american

country. like grant, he was resolved to "fight it out

on that line all summer," and so the veteran father

daniel and orson spencer held to his arms and fought

in the great cause of humanity, which washington

led, until he saw the final surrender of lord cornwallis

at yorktown. honor, therefore, be also to him who

gave their being to those just and noble men,

daniel and orson spencer.

there were of the branch of the family of this veter-

an of the revolution, whose name was also daniel,

seven sons besides daughters. the eldest son was

daniel, the subject of this sketch, and orson and hy-

rum were two of his younger brothers, who came into

the church of latter-day saints, following their natu-

ral leader and elder. hyrum was a good and true

man, well known for his integrity among the nauvoo

saints. he was in effect a martyr to the cause he

had espoused. about the time of the exodus from nau-

voo he and his nephew (chadnius) drove away a

herd of cattle from their pursuers, the mob. they

rode on and on in their flight until hyrum fell ex-

hausted, and in the morning he was beyond all, until

pursuit. he was with his god and the two martyrs,

joseph and hyrum, who had just gone before.

orson spencer, the other brother, has a first-class his-

torical name in the church, and his character and

memoir will hereafter appear among the representa-

tive men of utah.

daniel, before he reached the age of twenty-one,
bought his time out from his father, and made a man-

ly and true american push into the great world to

establish his character and social position in life.
at that period a new commercial intercourse was opening

between new england and the southern states. the

sagacious and enterprising youth, who afterwards so
distinguished himself for a quarter of a century as the

chief justice of the mormons -- as our "daniel came
to judgment," -- even then weighed in the balances of
his mind the commercial situations of his country, and
started into the southern states. there he opened

the way for five of his brothers, in the state of geor-

gia and also in north and south carolina. for him-

self he established a flourishing mercantile house at

savannah, which he followed for thirteen years. as
an example of the extent of his mercantile transac-

tions in the south, his son has informed the writer

that the business of his father while at savannah, some

days reached the magnitude of a hundred thousand

dollars.

daniel not only opened the way in the southern

states for five of his brothers, but with them

gave to his brother orson a collegiate training, bear-

ing chiefly the expenses of that classical education

for which orson is so celebrated in our church as a theo-

logian and a highly accomplished author. it is well

known that orson was lame and his elder brother ed-
cated him for the pulpit instead of the counting house,

and while his brothers were pursuing the calling of
merchants in the south, he was rising to the sphere

of eloquence and literature.
of an influential clergyman in the Baptist Church in Massachusetts.

At the close of his commercial career in the South Daniel Spencer returned to his native place West Stockbridge, Mass. He was then about thirty-five years of age, in the very prime of manhood. After his return he married Sophronia, daughter of General Pomeroy. The family of his bride was of the old Puritan stock, high in social rank and respected by all for their moral worth and representative character.

Some of the branches of her family are to-day figuring largely in the affairs of the nation, and are in high repute in the best circles of the land. Of this union came Claudius Spencer, and he was their only issue.

On his return to his native place, Daniel established a large mercantile house. He also became the proprietor of a first-class hotel, and engaged largely in farming operation. His business was very prosperous and all his commercial relationship at that period most happy. Besides his more personal and extensive business concerns, he also became connected with a mercantile house in partnership with the Messrs. Boyingtons, celebrated marble dealers. So much trusted by the firm was he, that the whole supervision of the concern fell upon his shoulders. Among his townsman he was universally respected, and he enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the people in all the region around, just as he ever did after he became a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints, by all who knew him, whether followers of his profession or disbelievers in the Mormon mission. At least every one who knew him believed in Daniel Spencer.

We now come to the period when Daniel Spencer became connected with the Mormon Church, of which he has been acknowledged by all—and by none more cordially than by Brigham Young—to be one of the leaders of its representative men. It was in January 1846. Until this date, no Elder of the Mormon Church had preached in his native town. Our esteemed citizen, John Van Cott, however, belonged to the same region, and already his relatives, the Pratts, had been laboring to impress Van Cott with the Mormon faith. But Daniel Spencer, up to this date, had no relationship whatever with the people with whom himself and his brother Orson afterwards became so prominently identified, in all their destiny, establishing for themselves among that people historical names.

At this time Daniel Spencer belonged to no sect of religiousists, but sustained in the community the name of a man marked for character and moral worth. It was, however, his custom to give free quarters to preachers of all denominations. The Mormon Elder came. His coming created an epoch in Daniel Spencer's life. Through his influence the Presbyterian meeting house was obtained for the Mormon Elder to preach his Gospel, and the meeting was attended by the elite of the town.

At the close of the service, the Elder asked the assembly if there was any person present who would give him “a night's lodgings and a meal of victuals in the name of Jesus.” For several minutes, a dead silence reigned in the congregation. None present seemed desirous to peril their character or taint their respectability by taking home a Mormon Elder. At length, Daniel Spencer, in the old Puritan spirit and the proud independence so characteristic of the true American gentlemen, rose up, stepped into the aisle and broke the silence: "I will entertain you, sir, for humanity's sake," said our noble, departed brother, in answer to the appeal of the Elder to be taken into some benevolent house for Jesus' sake. The phrasing of the offer of a home in response to the appeal—for humanity's sake—was not only very characteristic of Daniel Spencer, but was more truly noble than though he had offered it for the sake of Christ. Any ordinary man might take a stranger in for the sake of the Lord of Life and Glory, who has fought our battles on the cross and in his resurrection, and done so much for us, but it took a Daniel Spencer to boldly set aside the style of the appeal of the Elder "for the sake of Jesus" and offer it for the sake of his fellow man. How much Daniel has since done for the sake of his Lord and Master, we all know somewhat, but what he did when he challenged by the honorable consistency of his own tried character, the reproach for taking to be a disciple Mormon Elder, he did for humanity's sake.

Daniel took the poor Elder not to his public hotel, as was his wont with the preachers generally who needed hospitality, but he took him to his own house, a fine family mansion, and the next morning he clothed him from head to foot with a good suit of broad-cloth from the shelves of his store. But how stood he at that time regarding the mission of the Prophet of this new dispensation opened in America? He stood a firm, conscientious unbeliever, and would not hear anything from the preacher concerning Mormonism. He was prejudiced against his doctrines. He did not for a moment believe that Jesus had anything to do with the matter, and he took no merit to himself for winning his title to that blessed plaudit from the Lord, promised to such as he: "When I was a hungered ye fed me; a naked and ye clothed me; a stranger and ye took me in." He perfectly felt his duty to his fellow men, and manifested that spirit of kindness and gentleness which so abundantly marked his life. Daniel Spencer tendered his fellow man.

The Elder continued to preach the new and strange Gospel, and brought upon himself much persecution. This produced upon the mind of Daniel Spencer an extraordinary effect. Seeing the bitter malevolence from the preachers and the best of professing Christians, and being naturally a philosopher and a judge, he resolved to investigate the cause of this enmity and unchristian manifestation. The result came. It was as strongly marked as his conduct during the investigation. For two weeks he closed his establishment, refused to do business with any one, and shut himself up to study, and there alone with his God he weighed in the balances of his clear head and conscientious heart the divine message, and found it not wanting. One day when his son was with him in his study, he suddenly burst into a flood of tears, and exclaimed: "My God, the thing is true, and as an honest man I must embrace it!" He had also weighed the consequences, but his conscientious mind compelled him to assume all the responsibility and take up the cross. He e.v.r. that he must, in the eyes of friends and townsman, fall from the social pinnacle on which he then stood, to that of a despised people. But he stepped out like a man—like himself.

TO BE CONTINUED.
IS IT ORTHODOX?

Much is the question we have heard asked a few times, with reference to some ideas expressed in Bro. Tullidge's late articles, and we wish to say a few words in reply.

With a strong faith in the omnipotence of truth, a strong assurance that it can take care of itself, we have invited a free expression of thought from all to write for the Magazine. Instead of confusing ourselves to the principle of putting nothing in the Magazine but what we can endorse in every particular, we prefer to insert the views of others, just as they are, even if we have to correct them immediately afterwards. This is the principle (very properly, we think) pursued by our leaders on ecclesiastical subjects, and we believe it is a correct one to apply in literary matters.

In a Universalist article, written a short time ago, Bro. Tullidge expressed his belief that the providences of the work of God were far from "being confined to little Utah." We all believe this sentiment when it is put in these exact words, hence some of our friends thought the expression unsound from a Mormon pen. Our own views on that subject are: that all and the people are more especially the seat and center around which Divine providences are clustered, than any other place on earth; and that no portion of the world is immediately interesting to God as angels as this "little Utah of ours," because here a people out of whom will be developed a Zion peculiar to all Masons. God's provinces are rich and full all over the earth, and all movements elsewhere are being directed by God for the benefit of the world; but it is our faith that here the master movement exists which is to take in and enthesize all others.

There are two sides to every subject, but when a writer is trying to bring up a side of the subject which may have been overlooked, he is apt to appear to the other side. There are but few men who can take in two ideas at one time and combine the two. We know public speakers in this city who never lack of another life and its great bearings on the present, but what some one will assert they do not believe in the practical realities of to-day, when those men are, of all others, in their character and daily life, as intensely practical as any in the community. The fact is, all men speak of that side of the truth with which God has most touched their own souls. One man feels the wonderful purposes of God concerning the future of this community, and talks accordingly; another views the world in its great movements through all past ages, and, seeking for light from Heaven, is struck with an inspiration concerning the great movements of God in the world at large, and he talks from the standpoint from which God has permitted him to see things. The man to whom a revelation of God on the destiny of this community has been made, says unthinkingly of his brother, whose eyes have been opened more particularly to another department of truth, "He is unorthodox!" "He is unsound!" It is time that we abolished all one-sided views, and understood that all men must think and feel as God opens their souls to think and feel. God cannot operate except through our organizations, and according to our organizations we are more adapted to be impressed by one truth than another. Hence some men see intensely a truth that others, perhaps their superiors in some matters, never see at all. They are not open to be impressed with that particular class of truths.

Before closing we wish to express our views upon another subject. In the article on Mr. Jennings, under the heading of "Representative men of Utah," it is stated that the mercantile class has done more to bring Utah into a recognized importance in the United States, than any other class. Now, any man with brains must know and feel what Bro. Tullidge knows and feels as much as anybody, that, in one sense, the movements of the priesthood or the apostolic "class" go below and before all operations of the merchants, because they brought the people here, and the people included the Mormon merchants themselves. There was no necessity to state so patent a fact. The establishment of a community here of course made opportunities for the merchants, and every other class. That the mercantile operations which have flowed out of the basewark laid by our leaders has done very much to bring Utah into a recognized importance in the United States is very clear; and furthermore, that the mercantile operations of Utah may have done more to awaken an interest in the minds of thousands in the United States than anything else done by this community, is also certain, because people's brains and hearts in the United States, as elsewhere, generally lie in their pockets, and they can see a dollar plainer than a principle of truth, be that principle sublime as God or grand as the Universe itself.

Had Bro. Tullidge elaborated the article in question he would have gone on to explain that the intercourse of our merchants being directly with the United States, and personally in it, they have made themselves, of necessity, more practically felt by the men of money and influence than any other class.

Of course when time is taken to enter into detail, the facts of the case are these, (and would have been stated in the article in question, had the other side of the subject been under consideration): The Gospel gathered us and laid the foundation for a people; and since then it has not been altogether the "class" on missions abroad, or altogether the "class" on missions at home—behind the counter, with the spade, with the chisel, or with the pen—but the whole people, "one and indivisible," who have brought us to a recognized importance in the United States. We have all done a part, and the merchants, in appealing to an influential class, have very prominently done theirs.

NOTICE. Specimen copies of the beautiful magazines and papers to be given away to clubs formed for our New Volume can be seen at this office. Read the Prospectus, page 3 of advertisements.
FOUL PLAY

BY CHARLES BRADLEY AND DION BRADDOCK

CHAPTER LXXI.

Fullerlove forbore directly, and offered him a cigar. He took it, and it soothed him a little; it was long since he had smoked one. His agitation subsided, and a quiet tear or two rolled down his haggard cheek. The Yankee saw, and kept silence.

It was when the cigar was nearly smoked out, he said he was afraid Robert would not find a purchaser for his island, and what a pity Joshua Fullerlove was cool on islands just now.

"Oh!" said Robert, "I know there are enterprising Americans on the coast who will give me money for what I have to sell."

Fullerlove was silent a minute, then he got a piece of wood and a knife, and said, with an air of resignation:

"I reckon we'll have to deal."

Need we say that to deal had been his eager desire from the start.

He now began to whistle a peg, and awaited the attack.

"What will you give me, sir?"

"What money down? And you got nothing to sell but chances. Why, there's an old saying about that, knows where the island is as well as you do."

"Then of course you will treat with him," said Robert, sadly.

"I'm not, sir," answered Fullerlove. "You are in trouble, and he is not, nor will ever be till he dies, and then he'll get it hot, I calculate. He is a thief and stole my horse, and he is an honest man and brought it back. I reckon I'll deal with you and not with that old case; not by a jugful."

"But it must have been a crime and bewitched my country, I can prove my innocence now if I can but get home with a great deal of money. So much for me. You are a member of the vainer and most generous nation in the world."

"Wal, now that's kinder heavy and vinegar mixed," said Fullerlove; "pretty good for a Britisher, though."

"You are a man of that nation, which in all the agonies and unparalleled expenses of civil war, snarling, too, under anonymous taunts from England, did yet send over a large sum to relieve the distresses of certain poor Englishmen who were indirect victims of the same calamity. The act, the time, the misery relieved, the taunts overlooked, prove your nation superior to all others in generosity. At least my reading, which is very large, affords no parallel to it either in ancient or modern history. Mr. Fullerlove, please to recollect that you are a member of that nation, and that I am very unhappy and helpless, and want money to undo cruel wrongs, but have no heart to chaffer much. Take the island and the treasure, and give me half the profits you make. Is that not fair?"

Fullerlove wore a rueful countenance.

"Darn the critter," said he, "he'll take the skin off my bones if I don't mind. Past Britisher ever I met had the sense to see that. T'was rather handsome, warn't it? Wal, human nature is deep; every man you tackle in business larns you something. What with picking ye out o' the sea, and you giving me back the harpoon the cuss stole, and your face like a young calf, when you are the cufed fox out, and you giving the great United States the money for it, I'm more fit to deal than matched potatoes. Now I care: it is only for one. Next time don't you try to palaver me. Draw me a map of your island, Britisher, and mark where the Spaniard lies: I tell you I know her name, and the year she was lost in: 'larned that at Lima once, you see. You did, when you showed me the coin out of her, Wal, there's my hand on half, and if I'm keen, I'm square."

Soon after this he led Robert to his cabin and Robert drew a large map from his models; and Fullerlove, being himself an excellent draughtman, and provided with proper instruments, aided him to finish it. The project is communicated below.

Next day they sighted Valparaiso, and bade farewell to the port.

All the specimens of Inland wealth were put on board, and the ship rolled out towards Queen Charlotte's Sound. The lease of the island from the Chilian government, and its use, part of his plan to trumpet the article he was going to buy.

After a moment's hesitation he declined to take the single pounds of silver. He gave as a reason, that having purchased that cufed thing, he did not feel it just to chargr his partner a fancy price for towing his boat thither. At the same time he hinted that, after all, the next customer would find him a very difficult Yankee to deal with.

With this understanding, he gave Robert a draft for £50 on account of profile, and this enabled him to take a passage to England, being able to make his way home with all his belongings.

He arrived at Southampton very soon after the event, and at once went to London, fully alive to the danger of his position.

He had a friend in his long beard, but he dare not reveal that alone. Like a mole, he worked at night.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Helen asked Arthur Wardlaw why he was so surprised to hear the prayer-book being brought back. Was it worth two pounds to any one except herself?

Arthur looked keenly at her to see whether she hated him more than the car, and then said that he was surprised to the rapid effect of his advertisement, that was all.

"Now you have got the book," said he, "I do hope you will treasure that cruel slander on one whom you mean to honor by your hand."

Her proposal made Helen blush, and feel very much afraid of the consequences of such times as were written by Robert Penfold; and she had little of his dear handwriting. "Tell me," she said, "you must give me time. It shall meet no eye but mine; and on our wedding day you shall present it— all memorials of us—" Years completed the sentence.

Arthur Wardlaw, raging with jealousy at the absent Penfold, as he was herefore Penfold had raged at him, heaved a deep sigh and hurried away, while Helen was locking up the prayer-book that was written by Robert Penfold, and was the last of his dear handwriting. "Tell me," she said, "you must give me time. It shall meet no eye but mine; and on our wedding day you shall present it— all memorials of us—"

It was the prayer-book he had picked up in the square and locked up in that safe. Yet that very prayer-book had been restored to Helen before his eyes, and was now locked up on her desk. He sat down with the book in his hand and a great dread came over him.

Hilbert Candour and Credulity only had been opposed to his plan, but now Cunning had entered the field against him, and master hand was co-operating with Helen.

Yet, strange to say, she secured unconscious of that co-operation, that Robert Penfold found his gray home by strange means? Was he watching her in her room? He had the woman he loved watched night and day, and Robert Penfold was detected.

It was on this brain-stormed day, and at last he conceived a plan of deceit which is common enough in the East, where lying is one of the fine arts, but was new in this country, that he believed and we hope to Heaven shall not be the means of bringing into the theatre for an hour. The man played a little part, of pompous speech, with some approach to Nature. He seemed honest.

Arthur found this man out; visited him at his own place. He was very poor, and mingled pompously with other men, so that Arthur felt convinced he was to be bought, and sold, what there was of him.
He sounded it, accordingly, and the result was that the
agreed to perform a part of him.

Arthur wrote it, and they rehearsed it together. As to the
dialogue, this was so constructed that it could be varied con-
Siderably according to the case, which could be foreseen to a
certain extent; but not precisely, since they were to be given
Helen Rolleston, who was not in the secret.

But whilst this plot was fermenting, other events happened,
which the thieving, the lemony tendrency, and these will be more intelligible if we go back to Nancy Rouce’s cottage, where indeed to have kept Joseph Wylie in a uncomfortable position a very long time.

James, from next door, was at last admitted into
Nancy’s kitchen, and her first word was:—“I suppose you
mean I’m come about, ma’am.”

“Which it is to return me the soss-pans you borrowed, no
what,” was Nancy’s injunious reply.

“But I can’t afford to give away my soss-pans.”

“Soss-pans is not in my head.”

“Nor in your hand, neither.”

“I’m come about my lodger; a most respectable gentleman,
which he met with an accident. He did go to put his
soss-pans in the safe, and has travelled a good deal, and learned the foreign customs,
when his hand was caught in the brickwork, somehow, and here he is hard and fast.

“I know nothing about it, Mrs. James,” said Nancy. “De
no girl?”

“No,” said the miss, with a countenance of polished granite.

“Ah, bless me!” said Nancy, with a sudden start. “Why, is
you talking about the thief as you and I caught putting his
soss-pans in the safe, and Nancy asked her dilly whether she was to blame for
these hand which had committed a manifest trespass.

“You have got the rest of his body,” said she, “but this
here hand belongs to me.”

“I see, ma’am, what could be taken out of your chimbly?
Lord, what a job it is to follow his imprisioned hand in the party wall. It was only for a moment though; the next, he
nooked imperturbably.

“Well, sir,” said Nancy, “I hopes you are comfortable.”

“Thank ye, miss; yes. I’m at a double sheat anchor.”

“Why do you call me miss?”

“I don’t know. ’Cause you are so young and pretty.”

“Thank that,” said Mr. Wylie, “as I can’t afford to give
away my soss-pans.”

“Soss-pans is not in my head.”

“You’re not afraid I shall steal it, I hope?”

“No, bless the woman; don’t fly out at a body like that. I
am not afraid to give away my soss-pans.”

“Of course not.”

“Put them away.”

“That is all right. I’m blest if I didn’t think they were gone
for ever.”

“I wish they had never come. Ill-gotten money is a curse.”

Then she taxed him with scolding the Proserpine, and asked
him whether that money had not been the bribe. But Joe was
obdurate. “I never split on a friend,” he said “And you
ought to be a body like me. You would not have split with
out £2,000. I loved you; and, indeed, you go through with
me. You think that a poor fellow like me can make £2,000 in a voyage
by hauling on ropes, and tying true lover’s knots in the
fore-top.”

Nancy had her answer ready; but this reminiscence pricked
her own conscience and paved the way to a reconciliation.

Nancy had no high flown notions. She loved money, but it
must be got without palpable dishonesty; “per contra,” she
was not going to announce her sweethearth, but then again she
would not marry him so long as she differed with her about the
meaning of the eight commandment.

This led to many arguments, some of them warm, some affec-
tious, and so we leave Mr. Wylie under the slow but salubrious
influence of love, and unprofitable profit.

He continued to lodge next door. Nancy would only receive
him as a visitor. “No,” said she, “a little snipping and mair-
ning is good for the health; but I don’t care to take the broad
out of a neighbor’s mouth as keeps saying she has seen better
days.”

Helen had complained to Arthur, of all people, that she
was watched and followed; she even asked him whether that
was not the set of some enemy. Arthur smiled, and said: “Take
me aside for it. You are one of my best admirers of your beauty; I want to know your habits, in order to be a
guardian in all you do; you had better let me go out with you for the next month or so; that sort of thing will soon die away.”

As a necessary consequence of this injudicious revelation, Helen was watched without skill and subtility, and upon a
plan well calculated to disarm suspicion: a spy watched the
door, and by a signal, unintelligible to any but his confederate, whom Helen could not possibly see, set the latter on her track.

They kept this game up unobserved for several days; but learned nothing, for Helen was at a standstill.

At last they got caught, and by a truly feminine stroke of
observation.

A shrowdy dressed man peeped into a shop where Helen was
busying herself.

With one glance of her woman’s eye she recognized a large
dress-pint in the worst possible taste; thence her eyes went up
and recognized the features of her needy follower, though he
was now dressed up to the nine.

She withdrew her eye directly, completed her purchase, and
went home, brooding defence and vengeance.

That evening she dined with a lady, who had a large ac-
quaintance with lawyers, and it so happened that Mr. Tolle-
man and Mr. Rolleston were both in the house.

Now, when these gentlemen saw Helen in full costume, a
queen in form as well as face, coroneted with her island pearls,
environed with a halo of romance, and courted by women as
well as men, they looked up to her with astonishment, and made up to her in a very different style from that in which they
had received her visit. Tollemanche she received coldly: he had
defended Robert Peelford feebly, and she hated him for it. Hennessy she received graciously, and remembering Robert's
precept, to be supreme as a woman, bewitched him. He was a good-natured, able and vain. By eleven o'clock she had called him in her service. When she had conquered him, she said, "But I ought not to speak of these things to you except through a solicitor."

"This is no rule," said the learned counsel; "but in this case no dark body must come between me and the sun."

In short, he entered into Penfold's case with such well-felt warmth, to please the heartless girl, that at last he took him by the horns and consulted.

"I am followed," said she.

"I have no doubt you are; and on a large scale: it is the same room for another I should be glad to join the train."

"Well, if you find him here, I'll meet you half way. But I wish I was, you know, and you are followed, and followed by some one to that good friend, whose sagacity have we here taken."

"Forgive me for saying we.

"I am too proud of the companion ship to let you off."

"It is the worst I could do."

"Then advise me what to do. I want to retaliate. I want to discover who is watching me, and why. Can you advise me? Will you?"

The counsel reflected a moment, and Helen, who watched him, marked the power that suddenly came into his countenance and braced his voice.

"You must watch the spies. I have influence in Scotland Yard, and will get it done for you. If you went there yourself they would cross-examine you and decline to interfere. I'll give you his name, and put it in a certain light. An able detective will call for you: he will get ten guineas, and let him into your views of confidence: then he will work the public machine for you."

"Oh, Mr. Hennessy, how can I thank you?"

"But proceeding. I hate to fail: and now your name.

Next day a man with a hooked nose, a keen black eye, and a solitary foible (Moshi) called on Helen Rolleston, and told her he was to take her instructions. She told him she was followed, and thought it was done to halt a mission she had undertaken: but, having got so far, she blushed and hesitated.

"The more you tell me, the more use I can be," said Mr. Burt.

Mr. Burt then announced, and remembering Mr. Hennessy's advice, she gave Mr. Burt, as coldly as she could, an outline of Robert Penfold's case, and of the evidence he had made and the small result.

Burt listened keenly, and took notes on two and three. When he had done so, he thanked everything in turn.

"Miss Rolleston," said he, "I am the officer that arrested Robert Penfold. I must come to a grinder that he knocked out."

"Oh dear!" said Helen, "how unfortunate! Then I fear cannot reckon on your services."

"Why not? What? Do you think I hold spikes and a poor fellow for defending himself?"

He asked Mr. Penfold make a very proper note: certainly, for a person, the gent was a very quick hurst, but he wrote very square: said he hoped it would allow for the surprise and the agitation of an innocent man, sent him two guineas too, and said he would make it twenty; but he was poor as well as unfortunate: that latter has stuck in my gizzard ever since: can't see the color of felony in it. Your folly is never in a fault: and, if he wore a good coat, he wouldn't give him to show off.

"It was very improper of him to strike you," said Helen, "and very noble of you to forgive it. Make him sit up and have him under a deep obligation."

"If he is not, I'll publish it and prove it," said the Privy. Then he asked her if she had taken notes. She said she had a diary. He begged to see it. She felt incline to withdraw it, but, remembering that this was a woman, and that Robert's orders to her were to be obeyed, and that he was the diarist, she produced her diary. Mr. Burt read it very carefully, and told her it was a very promising case.

"You have done a great deal more than you thought," he said.

"You have nettled the fish.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I nettled the fish: what fish?"

"The man who forged the promissory note."

"Oh Mr. Burt!"

The same man that forged the newspaper extracts to deceive you, forged the promissory note years ago, and the man who is setting spies on you is the man who forged those evi-

tract: so we are sure to nail him. He is in the net: and we will give you much to your credit. Leave the rest to me. I'll tell you more about it to-morrow. You must order your carriage at eight o'clock to-morrow, and drive to Scotland Yard: go to the yard and you will see me; follow me without a word, and then at the park: I'll be waiting there, and I will take you to the employment, and so we will nail him."

Helen complied with these instructions strictly, and then turned home, leaving Mr. Burt to work. She had been busy all the morning, when the servant brought her up a small boy saying that a man wanted to speak to her.

"Admit him," said Helen.

"He is dressed very poor, miss."

"Never mind; send him to me," said Helen. When he was afraid to ring, he knocked, and when he went back on information.

A man presented himself in well worn clothes, with a wolf's face and close shaven chin: a little of his forehead was also left.

"Madam, my name is Hunt." Helen slatted.

"I have already had the honor of writing to you."

"Yes, sir," said Helen, opening his pocket and a shower of letters fell from one thousand pounds. It was my plan to collect them, and present my young master and his friend Robert Penfold, and to show him a house, and to make a fortune."

"I was afraid to ring, and my errand was to show him a house."

"If you only knew your own vanity was irritated by his pretensions. It was my plan to collect them, and present my young master and his friend Robert Penfold, and to show him a house, and to make a fortune."

Hunt was left in the room, and Hunt was left in the room.

Hunt was left in the room.

Mr. Penfold was dressed in a mess more, and could say nothing.

He was dressed in a mess more, and could say nothing.

Mr. Penfold was dressed in a mess more, and could say nothing.

"Are you prepared to make this statement on paper if called for?"

"Yes, sir," said Hunt.

"I'll write down that Robert Penfold was innocent, and that you are ready and willing to be examined, and you may be called upon."

"That's done," said Hunt.

"Does your precaution is entitled, you will."

But Mr. Penfold was dressed in a mess more, and could say nothing.

Hunt was left in the room.

Hunt was left in the room.

Hunt was left in the room.

"Then we will have the few times she required.

"Now your address, that I may know to find you at any moment's notice."

"He then wrote; "J. Hunt, 11, Warwick Street, Puller."
years have maintained his innocence, will be the first to welcome him to his home, an honored guest. What am I saying? Can it dare it ought I when my wife— Ah! I am more to be pitied than my poor friend: my friend, my rival. Well, I leave it to you if he can come into your husband's home.

"Never."

"But, at least, I can send the Springbok out, and bring him home, and I will do without one day's delay."

"Oh, Arthur!" cried Helen, "you set me an example of my selfishness."

"I do what I can," said Arthur, "I hope for a reward."

Helen sighed. "What shall I do?"

"Tell my faithful lover and to whom your faith was pledged before ever you saw, or knew my unhappy friend. What can I do or suffer more than I have done and suffered for you? Have pity on me, and be my wife."

"I will, some day."

"Bless you: bless you. One effect more: what day?"

"I can't. I can't. My heart is dead."

"This day fortnight. Let me speak to your father: let him name the day."

As she made no reply, he kissed her hand devoutly, and did speak to her father.

Sir Edward meaning all for the best, said, "This day fortnight."
PORTRAIT GALLERY.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Henry, Lord Brougham, the eminent ex-Chancellor of England, who as a legislator, reformer, and author had attained a high position forty years ago, died on the 9th of May last, at his country residence near Cannes, France. He was born in Edinburgh, September 19th, 1778, and had therefore nearly completed his ninetieth year.

His unusual longevity was due to the natural vigor and endurance of his constitution. His features manifested a powerfully marked motive temperament. He was, as it were, constituted of finely tempered steel, which possessed both the qualities of elasticity and toughness. He was active, lithe, sprightly, but at the same time intense, tenacious, untiring, and persistent. His industry as a scholar, a lawyer, a statesman, is unparalleled. The fibers of his brain seemed capable of sustaining any labor, any strain, which his disposition or intellectual pursuits could impose on them. He would sometimes work day and night with scarcely an interval of repose, and when he had attained the object of his labor, he appeared as fresh and vigorous as at the commencement of his undertaking. In fact, even in advanced life he was ever active. There is nothing striking in his countenance as regards peculiar genius in a department philosophical or artistic. His temperament and practical organization, his keen observing powers and superior analytical talent, and his untiring activity formed the basis of his great executive abilities. Benevolence is conspicuous in his top-head, and inspired those reformatory and philanthropic measures which honor his memory. During his student career at the University of Edinburgh, he exhibited marked scientific qualities, especially in the department of mathematics. Having chosen law as his profession, we find him as early as 1807 retained as counsel in suits of the highest importance.

In 1808, he settled in London, where the eloquence and ability displayed in an important commercial lawsuit attracted the attention of leading politicians, who succeeded in electing him a member of the House of Commons. There he soon took a strong position by reason of his aggressive zeal, oratorical vehemence, and pungent sarcasm. One of his first steps was to introduce measures for the suppression of the slave-trade. In their labors for this end Wilberforce and Clarkson had no more strenuous supporter than the fiery young Whig from Scotland. His efforts were not wanting in behalf of other liberal and progressive measures. The cause of Catholic emancipation, of reform in the government of India, and of the abolition of flogging in the army, received his powerful advocacy. Lord Brougham interested himself in the cause of popular education, and was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the "model schools" for the instruction of the poorer classes. The event of his life which conducd most to his popularity in England was his famous defense of Queen Caroline, on her trial before the House of Lords in 1820 and 1821. His eloquence on this occasion has seldom been equalled. On the formation of Earl Grey's ministry in 1830, he was appointed Lord Chancellor of England. In this honorable sphere he continued four years, commanding general admiration for his singular energy and promptitude in transacting the business of his onerous office. In 1839 he retired from public life to his villa in the south of France, and spent the remainder of his days in the peaceful pursuit of literature. Among the most important published works, in addition to the collection of his speeches, are a "View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia," an annotated edition of Paley's "Natural Theology," and "Sketches of Statesmen" and of "Men of Letters and Science" in the time of George III. Several editions of his "Political Philosophy" have been published, besides numerous minor works that are less known.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IN EGG PUT INTO A PAIL.

To accomplish this seemingly incredible act, requires the following preparation: You must take an egg and soak it in strong vinegar; and in process of time its shell will become quite soft, so that it may be extended lengthways without breaking, then insert it into the neck of a small bottle, and by pouring cold water upon it, it will assume its former figure and hardness. This is really the simplest and easiest, and baffles those who are not in the secret to find out how it is accomplished. If the vinegar used to saturate the egg is not sufficiently strong to produce the required softness of shell, add one tea-spoonful of strong acetic acid to every two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. This will render the egg perfectly flexible and of easy insertion into the bottle, which must then be filled with cold water.

CHARADE.

My first is the name to an article given For ladies and gents to put on their linen. It comes from the forest, I've heard people say. And is made from the skin of an animal gay. My second is a fruit that comes from the South. The juice of it is sour, 'twill puck're your mouth. 'Tis found in many a home all over the town, And, stranger to say, it is almost round. My whole is an article that is often seen In the gardens and fields almost covered with green: It is very sweet, and also pleasant to eat, And in hot summer days affords a rich treat.

CONJURORS.

56. What do we all do when we first get into bed? 37. There is one word in the English language which is universally considered a preventative of fear; change a certain letter in it, and you make it an act of cruelty.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE IN NO. 44, PAGE 216.

The figure 8.

OH! SOFTLY SLEEP, MY BONNIE BAIRN.

Oh! softly sleep, my bonnie bairn, Rock'd on this breast of mine; The heart that beats as ear within, My pulse will not awaken thee LIE still, lie still, ye canker'd thoughts, That such late wakes keep; And if ye break the mother's heart, Yet let the baby sleep.

Sleep on, sleep on, my ae, my bairn, Nor look so woe on me, As ye felt the bitter tear That blin's thy mother's e'e Dry up, dry up, ye salt, salt tears. Last on my bairn ye seeep: And break in silence, wastfu' heart, And let the baby sleep.
POETRY.

"THY NAME BE PRaised."

Swell there a grand inspiring thought,
It comes from God,
And breaks with lofty purpose fraught,
On earth's green soil!

With tidal wave it oozs, it flows
As centuries pass;
Man, knows not whence it comes, or goes,
Or why it was!

'Tis meteor-like, now here, now there
Impulsive seems;
Now in the summers' morning air,
Then, midnight dreams!

In zones apart, in lands afar,
With me, to-day,
Then moveless as you radiant-star
Or milky way!

Erratic, yet there is design,
And wondrous plan:
What sage hath lore to help define
For fellow man?

Yet inspiration shall be felt
And wide extend;
'Til fertile hearts our earth shall swell,
And Time shall end!

Hail glorious age, hail latter-day,
The days of light;
Hail Priesthood's group, hail its full sway
The rule of right!

For purpose is its end, its aim
From sire to son,
To give to God earth back again,
Which will be done!

How proudly beats the true man's heart,
But Gods can know;
For they to him that fire impart
Whose intense glow,
Shall light the world to higher spheres
That day of "earth's one thousand years!"

HAROLD,

THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

The boat shot over the royal Thames. Borne along the waters, the shouts and the hymns of swarming thousands from the land shook, like a blast, the gild air of the Wolf-north. All space seemed filled and noisy with the name of Harold the king. Fast rowed the rowers—on shot the boat; and Hilda's face, stern and ominous, turned to the still towers of the palace, gleaming wide and white in the wintry snow. Suddenly Edith lifted her hand from her bosom, and said passionately—

"O! mother of my mother! I can not live again in the house where the very walls speak to me of him; all things charm my soul to the earth; and my soul should be in heaven, that its prayers may be heard by the helpful angels. The day that the holy Lady of England predicted hath come at last, and the silver cord is loosened at last. Ah, why, why, did I not believe her then? why did I then reject the cloister? Yet, no, I will not repent; at least I have been loved! But now I will go to the monasticity of Waltham, and kneel at the altars he hath hallowed in the mone and the monochyn."

"Edith," said the Vale, "thou wilt not bury thy life yet young in the living grave! And, despite all that now severs you—yea, despite Harold's new and loveless ties—still clearer than ever is it written in the heavens, that a day shall come in which you are to be evermore united. Many of the shapes I have seen, many of the sounds I have heard, in the trance and the dream, fade in the troubled memory of waking life. But never yet hath grown doubtful or dim the prophecy, that the truth pledged by the grave shall be fulfilled."

"Oh, tempt not! Oh, delude not!" cried Edith, while the blood rushed over her brow. "Thou knowest this can not be. Another's! he is another's! and in the words thou hast uttered there is deadly sin."

"There is no sin in the resolves of a fate that rules us in spite of ourselves. Tarry only till the year brings round the birth-day of Harold; for my sayings shall be ripe with the grape, and when the feet of the vine herd are red in the Month of the vine, the Norns shall knit ye together again!"

Edith clasped her hands mutely, and looked hard
into the face of Ililda—looked and shivered, she knew not why.

The boat landed on the eastern shore of the river, beyond the walls of the city, and then Edith bent her way to the holy walls of Waltham. The frost was sharp in the glitter of the unwarming sun; upon leafless boughs hung the barbed ice-gems; and the crown was on the brows of Harald! And at night, within the walls of the convent, Edith heard the hymns of the kneeling monks; and the blasts howled, and the storm arose, and the voices of destroying hurricanes were blended with the swell of the choral hymns.

Tostig sate in the halls of Bruges, and with him sate Judith, his haughty wife. The earl and his countess were playing at chess (or the game resembling it which amused the idleness of that age), and the countess had put her lord's game into mortal disorder, when Tostig swept his hand over the board, and the pieces rolled on the floor.

"That is one way to prevent defeat," said Judith, with a half smile and half frown.

"It is the way of the bold and the wise, wife mine," answered Tostig rising; "let all be destruction where thou cast win not thyself! Peace to those traitors! I can not keep my mind to the stock fight; it flies to the real. Our last news sours the taste of the wine, and steals the sleep from my couch. It says that Edward can not live through the winter, and that all men bruit abroad, there can be no king save Harold my brother."

"And wilt thy brother as king give to thee again thy domain as earl?"

"He must!" answered Tostig, "and despite all our branches, with soft message he will. For Harald has the heart of the Saxon, to which the sons of one father are dear; and Githa, my mother, when we first fled, controled the voice of my revenge, and bade me wait patient, and hope yet."

Sceaf had these words fallen from Tostig's lips, when the chief of his Danish house-carles came in, and announced the arrival of a boarde from England.

"His news? his news?" cried the earl, "with his own lips let him speak his news."

The house-carles withdrew but to usher in the messenger, an Anglo-Dane.

"The weight on thy brow shows the load on thy heart," cried Tostig, "speak, and be brief."

"Edward is dead."

"Ha! and who reigns?"

"Thy brother is chosen and crowned."

The face of the earl grew red and pale in a breath, and successive emotions of envy and old rivalesship, humbled pride and fierce discontent, passed across his turbulent heart. But these died away as the preponderant thought of self-interest, and somewhat of that admiration for success which seems oft like magnumnity in grasping minds, and something too of haughty exultation, that he stood a king's brother in the halls of his exile, came to chase away the more hostile and menacing feelings. Then Judith approached with joy on her brow, and said.

"We shall no more eat the bread of dependence even from the hand of a father; and since Harold hath no dame to proclaim to the Church, and take throne on the daie, thy wife, O my Tostig, will have state in fair England, little less than her sister in Bouen."

"Methinks so will it be," said Tostig. "How now, nuncups? why lookest thou so grim, and why shaketh thou thy head?"

"Small chance for thy dame to keep state in the halls of the king; small hope for thyself to win back thy broad cardion. But a few weeks ere thy brother shall win the crown, he won also a bride in the house of thy spoiler and foe. Aldyth, the sister of Edwin and Morcar, is Lady of England; and that union shuth thee out from Northumbria for ever."

At these words, as if stricken by some deadly and inexpresible insult, the earl recoiled, and stood moment mute with rage and amaze.

His singular beauty became distord to the lines of a fiend. He stamped with his foot, as he thundered a terrible curse. Then, haughtily waving his hand to the bode in sign of dismissal, he strode from the room, and frow the room in gloomy perturbation.

Judith, like her sister Matilda, a woman fierce and vindictive, continued, by that sharp venom that lies in the tongue of the sex, to incite still more the intense resentment of her lord. Perhaps some female jealousies of Aldyth might contribute to increase her own indignation. But without such frivolous addition to anger, there was cause enow in this marriage thoroughly to complete the alienation between the king and his brother. It was impossible that one so revengeful as Tostig should not cherish the deepest and most, not only against the people that had rejected him, but the new earl that had succeeded him. In vindic- ing the sister of this fortunate rival and despiser, Harold could not, therefore, but gali in his most sensitive sores of soul. The king, thus, formally approv'd and sanctioned his ejection, solemnly took part with his foe, robbed him of all legal chance of recovering his dominions, and, in the words of the boarde, "shut him out from Northumbria forever." Nor was this even all. Grant his return to England; grant him reconciliation with Harold; still those abhorred and more fortunate enemies, necessarily made now the most intimate part of the king's family, must be, most in his confidence, would cult and chase and encounter Tostig in every scheme for his personal aggrandizement. His foes, in a word, were in the camp of his brother.

While gnashing his teeth with a wrath more deadly because he saw not yet his way to retribute Judith, pursuing the separate thread of her own concep- tations, said—

"And if my sister's lord, the Count of the Normans had, as rightly he ought to have, succeeded his cousin the Monk-king, then should I have a sister on the throne, and thou in her husband a brother more tender than Harold. One who supports his barons with sword and mail, and gives the villains rebelling against them but the brand and the cord."

"Hol!" cried Tostig, stopping suddenly in his discoursed strides, "kiss me, wife, for those words. They have helped thee to power, and lit me to revenge. If thou wouldst send love to thy sister, take graphium and parchement, and write fast as a scribe. Ere the sun is an hour older, I am on my road to Count William."
Then William, seating himself on the sward, mechanically unstrung his bow, sighing off, and of frowning; and without vouchsafing other word to his lords than “No further sport to-day!” rose slowly and went alone through the thickest parts of the forest. But his faithful Fitzosborne marked his gloom, and fondly followed him. The duke arrived at the borders of the Seine, where his galley waited him. He entered, sat down on the bench, and took no notice of Fitzosborne, who quietly stepped in after his lord, and placed himself on another bench.

The little voyage to Rouen was performed in silence; and as soon as he had gained his palace, without seeking either Tostig or Matilda, the duke turned into the vast hall, in which he was wont to hold council with his barons; and walked to and fro, “often” says the chronicles, “changing posture and attitude, and oft loosening and tightening, and drawing into knots, the strings of his mantle.”

Fitzosborne, meanwhile, had sought the ex-earl, who was cloistered with Matilda; and now returning, he went boldly up to the duke, whom no one else dared approach, and said:

“Why, my liege, seek to conceal what is already known—what ere the eye will be in the mouths of all? You are troubled that Edward is dead, and that Harold, violating his oath, has seized the English realm.”

“Truly,” said the duke mildly, and with the tone of a meek man much injured; “my dear cousin’s death, and the wrongs I have received from Harold, touch me nearly.”

Then said Fitzosborne, with that philosophy, half grave as became the Scandinavian, half gay as became the Saxon: “No man should grieve for what he can help—still less for what he can not help. For Edward’s death, I trove, remedy there is none; but for Harold’s treason, yea! Have you not a noble host of knights and warriors? What want you to destroy the Saxon and seize his realm? What but a bold heart? A great deed once well begun, is half done. Begin, Count of the Normans, and we will complete the rest.”

Starting from his sorely tasked dissimulation; for all William needed, and all of which he doubted, was the aid of his haughty barons; the duke raised his head, and his eyes shine out.

“Ha, sayest thou so? then, by the splendor of God, we will do this deed. Haste then—rouse hearts, nerves, hands—promise, menace, win! Broad are the lands of England, and generous a conqueror’s hand. Go and prepare all my faithful lords for a council, nobler than ever yet stirred the hearts and strung the hands of the sons of Rou.”

A Reflection.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would seem almost as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we loved dearly in life! Alas! how often how long may those patient angels hover above us watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!
Daniel Spencer.

[CONTINUED]

At mid-day, about three months after the poor Mormon Elder came into the town of West Stockbridge, Daniel Spencer took him by the arm and, not ashamed, walked through the town taking the route of the main street to the waters of baptism, followed by hundreds of his townsmen to the river’s bank. It was quite a procession to witness the wonderful event, for thus it was in the eyes of his friends and fellow-townsmen. The profoundest respect and quiet were manifest by the vast concourse of witnesses, but also the profoundest astonishment. It was nothing wonderful that a despised Mormon Elder should believe in Joseph Smith, but it was a matter of astonishment that a man of Daniel Spencer’s social standing and character should receive the mission of the Prophet and the divinity of the Book of Mormon. How very general have such cases been when any man of standing, tried integrity and solid judgment has come into this Church; and, to this day, it is a matter of great wonderment in the world that the sagacious Brigham Young should be a conscientious believer in the Mormon Prophet. That he does believe in his mission and also in his own, every sound philosopher of the nation is conscious of, for they at once perceive that without such a conscientious faith, he never could have been the Brigham Young of the day. Thus in a degree was it when Daniel Spencer entered the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. All felt that in him, at least, there was an exposition of a conscientious faith.

On the same day of his baptism, which was in April, 1840, he was confirmed into the Church by James Burnham, who officiated in the two initiatory ordinances; and, in the same month, he was ordained to the office of a Priest. After his confirmation, and on the same day, he received the gift of tongues. This was in itself a marvelous thing and thus I took upon myself even while I write, that a Brigham should have been the first man whom Joseph Smith heard speak in tongues; and that, on the day of his confirmation, and as a sign of his reception of the Holy Ghost, a Daniel should also be a speaker in tongues. These men were not created with excitable natures, but are men of sound minds. That they should be wise men astonishes no one, for God made them so; and the fact that they spoke in the tongue of the Spirit seems a powerful proof that they did receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. It was much in this view that the friends and townsmen of Daniel considered the subject after his baptism and confirmation. The manifestation of the Spirit through him carried a deep and weighty conviction among many good families in the region, around which, in a few months, resulted in the establishment of a flourishing branch of the Church. This branch which he was the chief instrument in founding and over which he presided, he contributed its foundation of respectable citizens to Nauvoo and Utah. John Van Cott, the man so long identified in the history of the Scandinavian mission, and a Representative Man also came from that region.

About the period of Daniel Spencer’s connection with the Mormon Church, the production of the firm to which he belonged, took the benefit of the bankrupt law, which resulted in his financial depression. He then gave himself much to the ministry, and soon after brought into the Church his brother Orson. He continued for two years laboring in the ministry in that region, and then (1843) he removed to Nauvoo. He was scarcely arrived in the city of the Saints, when he was appointed on a mission to Canada. On his return, he was elected a member of the Nauvoo City Council; but soon afterwards was sent on a mission to the Indian nation. From the hardships of that mission he never recovered to the day of his death. The next year, he was sent on a mission to Massachusetts, returned and was elected Mayor of Nauvoo. When Joseph Smith planned the expedition to explore the Rocky Mountains, and the volunteers were called, Daniel Spencer was “among the number. This was in 1844; and had it not been for the martyrdom of our beloved Prophet, Daniel would have been found among those designing Pioneers of the Pacific long before Fremont and Commodore Stockton possessed California for the United States by the coup de main of revolution. This is a very important point in a historical view, not only for Daniel Spencer, but for Joseph Smith and those who were designed as the Pioneers of the Pacific in 1844. It makes the subject a national one, and belongs legitimately to American history. Joseph petitioned Congress to allow him to possess California and Oregon for the United States through the removal of his people on to the Pacific. Orson Hyde was Joseph’s delegate to Washington upon the subject, and Senator Douglas was strongly with him; and had Congress boldly assumed the responsibility of allowing the Mormon Prophet to possess the Pacific in the name of the United States, and had he not been martyred, he would have explored the Rocky Mountains, his volunteers would have possessed California, and Fremont and Commodore Stockton would have found nothing to accomplish. Daniel Spencer was one of the men designed for that great national enterprise.

At the time of the great exodus from Nauvoo in 1846, Daniel started among the first of the Pioneers to the Rocky Mountains. He was a Captain of Fifty. But the leading companies finding that the journey could not be accomplished that year, and the news of the extermination of the remnant from Nauvoo reaching the President, Brigham departed from Utah first intentions and the Saints went into Winter Quarters. When the city was organized—then known as Winter Quarters but now as the city of Florence—Daniel Spencer was chosen to act as a Bishop of one of the Wards. He spent a large amount of his means in his benevolent administration to the suffering and dying of the sorely tried and afflicted “Camp of Israel.” It was at the period when the dreadful plague struck the
ITEMS FROM THE ELDER'S JOURNALS.

Last week we made an appeal to the talented among our readers for contributions in prose or poetry, humorous or sentimental. That application is still open; but this week, we make an appeal for some contributions of quite another kind.

At the suggestion of some influential friends, we have determined to open a department of the Magazine for "Items of interest from the journals of the Elders," interesting adventures worth preserving; or what is more valuable still, incidents of providential interpositions or protection. Thousands of us have had such in our lives, but before we were members of this community as well as afterwards; and a record of such facts as are interesting and full of point, will be valuable and instructive to members of our families in years to come.

We want all our readers to contribute who have incidents worth preserving in their memory or in their journals.

None need be afraid because of their inability as writers; provided we can read their communications, we will put them into shape for them. All we want are the facts told in the best way the writers can present them. So long as we can get at the sense, we shall care little about any deficiency in grammar or spelling.

Let our subscribers tell their friends or any whom they believe have such facts at their command, and help us to make the Magazine The Home Journal of the People. Of course we cannot promise to publish all we receive, nor yet all at once. We must use our judgment as to what would be interesting, and select them so as to present the greatest variety. Let none think, however, that because their items are not published at once that they are forgotten. If suitable they will appear in due time.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

IGNORANCE wants to know how long it is since the earth has been formed, or since the Lord blessed the Seventh day. When the Lord blessed the Seventh day we do not know. Those who accept the Bible chronology believe it to be something under six thousand years since the first man was created. As to the age of the earth itself, geology goes to show that it must, as an earth, have existed thousands and thousands of years before the date assigned to the first man by the Bible. Geologists generally explain this difference by supposing the Bible history to refer only to the present race upon its surface; while the revelations of Geology or the history of the earth inscribed in the rocks belongs to pre-Adamite times.

NOTICE.—Specimen copies of the beautiful magazines and papers to be given away to clubs formed for our New Volume can be seen at this office. Read the Prospectus, page 3 of advertisement.
NOVELS—WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

Novels are of various classes. There is a class that is exceedingly watery and insipid, out of which if you leave maudlin twaddle and only let the plot, incidents, sense and moral remain, they are indeed infinitesimal affairs. This class may be appropriately called the WISHY WASHY KIND, of which the writer will endeavor to give a specimen in a small compass.

It was a dismal night. So thought Mrs. Plumtree, as she drew near the fireside in her cozy parlor in Appleton Hall. Rumble and roll came the swarming thunder. Flashing and glaring sped the electric fluid after each dourous thunderclap, illuminating the sable darkness without. Patter and splash came the driving rain.

Suddenly in her heart Mrs. Plumtree uttered a slight scream, which was drowned in the suddenly increased violence of the storm without.

"Merciful heavens!" she exclaimed, "was that knock at the window?"

A voice at the window exclaimed: "Mrs. Plumtree, it is I; for heaven's sake let me come in; it is Alfred!"

In less time than we take to narrate it, Mrs. Plumtree had opened the window and admitted the lawful heir of Appleton Hall.

That our readers may understand the position in which the characters who shall be introduced to them in our tale, we will acquaint them with a few circumstances that transpired some three years previous to the events narrated in our last chapter.

Old Mr. Filagree was very rich. He was a fat old swell, and had occasional fits of the gout in his big toe.

Alfred, our hero, his only son and heir, was handsomely provided, with the usual amount of light curl hair which fell in glossy ringlets over his expansive brow. He had blue eyes, finely chiseled nose, and a mouth, together with all other "fixings" necessary to make a hero of the first water. He was high-minded and independent. The old gent and he quarrelled.

The cause of the quarrel was that Alfred loved a poor but lovely maid, and wanted to marry her. The old gent was furious and struck Alfred a blow. Alfred rushed off and never was seen at Appleton Hall till three years afterwards he appeared at the old housekeeper's window. He had just returned from India, and was a much tanned and altered man.

To return to the scene in the parlor. After the usual amount of embraces, etc., in answer to the interrogations of Alfred, Mrs. Plumtree told how Mr. Filagree had mourned for his lost son, and how Eveleth Digby, Alfred's cousin, had insinuated himself into the good graces of the old gentleman with hopes of being made his heir. How the young nephew had fabricated a report that Alfred had been lost at sea.

Gentle reader, need we describe the reconciliation of father and son? How they fell upon each other neck and sebbed? Delicate forbids our giving details.

There was one who did not share in the universal joy caused by Alfred's return. That one was Eveleth...
Digby. He was filled with rage because of his disappointed hopes.

Like many other "heavy villains," he was handsome, yet had an indefinable expression about the mouth that was difficult to read. He was determined to rid himself of the lawful heir of Appleton Hall.

On a dark night Alfred, on his way from the country town, had to pass a steep and overhanging precipice. Eveleth Digby came up suddenly and pushed him over. Eveleth thought Alfred had gone to the final resting place of well-behaved colored people in Vain delusion. Alfred in his fall was caught in some brush and was rescued by a gipsy woman. Alfred appeared before Eveleth next morning. At first he imagined he saw a ghost, but on finding Alfred tangible, he fled the country.

The old gipsy tells that Lizzie Locketey (Alfred's lady love) is the daughter of Lord and Lady Tweedledum. That she had been bribed by Lady Hazletree to steal Lizzie from her parents while she was an infant, to revenge herself on Lord Tweedledum for having married his lordship, whom Lady Hazletree had loved in her youth. The gipsy told also how she had left the infant Lizzie in a basket on the doorstep of her present guardians.

On the day following the revelations of the old gipsy woman, there was a grand meeting in the drawing-room at Appleton Hall.

The meeting of Lady Tweedledum and her daughter Lizzie (now Theresa Tweedledum) was most affecting. Lady T. exclaimed incoherently: "It must be, yet it cannot, perhaps it is, yet how is it possible?"

Oh! let me see is there a mole on her left arm. Yes! yes! 'Tis she! 'tis she! 'Tis my long lost daughter.

At this interesting juncture, those present made sundry pretences at blowing their noses, which was a miserable subterfuge to conceal the big tears that ran down their faces like rain on an oleiskin overcoat! Alfred's bliss was extatic. Mr. Filagree forgot his gouty toe. Lord Tweedledum placed his daughter's hand in Alfred's, and the two old gents simultaneously exclaimed: "Bless you, my children." Thus ends the tale of "The Heir of Appleton Hall."

The above is a kind of sample, in substance, of numbers of novels that are spread over two or three hundred pages of print. They are eagerly read by many. Those who make it a practice to read such trash, commit the sin of wasting the precious time allotted them in this life, not to dream and flitter away in idleness and store their minds with useless and vain imaginings, but to benefit themselves and others.

Let the young men and women of Utah adopt the motto of that intellectual giant and indefatigable worker, Thomas Carlyle, who says that "Labor is worship."

There are other novels that are most damnable and injurious in effects. No leper ought to be submerged with greater repugnance than those morally pestilential vipers of literature. Keep them without the reach of your budding and blooming families. O ye Saints, if you wish to keep untainted the moral atmosphere of your mountain homes. Novels of this class may reasonably come under the heading of

THE BASER KIND.

Those appeal to the baser passions, and make light of crimes of the most detestable and atrocious char-acter. They often hold up as heroes and heroines those guilty of them. Thus contaminating and corrupting the moral tendencies of the weak minded and unwary.

A wholesome law was passed in Scotland some years ago, which restricted the performance of the play of "Jack Sheppard" to a limited number of times in a given period. The reason of the restriction was because a large number of ambitious youths, inspired by witnessing the play, desired to rise into fame by emulating the thievish hero.

A ludicrous instance of a desire to imitate the heroine of an absurd tale, partly came under the writer's notice a short time since. He was assured by a person, whose veracity he had no reason to doubt, that certain young ladies had concluded to become "man haters" from reading a novel of that name. They doubtless thought it would be "so nice" to resemble the heroine of the tale. The ludicrousness of their position was nearly equal to that of those who indulge in the "Grecian bend."

The pen wields a mighty influence. It is a great power in the world for good or evil. It is a pity to see so many prostrating their noblest powers before unshalled shrines.

If law were everywhere in consonance with justice, and the law universal in its application, men would be held responsible before earthly tribunals for the effects their actions would produce—harmonious with the common law of cause and effect, even as they are now responsible in a moral sense. It would be a good thing for the world were this kind of law enforced respecting men and women who write novels of a corrupting tendency.

If the truth were known, doubtless many who might—had they been free from the influence of such literature—have led an honorable life, have dated the commencement of a career of crime from impressions received by reading such works.

There are novels that are productive of good. Such may be called

THE ELEVATING KIND.

Those, like good plays, are calculated to inspire in the reader a greater appreciation of the beautiful and sublime in nature, an increased love for truth, virtue and purity, and give them a better insight into the human heart.

To accomplish this object should be the motive of every novel writer. It can only be done by depicting the detestability of sin of every kind, and the loveliness of virtue, honesty and integrity. Of this nature is "Poul Play.

Although many of its incidents are most improbable, yet, for vividness and distinctness of individualization of the characters, it has few equals. It betrays in its authors much knowledge of the human heart, and a keen appreciation of individual idiosyncrasies. This much can scarcely be said of "Harold," as there is a little too much of the dreamy unrealitiy about it. Its semi-poetical, melancholy and weird-like tone, makes it a work from which but a limited number of beneficial impressions can be made on the mind of the peruser.

[So much, and correctly too, for its ideal portion. Historically, it presents many graphic pictures of the times of that good old Saxon land from whence so many of us have sprung, and is valuable on that account.—Erron.]
FOUL PLAY.

CHAPTER IX.

The next morning came the first wedding presents from the jubilant bridegroom, who was determined to advance step by step and give no breathing time.

When Helen saw them laid out by her maid she trembled at the consequences of not giving a stimulant to such a brisk wooer.

The second post brought her two letters; one of them from Mrs. Undercliff. The other contained no words but only a picture of the new pear-shaped pearl.

He was received this last as another wedding present, and an attempt on Arthur’s part to make her present a pearl as large as those she had gathered on her dear island. But, looking narrowly at the address, she saw it was not written by Arthur; and, presently, she was simply by the mail, of which she had written the name of Mrs. Undercliff, in shape to some of her own. She got out her pearls, laid them side by side, and began to move exceedingly.

She had one of her instincts, and it set every fibre quivering with excitement. It was some time before she could take her eyes off it. It was a pearl of a hand she opened on Mrs. Undercliff’s letter.

That mission was not calculated to calm her. It ran thus:

“My DEAR YOUNG LADY:

“A person called here last night and supplied the clue. If you have the courage to know the truth, you have only to come here, and bring your diary, and all the letters you have received from any person or persons since you landed in England.

“I am yours obediently,

“JANE UNDERCLIFFE.”

The courage to know the truth:

This mysterious sentence affected Helen considerably. But her faith in love was too great to be shaken. She would not be for the coronation hour at which young ladies go out, but put on her bonnet directly after breakfast.

Early as she was, a visitor came before she could start Mr. Burt, the detective. She received him in the library. Mr. Burt looked at her dress and her face, and said, “I am very glad I made bold to call so early.”

“You have got information of importance to communicate to me.”

“I think so,” said he; and he took out his notebook. “The person you are watched by is Mr. Undercliff. The girl stared at him.

“Both spies report to him twice a day at his house in Russell Square.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Mr. Burt, there is a letter to be exchanged in the packet. If you have any eye for writing at all, you will see at once that this is what I mean,” said she.

“Look at that, Mr. Burt.”

Burt inspected the papers keenly.

“Only today, I am afraid, but the forgery is very fine. I have never written that forged note.”

“Let me see it.”

“The other day this lady instructed me to discover it, and I could, who did write the forged note. But, unfortunately, the materials she gave me were insufficient. But last night a young man dropped from the clouds, that I made sure was Mr. Undercliff’s, and I have written him. Under that impression, I was rather suspicious, and I let him know how far we had gone, and could get no farther. I think I can help you,” said Mr. Burt, and put a letter on the table. Well, Mr. Burt, this letter was sufficient for me. It was written by some one who forged the note.”

“A letter?” said Helen.

“Yes, I’ll put the letter by the side of the forged note; and if you have any eye for writing at all, you will see at once that this is what I mean,” said she.

“Mr. Undercliff,” cried Helen in rapture,

“Mr. Undercliff, sir, you are right. What a good man you are. I have no eye except for handwriting.”

“I am going to see him in time.”

“In time to be arrested,” said Burt.

“Why his time is not out. He’ll get into a trouble again.”

“Oh, Heaven forbid!” cried Helen, and turned round, until she had been told back on a chair, and sat applied to her nostrils.

She went on, and cried and struggled, but prepared to defend her Robert with all a woman’s wit.

Burt and Undercliff were conversing in a low voice, and Burt was saying, “I felt sure Wardlaw’s spies had detected Mr. Undercliff, and that Robert would be arrested and put into prison as a runaway convict.”

“Go to Scotland Yard this minute,” said Helen.

“Mr. Burt, sir, you are right.”

“Then what?”

“Why, you must take the commission to arrest him. You are our friend.”

Burt slapped his thighs with delight.

“You are sure that Mr. Undercliff is the man? I’ll take the real one, and you may depend.”

“Or, Mr. Undercliff, with equal port, and hand it to Miss Helen with false-similars. It will do harm if you make a declaration to the same effect before you make an agreement. Miss Helen is too shrewd for your disengaged ways, and this will not go. You will very likely hear from me again to-day.”

He drove off, and Helen, though all greatly agitated by the business, and the absence of his presence, sat down trembling a little, and compared Arthur’s letter with the forged document. The effect of this comparison was irresistible. The Express, however, asked her for some letter of Arthur that had never passed through Robert Undercliff’s hands.
FOUL PLAY.

FEB. 6, 1889.

Robert Penfold. He said he would make that note the basis of his report. While he was writing it, Mrs. Undercliff came in, and Helen told her all. She said, "I came to the same conclusion long since, and I said it to him when I went to the play." "Ah," said Helen, "we women are poor creatures; we can always find some reason for running away from the truth. Now explain about the prayer-book; you said, I forgot to steal it, so I made Ned produce a facsimile. And he did steal it. What you got back was your mother's prayer book. Of course I took care of that." "Oh, Mrs. Undercliff," cried Helen, "do let me kiss you." They had a little cry together, and, by the time they had done, the report was ready in duplicate. "I'll declare this before a magistrate," said the Expert, "and then I'll send it you." At four o'clock of this eventful day, Helen got a message from old Mr. Penfold, and he ordered to arrest Robert Penfold and that she must wear a mask and ask Mr. Wardlaw to meet her at old Mr. Penfold's at nine o'clock. But she herself must be there at half-past eight, without fail, and bring Undercliff's declaration report with her, and the prayer-book, etc. Accordingly, Helen met old Mr. Penfold as arranged. At half-past eight, and was received by Nancy Rouse, and ushered into Mr. Penfold's room: that is to say, Nancy held the door open, and on entering the room, shut it sharply and ran down the stairs.

Helen entered the room: a man rose directly and came to her; but it was not Michael Penfold—it was Robert. A faint scream, a heavenly sigh, and her head on his shoulder, and her arm round his neck, and both their hearts panting as they gazed, and then clung to each other, and then gazed again, and then gazed. And while they gazed, Mackintosh compositor sat down hand in hand and compare notes. And Helen showed them his weapons of defense, the prayer-book, the Expert's report, etc. The arrow that was heard at the door. It was Nancy Rouse. On being invited to enter, she came in said, "O, Miss Helen, I've got a pennet outside, which he done it for love of me, and now he'll make a clean breast, and the fault was partly mine. Come in, Joe, and speak for yourself." On this, Helen said, "I'll forgive you," and she put her hands on Robert's head and pincushion. "She is right," said he; "I'm come to ask your pardon and the lady's. Not as I ever meant you any harm; but to destroy the ship was a bad idea, and I've never done since. Nancy, she had got the money. I'll give it back to the underwriting firm. If you'll let me do that, I'll let you go.

"I'll forgive you," said Robert; "and I accept your offer to serve me." And so do I," said Helen. "Indeed, it is not us you have wronged. But oh, I am glad, for Nancy's sake, that you repeat.

"Miss, I'll go through fire and water for you," said Wylie, lifting up his head. The old Michael came in to say that Arthur Wardlaw was at the door, with a policeman. "Show him in," said Robert. "Oh no, Robert," said Helen. "He fills me with horror." "Show him in," said Robert, gently. "Sit down. All of you.

Now Burt had not told Arthur who was in the house, so he came, rather uneasy in his mind, but still expecting only to see Helen. Robert Penfold told Helen to face the door, and the rest to sit back; and this arrangement had not been effected one second, when Arthur came in, with a lover's look, and, taking two steps into the room, saw the three men waiting to receive him. At sight of Penfold, he started, and turned pale as ash; but, recovering himself, he said, "My dearest Helen, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. You will reconcile me to one whose worth and innocence I never doubted, and tell him I have had some little hand in carrying him back."

His sobrancy was received in deaf silence. This struck cold to his heart, and, being naturally weak, he got violent. He said: "Allow me to send a message to my servant." He then tore a leaf out of his memorandum book, wrote on it. "Robert Penfold is here; arrest him directly, and take him away," and, enclosing this in an envelope, sent it out to Burt by Nancy.

She called herself quietly, and said: "Mr. Wardlaw, when did you come to America?" "Arthur read out, "I don't know the exact date."

"Two or three months ago."

"Yes."

"Then the person you sent to me is not that false-woman was not Mr. Hand."

"I sent you wrong," said Arthur.

"Oh, for shame! For shame! Why have you set spies? Why did you make away with my prayer-book? or what you thought was my prayer-book? Here is my prayer-book, that proves you had the Fresserstein destroyed: and I should have lost my life for the world, but for the deed being done to destroy. Look Robert Penfold in the face, if you can." Arthur's eyes began to water. "I can," said he. "I never wronged him. I always lamented his misfortune.

"You were the cause."

"Nore: help me Iaven!"

"Monster!" said Helen, turning away in contempt and horror. "Oh, that is it, is it?" said Arthur wildly. "You break faith with me for him! You insult me for him! I must bear anything from you, for I love you; but, at least, I will sweep him out of the path."

"He ran to the door, opened it, and there was Burt, listening. "Are you an officer?"

"Yes."

"The arrest that man this moment: he is Robert Penfold, a convict returned before his time."

Burt came into the room, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. "Well, sir," said Burt to Robert Penfold, "I know you are a quack detective. Don't let us save a row over it this time: if you have got anything to say, say it quiet and comfortable. I will go with you on one condition," said Robert. "You must take the felon as well as the marry. This is the felon," and he laid his hand on Arthur's shoulder, who covered under the touch at first, but soon began to act violent indignation.

"Take the ruffian away at once," he cried. "What before, I hear he has got to say?"

"Would you listen to him against a merchant of the city of London, a man of unblemished reputation?"

"Well, sir, you see we have got a hint that you were concerned in scuttling a ship: and that is a felony. So I think I'll just hear what he has got to say. You need not fear any man's tongue if you are innocent."

"Show now, you please, and examine these documents," said Robert Penfold. "As to the scuttling of the ship, here is the deposition of two seamen, taken on their deathbed, and witnessed by Miss Rolleston and myself.

"And that book to be tried," said Helen.

Robert turned white. "I know that is Undercliff's fac-simile of the forged note. Here are specimens of Arthur Wardlaw's handwriting, and here is Undercliff's report.

The Detective ran his eye hurriedly over the report, which we slightly condense.

On comparing the forged note with genuine specimens of John Wardlaw's handwriting, no least than twelve deviations from his habits of writing strike the eye: and every one of these twelve deviations is a deviation into a habit of Arthur Wardlaw, which is an amount of demonstration rarely attained in cases of forgery.

1. The capital L.—Compare in London (forged note) with the same letter in London in Wardlaw's letter.

2. The capital D.—Compare this letter in Date: with the same letter in that.

3. The capital T.—Compare it in 'Two': and 'Tollemache'.

4. The word 'To':'—see 'To pay.' in forged note and third line of letter.

5. Small "o" formed with loop in up-stroke.

6. The manner of finishing the letter of.

7. Ditto the letter "w.

8. The imperfect formation of the small "a." This and the looped "o" run through the forged note and Arthur Wardlaw's; but both are habits entirely foreign to the style of John Wardlaw.

9. See the "th" in connection.

10. Ditto the "of" in connection.

11. The juncture of the Greek "e." John Wardlaw never used this "e." Arthur Wardlaw never uses any other.

The writer of the forged note began right, but at
the word "Robert Penfold," gilded insensibly into his Greek "he," and maintained it to the end of the forgery. This looks as if he was in the habit of writing those two words.

12. Compare the words "Robert Penfold" in the forged document with the same words in the letter. The similarity is so striking that, on these two words alone, the writer could be identified beyond a doubt.

13. Great pains was taken with the signature, and it is like John Wardlaw's writing on the surface, but go below the surface, and it is all Arthur Wardlaw.

The looped o, the small r, the I dropping below the d, the open a, are Arthur Wardlaw's. The open loop of the s is a still bolder deviation into A. W.'s own hand. The final flourish is a curious mistake. It is executed with skill and freedom; but the writer has made the lower line the thick one. Yet John Wardlaw never dotted his i's in this manner.

Underwear wire? Examine the final flourish in Arthur Wardlaw's signature. It contains one stroke only but that stroke is a thick one. He thought he had only to prolong his own stroke and bring it round. He did this extremely well but missed the deeper characteristic—the thick upper stroke. This is a proof of a high character: and altogether I am quite prepared to testify upon oath that the writer of the letter to Miss Belston, who signs himself Arthur Wardlaw, is the person who forged the promissory note.

To these one more detail added. Arthur Wardlaw rose, and, with his knees knocking together, said: "Don't arrest him, Burg; let him go.

"Don't let him go," cried old Penfold. "A villain! I have gone the round of the notes from cotton, I can prove he bribed this poor man to destroy the ship. Don't let him go. He has ruined my poor boy."

At this Arthur Wardlaw began to shriek for mercy.

"Oh, Mr. Penfold," said he, "you are a father, and hate me. But think of my family, I'll say nothing, do anything. I'll clear Robert Penfold at my own expense, I have lost men. She loathes me now. Have mercy on me, and let me leave the country."

He cringed and crawled so that he dissimpered anguish, and substituted contempt.

"Ah, said Burt. "I don't hit like you, Mr. Penfold; this is a chap that ought to have been in Newgate long ago. But, take my advice; make him clear you on paper and then let him go. I'll go downstairs a while. I mustn't take part in compounding a felony."

"Oh yes, Robert," said Helen; "for his father's sake."

"Very well," said Robert. "Now then, reptile, take the pen, and write in your own hand, if you can."

He took the pen and wrote to dictate: "I, Arthur Wardlaw, concede the forged promissory note for $2000, and sent it to Robert Penfold, and that $1000 of it was to be for my own use, and to pay my Oxford debts. And I confess that I bribed Wylie to scuttle the ship Prosperine in order to cheat the above writers."

Penfold then turned to Wylie, and asked him the true motive of this fraud.

"Why, the gold was aboard the Shannon," said Wylie. "I played hanky-panky with the metals in White's store."

"Put that down," said Penfold. "Now go on."

"Make a clean breast," said Wylie. "I have. Say how you cooked the Prosperine's log, and forged Hiram Hudson's writing."

"And the newspaper extract you sent me," said Helen. "And the letter from the hand."

Arthur groaned, "Must I tell all!" be said.

"Every word, or be indicted," said Robert Penfold, sternly.

He wrote it all down: and then sat staring stupidly.

And the next thing was, he gave a loud shriek, and fell on the floor and fainted.

They sprinkled water over him, and Burt conveyed him home in a cab, advising him to leave the country, at the same time warning him not to expose these he had wronged so deeply, but rather to moderate them, if required. Then he gave him a very light quinine.

Robert Penfold, at Helen's request, went with her to Mr. Hennesey, and with the proofs of Arthur's guilt and Robert's innocence; and he undertook that the matter should be proper form before the Secretary of State. But, somehow, it transpired that the Prosperine had been scuttled, and several of the underwriters were bound to the Wardlaws to threaten proceedings. Wardlaw senior returned but one answer to these gentlemen—"Bring your proofs to me at the place of business next Monday at twelve, and let me judge the case, before you go anywhere."

"That is high and mighty," said one or two; but they could not and agreed to the terms, so high stood the old merchant.

They came; they were received with stiff courtesy. The deposition of Cooper and Welch was produced, and was kept up to the mark by Nancy, told the truth, and laid his thousand pounds intact down on the table.

"Now that is off my stomach," said he, "and I'manga.

"Ay, and I'll marry you next week," said Nancy.

"Well, gentlemen," said old Wardlaw, "my case looks very clear. I will undo the whole transaction, pay you the proceeds, but plus five per cent. interest."

And this he did on the spot, for the firm was richer than ever.

When they went away, Robert Penfold came in, and said: "I hear, sir, you devote this day to repairing the wound done by your firm: What can you do for me?"

He laid a copy of Arthur's confession before him.

The old man winced a moment where he sat, and then passed through his heart.

"I'll amount to a long time before he could speak. At least he said:

"This wrong is irreparable, I fear."

Robert said nothing. Sore as his own heart was, he was the one to strike a grand old man, struggling so bravely against dishonor.

Wardlaw Senior touched his hand-bell.

"Request Mr. Penfold to step this way."

Michael Penfold came.

"Gentlemen," said the old merchant, the house of Wardlaw exists no more. It was built on honesty, and cannot stand. Wardlaw and Son were partners at will. I have decided to dissolve that partnership, wind up the accounts, put up the shutters. But now, if you like, I will value the stock and hand the business over to Penfold and Son. Robert Penfold has been accused of forging John Wardlaw's name; to prove this was a calumny, I put Penfold over the door instead of Wardlaw. The City of London will understand that, gentlemen, believe me."

"Mr. Wardlaw," said Robert, "you are a just, a noble..."

"Ah, sir," said Michael; if the young gentleman had been like you.

"Mention his name no more to me. His crime and his behaviour killed me."

"Oh," said Robert hastily, "he shall not be punished by your sake."

"Not be punished: It is not in your hands to decide.

"I will punish him. He is insane."

"Quite mad, quite mad. Gentlemen, I can no longer port this interview. Send me your solicitor's address; doods shall be prepared. I wish the new firm success; pray God, it may."

He wound up the affairs, had his name and Arthur's put out at his own expense, and directed the painters to paint Penfolds in at their: went home to Elm Trees, and spent three days. He died lamented and honored, and Robert Penfold was never more heard of. He got it into his head that he had been played on by him with Arthur's confession, putting it before him so suddenly. "I have forgotten who said 'Vengeance is mine,'" said Penfold.

The merchant priest left the office to be conducted by his father; he used the credit of the new firm to purchase a house in the Vale of Kent; and thither he retired, grateful to God, but not easy in his conscience. He now accused himself of having often distrusted God, and seen his fellow men in too black a light. He turned towards religion, and took care of souls.

Past suffering enlightens a man, and makes him tender. People soon began to walk and drive considerable distance to hear the new vicar. He had a lake with a petitioning chapel, which he altered, at a great expense, as soon as came there.

He wrote to Helen every day, and she to him. No could do anything "con amore" till the post came in.

One afternoon, as he was preaching with great untiring energy; saw a long puritanical face looking up at him with a deep pression of amazement and half irony. The stranger called him, and began at once:

"Wal, parson, you are a buster, you air. You good..."
SAXEY.

Representative Boys of Utah. Character-Sketches and Biography.

By SAXEY.

We might, very truthfully, say that his puckering string advent was the first time that Saxey was brought prominently before the public—his notoriety as a genius was just becoming prominent, in fact a public anxiety seemed to pervade the community in regard to his future perjuries; or, if such was not the case, it is very evident that such an influence might have been created, and either way it is immaterial with the highly gifted author of this sketch.

His first school teacher was Judge W. W. Phelps, now chaplain in the House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Utah assembled. The Judge, at the time Saxey was sent to school to him, was younger than he is now, and from our hero's recollection of certain abrupt movements of his right arm, to the end of which was attached a mulberry or birch cutting, he is positively certain that the Judge was a remarkably active man for one of his age, and, physically, well developed. Saxey, the very first day in school, manifested remarkable ability; and, by means of his inventive powers, introduced an entirely new branch of study, now almost universally adapted in all common schools. He took a pin and by giving it a few ingenious twists and turns with his fingers and teeth, brought it into a shape that would support itself, point upwards, when set on any smooth surface.

About the time Saxey had completed his "Invigorator," as he called it an excellent opportunity was immediately offered to test its workings by the removal of one of the boys from his seat for a few moments. The "Invigorator," of course, being skilfully conducted to the proper place on the form. But a short time elapsed before the return of the absent one; he took his seat, but only for the shortest space of time that human imagination can possibly compute; he arose without any direction from the teacher; and, as he arose, there issued from his mouth one of the largest, most Timbuctoo, and healthiest yells that ever penetrated the echoing cliffs of the surrounding Rocky Mountains. In poetical language—

"At once there rose so wild a yell
As if all the flames from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of Hell."

It might be necessary to add that for this innovation on school exercises, our young friend received from the Judge, personally, a practical essay, entitled: "An Instantaneous Patent Tanning Process," warranted to straighten out and limer bup the most refractory hides. The Judge made young Saxey a present of this valuable work; and, in justice to the purity of feelings existing among his comrades, we are pleased to chronicle the fact that none of his companions envied him his gift, or imported the Judge for a similar donation.

At this period of our narration, it may be instructive to instance a circumstance that occurred in school and created no little sensation, in a literary point of view. Herefore, Saxey had not been credited with possessing the massive powers of mind that subsequently shone forth in such brilliant colors. A day
was set apart for competition in composition, each scholar selecting his own subject, the prize being a medal hereafter to be described. Saxey was not expected to join in the intellectual race for the prize, from the fact that he never had evinced any particular fancies in that direction; the most of his labors previously had been towards a certain standard known now-a-days as "cessation." Composition day came, and with it, busy preparations on the part of contestants for the honors to be achieved, to say nothing about the longing anxiety to secure the prize. The compositions were handed in, with each author's name written on the outside of the wrappers, and among the many was one branded "Saxey," which was laid by to be read last, it being considered the least important and least likely to attract the attention of either scholars or teacher. It was finally read; and, as a document of Saxey's first attempt, not to mention the obligations we are under to posterity, we give it in full, verbatim. The subject he chose was—

"THE FLEA."

The flea is the smallest-potato of a carnivorous either or bug-animal that lives by the sweat of somebody else's brow; they are not too small to be sneezed at, but sneezing don't play them out. When they bite, you feel it tolerably well without the aid of a microscope or the steel-yards. They are found in the ground in California, in the summer; but generally pick out some warm, soft spot on the human body to visit. They don't "instinct" as much as a bed-bug does, but make it all up in activity and pertness. I never heard of an individual who had caught a flea; have heard of many nits, but no captures. On the other hand, who has not perpetrated a bed-bug murder right under their very noses. The only successful and efficient way to kill a flea is to have Mr. Ashley from Ohio, or some other trained human introduce into Congress an act to have it totally dismembered by Congressional treatment. If it could be proven that fleas are immortal, it would be a powerful argument in favor of infidely. If an elephant had the "get-up-and-dust" in him, in proportion to his size, that a flea has, he could give the Atlantic Cable thirty minutes the dust, and beat it to Ireland more than a quarter of a century.

The reading of this document was received with acclamation. A well executed and universal shout announced that Saxey was the winner of the prize. The teacher rushed towards Saxey to embrace him, but he stubbed his toe against a knot-hole in the floor, and fell down before he got there. A half-day's holiday was given the school, in commemoration of the event, and three pop-guns fired in honor of the occasion. A United States' flag would have been unfurled, but it was not definitely known how many States were in the Union. A committee of three (representing the number of three cent postage stamps you can buy for a dime) waited upon Saxey and, with tears in their eyes, awarded and handed him the prize. It consisted of a lead medal of curious and wonderful workmanship, bearing on one side the following inscription in raised letters:

"BULB BOY WITH A GLASS EYE."

On the opposite side was the representation of the Goddess of Liberty analyzing Goddard's pure article of cider, with a mournful expression of dubiety on her countenance. Instead of the usual word "Liberty"
on her cap, there appeared in lightning letters, "Stamps and Dismemberment." The lady, however, looked disgusted with her cap.

At the close of the first quarter of the school, the balance sheet of conduct exhibited the following statement of Saxey's scholastic attainments:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Attendance</th>
<th>Slim and irregular</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Black marks</td>
<td>185</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>White marks</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quarrels</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fights with boys</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>with girls</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Caught picking up things</td>
<td>8 times</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Required</td>
<td>8 times</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Promised to do better</td>
<td>8 times</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chastised for not doing so</td>
<td>8 times</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mischief</td>
<td>Full complement</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Religious indications</td>
<td>Not very promising</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Composition</td>
<td>First prize</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiences relative to the strength of the human frame, which we have ourselves seen and admired, is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest ease, when he has lifted up the body that his own, and those of the persons who are in the air, are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who was performed in a large party at Venice under the direction of office of the American navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe, as nearly as possible, the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person of the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one each leg and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, as though he had deceased for a very great time from the difficulty; they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced on the chairs, each of the four persons take hold of body before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. To this signal, the bearers, he rise with the greatest facility as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions, I have observed that when one of the bearers performs the first part of its task, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which it tries to raise is left, as it were, belted. As we have repeatedly seen this experiment, and performed it in both the body and the bearers, we can testify to the remarkable effects appear to all parties, and how complete is the conviction, either that the load has been lightened, or the bearer strengthened by the prescribed process.

BEER.

Figures, they say, won't lie: but here is something either false or queer.

I find that, in my family, one taken from two will leave me three;

And two from two, by the same score.

Leaves a remainder of just four.

ANSWER TO NO. 11. PAGE 210.

CHESSE.--Musk-melon, if your second is turned inside out, that is, lem-on.

CONFUSION.--No. 56--Make an impression.

77--Prescription--prescription.
POETRY

LIFE'S VOYAGE.

The sun shines in the eastern sky,
On the sea its splendor pours,
And a ship is sailing into sight,
And it comes from distant shores.

Sweet music make the flapping sails,
As into port it steers,
And from the shore, the pleasant sound,
A welcoming of cheers.

A little life is welcomed in
A bark from unknown shores;
Upon the world it casts its freight
Of precious goods and stores.

Sweet music make the welcome words—
"To thee a child is given."
We hail it, as the ship is hailed,
A blessing sent from heaven.

The sun sinks in the western sky,
The evening faints in sight,
As the ship sails out to the unknown seas,
And soon is lost to sight.

Sad music make the flapping sails,
As sea-ward far it steers,
And dimly faint the shadowy masts,
Seen through a mist of tears.

A weary life goes sinking out,
And it drifts to a distant sea,
And its goal is the everlasting shores
Of wide eternity.

A voyage made by ships and men
Across an ocean vast—
The goods and ills of life and death,
The future and the past.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

Brief was the sojourn of Tostig at the court of Rouen; speedily made the contract between the grasping duke and the guilty traitor. All that had been promised to Harold was now pledged to Tostig—if the last would assist the Norman to the English throne.

At heart, however, Tostig was ill satisfied. His chance conversations with the principal barons, who seemed to look upon the conquest of England as the dream of a madman, showed him how doubtful it was that William could induce his queens to a service to which the tenure of their fees did not appear to compel them; and, at all events, he prognosticated delays that little suited his fiery impatience. He accepted the offer of some two or three ships, which William put at his disposal, under pretense to reconnoiter the Northumbrian coasts. For William ever suspicious, distrusted both his faith and his power. Tostig, with all his vices, was a poor dissimulator, and his sullen spirit betrayed itself when he took leave of his host.

"Chance what may," said the fierce Saxon, "no stranger shall seize on the English crown without my aid. I offer it first to thee. But thou must take it in time, or—""

"Or what?" asked the duke gravely his lip.

"Or the father race of Rou will be before thee! My horse paws without. Farewell to thee, Norman; sharpen thy swords, how out thy vessels, and goad thy slow barons."

Scarce had Tostig departed, ere William began to repent that he had so let him depart; but seeking counsel of Lanfranc, that wise minister reassured him.

"Fear no rival, son and lord," said he. "The bones of the dead are on thy side, and little thou knowest, as yet, how mighty their fleshless arms. All Tostig can do is to distract the forces of Harold. Leave him to work out his worst; nor then be in haste. Much hath yet to be done—cloud must gather and fire must form, ere the bolt can be lanced. Send to Harold mildly, and gently remind him of oath and of reliefs—of treaty and pledge. Put right on thy side, and then—"

"Ah, what then?"

"Rome shall curse the forsworn—Rome shall hail thy banner; this be no strife of force against force, but a war of religion; and thou shalt have on thy side the conscience of man, and the arm of the Church."

Meanwhile, Tostig embarked at Harfleur; but instead of sailing to the northern coasts of England, he made for one of the Flemish ports; and there, under various pretenses, new manned the vessels with Flemings, Fins and Norr; meditations during his voyage had decided trust to William; and he now bent his
Meanwhile, King Harold of England had made himself dear to his people, and been true to the fame he had won as Harold the Earl. From the moment of his ascension, "he showed himself pious, humble and affable, and omitted no occasion to show any tokens of bounteous liberality, gentleness, and courteous behavior." The grievous customs also, and taxes which his predecessors had raised, he either abolished or diminished; the ordinary wages of his servants and the men-at-arms he increased, and further showed himself very well bent to all virtue and goodness.

To the young Atheling he accorded a respect next paid to him; and, while investing the descendant of the ancient line, with princely state, and endowing him with large domains, his soul, too great for jealousy, sought to give more substantial power to his own most legitimate rival, by tender care and noble counsels, by efforts to raise a character free by nature, and dechristianized by foreign rearing. In the same broad and generous policy, Harold encouraged all the merchants from other countries who had settled in England, nor were even such Normans as had escaped the general sentence of banishment on Godwin's return, disturbed in their possessions.

King Harold came from York, and in the halls of Westminster he found a monk, who awaited him with the messages of William the Norman.

Bare-footed, and sere-garbed, the Norman envoy strode to the Saxon's chair of state. His form was worn with mortification and fast, and his face was hueless and livid with the perpetual struggle between zeal and the flesh.

"Thus saith William, Count of the Normans," began Hugues Maigrot, the monk.

"With grief and amazement hath he heard that you, O Harold, his sworn liege-man, have, contrary to oath and to fealty, assumed the crown that belonged to himself. But, confiding in thy conscience, and forgiving a moment's weakness, he summons thee, mildly and brother-like, to fulfill thy vow. Send to his sister, that he may give her in marriage to one of his kinsmen. Give him up the stronghold of Dover; march to thy coast with thine armies to aid him—thy liege-lord, and secure him the heritage of Edward his cousin. And thou shalt reign at his right-hand, his daughter thy bride, Northumbria thy seat, and thy saints thy protectors."

The king's face was firm, though pale, as he answered:

"My young sister, alas! is no more: seven nights after I ascended the throne, she died: her dust in the grave is all I could send to the arms of the bridegroom. I can not wed the child of thy count: the wife of Harold sits beside him." And he pointed to the proud beauty of Algyth, enthroned under the drapery of gold. "For the vow that I took, I deny it not. But from a vow of compulsion, menaced with unworthy captivity, extorted from my lips by the very need of the land whose freedom bound in my chains—from a vow so compelled, Church and conscience absolve me. If the vow of a maiden on whose bestow but her hand, when unknown to her parent, is judged invalid by the Church, how much more in valid the oath that would bestow on a stranger the fates of a nation, against its knowledge, and unconsulting its laws! This royalty of England hath ever
rested on the will of the people, declared through its chiefs in their solemn assembly. They who alone could bestow it, have bestowed it on me; I have no power to resign it to another; and were I in my grave, the trust of the crown would not pass to the Norman, but return to the Saxon people.

"Is this, then, thine answer, unhappy son?" said the monk, with a sullen and gloomy aspect.

"Such is my answer."

"Then, sorrowing for thee, I utter the words of William. 'With sword and with mail will come to punish the perjurer; by the aid of St. Michael, archangel of war, he will conquer his own kinsmen!'"

"By sea and by land, with sword and with mail, will we meet the invader," answered the king, with a flashing eye. "Thou hast said; so depart."

The monk turned and withdrew.

Back went Hugues Maigrot, the monk, to William, and told the reply of Harold to the duke, in the presence of Lanfranc. William himself heard it in gloomy silence, for Fitzosborne as yet had been wholly unsuccessful in stirring up the Norman barons to an expedition so hazardous, in a cause so doubtful; and though prepared for the defiance of Harold, the duke was not prepared with the means to enforce his threats and make good his claim.

So great was his abstraction, that he suffered the Lombard to dismount the monk without a word spoken by him; and he was first startled from his reverie by Lanfranc's pale hand on his vast shoulder, and Lanfranc's low voice in his dreamy ear.

"Up! Hero of Europe: for thy cause is won! Up! and write with thy bold characters, bold as it graved with the point of the sword, my credentials to Rome. Let me depart ere the sun sets; and as I go, look on the sinking orb, and behold the sun of the Saxon that sets evermore on England.

Then briefly, that ablest statesman of the age (and forgive him, despite our modern lights, we must; for son of the Church, he regarded the violated oath of Harold as entailing the legitimate forfeiture of his realm, and regard for true political freedom, looked upon Church and learning as the only civilizers of men), thus briefly, Lanfranc detailed to the listening Norman, the outline of the arguments by which he intended to move the pontifical court to the Norman side; and enlarged upon the vast ascension throughout all Europe which the solemn sanction of the Church would bring to his strength. William's re-awakening and ready intellect soon seized upon the importance of the object pressed upon him. He interrupted the Lombard, drew pen and parchment toward him, and wrote rapidly. Horses were harnessed, horsemen equipped in haste, and with no unfitting delay, Lanfranc departed on the mission, the most important in its consequences that ever passed from pontificate to pontiff. Re-braced to its purpose by Lanfranc's cheering assurances, the resolute, indomitable soul of William now applied itself, night and day, to the difficult task of rousing his haughty vaquavers. Yet weeks passed before he could even meet a select council composed of his own kinsmen and most trusted lords. These, however, privately won over, promised to serve him "with body and goods." But one and all they told him, he must gain the consent of the whole principality in a general council.

That council was convened; thither came not only lords and knights, but merchants and traders—all the rising middle class of a thriving state.

The duke bared his wrongs, his claims and his schemes. The assembly would not or did not discuss the matter in his presence, they would not be awed by its influence; and William retired from the hall.

The assembly broke at once into knots of tens, twenties, thirties, gesticulating and speaking loud, like freemen in anger. And ere William, with all his prompt dissimulation, could do more than soothe his rage, and sit gripping his sword hilt, and setting his teeth, the assembly dispersed.

Such were the free souls of the Normans under the greatest of their chiefs; and had those souls been less free, England had not been enslaved in one age, to become free again, God grant, to the end of time!

Through the blue skies over England there rushed the bright stranger—a meteor, a comet, a fiery star! "such as man before ever saw;" it appeared on the 8th, before the kalends of May; seven nights did it shine, and the faces of sleepless men were pale under the angry glare.

On the roof of his palace stood Harold the king, and with folded arms he looked on the Rider of Night. And up the stairs of the turret came the soft steps of Haco, and reaching near to the king, he said—

"Arm in haste, for the bodes have come breathless to tell thee that Tostig, thy brother, with pirate and war-ship, is wasting thy shores and slaughtering thy people!"

Tostig, with the ships he had gained north from Norman and Norwegian, recruited by the Flemish adventurers, fled fast from the bangers of Harold. After plundering the Isle of Wight, and the Hampshire coasts, he sailed up the Humber, where his vain heart had counted on friends yest left him in his ancient haven; but Harold's soul of steel was everywhere. More car pursued by the king's bodes, encountering and chased the traitor, and, deserted by most of his ships, with but twelve small craft, Tostig gained the shores of Scotland. There, again forestalled by the Saxon king, he failed in succor from Malcolm, and re-treating to the Orkneys, waited the fleets of Hardrada.

And now Harold, thus at freedom for defense against a foe more formidable and less unnatural, hastened to make secure both the sea and the coast against William the Norman. "So great a ship force, so great a land force, no king in the land had before.

"All the summer, his fleets swept the channel; his forces "lay every where by the sea."

But alas! now came the time when the improvident waste of Edward began to be felt. Provisions and pay for the armament failed. The summer was gone, the autumn was come; was it likely that William would dare to trust himself in an encampy's country as winter drew near? The Saxon character naturally peaceful, willing to fight when there was absolute need, but loathing the tedious preparations and costly sacrifices for war not yet actually thundering at the door, revolted from this strain on its energies. Joyous at the temporary defeat of Tostig, men said "Marry, a joke, indeed, that the Norman will put his shaven head into a hornets' nest! Let him come if dare!"
And now what had passed in the councils of William? The abrupt disappointment which the Grand Assembly had occasioned him did not last very long. Made aware that he could not trust to the spirit of an assembly, William now artfully summoned merchant, and knight, and baron, one by one. Submitted to the eloquence, the promises, the craft of that master intellez, and the awe of that imposing presence; unassisted by the courage which inferior takes from numbers, one by one yielded to the will of the count, and subscribed his quota for moneys, for ships, and for men. And while this went on, Lanfranc was at work in the Vatican. At that time, the Archdeacon of the Roman Church was the famous Hildebrand. This extraordinary man, fit fellow-spirit to Lanfranc, nursed one darling project, the success of which, indeed, founded the true temporal power of the Roman pontiffs. It was no less than that of converting the mere religious succession of the Holy See into the actual sovereignty over the states of Christendom. William was at high feast with his barons, when Lanfranc dismounted at his gates and entered his hall.

"Hail to thee, King of England!" he said. "I bring the bull that excommunicates Harold and his adherents; I bring to thee the gift of the Roman Church, the land and royalty of England. I bring to thee the gomfanzo hallowed by the body of the Apostle, and the very ring that contains the precious relic of the Apostle himself? Now who will shrink from thy side? Publish thy ban, not in Normandy alone, but in every region and realm where the Church is honored. This is the first war of the Cross!"

Then indeed was it seen—that might of the Church! Soon as were made known the sanction and gifts of the pope, all the continent stirred, as to the blast of the trump in the crusade, of which that war was the herald. From Maine and from Anjou, from Poitou and Bretagne, from France and from Flanders, from Aquitaine and Burgundy, flashed the spear, galloped the steed. The robber-chiefs from the castles now gray on the Rhine; the hunters and bandits from the roots of the Alps; baron and knight, varlet and vagrant—all came to the flag of the Church, to the pillage of England. For side by side with the pope's holy bull was the martial ban:—"Good pay and broad lands to every one who will serve Count William, with spear, and with sword, and with cross-bow."

And the duke said to Fitzosborne, as he parceled out the fair fields of England into Norman fiefs—"Harold hath not the strength of mind to promise the least of those things that belong to me. But I have a right to promise that which is mine, and also that which belongs to him. He must be the victor who can give away both his own and what belongs to his foe."

All on the continent of Europe regarded England's king as accursed—William's enterprise as holy; and mothers who had turned pale when their sons went forth to the boar chase, sent their darling's to enter their names, for the seal of their souls, in the swollen muster-roll of William the Norman. Every port was busy with terrible life; in every wood was heard the ax felling logs for the ships; and from every anvil flew the sparks from the hammer, as iron took shape into helmet and sword. All things seemed to favor the Church's chosen one.

---

**PORTRAIT GALLERY.**

**HOGARTH.**

Hogarth, though truly great as an original painter of life and manners, was far from being a scholar. In all probability, much of his juvenile days and school were passed in sketching characters on his slate, instead of learning his lessons; and, no doubt, the punishment which we see him undergoing, in a popular engraving, was too often his lot. The painter of the original, R. W. Buss, has depicted Master Hogarth as a sturdy young man, mounted on a stoo, with a dunce's cap upon his head. He has been caricaturing, no doubt; and this is his punishment; but his half-closed eye seems to say, "What do I care for it?"

But we will leave the picture to tell its own tale, and give a sketch of the life of the illustrious culprit.

William Hogarth was born in the parish of St. Martin's, Ludgate, in 1697 or 1698. His father, who was the son of a woman in the neighborhood of Ken- dell, in Westmorland, kept a school in the city. Hogarth was bound apprentice to Mr. Ellis Gamble, a respectable silversmith of Cranbourne Street, Leicester Fields, who employed him in engraving pillows and cresta on spoons and pieces of plate. Having been accidentally present at a drunken fray one Sunday at a public-house on the road to Highgate, his humor in sketching characters was first displayed by his drawing one of the unfortunate combatants streaming with blood. Soon after, he produced a print of Wanstead Assembly.

In 1720 he commenced business for himself, painting portraits, and making designs and book plates for the booksellers. Mr. Bowles, at the "Black Horse," Cornhill, was one of his earliest patrons, but paid him very low prices. Mr. Philip Overton, however, who next employed him, rewarded him better. For these two persons he designed and engraved plates for "La Motraye's Travels," "The Golden Ass of Apuleius," Beaver's "Military Punishments of the Ancients," "Cassandra," Butler's "Medibras," "Persians and Andromeda," etc. He also painted small groups or family pieces, for which he was very inadequately remunerated, and had sometimes much difficulty in procuring any payment after his pictures were finished.

As an instance, it is related that a very ugly and deformed nobleman having sat to him, the likeness produced was so strong that his sitter refused to have it; and Hogarth, after several pressing letters for payment, at length told him, that if he did not send the money for it, he should add a tail, and some other appendages, and sell it to Mr. Hare, a famous wild beast man, who had applied to have it to hang up over his booth. This stratagem had the desired effect; Hogarth received the money, and the nobleman put the picture in the fire.

In 1726, the affair of Mary Toft, the rabbit breeder, happened, and Hogarth was employed by some of the medical men in London to produce a picture on the subject, which he engraved. In 1727, he was obliged to prosecute one Morris, an upholsterer, who had commissioned him to paint a picture, which he also refused to have when finished; but here again Hogarth was successful. In 1830, Hogarth was secretly married to the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, and soon after commenced his celebrated
series of pictures, called the "Harlot's Progress." In the year 1733, this work brought his great powers fairly before the public, for at a meeting of the Board of Treasury, one of the members carried the third print, just then published, and showed it to the other members, as containing, among other excellences, a striking likeness of Sir John Gonson; and on the Board's breaking up, all the members went and purchased impressions. Such was now the great sale and popularity of his works that they were copied and pirated, and he was in consequence obliged to apply to Parliament for a Protecting Act, to secure to artists the fruits of their industry, as had been already granted to authors.

Some notion may be formed of the hold the "Harlot's Progress" took of the public mind, by the fact that it was converted into a pantomime and a ballet opera, and represented on the stage. The scenes were also engraved in a small size, to adorn the fans of ladies of rank and fashion. In 1745 he issued proposals for an auction of his original pictures, to commence on the first day of February, and to remain open to bidders for the whole month, the book to be closed on the 28th February at twelve o'clock, when the prices were declared as follows:—The six pictures of "Harlot's Progress," 88s. 4s.; eight pictures of "Rake's Progress," 183s. 16s.; Morning, 21l.; Noon, 38l. 17s.; Evening, 39l. 18s.; Night, 27l. 6s.; Strolling Players Dressing in a Barn, 21l. 6s.

The same year his prints of Marriage à la Mode appeared, which were very successful. But as it had been observed by his detractors that he only painted the dark side of human nature, he commenced a set of designs for a work to be called the "Happy Marriage," which, however, he never finished. In 1749, having paid a visit to France, he was arrested at Calais, while sketching the gate of the town, and on his return he commemorated the affair in his excellent print, "O the Roast Beef of Old England." He now purchased a small house at Chiswick, where he chiefly resided, going occasionally to his house in Leicester Fields. In 1753 his work on the "Analysis of Beauties" appeared; in writing which he was assisted successively by Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, the physician, Mr. Ralph, by Dr. Morell, who finished it, and the Reverend Mr. Townley, who wrote the preface. This work was translated into German in 1764, and into Italian at Leghorn in 1761.

In 1762 his health began to give way. He complained much of an inward pain, which was followed by a general decay. The last year of his life he spent chiefly at Chiswick in etching his plates; in which labor he was assisted by several other engravers. On October 25, 1764, he was so seriously indisposed that he was removed, at his own request, to his house in London, where he was immediately put to bed, but, being seized with a violent vomiting, he rang his bell loudly, the bell-ropc broke, and he soon afterwards fell back and expired. It was then ascertained that his illness had been caused by an aneurism of the great artery.

The house in which Hogarth lived and died is now the northern wing of the "Sandoniere Hotel," Leicester Square. His name is on a brass plate on the door, with the sign of the "Golden Head" over it. His favourite walk, in the evening, was in that now neglected enclosure of Leicester Square, where stands the dilapidated statue of George I. His usual dress was a scarlet robe and black hat.

Hogarth had one failing, in common with most people who attain great wealth and eminence without the advantages of liberal education. He affected to despise every kind of knowledge which he did not possess; and having been very rarely admitted into polite circles, he continued to the last a very gross and uncultivated man. He was also subject to violent bursts of rage upon receiving the smallest contradiction; so that, altogether, he was far from being an acceptable member of society on any account, except on the score of his talents. He was, besides, exceedingly self-conceited and vain, and very subject to fits of absence of mind, of both which tendencies many extraordinary instances are related by his biographers.

In originality of imagination, Hogarth may be placed on an equality with Shakespeare and In point of execution as a painter he is superior to most artists of the age in which he lived. His genius is at all times enlisted on the side of virtue and morality. He holds the mirror up to nature, and "through the eye corrects the heart." He exhibits vice in all its deformity; villainy is stripped of its cloak, and held up to detestation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"JINGLE" ON LOCAL MATTERS.

Editor Magazine: Dear Sir,—As your Magazine is open to the ignorant as well as the learned, the subscriber may, with safety, trust his little "composition" therein; without fear of being "blown up," especially if the ingredients be not of an inflammatory nature; but should I fail to divest my communications of all such matter as might endanger the security of said institution. I trust that some kind friend, connected therewith, will throw a safeguard around them; but I will request him to abstain (as far as may be consistent with such security) from throwing "cold water" on my feeble efforts to please an enlightened public; and when I say "enlightened," I say what I mean, for I well know that it is always the most "enlightened" members of the community who favor you with their patronage. [Of course, ahem!—Ed.] I have proved that intelligence, courage, honesty and amiability, must be integral parts of the person's organization, who reaches the class which subscribes for your paper; [All our establishment, down to the devil, are agreed on this point.—Ed.] I therefore certify that as far as your correspondent's influence extends, every person's qualifications for eligibility to office or maternity, shall henceforth be estimated in proportion to the size of their club for the Utah Magazine. [Let a bill to that effect be passed immediately.—Ed.] I will also petition the proper authorities, that a life-size portrait of every individual who shall be so successful as to raise a "club" of twenty subscribers for said periodical, be exhibited, on an improved "system," in Professor Tyrrel's dissolving show, at fifty cents a head, children half price, with large reduction made to families. [And their biographies published by Saxey, forthwith.—Ed.]

I might here state for the benefit of those who fear
to invest, that Professor Tytrel’s "phantasmagoria" is (to use language I think I have heard before) equalled by few and excelled by none; but with regard to his "dullinutive steam engine," I should feel guilty and suffer in my dreams, did I not caution spectators to secure seats as near the door as possible, to expedite their exit in case of an "explosion." Perhaps it may not be out of place to request that the lecturer inform his audience whether the track is ever set on fire by such passing "monsters," for if such a terrible state of things be enacted in real life, I fear that when the U. P. R. shall "whistle through our peaceful vales," if we survive, we may expect to see our principal cities reduced to ashes, and numbered among the things that are past; and if such a catastrophe is to be expected, I shall forthwith motion that the large bill on railroads, which is now occupying so much of the valuable time of the Legislative Assembly, be laid on the table "indefinitely," or referred to the committee on "unfinished business;" whereupon the orator of the 4th of July can make a "flaming" speech on the subject, which would annihilate the U. P. R., and leave us sit under our own "vines" and "fig trees," or somebody else's, without fear of railroads or other wicked and destructive inventions.

A. JINGLE.

[Our correspondent is but a young jingler, and does well for a beginner. Jingle again.—Editor.]

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

DOES THE WORLD ADVANCE?

It is not usual to call upon editors to explain or defend, through the columns of their papers, statements made by them in private or in the capacity of public speakers; but, as the following extract from a letter addressed to us, refers to a subject upon which we wish to speak, we introduce it here:

"SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 30, 1869.

"Dear Sir: You preached a most excellent discourse in the 13th Ward Assembly Rooms, three weeks ago, with one exception; you stated in the course of your remarks that a spirit after it had left the body, was capable of doing anything that it had done while in the body—and was capable of doing more, for any step we took was a step of progression and in advance of the former one."

Such views as these our correspondent believes to be contrary to certain doctrines taught by Joseph Smith, concerning the spirit world. On this subject we have nothing to say, inasmuch as the views ascribed to us by the writer, are not such as we believe in. In the first place, the spirit world, or its mysteries, was not specially our subject. We only referred to it incidentally, and that to show that to prepare for it by cultivating heavenly qualities in the soul, was as much in the line of the "practical realities of life," as building houses, cultivating farms, or "digging post holes." To illustrate this, we referred to such facts concerning the tangibility and reality of the next life, as have been taught years and years ago, and ought to be familiar to every one.

Our general statement was, that every step taken by mankind, as a world, was a step in advance of the former one. But this had no particular reference to the superiority of a disembodied spirit over an embodied one. That question we did not presume to discuss; although we believe, that in many points, the condition of the next state of existence must be superior to this—an idea which will in no way interfere with Joseph Smith's statements that "that state is one of imperfection, compared to states beyond that again."

What we then asserted was with regard to the movements of Providence upon this earth; that, taken as a whole, every fresh stage of the world's history, from the dawn of creation, has been a step ahead of the preceding one. And that this age is the best of all, because the latest of all, and therefore just so much nearer the culmination of God's movements. On this account, every age succeeding this will and must be better than the last. We believe this also, because the facts of history, sacred and secular, assert it, as we shall endeavor to show. More than this, every cultivated human soul has a witness within itself, that the order of the Universe, as stamped on rock, tree and flower—as much as on man himself—is eternal improvement and progression forever.

In saying this much, we do not mean to assert that there have not been apostacies from certain truths. The Church established by Jesus declined in its purity and spiritual powers. All should understand this: but the earth, as a whole, was being gradually advanced by God all the time in other matters. Even in the darkest periods the student of history can distinctly trace preparations for the day when this temporary apostacy should be overruled by His providences for the special blessing of later ages. The movements of God have been like the encroachments of the ocean on certain islands of the sea, slow but sure. Here they have lost, there they have gained. But they have been pushed steadily forward, encroaching and encroaching every age on the area of barbarism and ignorance.

To see how gloriously every succeeding age has been an improvement on its predecessor, we have but to go back to the beginning of human history. The earliest days of mankind, as nations, were their roughest, their most savage and brutal periods. It was the rule for kings to be bloody tyrants—lords of life and death; and the bulk of their subjects as debased as themselves. Brutal subjects made brutal and ferocious rulers. The whole earth slept in unbroken night, while here and there—with about as much effect as a man trying to light up the darkness of midnight with a solitary candle—an Abraham and a Jacob appeared. They were men far in advance of their times. But for every solitary Abraham or Jacob, there were millions upon millions who would have carved up Abraham or Jacob, and laid both as a bloody sacrifice upon the altars of their gods.

We sometimes speak of Abraham's time as one superior to later periods because one or two great and good men "talked with their Maker." This is not a proper way to estimate the condition of that age of the world. One or two solitary men to a whole world—and that world yet unrisen from barbarism—do not make an age of light.
We refer to this period of the world to demonstrate that, notwithstanding the appearance of an occasional binary on its surface, how unspeakably dark was the condition; and also to show that from this condition, according to the great law of eternal progress, lids emerge. The times of the Jewish Nation came—times in which light and harmonizing influences were multiplied, compared to the past, but still indeed alongside of those which God has since divided for humanity. It is true we habituate ourselves to think of Jewish times as periods of wonders and light, compared to recent centuries. But even if we had the favored nation only one or two really adored men appeared at a time, and they were quickly ordered for being ahead of their times, by the semi-liberal race to which they belonged. Daring to the way we have been taught from our childhood to regard matters, there is a kind of a glimmer thrown around the history of the Jewish people, and we speak of them as though they represented the condition of the world at that date. We also refer their times as periods when the world, as a whole, was founded in light and revolution; but it was not so. It was not only the representatives of truth but soli- dy specimens in the midst of the Jews, but they were a little insignificant and unknown nation—a dot on the geography of the globe, compared to the huge world outside of them, which knew nothing about them, or knew them only to speak of them with contempt.

But backward as was the condition of the world during the Jewish period, it was a grand elevation over the past. The great designs of God, by multitudes of providences, were moving along, and the world was progressing. Kings and wise men were raised up the Gentiles, inspired to civilize and cultivate; till by the time Jesus appeared, so much had things advanced, that the Jewish nation—whose circumstances had shut them in to themselves—were far behind great portions of the world in general intelligence, as well as in the arts which humanize and refine. God had been moving elsewhere. The reflections of divine light which had been occasionally reflected in their midst, were destined—in cooperation with the civilizing agencies started by Providence in other nations—to pioneer the way to still brighter ages.

At this stage of the world's history, we cannot put our fingers upon any one period as we go back to earlier times; without resting on a darker time every age. In tracing events as we travel up from the beginning, we do not arrive at an age but what we find the world at large better than was the one that preceded it.

MISTAKE IN PROSPECTUS.

In some copies of our Prospectus for the New Volume it is stated that "The Literary Album, Frederick's Illustrated Paper or The Chimney Corner can be substituted for any periodicals named in any of the sets," instead of the words "for any periodicals named," it should read "For any of Harper's periodicals mentioned in the sets."
THE DIAMOND STEALERS.
THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER I

Upon the night of the 12th of April, exactly a quarter of a century ago, at the other side of the world, a Spanish merchant-ship went down in a gale, and all hands save two were lost.

These two saved were Englishmen—one a sailor, the other a passenger. They were part of a boat's crew that had put off from the sinking ship, and after four days' exposure on the sea, were the only survivors who reached the land.

When, at last, the frail craft drifted on to the shingle, one lay at the bottom of the boat so weak he could not, unaided, crawl on shore. A returning wave would have washed the boat back again had not the strongest of the two castaways, exerting what strength remained to him, dragged it, with its inmate, to a place of safety among the rocks, where presently the rising waves wedged it fast.

Then, raising his companion in his arms, the strong sailor half led, half carried him up the rocks, nor quitted his hold until they reached a patch of verdure high and dry beyond high wave mark.

"You are safe now," he said. "Rouse up, man! How do you feel?"

"Most dead," the other answered, surly. "I wish I were dead! Why did not you leave me where I was? What business was it of mine?"

"That's easy enough remedied, friend, retorted the disappointed benefactor, with some excusable anger. "Throw yourself back into the sea if you don't prefer stopping where you are. It's for you to choose, not me."

"What are we better off here?" the other asked, in the same discontented tone. "I suppose we shall starve, or be eaten by savages or wild beasts."

"I haven't a notion! When your 're rested yourself, we'll go on further, if you like, and then we shall see what we shall see."

An hour or so later the two shipwrecked travelers were making a slow and painful journey across the country. They found that it was an island upon which they had thus landed, about nine miles broad and seven miles long.

Save for a meagre crop of weedy grass, it was almost destitute of vegetation. Rugged humps of rock lay scattered in wild confusion upon its surface, seemingly as though, in some long, long ago, giants had thrown down one another, and they had rested on the spot where they had fallen, their weight embedding them in the earth. Larger rocks were grouped here and there in towering masses, and many of these bore fantastic shapes, as of human forms strangely distorted—grinning heads, ruined castles, and broken bridges.

But nowhere was there a tree to be seen—not a bush—not a shrub. Nor could they discover any signs of fresh water. In the course of their dreary pilgrimage, they came upon one or two small pools formed in cavities of the rock by the collected rain, and at one of these they lay down and drank.

As night closed in, they found a sort of cove—a hole six feet broad at most, which some freak of nature had fashioned—and dead heat, they huddled closely together, and fell asleep, to wake again and again, and start and tremble, listening to the roaring wind.

Sick for want of food, they next day breakfasted upon a dead fish in the sea that had cast upon the shore and the sun dried. This miserable repast, it is true, they killed another bird, cooking their food always in the same way. On the fourth day of their captivity, a heavy rain began to fall, which lasted for half a week, and rendering all attempts at making a fire fruitless.

"During the time, they had not found a few muscles to appease the gnawing pang of hunger, they must have starved. The rain, too, penetrated into their cave, and soaked them to the skin; and it was so bitterly cold, that during the long nights they were often compelled to rise and pace to and fro, to keep the water down by a fever heat."

But this wet season was succeeded by one of such dryness, that the small supply of water hitherto to be found among the rocks was completely dried up. And now the sufferings of the poor captives from thirst were terrible. They had been strongest when they first landed, sickened with a fever, and lay helpless in the cave, dependent on his companions' tender mercies.

These tender mercies were not reliable. There were times when it was more probable that the sick man's friends would have left him to shift for himself, had there been any chance of escape. Many long hours together the latter lay stretched out listlessly in the sun, idly playing with the pebbles of the shore; or with his eyes fixed eastwards, watching at the close of the day slowly sinking down as it seemed, into the sea.

While thus occupied, his knitted brows and tightly-drawn lips showed that his brain was busy with far-off scenes and actions; and perhaps he indulged, too, in wild hopes of a future never to be realized. It was very certain that he preferred thus to dream away his life, and to go hungry through sheer idleness, than to devote himself seriously to ameliorating his condition.

"The scene and the sea will do well enough as they are," he said. "I was not born to die here like a dog in this out-of-the-way hole. No; no! Ned Carrow has a better fate in store for him yet. He has had his turn of ill-luck; but there's a good time coming—coming—coming."

This Ned Carrow, as he called himself—or Shifty Ned, as some others had called him—had had in his time several strokes of good fortune, and as many reverses. His energy had been at a very early age devoted to the mysteries of sea and land.

He had begun life without a shilling, and, with a lucky stroke, made a small fortune. He had lost this fortune by an unlucky stroke in a spec which seemed twice as likely; landed again upon a series of madly-betted hazards, and lost his fortune. He had been luckier that ever during the last year, and was one his way home to the land of his birth (England was thus distinguished), when a storm arose and Ned Carrow was caught on the shore upon his desert island, a beggar.

When the ship was sinking, he would have gone back for his money; but there was no time for this, and it was only a very last moment he got a place in the boat. In descending from the ship's side, he had slipped his foot, and fallen into the water. The giant had hung down at one shoulder, and now they were hanging from the ship's side, with one hand, as we have seen, he also did on a subsequent occasion.

Twice in a very short period had Tom Westlake saved Ed by his life; but we have yet to see how the latter returned his kindness.

Ned Carrow had been a passenger on board the lost ship. Tom Westlake was one of the crew. Westlake was a bad hand, strong, sharp and active, but unreliable; a drunken noisy fellow. Edward Carrow was a well-made, handsome fellow, of thirty or thereabouts. The other man was over fifty—a grim, grizzled man, with a ragged grey beard.

One evening during Tom Westlake's illness, he lay upon his uneasy couch of dry grass; while Ned Carrow, in his favoritism, lay near the chimney. The rain was pouring in, and to his delight, it was pouring down the chimney, and was gushing out wastefully across the sea at the setting sun.

"Is there anything out of common seaways?" Tom asked wearily. His companion rarely talked, and the long silence were not a little irksome.

"A little sounder than usual; and there's a deal of gold—a deal of gold."

"What's the good of a golden sky? It will turn to copper in a little, then to lead."

"Black, well-known copper in the sky as on this occurred in the land. What good would it be to any one here?"

"Very little; unless we ever to have the luck to get picked off by a passing ship. For my part, I'm not very sorry to have something towards a fresh start."

"I don't think much of the speech, and seems to think it over. Some time afterwards, however, and as though in continuation of the conversation he asked, abruptly, "Who
are you got towards starting after? A few shillings—a pound of two?"

The sick man smiled faintly.

"More than that—at least, the value of more. It's not money.

"But neither turned his eyes inquiringly towards him, as though he would have asked where this something—whatever it was—was kept; but he changed his mind, if such were his intention, before the question was put. Indeed, the other had insisted the required information by an involuntary gesture; for, with a gasp for breath, he carried his hand to his heart, and seemed to feel for some object lying hidden there, a sense himself that it was safe.

That night Tom Westlake's fever was rather worse, and, in his intense gloom of the cave, he groaned and gasped for breath, and again and again called in a weak voice to his companion.

"Are you there? Speak, if you're there! Only say a word! It's so lonely lying here sick in this pitchy darkness!"

But perhaps Ned Carrow slept more soundly that night than was his wont, for he made no response; and the suffering man wore the hours away painfully, thanking heaven with fervor when the first faint streaks of daylight crept in at the mouth of the cave.

From this night, Westlake's illness assumed an alarming aspect. He was for some days light-headed and talked wildly, often-conscious his companion from slumber by his loud and incoherent cries.

The woman turned a convinced notion that his treasure was in danger; and, with one hand hidden in his breast, kept jealous guard of it. Once he struggled into an upright posture, and, with shrill lamentations, declared that he had been robbed—that the fortune he so long had hidden away, and so carefully preserved, some thief had taken from him. Ned Carrow came to his side, and, with gentle words, tried to soothe his fears.

"Give it to me," he said; "I will take care of it for you. It will be quite safe with me."

Tom Westlake stared stupidly at the speaker, and at first seemed to understand; but, being a shrewd fellow, he glanced under his breath. Then, and then a cunning smile crossed his face.

"It is a better way to me," he said; "—better with me. You shall not take it while I have the strength left to raise my hand.

"I take it from you!" retorted Carrow, in a tone of disgust. "Keep your rubbush to yourself and much good may it do you!"

The other seemed to understand his companion's reproach, and laid his hand, with a conciliatory gesture, upon Carrow's arm.

"I am afraid I sha'n't last much longer," he said, in a curiously audible tone, "You must take care of it for me—for my child, Will you promise me to do so?"

But there is no occasion for you to give it to me without your consent. One thing is certain, you need not be afraid I shall run very far away.

Next day, Westlake, feeling himself even worse, produced his precious object that had been the subject of their conversation. He was a necklace, with an old-fashioned setting, discolored by age and dirt.

He passed it, with a trembling hand, to his friend, and Ned Carrow held it up to the light, and turned it over curiously. It seemed to him, at first sight, that the necklace was composed of twenty-two cut pieces of glass, clumsily set in a metal which had, not gone black almost entirely, he might have fancied was silver, but was more inclined to look upon as lead. A clumsy piece of workmanship altogether. The wreath of some gayish bit of jewelry, which might, in its time, have adorned some fair lady of the land.

But as he turned the thing over and over in his hands, he noticed, in spite of the gloominess of the cave, the glass glittered with a remarkable luster.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said to himself, "if the foot dog of the huntsman doesn't know it, and the real diamonds and present. When his companion gave utterance to that idea, he could scarcely refrain from laughing in his face.

"Yes, I have carried it a long way," said Tom Westlake, "and have passed through many dangers, and yet kept it safe—and you've been wrecked and lost on the prairies. I've been in the wilds for a year. I've had it all along. I don't tell you how many narrow escapes for life, with those jewels lying by my heart, and I've got them safe so far you see to what end!"

The sick man sighed deeply here, and passed his hand across his eyes. His companion was no mood for sentiment; indeed, he seldom was, except upon the subject of his own misfortunes.

"You call these diamonds, don't you?"

"Yes, I know they are. There are ways of telling real ones that are easy enough. Do you suppose I'd have gone through all this drudgery and danger, if I believed they wasn't? I might have turned them into gold long ago if I had chosen, but the money was easier carried this way, and the best place to change it into hard cash is London, where they know what a big price is worth, and can pay the proper price for it."

"Perhaps."

"I have, over there in England, friend, a bright-eyed little darling, that I love with all the love such a rough-shaped fellow as I am capable of. I'm not the sort to put it in fine words. I bought her a lock of your hair, and I think, more like, than my eyes—better than my life and I am not afraid of half as much about dying in this hateful place, if I die with your promise you'll do what's right when I am gone. You won't die here, I feel certain. No more should I, if I could but last out this fever. Then I'll come a ship, as sure as I live here, and pick you up: but it'll come too late for me."

"Perhaps not. You are not as bad as you fancy. You'll pull through right enough. You're a tough one, you are, old man."

The woman was wearing a ring on his finger—on this bag I've carried the necklace in these two years is the name of the house where you will find her, please God she lives. You will take the diamonds to a diamond merchant, and sell them at their full value, and accept a hundred pounds of the proceeds for your trouble."

Ned Carrow laughed out.

"A hundred pounds! And pray how many hundred is the chain worth, in your estimation?"

"This must have been a violent fit of coughing prevented the sick man from making any reply, and Ned Carrow sat silently with the necklace in his hand, and the same amazed and half contemptuous smile upon his face.

But, of a sudden, a change came over his expression, as he asked himself:

"Could there be any truth in the other's story? If the story were true, what would the jewels be worth? He looked at the necklace again—much more carefully this time. Surely no glass ever shone so brightly! Were these what are called Paris diamonds? No! Westlake said he had them in his possession for more than two years, and after some exposure, Parisian diamonds became as dull as common glass.

He touched one of the stones with his tongue, and it seemed even colder—no colder than glass; but then he had no glass at hand to verify the difference. He immersed a portion of the chain in a roughly fashioned clay pot they used for drinking, and the stones glittered as brightly as before in the water, which had not harmed them a whit.

The stones were set opaque, and that puzzled him, otherwise he thought he remembered that a small flame, such as a lighted taper, seen through the facets of a diamond, gave a single image; but even of this he was not quite certain—one so soon forgave such knowledge, for want of practice.

After all, he was obliged to own to himself that he was no judge of precious stones, and knew nothing about the subject, what were the probabilities in the case?

Was it likely this man would care about the necklace for two years and more, without finding out that the diamonds were sham ones, were such the case?

How had he become possessed of this treasure? Who could say? He had probably stolen it, and he might have had reason to believe that the necklace was composed of real diamonds, because it had come from a quarter where it was likely that real diamonds should be found.

While he was yet pondering over these questions, the sick man stretched his hand over the setting of his jewels, and regaining possession of his jewels, returned them to his breast in nervous haste. His friend sat silent and thoughtful. After a long pause, he asked:

"Are you any worse this evening?"

"A good deal worse, I think."

"A good deal!"

Ned Carrow did not lie down to sleep upon his bed of dry grass as at an early hour as he usually did. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he sat about for some hours among the stars, and dreamed of his home and his child."

The scene around was awfully still. There was not a breath of air stirring, and the water stretched out at his feet seemed as smooth as the surface of a lake.

"How much more of my life am I to waste here?" he said.
aloud. "Shall I ever escape—and what then? What, then, without friends, without money? Am I to begin afresh the old weary work—the old, hateful life—the lies, the tricks, the bluffs and evasions? Ah, if I had that diamond necklace—of great value to me, however. May I find it?—may I find it? I will not be gone a moment!"

He was gone scarcely longer than he had promised, and he had carried a small bag in his hand when he returned. The boat was waiting for him, and at once the sailors rowed him to sea.

"What makes you look back so wistfully at the shore? Would you think: You wanted to return, or had left something behind?"

He was the captain who spoke in jest: but he to whom the speaker turned deadly pale, and would have fallen, had he not clung to the gunwale for support.

For some reason, the steam was not put on immediately, and the ship was for some hours in sight of the island. During all of that time, in spite of all exertion, the tide persisted in remaining on deck; but when at length the tide spooked marking the place where the island existed, faded away; he drew a long breath—a sign of relief—putting his hand into his breast, felt there the necklace he had stolen.

The Fair Endeavor steamed onward on its homeward course. The passengers feasted and drank, danced, sang, made merry. But at dead of night, when others slept, the captain and his companions, on the deck, in their sleeping bags, by the light of the moon, watched as they came back the vision of the silent figure, with the pallid face, as he had seen it for a moment the night before. Was he dead yet? Had he partially recovered, and missed his treasure? Had he crept forth with trembling limbs, and was he now very weak, or, sagging hopelessly for help from the ship so far out of reach?

As the day passed swiftly away, some of the recollection of his base treachery probably faded from his mind; at any rate, at all times the best of company—a jovial, merry sort, and handsome, too, when he was properly shaven and shorn, and had changed his wet rags for a decent suit of clothes. He was, indeed, the hero of the voyage; and though he was on board without money or valuables of any kind, his presence made the good night it would be all right when he landed, was sufficient to secure him the best of everything at the saloon-cabin table, and there was an air about him, all agreed, which boded the real gentleman.

He was, however, a real gentleman, who slept badly at night, and more than once aroused the sleepers in the adjoining cabins by his sudden starts and eveaussiness. At these times, and lonely hours he was, perhaps, never wholly free from the dread phantom of a forlorn wretch, with a haggard face and wild, staring eyes, clinging to the rocks and gazing out at the stars with wistful eyes.

This was the man he had left to die—whom he had consigned to a living tomb—whom he had destroyed: then was he a man of destiny.

Sometimes, too, the treacherous villain's thoughts would wander to England, where that little girl whom Tom Westlake loved so dearly, was waiting for him.

Did she know that the diamonds were coming to her? She, she thinks they were on the road?

There had been so little time to talk after Westlake revealed his secret, and Carrow had been so eager upon one subject, that he had asked no questions respecting the child for whom the precious stones were destined.

But he had plenty of leisure to ponder now upon this mystery—now, indeed, more than he cared for; and sometimes he dreamed of it at night.

Now he would dream of a little lady, reared tenderly and everywomanly, whom he pictured her in a luxuriously furnished home. He seemed to see a fire blazing on the hearth, curtains drawn close; a winter's landscape without—the snow falling heavily.

She was sitting by the fire, her pretty little face resting on her hand, while the camels basking beside her young head. She was sitting waiting.

Then she had started up. A sound had caught her ear—footfall on the road without. Somehow, he was there, too, on her side, holding the coming step; trying to persuade her to listen to her fancy—that she had heard no sound; trying to induce her to lie down and close the door for the night, for it must be now too late for her father to come.

But she would not listen to him: She had gone to the door. She slept. The steps grew nearer. He dared not wait where he was, but...
CORRESPONDENCE

251

13, 1869]

[Image -14x-0 to 477x723]

One of the passengers indulgently demanded that the search should be at once commenced; and this proposition others seconded; but, strange to say, Edward Crow was moved loudly against such a course. In the end, however, the search was made, but no locket was found. A week afterwards, the good ship Fair Endeavour reached the London docks, and the passengers separated and went their different ways.

 Ned Crow also went his way. Thus was he, he walked briskly away, until he was out of sight, round a corner, and then he came to a standstill, to consider what on earth was to become of him, and where he should that night lay his head. He had told them a sufficiently good story to induce them to allow him to depart without making any payment. He was to call and settle next day. This arrangement did not trouble him much, but his present necessities were urgent.

He landed with empty pockets—without a friend or a shilling in the world, and the diamond necklace gone.

A DIG AT SAXEY.

EDITOR UTAH MAGAZINE—Sir: Accept congratulations on your publication of "Representative Boys of Utah," for as many know, some "boys"—add to them years, as you may—will never be but boys, and per chance might fail of being published as "Representative Men."

Give the boys a wide space, "puckered" or "unpuckered."

Respectfully,

LADY CONTRIBUTOR AND SUBSCRIBER.

[Our correspondent is evidently a "Representative Woman." Saxey will be after her biography shortly.]

—EDITOR.]

INTENDING SUBSCRIBERS FOR EASTERN PAPERS.

Persons intending to subscribe for Eastern newspapers, can now obtain any of Harper's periodicals, Demorest's Monthly, The Scientific American, The Phrenological Journal, The New York Ledger, or The American Agriculturist, at reduced figures, by paying for any one of them and the new volume of The Utah Magazine, in advance. These popular English papers, THE FAMILY HERALD, THE LONDON JOURNAL, OR BOW BOW BOW can also be had on reduced terms with our new volume, as also can ANY ENGLISH NEWSPAPER.

Call at our office and examine the excellent periodicals to be given away to clubs with our new volume.

GOOD-BYE.

Is that your hand in mine, love?
Or is it asleep a dream?

Life's this is ebullient fast, love:
I'm drifting with the stream.

Are these your darling eyes, love?
Or are they stars of heaven?

My own are dim and weary;
All looks alike at even.

Is that your voice that soars, love?
Are these your tears that burn?

We two at last are parted—
From life and you I turn.
WOMAN'S SPHERE IN UTAH.

[From The Phrenological Journal.]

The women of Salt Lake City, as will be seen by the following communication, are not disposed to be left behind in the race of improvement by their Eastern sisters. They feel the importance of extending their sphere of labor and of usefulness, and of making for themselves room in the world for the more complete exercise and development of all their faculties. The object of the "Female Relief Society" is certainly a good one, and we have no doubt but that the women who have the work in hand will make it a means of good not only to those who may receive its help in time of need, but to themselves also, in the promotion of their own social, moral and intellectual improvement.

A valued lady correspondent of Salt Lake City, under date of November 13th, 1868, writes as follows:

SALT LAKE CITY, 13th November, 1868.

The laying of a corner-stone of a "Temple of Commerce," by the Female Relief Society of the fifteenth ward, Salt Lake City, took place yesterday. The novelty consists in its being a female enterprise, developed under the fostering care of Bishop R. T. Burton. A large audience, composed in part of members of the Society, was on the ground. At 2 p.m., after the usual form on such occasions, the following address was read by the president, followed by an extempore speech by E. R. Snow, on Woman's Relations to the Sterner Sex; a speech by Bishop Burton, commendatory and encouraging, and one by Mrs. Basababy Smith appropriate to the occasion.

MRS. S. M. K.

ADDRESS.

Gentlemen and Ladies—I appear before you on this interesting occasion in behalf of the Female Relief Society, to express thanks to Almighty God that the wheels of progress have been permitted to run until they have brought us to a more extended field of useful labor for female minds and hands.

It will be readily admitted that woman's allotted sphere of labor is not sufficiently extensive and varied to enable her to exercise all her God-given powers and faculties in the manner best calculated to strengthen, and develop, and perfect her; nor are her labors made sufficiently remunerative to assure her that independence essential to true womanly dignity.

We realize that unless wisely conducted, our practical operations may subject us to criticisms and censure. But the consciousness that our theory is correct, and our efforts in the direction of human improvement and universal good, will strengthen and encourage us, bestowing that boon—

"Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy."

With feelings of humility and gratitude I stand upon this consecrated rock, and contemplate the anticipated result of the completion of this unperturbing edifice, (which I will here call "Our Store"), the upper story of which will be dedicated to art and to science; the lower story to commerce or trade. I view this as a stepping stone to similar enterprises on a grander scale.

The object of the building is to enable the members of the Society more perfectly to combine their labors, their means, their tastes, and their talents for improvement, physically, socially, morally, intellectually, and financially, and for more extended usefulness.

Many gentlemen kindly proffer their aid in forwarding this enterprise. To them, in behalf of the cause for which we labor, we extend heartfelt thanks.

We feel that our friends who so graciously patronize us will expect much at our hands. We promise you our best endeavors to meet your highest expectations. But we ask you mercifully to remember that we are a new one for us to occupy, hence, as pioneers for a sex in this department of female labor in our Territory, we beg you not to be too severe in your criticisms, but show your magnanimity by giving us an approving look and an occasional encouraging word.

With such helps, and the continued blessing of God, we have all confidence that we shall be enabled to tend variously needed relief, and make our labor a blessing to the cause of humanity.

[Now this is a bold—may we not say grand—movement for the Salt Lake sisterhood. With an inevitable franchise, for which women are asking, the demanding, those Mormon wives and mothers will be in the majority, and when they vote it will fix this just as they please. We are in favor of the movement. Let the usurping "lords of creation" make their peace while they may. Clear the track, for the locomotive is on its way to Salt Lake City.]

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of Eleven letters,
My 1st is the most important of the vowels,
" 2d is one of the liquids,
" 3d is an imported herb,
The loss of my 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th subjects a person much private ridicule.
If my 9th, 10th, and 11th is disobedient, much sorrow is in the family circle is the result,
If to my 4th, 1st, 5th, 2d, 3d, 4th 5th be affixed, you will find what all Latter-day Saints are striving to be,
My whole is a name familiar to all the readers of the Magazine.

By D., Mountain Dee.

PUZZLE.

I'm composed of letters four,
A turkey, cook, or hen;
Behead me, and I upward soar.
Put on my head again,
Transpose me, then a beast I am.
Both bloodthirsty and wild,
That preys on many a helpless lamb,
And oft devours a child.

ANSWER TO NO. 46, PAGE 240.

RIDDLE.—One child from two parents makes three,
SLEIGHING.

With never a plume of the wind set humming,
The snow has come, and still is coming,
Yonder, and higher, and everywhere,
Its silent feet in the pathless air
Trip down, and round, and over the ground,
With a visible hush there is nothing glum in,
Nothing but beauty and peace profound.

Ho, now for fun! never wait for the sun!
The girls are dancing, the steeds are prancing,
The boys are glancing, and sigh for a run
In the glimmering, shimmering, hovering, covering.
Like flaky moonlight dropped on a lover in,
Shadowy glenns that a lover knows,
With their foliage clouds and moonbeam snows.

Now verily, merrily, cheerily go
Over, and under and through the snow,
Willie, and Lillie, and Nellie and Joe,
 Glock-eyed Nellie, and blue-eyed Willie,
Hazeld-eyed Lillie, and berry of sloe
Twinkling under the brow of Joe,
With the mischief in him as big as a crow!

Ho, with a shout! we are out and away!
Tangling, mingling, jangling, jingling,
Laughing, chaffing, twirling, tingling,
Bells on the horses, and bellies in the sleigh.
Merily, cheerily measure the way,
Shouting up echoes with "Caw, caw!"
To frighten the crows from thicket and baw
Shuffle toes, shuffle nose, under the bushelores!
Smothering, feathering, gathering snow,
Over and under, around and below,
Yet nobody cares but the whitening crow!
Fast through theingle we follow the jingle,
And a fig for the fellows who doze by the ingle
When life goes leaping along the snow!

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE FIGHT WITH HARDGRAVE.

And now, while war thus hungered for England,
The last and most renowned of the sea-kings, Harold
Hardgraave, entered his galley, the tallest and strongest
Of a fleet of three hundred sail, that peoples the
sea round Solundir.

Tostig joined him off the Orkney Isles, and this
great armament soon came in sight of the shores of
England. They landed at Cleveland, and at the
dread of the terrible Norsemen, the coastmen fled or
submitted. With booty and plunder they sailed on
to Scarborough; but there the townsfolk were brave,
and the walls were strong. The Norsemen ascended
a hill above the town, lit a huge pile of wood,
and tossed the burning piles down on the roofs.
House after house caught the flame, and through the glare
and the crash rushed the men of Hardgraave. Great
was the slaughter, and ample the plunder; and the
town, awed and depeoped, submitted to flame and to
sword.

Then the fleet sailed up the Humber and Ouse,
and landed at Richall, not far from York; but Morcar,
the earl of Northumbria, came out with all his forces—
all the stout men and tall of the great race of the
Anglo-Danes.

Then Hardgraave advanced his flag, called Land-
 Eyda, the "Ravager of the World," and, chanting a
war-stave, led his men to the onslaught.

The battle was fierce, but short. The English
troops were defeated, they fled into York; and the
Ravager of the World was borne in triumph to the
gates of the town. An ecelled chief, however tyrans-
ous and hateful, hath over some friends among the
desperate and lawless; and success over finds allies
among the weak and the craving—so many Northum-
brians now came to the side of Tostig. Dissensions
and mutiny broke out amid the garrison within; and
Morcar, unable to control the townsfolk, was driven forth
with those still true to their country and king, and
York agreed to open its gates to the conquering in-
vader.

At the news of this foe on the north side of the
land, King Harold was compelled to withdraw all the
forces at watch in the south against the tardy in-
vasion of William. It was now deep in September;
eight months had elapsed since the Norman had
launched forth his exciting threat. Would he now
dare to come? Come or not, that foe was afar, and
this was in the heart of the country!

Now, York having thus capitulated, all the land
round was humbled and awed; and Hardgraave and
Tostig were bithi and gay; and many days, thought
they, must pass ere Harold the king can come from
the south to the north.

The camp of the Norseman was at Stanford bridge,
and that day it was settled that they should formally
enter York. Their ships lay in the river beyond; a
large portion of the armament was with the ships.
The day was warm, and the men with Hardgraave had
laid aside their heavy mail and were "making merry,"

talking of the plunder of York, jeering at Saxon valor,

and gloating over thoughts of the Saxon maidens, whom

Saxon men had failed to protect—when suddenly be-

 tween them and the town rose and rolled a great cloud

of dust. High it rose, and fast it rolled, and from

the heart of the cloud shone the spear and the shield.

"What army comes yonder?" said Harold Har-

drada.

"Surely," answered Tostig, "it comes from the town

that we are to enter as conquerors, and can be but

the friendly Northumbrians who have deserted Mor-

car for me."

Near and nearer came the force, and the shine of

the arms was like the glancing of ice.

"Advance the World-Ravager!" cried Harold Har-

drada, "draw up, and to arms!"

Then, picking out three of his bristliest youths, and

he dispatched them to the force on the river with or-

ders to come up quick to the aid. For already,

through the cloud and amidst the spears, was seen the

flag of the English king. On the previous night

King Harold had entered York, unknown to the in-

vaders—appalled the mutiny—cheered the townsfolk;

and now came, like the thunderbolt borne by the wind
to clear the air of England from the clouds of the

North.

Both armaments drew up in haste, and Hardrada

formed his array in the form of a circle—the line long

but not deep, the wings curving round till they met,

shield to shield. Those who stood in the first rank

set their spear shafts on the ground, their points lev-

el with the breast of a horseman; those in the second,

with spears yet lower, level with the breast of a

cravaty; thus forming a double palisade against the

charge of cavalry.

In the center of this circle was placed the Ravager

of the World and round it a rampart of shields.

Behind that rampart was the accustomed post at the

onset of the battle for the king and his body guard.

But Tostig was in front, with his own Northumbrian

lion banner, and his chosen men.

While this army was thus being formed, the Eng-

lish king was marshaling his force in the far more

formidable tactics, which military science had per-

fected from the warfare of the Danes. That form of

battalion, invincible hitherto under his leadership, was

in the manner of a wedge or triangle. So that, in

attack, the men marched on the foe presenting the

smallest possible surface to the missiles, and, in de-

fense, all three lines faced the assailants. King Har-

old cast his eye over the closing lines, and then, turn-

ing to Gurtth, who rode by his side, said:

"Take one man from your hostile army, and with

what joy should we charge on the Northerns?"

"I conceive thee," answered Gurtth mournfully,

"and the same thought of that one man makes my

arm feel palsied."

The king mused, and drew down the nasal bar of

his helmet.

"Thegns," said he suddenly, to the score of riders

who grouped round him, "follow." And shaking the

rein of his horse, King Harold rode straight to that

part of the hostile front from which rose, above the

spears, the Northumbrian banner of Tostig. Wonder-

ing, but mute, the twenty thegns followed him

Before the grim array, and hard by Tostig's banner,

the king checked his steed and cried—

"Is Tostig, the son of Godwin and Githa, by the

flag of the Northumbrian earldom?"

With his helmet raised, and his Norwegian mantle

flowing over his mail, Earl Tostig rode forth at the

voice, and came up to the speaker.

"What wouldst thou with me, daring foe?"

The Saxon horseman paused, and his deep voice

trembled tenderly, as he answered slowly—

"Thy brother, King Harold, sends to salute thee.

Let not the sons from the same womb, wage, in the

soil of their fathers, unnatural war."

"What will Harold the king give to his brother?"

answered Tostig, "Northumbria already he hath be-

stowed on the son of his house's foe."

The Saxon hesitated, and a rider by his side took

up the word.

"If the Northumbrians will receive thee again

Northumbria shalt thou have, and the king will be-

stow his late earldom of Wessex on Morcar; if the

Northumbrians reject thee, thou shalt have all the

lordships which King Harold hath promised to Gurtth."

"This is well," answered Tostig; and he seemed to

delay his decision, and then—

"Ha!" said Tostig, then turning round, as the giant

form of the Norse king threw its vast shadow over

the ground—

"And if I take the offer, what will Harold, son of

Godwin give to my friend and ally, Hardrada of Nor-

way?"

The Saxon rider reared his head at these words,

gazed on the large front of Hardrada, as he an-

swered loud and distinct—

"Seven feet of land for a grave, or, seeing that he

is taller than other men, as much more as his corse

may demand!"

"Then go back, and tell Harold my brother to get

ready for battle; for never shall the scalds and the

warriors of Norway say that Tostig dead, is in his

cause, to betray him to his foe. Here did he come,

and here came I, to win as the brave win, or
die as the brave die!"

A rider of younger and slighter form than the rest

here whispered the Saxon king—

"Delay no more, or thy men's hearts will fear trea-

son."

The tie is rent from my heart, O Haco," answered

the king, and the heart flies back to our England."

He waved his hand, turned his steed and rode off.

The eye of Hardrada followed the horseman.

And who," he asked calmly, "is that man who

spoke so well?"

"King Harold," answered Tostig, briefly.

"How," cried the Norseman, reddening, "how was

not that made known to me before. Never should

he have gone back—never told hereafter the doom of

this day."

With all his ferocity, his envy, his grudge to Har-

old, and his treason to England, some rude notions of

honor still lay confused in the breast of the Saxon;

and he answered stolidly—

"Impudent was Harold's coming, and great his

danger; but he came to offer me peace and dominion.
Had I betrayed him, I had not been his foe but his
murderer!"

The Norse king smiled approvingly, and said,
"That man was shorter than some of us, but he rode
firm in his stirrups."

And this extraordinary person began, in his
rich full voice that pealed deep as an organ, to chant
his impromptu war song.

Meanwhile the Saxon phalanx came on, slow and
firm, and in a few minutes the battle began. It
commenced first with the charge of the English cavalry
(never numerous), led by Leofwine and Haco, but the
twelve pallas of the Norman spears formed an
impassable barrier; and the horsemen, recoiled from the
force. Harold himself, standing on a little eminence, more
exposed than his nearest soldier, deliberately eyed his
sallyc of the horse, and watched the moment he
pursued, when encouraged by his own suspense, and the
feeble attacks of the cavalry, the Norsemen would
lift their spears from the ground, and advance them-
selves to the assault. That moment came: unable to
withhold their own fiery zeal, stimulated by the
rumor and the clang, and the war hymns of their
king and his choral scales, the Norsemen broke ground and
charged on.

"To your axes, and charge!" cried Harold; and passing
from the center to the front, he led on the array.

The impetus of that artful phalanx was tremendous;
pierced through the ring of the Norwegians; it clove
into the rampart of shields; and King Harold's battle
was the first that shattered that wall of steel; his
step the first that trod into the innermost circle that
guarded the Ravager of the World.

Then forth, from under the shade of that great flag,
smoke, himself also on foot, Harold Hardrada; shouting
and chanting, he leaped with long strides into the
thick of the onslaught. He had flung away his shield,
and swaying with both hands his enormous sword, he
slew down man after man, till space grew clear be-
fore him; and the English, recoiling in awe before an
image of height and strength that seemed super-
man, left but one form standing firm, and in front to
oppose his way.

At that moment the whole strife seemed not to be-
long to an age comparatively modern, it took a char-
eracter of remotest old; and Thor and Odin seemed
to have returned to the earth. Behind this towering
and Titan warrior, their wild hair streaming long un-
der their helms, came his sculls, all singing their
yums, drunk with the madness of battle. And the
Ravager of the World tossed and flapped, and seemed
that the vast raven depicted on its folds seemed horrid with life.
And calm and alone, his eye watchful, his ax lifted, his foot ready for rush or
spring—but firm as an oak against flight—stood the last of the Saxon kings.

Down bounded Hardrada, and down shone his
sword; King Harold's shield was cloven in two and
the force of the blow brought himself to his knees.
But as swift as the flash of that sword, he sprang to
his feet; and as Hardrada still bore his head, but
covering from the force of the blow, the ax of the
Iron came so full on his helmet, that the giant reced,
dropped his sword, and staggered back; while his
calds and his chiefs rushed around him. That gal-
ant stand of King Harold saved his English from
flight; and now, as they saw him almost lost in the
throng, yet still cleaving his way—on, on—to the
raven standard, they rallied with one heart, and
shouting forth, "Out, out! Holy cross!" forced
their way to his side, and the right now waged hot
and equal, hand to hand. Meanwhile Hardrada,
bore a little apart, and relieved from his dinted hel-
met, recovered the shock of the weightiest blow that
had ever dimmed his eye and numbed his hand. Toss-
ing the helmet on the ground, his bright locks glitter-
ing like sunbeams, he rushed back to the melee.
Again helm and mail went down before him; again
through the crowd he saw the arm that had suffo-
cont him; again he sprang forth to finish the war with a
blow—when a shaft from some distant bow pierced
the throat which the casque now left bare a sound
like the wail of a death-song murmured brokenly from
his lips, which then rushed out the blood, and toss-
ing up his arms wildly, he fell to the ground a corpse.
At that sight a yell of such terror, and woe, and
wrath, all commingled, broke from the Norsemen,
that it dashed the very war for the moment!

"Out!" cried the Saxon king, "let our earth take
its spoiler! On to the standard, and the day is our own."

"On to the standard," cried Haco, who, his horse
shewn under him, all bloody with wounds not his own,
now came to the king's side. Grim and tall rose the
standard, and the streamer shivered and flapped in
the wind as if the raven had voice. When right before
Harold, right between him and the banner, stood
Tostig his brother, known by the splendor of his mail,
the gold work on his mantle known by the fierce
laugh, and defying voice.

"What matters:" cried Haco; "strike, O King, for
thy crown."

Harold's hand gripped Haco's arm convulsively; he
lowered his ax, turned round, and passed shuddering-
ly away.

Both armies now paused from the attack; for both
were thrown into great disorder, and each gladly
gave respite to the other, to reform its own scattered
array.

The Norsemen were not the soldiers to yield be-
cause their leader was slain—rather the more reso-
lute to fight, since revenge was now added to valor;
yet, but for the daring and promptness with which
Tostig had cut his way to the standard, the day had
been already decided.

During the pause, Harold summoning Guthr, said
to him in great emotion "For the sake of Nature, for
the love of God, go, O Guthr—go to Tostig; urge
him, now Hardrada is dead, urge him to peace. All
that we can profer with honor, profer quarter and
free retreat to every Norseman. Oh, save me; save
us from a brother's blood."

Guthr lifted his helmet, and kissed the mailed hand
that grasped his own.

"I go," said he. And so, bared chested, and with a
single trumpeter, he went to the hostile lines.

Harold awaited him in great agitation; nor could
any man have guessed what bitter and awful thoughts
lay in that heart, from which, in the way to power,
tie after tie had been wrenched away. He did not
wait long; and even before Guthr rejoined him, he
knew by a unanimous shout of fury, to which the
clash of countless shields chimed in, that the mission
had been in vain.
Tostig had refused to hear Guth, save in the presence of the Norwegian chiefs; and when the message had been delivered, they all cried, "We would rather fall one across the corpse of the other, than leave a field in which our king was slain."

"Ye hear them," said Tostig: "as they speak, speak I."

"Not mine this guilt too, O God!" said Harold, solemnly lifting his hand on high. "Now, then, to duty!"

By this time the Norwegian reinforcements had arrived from the ships, and this for a short time rendered the conflict that immediately ensued, uncertain and critical. But Harold's generalship was now as consummate as his valor had been daring. He kept his men true to their irreplaceable line. Even if fragments splintered off, each fragment threw itself into the form of the resistless wedge. One Norwegian, standing on the bridge of Stamford, long guarding that pass; and no less than forty Saxons are said to have perished by his arm. To him the English king sent a generous pledge, not only of safety for the life, but honor for the valor. The Viking refused to surrender and fell at last by a javelin from the hand of Haco. As if in him had been embodied the unyielding war god of the Norsemen, in that death, died the last hope of the Vikings. They fell literally where they stood; many, from sheer exhaustion and the weight of their mail, died without a blow. And in the shades of night-fall, Harold stood amidst the shattered remnants of shields, his foot on the corpse of the standard bearer, his hand on the Ravener of the World.

"Thy brother's corpse is borne yonder," said Haco, in the ear of the king, as, wiping the blood from his sword, he plunged it back into the sheath.

The Norwegian preparations for departure were soon made, and the ships vouch-safed to their conveyance as anchor, and sailed down the stream. Harold's eye watched the ships from the river banks.

"And there," said he, at last, "there glide the last sails that shall ever bear the devasting ravens to the shores of England!"

Truly, for in that field had been the most signal defeat of those warriors, hitherto almost invincible, had known. On that day lay the last son of Berserker the sea-king; and be it, O Harold, remembered in thine honor, that not by the Norman, but by thee, true-hearted Saxon, was trampled on the English soil the "Ravager of the World!"

"So be it," said Haco, "and so methinks, will it be. But forget not the descendant of the Norsemen, the Count of Rouen!"

Harold started, and turned to his chiefs. "Sound trumpet, and fall in. To York we march. There, settle the earldom, collect the spoil, and then back, my men, to the southern shores. Yet first kneel thou, Haco, son of my brother Sweyn: thy deeds were done in the light of Heaven, in the sight of warriors in the open field; so should thine honors find thee! Not with the vain fripperies of Norman knighthood do I deck thee, but make thee one of the elder brotherhood of Minister and Miles. I gird round thy loins mine own baldric of pure silver; I place in thy hand mine own sword of plain steel; and bid thee rise to take place in council and camps among the Proceres of England—Earl of Hereford and Essex. "Boy," whispered the king, as he bent over the pale check of his nephew, "thank not me. From me the thanks should come. On the day that saw Tostig's crime and his death, thou didst purify the name of my brother Sweyn! On to our city of York!"

High banquet was held in York; and, according to the custom of the Saxon monarchs, the king could not absolve himself from the Victory Feast of his brothers. He sat at the head of the boards, between his brothers. Morcar, whose departure from the city he had deprived him of a share in the battle, had arrived that day with his brother Edwin, whom he had gone to summon to his aid. And though the young earl envied the fame they had not shared; the envy was noble.

Gay and boisterous was the wassail; and lived the Song, long neglected in England, woke as it waked ever, at the breath of Joy and Fame. As in the days of Alfred, the harp passed from hand to hand, martial and rough the strain beneath the torch of the Anglo-Dane, more refined and thoughtful the lay when it chimed to the voice of the Anglo-Saxon. But was memory of Tostig—all guilty though he was—brother slain in war with a brother, lay heavy on Harold's soul. Still, so had he schooled and trained his youth to live for but for England—know no joy and no hope not hers—that by degrees and strong efforts he shook off his gloom. And music, and song, and wine, and blazing lights, and the proud sight of those long lines of valiant men, whose hearts had beat and whose hands had triumphed in the same cause, all sided to link his senses with the gladness of the hour.

And now, as night advanced, Leofwine, who was ever a favorite in the banquet, as Guth in the council, rose to propose the drink-hoel, which carries to most characteristic of our modern social customs, an antiquity so remote. And the roar was hushed to the sight of the young earl's winsome face. With decorum, he uncovered his head, composed his countenance, and began:

"Crying forgiveness of my lord the king, and to noble assembly," said Leofwine, "in which are many from whom what I intend to propose would come with better grace, I would remind you that William, Count of the Normans, meditates a pleasure of curiosition, of the same nature as our late visitor, Harald Hardrada."

A scornful laugh rang through the hall.

"And as we English are hospitable folk, and give any man, who asks, meat and board for one night, one day's welcome, methinks, will be all that the Count of the Normans will need at our English hands."

Flushed with the joyous insolence of wine, the wassailers roared applause.

Wherefore, this drink-hoel: to William of Rouen. And, to borrow a saying now in every man's lips, as which, I think, our good scops will take care that all children's children shall learn by heart—since he covets our Saxon soil, 'seven feet of land' in freedom pledge to him forever!"

"Drink-hoel to William the Norman!" shouted the revelers; and each man, with mocking formality, to of his cap, kissed his hand, and bowed. "Drink-hoel William the Norman!" And the shout rolled from floor to roof—when, in the midst of the uproar, man, all bedabbled with dust and mire, rushed in the hall, rushed through the rows of the banqueteers, rushed to the throne-chair of Harold, and cried:
OLIVER CROMWELL—HIS LIFE AND
CHARACTER.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

"Put your trust in God, and keep your powder dry."

ELIZABETH and CROMWELL! How well their names
close together! How well the missions they repre-
sent! Their fame and their infamy, according to
the point of view taken, have both come from the same
forceful, heroic character, the same belief in their
missions, and their strikingly comparable acts. How
much as two halves of one whole are they? They
are as two great instruments of destiny raised up to
complete one great work, to let the world go on, and
bring forth those mighty changes out of which not
only has the religious face of Europe been changed,
but republican empire grown up (almost in a day
in six thousand years) to its present gigantic
portions.

Where would have stood the old world to-day—
where would have been republican America, had not
Providence given us an Elizabeth and a Cromwell?
Moreover, those instruments must have been of a
corresponding type in their missions and characters,
for in striking down the massive consolidations of
ages, destiny must raise up individuals as mighty
battering-rams; and they must believe in their own
missions and force the issue of the times. Elizabeth
defied Popes, battled against their right divine, over-
threw the Catholic Church in her realm, almost in a
day; established the supremacy of the throne, and
handed empire onward upon her imperial shoulders.
She further fortified the struggling Protestants in
Germany, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, and
Scotland. Her countenance and alliance encouraged
the revolution of the age everywhere; and even to
those whom she aided indirectly, Elizabeth, among
sovereigns the representative of the era, became as a
tower of strength.

Cromwell, in his turn, completes the other half
of the age; and now the work is both in antagonism
and concord with the first half which Elizabeth typed.
Here again we see that religious revolutions produce
their exact counterpart, in social and political changes;
and in the case of these remarkable characters and
their surroundings, one seems like the other reported
in a view but closely relative phase. How much Eliza-
abeth and Shakespeare type their age! How much
Cromwell and Milton theirs! How marked their rela-
tion and comparison! Elizabeth made Cromwell a
necessity. So sure as that she had come, so must he
follow, and their correspondents of mission and char-
acter were certain to be remarked. She knew not
that, in leaning down the past, which Popes repres-
ented, she was calling up a character like herself;
but leading under mission in the world's destiny, to
full down the other half of the past, which monarchs
yielded by assumed right divine. Cromwell in reality
was her heir, and not James of Scotland—the heir of
her mission; the heir of her imperial sway, and the
repeater of the acts that have blackened their names
to this day in the people's minds. She sent the un-
fortunate Mary Stuart to the headman in 1586, under
the infatuation that her rival cousin, being the heiress
and claimant of her throne, and a Catholic princess,
must be sacrificed as a dire necessity; and Cromwell,
under a similar infatuation, sent her grandson, Charles
the First, to the ax, Jan. 30, 1649. If we carry the
suggestive train of relations further, William of Or-
ange (William the Third of England) comes the next,
as the heir to the leadership of the age, and James
the Second loses his throne, by the revolution of 1688,
but not his head like his father Charles and great
grandmother Mary. What evil fate was there with
the Stuarts? This one, and no other: they were ever
with the past, and not with the future; they were
ever standing in the way of the onward-rolling world,
and not leading it; and they fell upon times when the
ponderous wheels were rolling. They were, in the
whole race of them, crushed beneath the wheels. Shall
we hold William of Orange, or Cromwell, or Eliza-
beth, or the revolutions of the people, in too strict
account because the times were outward and the Stu-
arts would stand in the way, or disgrace an earnest
age by profligacy? Who are they that a world should
wait for them, or be hindered by them? The only
good they ever did to the world was that, in a time
big with empire and revolutions, which have not yet
found all their final issues, their evil genius threw the
greatest of those issues upon this continent. We may
weep for their unfortunate lives and cruel fates, but
shall we more than for George the Third, who lost
more than a head and a throne when he stood in the
way and lost America? George Washington and his
compatriots held the world's destiny that had passed
farther on the western course of empire, and George
the Third's head would have been cut off too, had it
been under the wheels; but the world, with its van,
had passed England, and America held the leadership
now. PercLannah that saved George the Third from
the fate of the Stuarts.

To fully comprehend an era we must have its links
in the chain; nor must we think that Elizabeth and
Cromwell are far removed from us because a couple
of centuries stand between us and them. They, in
the aggregate periods of empire, are but as years in
man's three-score-and-teu.

The temporal supremacy of the Church, since Eliza-
beth fully exploded it in England, had become explod-
ed for all time. In hurling Popes, as her father had
done, from temporal dominion in her realm, she hurried
them from final temporal supremacy everywhere. One
was but the beginning, the other the great consumpta-
tion. And there is the relative of this in what
Oliver Cromwell represented. It was the supremacy
of the people, and the Church spiritual, above mon-
archdom and popedom of every name. It is not the
Roman Catholic religion that looms up now as the
Protestant religion. There may advance to higher
forms of civilization and Christianity, still continue to
influence the world, till in a circle they meet in Christian
brotherhood of two faiths, tying together in liberality
of spirit and progressive institutions of church and
state. But Elizabeth cast out the supremacy of poped-
dom, and Cromwell cast out the supremacy of kings
above peoples. The problem solved in their and their
era, for it was two halves and not two wholes, was
that the finale is the Church and the people, with the
king-craft and priest-craft demolished.
Oliver Cromwell was forty years of age before he
began to make his great mark in the world. He was
born at Huntington, April 25th, 1609, and hence was
living in the time of Elizabeth, who died in 1603.
There were in the world together, the one going off,
the other coming on, the stages of life, two of the
mightiest personages of English history—a male and
female—both of whom so well represented England
in their own great characters, and under whose potent
rule England gained a prestige of empire in Europe,
such as she held not before nor since has hold, nor
ever will again, unless such personages rise once more
to fill an old nation with the might of manhood and
the grand earnestness of a mission.
Cromwell was of Welsh extraction; but his ances-
tor, whose name was Williams, married a sister of
Thomas Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and assumed
the name of Cromwell; and, by marriage, his family
was connected with some of the best names of Eng-
land. He is also said to be related to the Stuarts,
by his mother's side; and if his family pedigree be
correct in this, Charles II was a distant cousin of
Oliver's.
When boys of about the same age, so runs the
traditions of Huntington, Charles and Oliver met at
Hinchinbrook House, the seat of his uncle, Sir Oliver
Cromwell. The youths had not long been together
before they disagreed, and Oliver, who regarded his
princely sanctity as little then as thereafter, threshed
the then future "Lord's Anointed," in king-craft par-
lance, and made the blood flow copiously from the
prince's nose. "This was looked upon as a bad pre-
sage for the king when the civil war commenced."

It is said that, when a boy, Oliver had a remark-
able vision. Noble, an eminent authority, tells us
that Cromwell himself "often averred, when he was
at the height of his glory, that on a certain night in
childhood he saw a gigantic figure, which came and
opened the curtains of his bed and told him that he
should be the greatest person in the kingdom, but did
not mention the word king," and, continues Noble,
"though he was told of the folly, as well as wicked-
ness of such assertions, he persisted in it, for which he
was laughed at by Dr. Beard at the particular desire of
his father; notwithstanding which, he would some-
times repeat it to his uncle Stewart, who told him it
was traitorous to relate it." Those who have aimed
to blacken the name of Oliver, such as Lord Clare-
don, also refer to this vision as a proof of Cromwell's
visions and fanciful tendency of mind, and his
ambitious dreams from childhood of the crown. On
the other hand, such as his relative, Oliver Cromwell,
Esq., would have us believe that his great kinman
ought not to have anything so discreditable as a vision
placed on to his memory. But wherefore should he
not see a vision, or have a dream of empire to come
in his life? Such men as Cromwell and Napoleon do
thus dream and see visions in their boyhood, of
armies at their command and scepters in their grasp,
and we need no higher psychological explanation than
the great conceiptive instincts of their imperial minds,
that paints, in fancy's forms, the kingdoms in them-
selves.

[to be continued.]
their graves, partly through the words of the dead, who bequeathed themselves, and partly through other civilizing influences, the enjoyments of life began to be realized and the principles of right and humanity gained ground amongst men—from which they have never receded. And there has been as much solid advancement since the days of Jesus, as ever before. The Church of Revelation fell away, and the Priesthood was in a sense “caught back to God and to his throne,” but the progress of humanity did not stop. The generous agencies preparing the way for the period when that priesthood should be restored, began to evill everywhere. The priesthood with its ordinances ceased for a time; but many of the greatest, purifying and elevating of its principles instead being crushed out, have ceaselessly gained ground. The Gospel is incomplete without Priesthood and ordinances; that is to say, its best effects cannot possibly be obtained without them—and the whole world will realize this sooner or later—but the Gospel includes much more than these divine institutions: It includes freedom of opinion; it includes the rights of men to their own; and the right of self-government. In all these things the world was woefully behind in the days of Jesus. Indeed, the first grand assertion of these truths; and their first acceptance by the world in general, has been since the apostles left the earth. They were believed by individuals in their times, but were asserted in secret and with fear and trembling. It has taken later ages to popularize them and bear them triumphantly aloft. Had not the world advanced since the days of the apostles, there would now be no American nation—no such thing as English liberties. Such grand conceptions had then not even entered the hearts of men. The ancient apostles themselves did not dare assert them, but taught submission to the despotic, malicious and revengeful, “powers that be,” as ordained of God. To-day we tread such tyrannies beneath our feet, topple such rulers from their thrones, and strike into the dust their “divine right” to rule or hurt even a hair of the baby in the streets. To this point of human freedom and individual liberty, we have only arrived through the slow process of ages—a point to which we never should have attained but for the fact that the world is ceaselessly advancing and getting better all the time.

**SAXBY’S HISTORY.**

This valuable historical record, to which the wondering eyes of future ages will doubtless be admiringly turned, is omitted this week. Its learned and laborious author having undertaken to see the government through its labors, was, the last time heard from, surrounded to his armpits with state documents and fighting his way through. Unless the government of the four States to which we are to belong, be forced upon him by a grateful nation, Saxby will, probably, return to private life in a few days and resume his brilliant biographical sketch. “So mote it be.”

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

**A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST who writes us some nonsense about “the monastery of such a dynasty as you have placed upon the throne” is requested not to be in a hurry but to wait awhile and he will see some one else on “The Throne.”**

**RECTOR.**—The words Aleph Beth, Gimel, etc., dividing portions of the Psalm referred to, are the first letters of the Hebrew alphabet. They are used, we believe, to divide the Psalm into portions sufficient for certain religious exercises.

**PLEASANT GROVE, Fryr. Augt. 1869.**

**Mr. HIRED MAN:**

**Dear Sir—I have a question, I want you to answer, in your next communication to the public. Since I saw your last, I have been confined to my bed some nine or ten days and nights with a fever. attended with a dreadful cough. Yes, I coughed till my eyes were ready to fly out of their sockets and my head and body felt all smashed up. As for sleeping, it was quite out of the question for either myself or my family. Although I swallowed more prescriptions than is made up at W. S. G’s store in a month, yet I could not get any permanent relief; so I became extremely curious about cough cures. When all of a sudden, a happy idea flashed across my mind—Try and Read.

So I adjusted my lamp, and commenced reading the Utah Magazine, I read, and read, and read, until all my family were fast asleep; and still kept reading, when suddenly my wife awoke, and being surprised at how long a time I had been quiet, and free from coughing, said: “Why, father, you must be better.” I looked up and thought a while, then I said: “I think I am.” So I put the influence of the Magazine awoke my lamp, and prepared for a nap. But, lo! just as I was fixed all right, I began coughing again as bad as ever, until all the family were wide awake again. Well, I thought to myself, I’ll try reading again, and see if that will stop it. So I began to read; I read things of a physical and historical; things intellectual, novel and orthodoxical; things biographical, scientific and philological; things political, geographical and poetic; which with other things, combined, I think are commendable; for the influences it diffuses is quite evangelical.

Well, you will say, “Question, question.” Don’t be in a hurry, I am coming to it as soon as I can, it will be a truer when it does come. Here it is: What is it in or about the Utah Magazine that so enchants its readers as to make them forget to cough when they have colds and their lungs are full of phlegm? (I cannot answer it, for I am not a professional man, perhaps the “only one west of the Missouri river.”)

Well, if your modesty prevents you from doing so, just step to the other end of this room of my intellectual friend, Edward, and get the loan of his pen and ink and you will have the idea in bold relief a few seconds.

Ah! talking about ideas, I had one this morning. I thought that if reading the Utah Magazine would stop every one from forgetting what had a cold why, surely writing to your “Hired man,” would cure both cold and cough too. So up I jumped, called for my writing desk, pillows to my back, and a blanket over my shoulder, and at 1 I went, setting up out of bed, like Darby and Joan (minus Joan and the night-cap). Now, if my experiment proves a success, I shall largely patronize the Utah Magazine. Here is my first specimen for publication, which I shall expect to appear, when I send the pay.

To all Utah (before it is cut up) and every one else—The house where Coughing and Coughing medicine in the world (barring Ayer’s cherry pectoral and other remedies) may be obtained grants, at Godbe’s, Exchange Buildings, Salt Lake City, by writing to the HIRED MAN, at the office of the Utah Magazine.

**ORDINARY.**

**ENGLISH MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS.**

We draw attention to the corrected prospectus of our new volume, to be noticed in this number.

It will be seen that we have added to the list of publications, to be given free to clubs for the Utah Magazine; those popular periodicals, The Family Herald, The London Journal, and Bow Bells.

The author of these publications as well as any English Newspaper can be had with the Utah Magazine at greatly reduced rates. Send on your orders.
THE DIAMOND STEALERS,  
THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER II.

There was one person on board the Fair Endeavor who watched Ned Carrow depart with an anxious countenance—one person who, as he walked briskly away, felt her heart the lighter for every step he took. This was Miss Marion Wyatt—a young lady possessing a handsome, but rather heavy, face, with eyes, nose, and mouth, a size of the same, and a general manner of expression, very well adapted to catch and hold the attention of the fair sex. Miss Wyatt was usually appeared to with success; her observer eye had seen the missing article, or nimble hand had picked it up, and stored it away in safety. People grew exceedingly grateful to her for these little attentions. "What a head you have!" said the ladies, admiringly, as they pocketed their restored property.

"Upon my word, you are very obliging!" observed the gentleman, as some old, faded glove, some battered cigar-case, some worthless penholder, was amably restored to them by watchful Miss Wyatt.

Of course, there were occasions when this young lady's wary eye and ready hand were both at fault—occasions when things were irretrievably lost, and all her willing readiness to aid in their search proved unavailing. This was the case once when lady Mount Gay's ring was stolen, and once when lady Meade's hat was not found. Miss Wyatt had not seen the articles in question; she had been unfortunately reading or writing, and therefore missed these opportunities of showing a kindness to her fellow-passengers.

"My dear Miss Wyatt, if you have not seen my thimble, I give it up altogether," remarked the lady who had lost it; "for I am sure there is no one else who would have the sense and kindness to notice in what careless place I left it."

"I have searched for it everywhere," responded Miss Wyatt, with immense Earnestness; "and I am quite certain I should have found it, had it been here. It is my opinion one of those mischievous children has thrown it overboard."

This caused the old maid to whom she spoke to regard the children for many a day with a malignant eye; but it also caused her to cease all search for the missing property, as useless.

Meanwhile, the thimble, the card-case, and many other little things of value, replaced quietly in Miss Wyatt's trunk. She hand a man for pilfering small articles; and being rich, and apparently above suspicion, she was able to indulge her proclivities with very little risk. The only child of a wealthy money-lender, who adopted her, and gratified her tastes and fancies with a lavish hand, it was no great wonder that her mind, grown morbid through indulgence, should at last basker after unattainable things. Some good that was not to be bought, some pleasure belonging to another, was invariably the possession which she most coveted.

Card-case and other toys her father would have bought her by the dozen; but these would have had no value in her eyes. No one would have missed them; no one would have searched for them; grieving in a word, the sense and sorrow of loss in another was what pleased her, and not the gain to herself. This strange selfishness—this cruel greed in her soul—was the fruit of all these years of blind indulgence during which her father had gratified her every whim.

"Get a thief to catch a thief," says a proverb. That means, there is an affinity in evil, and a covetous eye will recognize a kindred spirit with half a glance. Thus, Miss Marion Wyatt, watching Ned Carrow, soon perceived an uneasiness in the manner of the man. His also flow of speech, and a few words, which in her acute mind, betokened the possession of unlawful goods. It amused her to notice how often his eyes turned to his cabin door, how quick his step grew as he neared it, and how nervous and eager his hand appeared as he closed it against the wind. Every word that was spoken between them was overheard by her strained ear by a subdued and shuffling noise—a sound in which such a sense as hers recognized caution and fear.

"I shd. like to know what he looks at every time he shuts himself up in his cabin," said Miss Wyatt to herself. And with every remarkable patience she waited for an opportunity to gratify this curiosity. It came at last. It was the captain's

birth-day, and an exceedingly good dinner was followed by convivial mooting among the gentlemen, who sat up late, and toasted each other, and boppised each other, and slugged each other, and drank with a great deal of noise, and a large amount of liquor.

During this time, Miss Wyatt, lying "asleep" on one of the sofas, saw Edward Carrow, while fumbling in his pockets for borrowed cigar, let fall on the floor a small key. When he recollected the fact, he bounded on it silently as a cat, and while the conversation was going on among the gentlemen, gave him a secret shake of the hand, and he was soon in the cabin, and looked around her with sly, blinking eyes, and was about to close the door, when, with a fierce look, he sprang forward and caught her by the eye. She snatched it up, and found the diamond necklace. The setting was black and tarnished, and the stones so dull by these means, that she was far from guessing their real value; but she soon the means up her mind to take possession of it at the earliest opportunity. She was too cunning to steal now, because Ned Carrow had seen her sleeping on the sofa when he dropped the key. Accordingly she replaced the casket, with its costly lining, in the box; and, after locking the door, she set off, and gave the key-pinning to one hanging at the door, and slipped in, while she was busy with her eye. The key snatched it up, and found the diamond necklace.

"When will you fetch the key?" she asked, when the key was brought to her. "Why do you keep it anywhere?"

"No," returned Miss Wyatt, opening her eyes in the sleepiest manner. "How should I see it, when I have been fast asleep?"

As she spoke, Ned Carrow pounced on his knees on the sofa and found the key.

"Ah! here it is. I must have dropped it just now," he said carelessly.

He forsook the cabin, and Miss Wyatt laughingly, when he reappeared with a reassured countenance.

"But he won't keep the necklace in the cupboard now," she said. "He'll be afraid."

She was right. He hid the diamonds in a place where it was much easier for her to get at them.

In the uproar and search that followed, no one on board suspected the quiet, rich Miss Wyatt to be the thief. Never, to this day, as she thought of thediamond necklace, did she ask herself if she had done the right thing. She was too quick to speculate, and too green to see the reckless figure of Ned Carrow disappear from her sight.

It was not alone the goods of others that Marion Wyatt disturbed. She was one of those jealous natures that can never be content with what is their own. Thus, a love offered to herself was worthless, while she would strive with heart and soul to win a love from another woman. Too often she succeeded, and then the man, in his turn, was forsaken, as heartlessly as she had been won; her old failing in her soul made her of no value now; her only pleasure being in having caused a love to another. Hence it can be imagined with what feelings she saw the only desirable man on board bestow all his attention on her pretty companion, Lucy Mainwaring.

She had not troubled herself much about him at first, but soon she perceived that Lucy had won him, and Lucy loved him; she became passionately bent on winning him herself. Day by day she sat herself to this task, and the desire Increased. At last she felt that she had fallen desperately in love, without a hope of return.

As for Captain Catlervery himself, he evidently considered a very proper man and equal to that which Lucy had her eye on, and he thought it would be in the key to attach even to another. He began to treat him as much attached to Lucy as he could be to any one else himself, and not liking Miss Marion Wyatt, he troubled himself with very little to be civil to her. This was the aspect of affairs when the Fair Endeavor disbarked her passengers at the port of London.

"Papa," whispered Miss Wyatt, "ask Captain Catlervery to come and see us, and make him fix a day for dining with us."

Thus prompted, Mr. Wyatt extended his invitation to the handsome marine captain, who accepted very cordially.

"I shall be delighted, I am sure," returned the Captain, with a glance at Lucy. "Where do you hang out?"
"My town house is in Eaton Square," responded Mr. Wyatt, "in a fat voice. "And our dinner hour is seven. Then I may expect you on Thursday?"

The Captain fascinated both young ladies with a splendid smile, as he answered in the affirmative.

"I suppose the old fellow has got some good won," he observed himself; an expression of his daughter's of his excellent fun. Then there's little Lucy, on whom I'm doosed sponey. Oh, I see I shall enjoy myself. I shall count the minutes until Thursday," he said to Lucy, as she squeezed her hand. "Good night, Miss Wyatt; it will really seem an age until we meet again." Having thus made himself agreeable, he departed in an airy manner, kissing his hand as he Hansom darted round the corner after Ned Carverly's failing footsteps.

"Are we to get our luggage on shore?" asked Miss Wyatt, wearily. "Do go and see what the men are about. I am tired to death of waiting here." Then, as her obedient parent hastened to obey her behest, she turned angrily on her companion.

"Pray, don't stand there, Miss Malawaring, staring after that departed cab, like a captive chained to the chariot wheel of her conqueror. You don't know it, but you are making yourself ridiculous." Lucy's eyes blushed crimson.

"No, of course not," returned Marion Wyatt; "people never have any idea of it when they are making fools of themselves. I tell you out of kindness. I should be sorry to see you fix your heart on a man who can't marry you." "You are the only one who can, if you love him," was the retort. "No; how can he? You haven't a penny, have you?" snapped Miss Wyatt. "And an officer is the most extravagant and expensive biped in nature. All he thinks of in marriage is the lapse of his money; and quite right too. He can't be a husband; he looks to his wife to keep him; and he expects to be kept in good style — else, of course, he won't sacrifice himself. There, that's his idea of marriage." Lucy Malawaring's heart sank as she listened to this worldly idea. It was so cold, so brutal, so heartless. If this were true, then, indeed, there was no hope for her, and she hastily brought what little pride that she had to her aid.

"It can be of no consequence to me what Captain Calverly's ideas are," she said, coldly. "Beyond making himself agreeable, he has never led me to suppose that he thought of me seriously; and, unless he did that, it is not likely that I should think of him."

"I wouldn't advise you to," returned Miss Wyatt, superciliously. "Cavalrymen are the only ones who feel's sentimental. If this were true, then, indeed, there was no hope for her, and she hastily brought what little pride that she had to her aid.

I am not ridiculing you, retorted Miss Wyatt; "I am setting things before you in their true and practical light, that's all. Cavalrymen are the only ones who feel's sentimental. If this were true, then, indeed, there was no hope for her, and she hastily brought what little pride that she had to her aid.

It serves her right," thought Miss Wyatt, as she looked at her with hard eyes. "It is too preening in her to fall in love with Captain Calverly. I mean to triumph over her. I stake my money against her sickly little face, and I back myself to win.

Marion Wyatt had a great opinion of her own address and cleverness; she was not, therefore, discouraged by Captain Calverly's coolness, or by his evi- dent admiration for her companion.

Then rather braced her for the fight, and made her enjoy her anticipated victory all the more.

On the expected Thursday, she swept into the drawing-room in amber silk, with pearls in her dark hair; while Lucy, plainly attired in muslin, seemed to shrink and shiver before her splendid ARRAY.

"Captain Calverly," said the page in buttons, settling the drawing-room door wide open.

Miss Wyatt sailed towards him, with extended hand, which the young cavalier received most graciously; but his glance, nevertheless, fell on the little shrinking figure by the window, and, drooping the jewelled fingers that had lingered in his, he walked swiftly forward, and greeted Lucy in a voice whose accents were far softer than had ever touched her rival's ear.

A minute of tense and watchful waiting followed; and the lovers. She saw Lucy's cheek kindle, and the Captain's eyes grow soft and tender; and, biting her lip, she turned away with a fire in her heart.

"There is no bearing his smirking impudence!" she said to herself. "How shall I manage to do so? Will he marry the girl penniless as she is? Surely not! He will hardly afford himself the luxury of a love match: it would cost him too much. Oh, if I could only get him into my power!"

The moment appeared upon her face, and she was so animated, that Captain Calverly once or twice paused in his gay chat to remark to himself that Marion Wyatt was really a very handsome woman, only a little too browneyed, and heavy about the chin.

In the course of the evening, feeling sure, after her talk with Lucy, that the unhappy girl would be reserved and cold with her admirer, she purposely gave them opportunities for momentary snatches of conversation.

"Are you going, Lucy?" said the Captain, in his softest and most insinuating tone. "You are changed to me. Have I offended you?"

"No," returned Lucy, "but I think it cruel—"

"Oh, Captain Calverly, do try this song!" said Miss Wyatt, advancing towards him with a malignant smile.

Of course, he was obliged to respond politely, though, inwardly, he glanced his teeth, and wished his tormentor in the unpleasant quarters up on the stairs.

"If you think cruel, Lucy?" he asked, late in the evening, as he bent over the music.

"I think it cruel for a man to amuse himself at another's expense," she answered. "I think it cruel to flog love that is never felt."

"Do you suppose me capable of anything so heartless!" he said, eagerly. "Do you really doubt my sincerity?"

"Captain Calverly," returned Lucy, coldly, "during our long voyage you paid me much attention; you singled me out as the recipient of many compliments; but surely, now that you are on shore, you can find some better, not to say nobler, amusement."

The Captain stared at the girl in a bewildered way. and his face grew clouded and angry.

"I saw you were changed," he said, in a low voice. "To whose kind Interposition do I owe this?"

He glanced at Marion Wyatt, and then went on more earnestly. "You may believe or not, Lucy, but every thought of you made my heart beat while you sat a听众, or whether."

"Are you never going to find that music," asked Miss Wyatt.

"Tapa and I are tired quite of waiting for your promised song, Lucy."

\"Lucy sang with trembling voice and burning cheeks, while her father, as he turned the pages, whispered afrightly, "Write to me to-morrow, and say you believe me, Lucy."

Lucy did not answer him, for Marion Wyatt crept forward, and laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"Don't sing any more, my dear," she said; "I hear, by your voice, that you are not in the least pleased with this music."

In a few minutes more the Captain took his departure, without any further opportunity being given him to speak to Lucy; and the moment the door closed on him, she hurried away to pour out her emotions of agitation. Thus Miss Wyatt and her father were left alone.

"Marion," said the money-lender, abruptly, "don't fall in love with Captain Calverly."

"Why not?" returned his daughter, with audacious self- assurance. "Why should I not fall in love with him, if I like?"

"Because you will be an egregious simploton if you do," observed Mr. Wyatt. "The man is hopelessly in debt."

"Is he, really?" exclaimed Marion; and her face grew radi- ul with hope. Then, of course, he can't afford to marry a poor girl.

"Then it becomes to spend his honeymoon in Gaul," said Mr. Wyatt. "I would advise you, Marion, to think no more of him. Captain Calverly is too expensive a toy for me to buy for you, even with his moustache, and epaulets, and agate cane, thrown into the bargain."

"What would it cost to buy him father?" asked the girl, in a careless tone.

"Cost!" said Mr. Wyatt. "There is no telling the price at
such a fellow as he is, estimates himself, I should say his lowest figure would be fifty thousand. For anything less than that, he'd be out of the merchant business, I can assure you in all sincerity.

"No, no, I don't mean that, father," said Miss Marion. "What are his debts, do you suppose?"

"I can't tell exactly, my dear. I am happy to say he is not on my books: his elder brother is too healthy; I couldn't see any chance of that young man going off. Well, certainly, the Captain must owe quite $6,000.00. So, my dear child, I must insist upon you putting him out of your thoughts, for I really do not intend to indulge you in such a piece of extravagance as buying Captain Calverley, debts and all.

"Permit me, father," said Marion, "I don't think he is a marrying man.

"Very fortunate, too, for the women," returned Mr. Wyatt, yawning. "He'll be a hard bargain to some rich simipelon which I have hopes of finding for him.

With this speech, Mr. Wyatt took his best-candle, and departed; while his daughter, left alone, began to ponder on the possibility of buying up the Captain's debts, and putting such a pressure on him, that he should be grateful to accept the aid and the band of the woman whom he treated with indifference.

"I wonder if I can do it," she said, "I wonder what that necklace is worth; perhaps that will help a little.

She rose in the morning with the same thoughts in her mind, and, as she was passing by the bedroom where she kept her spoils, she gazed, with anxious eyes, upon the tarnished setting and the glittering stones.

"What can I do?" she said to herself. "I dare not sell the necklace myself, and I must not be seen by the Captain's creditors, lest they should be warned, and what then? Can I trust him? Ah, I know! Moses Solomon—he is the man to do it!"

Moses Solomon was Mr. Wyatt's head clerk and confidential man—a sleek, sly, quiet man, who knew everybody's business, but, like a pyramid, kept his secrets to himself in a silent, stony, aggravating way. He had schemes of his own, too—deep-laid schemes and plots for his own aggrandizement, for the fulfillment of which he bided his time in mute patience. He had the secret of the secret drawer where there were more than three hundred and fifty; and, in spite of his yellow face, he was as hard and as lasting as the monument.

Mr. Wyatt evidently liked to stand with in his chief clerk's estimation, for he took the trouble to patronize him, and to dine pretty often, and sometimes allow him to accompany his daughter to a theatre or a concert. Hence Miss Wyatt knew him sufficiently well to feel that she could ask a favor of such a man.

"Papa," she said, at breakfast, "we shall be dreadfully dull this evening by ourselves. Bring home that good creature, Solomon, to dinner with you."

This request was, of course, accepted most willingly by the waiting Mr. Wyatt, while the "good creature" himself accepted the invitation, with an unusual glitter of his small eyes.

If it was in the power of such a pyramid to look surprised, Miss Marion was; with a smile, he mustered up his best frankness and expression of curiosity in him than in an oyster, he stood mute, while the young lady poured into his ear a rather feverish account of her desire to buy up Captain Calverley's debts.

"Do you honestly think it worth your while, to do this?"

asked Solomon.

Marion set her firm lips closely together, and her determined chin seemed to grow more massive, as she paused a moment in her reply.

"Deliberately, yes, Mr. Solomon. I have made up my mind to this matter; a nothing will turn me now. I shall trust to you to buy up the debts at the cheapest rate possible, and I am going to part with my jewels to accomplish this, so you perceive I am earnest indeed. Here is an old diamond necklace, a present of my grandmother's, by me these years past, and never wear, it is so old fashioned you must get as much as you can for it. And here are my pearls, and five hundred pounds in money."

Now, come to me again in a fortnight's time, and tell me whether I am the Captain's chief creditor, and can look him up with friendly revenge. Well, as it helps me on my road, she is welcome to grind up the Captain's bones, if she can derive any satisfaction from the process.

In one of the dingiest parts of the city, there lived a great pluming, greedy spider of a man, called Jacob Giles, an unspeakable cull of jewelers, gold dust, old plate, diamonds, or any other prey of which money was to be made. He was a wonderful old spider, never fussing himself, never looking for flies, but sitting tranquilly in his den, knowing they would drop upon him of their own accord. He was the wealthiest man in the quietest way, giving prompt checks for his spots, and thereby usually securing them to himself at a tenth of the value.

To this man Solomon betook himself.

"What is it?" asked Jacob Giles, looking up calmly from his ledger.

"Diamonds," said Solomon, laying the necklace on his desk.

The old Spider finished the entry in his book, with a quizzing hand, and then let his greedy eye fall upon the gleaming stones. He weighed them, he tried them, he tested them, and lastly, he measured Solomon from head to foot. Now the Spider's business depended on this one faculty. He knew whom it was safe to cheat. In a word, he knew every fly, and sucked the marrow from his bones, and flung the dried carcass from his web to flutter down the winds of fortune. As for a wasp, he dealt with him fairly, and let him go. He saw Solomon was a war, I don't feel I should like to walk up to Strand with diamonds in my pocket.

"Is it hatred, or is it love?" said Solomon to himself, and drove off. "A spice of both, I expect, washed into a footman's revenge. Well, as it helps me on my road, she is welcome to grind up the Captain's bones, if she can derive any satisfaction from the process."

In the same city, in a way, there lived a great man, a great man, called Jacob Giles, an unspeakable cull of jewelers, gold dust, old plate, diamonds, or any other prey of which money was to be made. He was a wonderful old spider, never fussing himself, never looking for flies, but sitting tranquilly in his den, knowing they would drop upon him of their own accord. He was the wealthiest man in the quietest way, giving prompt checks for his spots, and thereby usually securing them to himself at a tenth of the value.

To this man Solomon betook himself.

"What is it?" asked Jacob Giles, looking up calmly from his ledger.

"Diamonds," said Solomon, laying the necklace on his desk.

The old Spider finished the entry in his book, with a quizzing hand, and then let his greedy eye fall upon the gleaming stones. He weighed them, he tried them, he tested them, and lastly, he measured Solomon from head to foot. Now the Spider's business depended on this one faculty. He knew whom it was safe to cheat. In a word, he knew every fly, and sucked the marrow from his bones, and flung the dried carcass from his web to flutter down the winds of fortune. As for a wasp, he dealt with him fairly, and let him go. He saw Solomon was a war, I don't feel I should like to walk up to Strand with diamonds in my pocket.

"Is it hatred, or is it love?" said Solomon to himself, and drove off. "A spice of both, I expect, washed into a footman's revenge. Well, as it helps me on my road, she is welcome to grind up the Captain's bones, if she can derive any satisfaction from the process."

In one of the dingiest parts of the city, there lived a great pluming, greedy spider of a man, called Jacob Giles, an unspeakable cull of jewelers, gold dust, old plate, diamonds, or any other prey of which money was to be made. He was a wonderful old spider, never fussing himself, never looking for flies, but sitting tranquilly in his den, knowing they would drop upon him of their own accord. He was the wealthiest man in the quietest way, giving prompt checks for his spots, and thereby usually securing them to himself at a tenth of the value.
be delighted. I am fond of curiosities. I wish you would bring me a magpie or magooc to examine. I would like to see those two great cities of noble names.

Wyatt laughed, but Lucy Mainwaring rose, and offered to sit on a chair.

Dinner was served, and the conversation turned on their voyage in the Endeavor. Mr. Wyatt remarking there were 'a queer lot of shipwrights and the like.'

And the queerest was that shipwrecked specter, Edward Bow, observed Captain Calverley. 'Do you know, I never heard that fellow lost a locket,' said Captain Wyatt. 'What do you think he lost, then?'

Oh, I fancy the rascal lost something far more valuable. I've heard he had diamonds or gold nuggets on board, stowed away somewhere,' said the Captain.

Surely, he would have insisted on a more minute search, if it had been the case,' remarked Lucy.

Not if the scamp had stolen it himself,' returned the Captain, carelessly.

Solomon listened to every word of this dialogue, with a fixed eye peering over his mind; and while he watched the expression of Mr. Wyatt's face, he became convinced that the diamond was the article stolen from board the Fair Endeavour. He held his peace grimly on this suspicion, and in a moment talked changed to other subjects.

And let me assure you, my dear lady,' she whispered to Mr. Wyatt, not in the least displeased that evening, while her father strolled behind her, and she, under the pretence of playing cribbage, retired from Solomon an account of his mission.

Can you look him up to-morrow?' she said, as she shuffled her cards.

The day after would be easier,' replied Mr. Solomon. Then let it be done. And where can I meet you the day after tomorrow?'

Solomon named an out-of-the-way hotel in the Borough. 'Very good,' said Miss Wyatt. I'll be there. It is my name, Lucy, my dear. I am the winner. I have won my game night.'

Quite true,' said Solomon. Miss Wyatt, you are the best of the sort of beggar that I ever saw.

If he bad not been too insignificant a person to think about, the man might have considered his smile unpleasant. But she was turned in an instant on Captain Calverley, and the jealousy growing at her heart only permitted her to see him.

Lucy Mainwaring such a life of late, that the girls have grown fierce and grown, and there burnt on her cheek might a feverish beauty almost painful to look at. Half conscious, Captain Calverley gazed on her with a sigh of self-conceit.

'Up upon my word, this won't do,' he said, apostrophising him directly. 'I have no right to break this girl's heart—I haven't, you know. I have been rather selfish in giving myself the pleasure of seeing her constantly, but I must drop it now. I must begin for Gilb, or some other rock, where there isn't a girl to save, a man to help, save the poor wretched soul, and so no more marry than I can wear own livery, or clean my own boots. Faith! I should look like a hag doing one thing at all the time.'

This sudden outburst of consciousness made the Captain hurry away early, giving Lucy such a cold farewell, that her art sank within her, and a shiver of fear and sorrow crept over her frame.

Three days after this, Marion Wyatt sat alone in a musky corner in that quiet inn in the Borough, where Solomon had pointed to her meet her. Every nerve in her body was quivering with impatience. The Captain was in Whitecross Street; he had written her a passionate letter, with offers of marriage for Gilb, or some other rock, where there isn't a girl to save, a man to help, save the poor wretched soul, and so no more marry than she can wear own livery, or clean her own boots. Faith! I should look like a hag doing one thing at all the time.

'Upon my word, this won't do,' he said, apostrophising him directly. 'I have no right to break this girl's heart—I haven't, you know. I have been rather selfish in giving myself the pleasure of seeing her constantly, but I must drop it now. I must begin for Gilb, or some other rock, where there isn't a girl to save, a man to help, save the poor wretched soul, and so no more marry than she can wear own livery, or clean her own boots. Faith! I should look like a hag doing one thing at all the time.'

This sudden outburst of consciousness made the Captain hurry away early, giving Lucy such a cold farewell, that her art sank within her, and a shiver of fear and sorrow crept over her frame.

The day after this, Marion Wyatt sat alone in a musky corner in that quiet inn in the Borough, where Solomon had pointed to her meet her. Every nerve in her body was quivering with impatience. The Captain was in Whitecross Street; he had written her a passionate letter, with offers of marriage for Gilb, or some other rock, where there isn't a girl to save, a man to help, save the poor wretched soul, and so no more marry than she can wear own livery, or clean her own boots. Faith! I should look like a hag doing one thing at all the time.
ears and sobs, mingled with exclamations against her own folly. But she did not give way to the wildness of her feelings.

"He is not—he cannot be—sure that I stole the necklace," she reflected; "and when once he has taken my money, he must, for his own sake, be quiet."

Reassured by this thought, she stopped wearily to pick up Captain Calverley's scornful letter, which she had flung on the floor. And then she saw lying on the carpet another letter, unopened.

It was the one for Lucy, which Moses Solomon, in his agitation and selfishness, had dropped and forgotten.

Marion caught it up and looked at it with glaring eyes. In another moment she had opened it cautiously and devoured the contents. The loving words poured over her heart like a flood of lava, scouring up all pity, and filling her with a burning hatred against the poor girl to whom they were addressed.

She rang the bell, and sent for a bottle of gum; then, with deliberate hand, she placed Captain Calverley's contemptuous letter to herself in the envelope addressed to Lucy, and by the aid of the gum she fastened it so skillfully that no eye could have detected that it had been opened.

She posted it herself in the Borough, on her way home.

A woman, when she is jealous, is merciless. Therefore, Miss Wyatt never winced when the postman came, and she said that she thought the envelope large. But Lucy recognized the writing, and with flashing face she ran to her own room, and tore the letter open with trembling fingers. Then her eyes fell on these cruel words:

"MADAM—"

"I have the honor to acknowledge your very fervent epistle. I presume I ought to be flattered by the tender sentiments you are pleased to express, but being only a careless, heartless sort of fellow, I really am not overwhelmed by them. I am, on the contrary, so ungrateful and unabsorbed, that I feel the gift of your unexpected letter to me an embarrassment. Moreover, I am at a loss to know, for which of my merely ordinary attentions, you have chosen to bestow upon me so large a portion of your regard. I really regret you should have mistaken me so completely, and sincerely trust you will receive and accept my apologies and hopes, and all that sort of thing, to injure your health and happiness."

"Allow me to tender you my thanks for your obliging offer to play the good Samaritan to a poor prisoner; but I believe, on the whole, I would rather take care of myself. Your proffer of aid are therefore declined with—I must confess it—more contempt than I ever yet permitted myself to feel for a lady. I assure you I am not a marrying man, and I am quite sorry you should have wasted so much time and trouble on an unprospecting subject as myself."

"I have the honor to be, madam,

Your obedient servant,

TORRANCE CALVERLEY."

OATHS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

Men have always sworn by one name only, in Chaldean, Egyptian, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, Etruscan, Latin, Celtic, Teutonic, Slavic, Peruvian, Australian, and Yoloff.

In Chaldean, they say: By the god Oziris, whose ears are in his heels!

In Hebrew: By Jchovah, whose feet rest upon the stars!

In Sanscrit: By Jastarte!

In Greek, Etruscan and Latin: By Zeus!

In Celtic: By Tentates!

In Teutonic and Slavic: By Odin!

In Peruvian: By the Sun!

In Australian: By the Bear's ham!

In Yoloff: By the great serpent Manitou!
THE UTAH MAGAZINE;
DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND EDUCATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

No. 49.
SALT LAKE CITY, FEB. 27, 1869.
Vol. 2

POETRY

BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

Soft are the slumbers of minds filled with love;
Blessed the hours of repose,
Bearing the thoughts to the regions above,
Drowning all troubles and woes.
Mem'ries of dear ones then float thro' the brain,
Fancies of long treasured schemes,
Alas! and alas! that they cannot remain,
Beautiful, innocent, beautiful dreams.

The friends we have lost live over again,
They smile and they weep as of yore;
The objects we wish for seem to obtain,
And we tread on fairyland's shore,
Our enemies love us—the world seems so fair,
Alas! that it's not as it seems!
They come like a perfume, and vanish like air—
Beautiful, innocent, beautiful dreams.

Oh! would they were lasting—oh! would they were true,
Those dreams of an innocent heart,
And would that the dreamer might never awake
To the truth—they so quickly depart.
Oh! would that the visions of maidens and babies
Each one that with loveliness seems—
Could last for a lifetime, a foretaste of Heaven,
Beautiful, innocent, beautiful dreams.

Beautiful dreams, etc.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BUlfER Lytton.

All within the palace of Westminster showed the confusion and dismay of the awful time; all, at least, save the counsell chamber in which Harold, who had arrived the night before, conferred with his theegues. It was evening; the courtyards and the halls were filled with armed men, and almost with every hour came rider and bode from the Sussex shores. In the corridors the Churchmen grouped and whispered, as they had whispered and grouped in the day of King Edward's death. Sigurd passed among them, pale and thoughtful. The serge gowns came rustling round the Arch-priate for counsel or courage.

"Shall we go forth with the king's army?" asked a young monk, bolder than the rest, "to animate the host with prayer and hymn?"

"Fool!" said the miserly prelate, "fool! if we do so, and the Norman conquer, what become of our abbeys and convent lands? The duke wars against Harold, not England. If he slay Harold—"

"What then?"

"The Atheling is left us yet. Stay we here and guard the last prince of the House of Cerdic," whispered Sigurd, and he swept on.

In the chamber in which Edward had breathed his last, his widowed queen, with Aldyth her successor, and Githa and some other ladies, waited the decision of the council. By one of the windows stood, clasping each other by hand, the fair young bride of Gurth and the betrothed of the gay Leafwine. Githa sat alone, bowing her face over her hands—desolate; mourning for the fate of her traitor son; and the wounds, that the recent and holier death of Thyra had inflicted, bled afresh. And the holy Lady of Edward attempted in vain, by pious adjurations, to comfort Aldyth, who scarcely hearing her, started over and anon with impatient terror, muttering to herself, "Shall I lose this crown too?"

In the counsell hall debate waxed warm—which was the wiser, to meet William at once in the battle-field, or to delay, till all the forces Harold might expect (and which he had ordered to be believed, in his rapid march from York), could swell his host?

"If we retire before the enemy," said Gurth, "leaving him in a strange land, winter approaching, his forage will fail. He will scarce dare to march upon London; if he does, we shall be better prepared to encounter him. My voice is against resting all on a single battle."

"Is that thy choice?" said Veby, indignantly.

"Not so, I am sure, would have chosen thy father; not so think the Saxons of Kent. The Norman is laying waste all the lands of thy subjects, Lord Harold; living on plunder, as a robber, in the realm or King Alfred. Dost thou think that men will get better heart to fight for their country by hearing that their king shrinks from the danger?"

"Thou speakest well and wisely," said Haco; and all eyes turned to the young son of Swyce, as to the one who best knew the character of the hostile army and the skill of its chief. "We have now with us a force finished with conquest over a foe hitherto deemed invincible. Men who have conquered the Norwegian will not shrink from the Norman. Victory depends upon ardor more than numbers. Every hour of delay damps the ardor. Are we sure that it will swell our numbers? What I dread most is the sword
of the Norman duke, it is his craft. Rely upon it,
that if we meet him not soon, he will march straight to London. He will proclaim by the way, that he
comes not to seize the throne, but to punish Harold,
and abide by the Witan, or perchance by the word of
the Roman pontiff. The terror of his armament unres-
isted, will spread like a panic through the land.
Many will be decoyed by his false pretenses, many
swayed by a force that the king dare not meet. If he
comes in sight of the city, think you that merchants
and cheapmen will not be daunted by the thought of
pillage and sack? They will be the first to capitulate
at the first house which is fired. This city is weak to
guard against siege; its walls long neglected; and in
sieges the Normans are famous. Are we so united
(the king’s rule thus fresh), but what no cabals, no
dissensions will break out among ourselves? If the
duke come, as come he will, in the name of the Church,
may not the churchmen set up some new pretender to
the crown—perchance the child Edgar? And, divided
against ourselves, how ingloriously should we feel?
Besides, this land, though never before have
the links between province and province been drawn
so close, hath yet demarkations, that make the people
selfish. The Northumbrians, I fear, will not stir to
help London, and Mercia will hold aloof from our
peril. Grant that William once seize London, all
England is broken up and dispirited; each shire, nay,
each town, looking only to itself. Talk of delay as
wearing out the strength of the foe! No, it would
wear out our own. Little can, I fear, is yet left in
our treasury. If William seize London, that treas-
ury is his, with all the wealth of our burgesses. How
should we maintain an army, except by preying on
the people, and thus discontenting them? Where
guard that army? Where are our forts? where our
mountains? The war of delay suits only a land of
rock and defile, or of castle and breastwork. Thegns
and warriors, ye have no castles but your breasfts of
mail. Abandon these, and you are lost.”

A general murmur of applause closed the speech
of Haco, which, while wise in arguments our histori-
ans have overlooked, came home to that noblest rea-
son of brave men, which urges prompt resistance to
foul invasion.

Up, then, rose King Harold.

“I thank you, fellow-English, for that applause with
which ye have greeted mine own thoughts on the lips
of Haco. Shall it be said that your king rushed to
chase his own brother from the soil of outraged Eng-
land, yet shrank from the sword of the Norman stranger?
Well indeed might my brave subjects desert
my kamen if it floated idly over these palace walls,
while the armed invader pitched his tent in the heart
of England. By delay, William’s forces, whatever it
be, can not grow less; his cause grows more strong
in our craven fears. What his armament may be, we
rightly know not; the report varies with every mes-
senger, swelling and lessening with the rumors of
every hour. Have we not around us now our most
stalwart veterans—the flower of our armies—the
most eager spirits—the vanquishers of Hardrada?
Thou sayest, Guth, that all should not be periled on
a single battle. True. Harold should be periled,
but wherefore England? Grant that we win the day;
the quicker our dispatch, the greater our fame, the
more lasting that peace, at home and abroad, which
rests ever its best foundation on the sense of the pow-
er, which wrong can not provoke unchastised. Grant
that we lose; a loss can be made gain by a king’s
brave death. Why should not our example rouse and
unite all who survive us? Which the nobler example,
the one best fitted to protect our country—the re-
current backs of living chiefs, or the glorious dead with
their fronts to the foe? Come what may, life or death,
at least we will thin the Norman numbers, and heap
the barriers of our corpses on the Norman march.
At least, we can show to the rest of England how
men should defend their native land! And if, as I believe
and pray, in every English breast beats a heart like
Harold’s, what matters though a king should fall?—
Freedom is immortal.”

He spoke; and forth from his baldric he drew his
sword. Every blade, at that signal, leaped from the
sheath. And in that council hall, at least, in every
breast beat the heart of Harold.

By the altar of the Abbey Church of Waltham, that
night, knelt Edith in prayer for Harold.

She had taken up her abode in a small convent of
nuns that adjoined the more famous monastery of
Waltham; but she had promised Ildila not to enter
on the novitiate until the birthday of Harold had
passed. She herself had no longer faith in the omens
and prophecies that had deceived her youth and darkened
her life; and, in the more congenial air of our holy
church, the spirit, ever so chastened, grew calm and
resigned. But the tidings of the Norman’s coming,
and the king’s victorious return to his capital, had
reached even that still retreat; and love, which had
blent itself with religion, led her step to that lonely
altar. And suddenly, as she there knelt, only lighted
by the moon through the high casements, she was
startled by the sound of approaching feet and mut-
nuring voices. She rose in alarm—the door of the
church was thrown open—torches advanced—and
among the monks, between Osgood and Alred, came
the king. He had come, that last night before his
march, to invoke the prayers of that pious broth-
her; and by the altar he had founded, to pray that
his one sin of faith forsook and oath abjured might
not palsy his arm and weigh on his soul in the hour
of his country’s need.

Edith stifled the cry that rose to her lips, as the
torches fell on the pale and hushed and melancholy
face of Harold; and she crept away under the arch
of the vast Saxon columns, and into the shade of
abutting walls. The monks and the king, intent on
their holy office, beheld not that theatory and shrink-
ing arm. They approached the altar, and the mass
was said and sung; and then the king knelt down
lowly, and none heard the prayer. But as Osgood
held the sacred rood over the bearded head of the roy-
al suppliant, the Image on the crucifix, (which had
been a gift from Alred the prelate, and was supposed
to have belonged of old to Augustine, the first foun-
der of the Saxon Church; so that by the superstition
of the age, it was invested with miraculous virtues;
bowled itself visibly. Visibly, the pale and ghastly
Image of the suffering God bowed over the head
of the kneeling man; whether the fastenings of the rood
were loosened, or from what cause soever, in the eye
of all the brotherhood, the Image bowed. A thrill of
terror froze every heart, save Edith’s, too remote t
perceive the portent, and save the king's whom the
omen seemed to doom, for his face was buried in his
clasped hands. Heavy was his heart, nor needed it
other warnings than its own gloom.

Long and silently prayed the king—and when at
last he rose, and the monks, though with altered and
reverent voices, began their closing hymn, Edith
passed noiselessly along the wall, and stealing
through one of the smaller doors which communicated
to the munuary, unperceived gained the solitude of her
own chamber. There she stood, bemoaned with the
strength of her emotions at the sight of Harold thus
abruptly presented. How had the fond human heart
leaped to meet him! Twice, thus, in the august cer-
emonials of religion, secret, shrinking, unobserved,
had she, his betrothed, she the partner of his soul,
stood aloof to behold him. She had seen him in
the hour of his pomp, the crown upon his brow—seen him
in the hour of his peril and agony, that anointed head
bowed to the earth.

And in the pomp, that she could not share, she
had exulted; but, oh, now—now—Oh now that she could
have knelt beside that humble form, and prayed with
that voiceless prayer!

The torches flashed in the court below—the church
was again deserted; the monks passed into mute
procession back to the cloister; but a single man
halted, turned aside, and stopped at the gate of the
umble convent: a knock was heard at the great
oaken door, and the watch dog barked. Edith started,
passed her hand over her brow and breast. Steps
approached her door and the abbes, entering, sum-
moved her below, and heard the farewell greeting of
her cousin, the king.

Harold stood in the simple hall of the cloister: a
single taper, tall and wan, burned on the oak board.
The abbes led Edith by the hand, and, at a sign from
the king, withdrew. So, once more upon earth, the
betrothed and divided were alone.

"Edith," said the king, in a voice in which no ear
but hers could have detected the struggle, "Do not
think I have come to disturb thy holy calm, or sinfully
revive the memories of the irrevocable past; where
once on my breast, in the old fashion of our fathers,
I wrote thy name; is written now the name of the
mistress that supplants thee. Into eternity melts the
past; but I could not depart to a field from which
there is no retreat—in which, against odds that men
say are fearful, Edith resolved to set my crown and
my life without once more beholding thee, my
guardian of my happier days!

"Thy forgiveness for all the sorrow that in the darkness
which surrounds man's hopes and dreams, I have brought on thee,
(dread return for love so enduring, so generous and
divine)!—thy forgiveness I will not ask. Thou
alone perhaps on earth knowest the soul of Harold; and
if he hath wronged thee, thou seest alike in the wronged
and the wronged, but the children of iron duty, the
servants of imperial Heaven. Not thy forgiveness I
ask—but—but Edith, holy maid! angel soul!—thy
thy blessing!" His voice faltered, and he inclined
his loftty head as to a saint.

"Oh that I had the power to bless!" exclaimed
Edith, mastering her rush of tears with a heroic effect,
"and methinks I have the power—not from virtues of
mine own, but from all that I owe to thee! The
grateful have the power to bless. For what do I not
owe to thee—owe to that very love of which even the
grief is sacred? Poor child in the house of the hea-
then, thy love descended upon me, and in it, the smile
of God! In that love my spirit awoke, and was bap-
tised: every thought that has risen from earth, and
lost itself in heaven, was breathed into my heart by
thee! Thy creature and thy slave, hadst thou temped
me to sin, sin had seemed hallow'd by thy voice;
but thou saidst, 'True love is virtue,' and so I wor-
shiped virtue in loving thee. Strengthened, purified,
by that bright companionship from thee came the
strength to resist thee—from thee the refuge under
the wings of God—from thee the firm assurance
that our union yet shall be—not as our poor Hilda dreams,
on the permissible earth—but there! oh, thrice yonder,
by the celestial altars, in the land in which all spirits
are filled with love. Yes, soul of Harold! there are
might and holiness in the blessing the soul that has
redeemed and reared shecds on thee!"

And so beautiful, so unlike the beautiful of the com-
mon earth, looked the maid as she thus spoke, and
laid hands, trembling with no human passion, on that
royal head—that could a soul from Paradise be made
visible, such might be the shape it would wear to a
mortal's eye! Thus, for some moments both were si-
cent; and in the silence the gloom vanished from the
heart of Harold, and, through a deep and sublime
serenity, it rose undaunted to front the future.

No embrace—no farewell kiss—profaned the part-
ing of those pure and noble spirits—parting on the
threshold of the grave. It was only the spirit that
clasped the spirit, looking forth from the clay into
immeasurable eternity. Not till the air of night came
once more on his brow, and the moonlight rested on
the roofs and faces of the land intrusted to his charge,
was the man once more the human hero: not till she
was alone in her desolate chamber, and the terrors of
the coming battle-field chased the angel from her
thoughts, was the maid inspired, once more the weep-
ing woman.

A little after sunrise, the abbes, who was distantly
akin to the house of Godwin, sought Edith, so agita-
ted by her own fear, that she did not remark the trou-
bles of her visitor. The supposed miracle of the sacred
Image bowed over the kneeling king, had spread dis-
may through the cloisters of both munuary and abbey;
and so intense was the disquietude of the two broth-
ers, Usgood and Alred, in the simple and grateful af-
fecion they bore their royal benefactor, that they had
observed the impulse of their tender, credulous hearts,
and left the monastery with the dawn, intending to
follow the king's march, and watch and pray on the
awful battle-field. Edith listened, and gave no reply;
the terrors of the abbes infected her: the example of
the two monks woke the sole thought which stirred
through the nightmare-dream that suspended reason it-
self; and when, at noon, the abbes again sought the
chamber, Edith was gone—gone, and alone—none
knew wherefore—none guessed whither.

A very beautiful actress, none too witty, but very
frank-hearted, says:

"How unfortunate I am! No sooner do I fall in
love with one man than I prefer another to him."
REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH.

Character-skeehes and Biography.

BY E. W. TULLIDGE.

"If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer, it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolved to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbold truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron bands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have gone, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless, and this is the course I take myself."—De Fox.

A biographer chooses men whose lives abound with incidents or who in their types are illustrative of some phase of social development, or else for some special individuality of character. It is not always his policy to select men for his sketches whom everybody will applaud: indeed his subjects are, oftentimes, more taking when they are unpopular, because they provoke discussion. Not long since one of our classical American writers took up for his pen "The Wickedest Man in New York," and it created, not only a national interest, but quite a religious revival among the wickedest folks of New York. Now I am not on the hunt for the wickedest men in Utah, these I leave to the custodians of the law, but if a score or so who have found themselves out to be the footseest men in Utah will send me the notes of their biographies, we will publish sketches of them in The Utah Magazine. Among them, I am sure, will be found those who imagine that I am setting up my "Representative Men" as the most illustrious or omnipotent among the people.

I am not specially designing now to write the history of the leaders of the people and the authorities of the kingdom of God. Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and the Twelve Apostles are something more than the representative men of Utah—they are the representative men of the Priesthood of Eternity—the representative men of a new dispensation. I shall give them sketches among the groups, but I have designed, some day, to write extensively the biographies of Brigham Young and the apostles, to be published, not in Utah, but in the United States and England. Had I led off with even President Young, all the congregation of Israel would have said amen, without reading the sketch, for he is a subject so well known, so universally revered. I preferred to lead off with William Jennings, because all the congregation of Israel would not equally say amen. Certainly, he is the most representative merchant of Utah, viewed from the point of magnitude. But the meaning The Utah Magazine attaches to the style "Representative Men" may be gathered from the following paragraph sketches which will be elaborated with biographies hereafter.

WILLIAM J. SILVER.

Here is the man who has made the first steam-engine in Utah. He is, therefore, a representative man, not only of engineers, but actually of an epoch of mechanical development in the Rocky Mountains. When Watt discovered and applied the power of steam, and made it one of the great agencies to move along the world in the course of God's providence, he almost created a new age, even as he conferred unbounded blessings and facilities of progress on the human race. George Stephenson followed, and the new high-roads of a rapid civilization were cast up over all the earth; and now shall we say, even as we believe, that one of these new highways has been cast up unto our God, and that on the Pacific Rail road a greater manifestation of a wondrous Providence is fast approaching our Rocky Mountain home. Such men as Watt and George Stephenson, then, are among the world's representative men, though they were neither statesmen, generals, kings nor priests. So also is William J. Silver, the maker of the first steam engine of Utah, a representative man. Despite not the day of small things! Let none think that this modest, but skillful mechanic, is not a man in the world. He has won a prize which cannot be taken from him. He is foremost in the race among his class. A unique item it may perchance be, in a hundred years hence, that William J. Silver made the first steam engine in Utah. My brother, modest as thou art skillful, without desiring it, thou hast made for thyself an historical name. The tide of a thousand years of civilization, rising to the very peaks of the Rocky Mountains, will never drown thy first steam engine. Henceforth, in the class of engineers, thou art one of the representative men of Utah.

DAVID O. CALDER.

Here is the pioneer of organized musical movements and systematic class teaching, not only of Utah, but I presume he is the first in all these Rocky Mountain Territories. Undoubtedly there have been organised bands, choirs, ball-room instrumentalists, concerts, and all kinds of miscellaneous performances, prior to the musical labors of David O. Calder, but harmonic institutions derived their origin from him, under the patronage of President Brigham Young. A stone cast into the ocean! How many circles will it multiply? In the organized introduction of musical refinement to nearly the entire Territory, David O. Calder has won for himself the rank of an apostle in his sphere. He is one of the representative men of Utah—representative of musical development, representative as the pioneer of class teaching, representative as the promoter of harmonic societies, and for his untiring labors in his sphere which nearly cost him his life through physical exhaustion. The name of David O. Calder symbolizes the growth of an institution in the Rocky Mountains; and, therefore, in the Utah Magazine, which is the "Home Journal of the People," he is entitled to a character sketch and biography.

T. B. H. STENHOUSE.

In introducing the editor and proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, I ask not whether he is a popular or an unpopular man. He is a representative man of the press, just as David O. Calder is of musical development. T. B. H. Stenhouse is an institution. He is the founder of the first daily paper in Mormonism, to use a now accepted phrase which has even a wider significance than the proper name Utah. He is the proprietor of a daily, a semi-weekly, and a weekly newspaper, and, on his return from the East, he will be the founder and proprietor of the Ogden Times.
He has one of the best printing establishments on the Pacific; he aims to be the great publisher of the Rocky Mountain Territories, and I have sufficient confidence in the capacity and perseverance of the man to be assured that he will reach all for which he resolutely and persistently aims. Moreover, he reaches after so much in his own special sphere as a journalist, that I have no doubt his future enterprise, as a representative of the potency and mission of the cross, will stamp him as forcibly upon the public mind as any man in Utah. Yet Steenhouse is not one of the leaders of the Church; and he never expects to be, though he was one of the first and most prominent missionaries on the continent of Europe. He is a man of very great mark, both in his character and life: in fact he is one of the most representative of men. If he lives, and the Pacific coast reaches that splendid destiny to which we all look forward, he will carve out a name in its history which will last for generations. It is true, I have a very extravagant opinion of my friend T. B. H. It is well known that I am strongly attached to him. Doubtless it is one of my eccentricities, and I presume that my proposed character sketch and biography of Steenhouse will be so extravagant, that few but myself will believe in its soundness. Not unlikely it will provoke more criticism than the one on William Jennings. One thing, however, I do know, T. B. H. Steenhouse and myself don’t fight it out. Gentlemen, not with the sword. The pen is mightier than the sword!"

JOHN T. CAINE.

Here is another historical name in the development of civilization in the Rocky Mountains. When in the order of Representative Men of Utah a special sketch and biography of this gentleman is under composition, the author will claim the privilege of being just and generous with his subject, giving all the credit due to the untiring zeal of this gentleman in his sphere. I am claiming John T. Caine most emphatically as one of the representative men of Utah the author finds not more than the ordinary value of being barked at by the audacious for giving a poetical rather than a just and discriminating appreciation. The biographer and the historian must be just, and the social philosopher in facing the growth of Utah in the higher phases of civilization would affirm most emphatically that John T. Caine has been one of its chief promoters. The influence of the drama in the growth and refinement of nation is immense. Theatres did more to advance the masses of England in the path of civilization than all the churches and cathedrals in the land, and Shakespeare has done more for human progress than any hundred English bishops who ever lived. Indeed Shakespeare is the chief creator of the present English language as well as the great first architect of our temples of the dramatic art. The apostleship of John T. Caine, therefore, is most legitimate in the growth of the civilization of the Rocky Mountains.

SAVAGE AND OTTINGER.

Here are men who represent two branches of art—the photographic and also that of the legitimate artist, the painter. They have not only done much to establish by their practice a gallery of the fine arts, but in doing this have created a taste for refinement and prepared the way for an Arts’ Union. After them will come academies and a “National Gallery.” They have done more than our Legislature in this department of civilization, for, left to legislators, we should never get public libraries nor galleries of art, beyond resolutions and charters. Savage and Ottinger, therefore, are representative men of Utah, in their sphere, and thus they are looked upon throughout the United States, and their pictures of our mountain scenery have gone east and west, and familiarized tens of thousands with views of Zion and her surroundings.

DAN. A. WEGGELAND.

This is another gentleman of the artistic class. He was a student of the Royal Academy in Copenhagen. He is not an amateur, but legitimately a professional painter, and it is time that he should not only be noticed as a man of talent, a representative of art, but also patronized as such. Indeed it is time that we should patronize one another generally, and not exclude each other from our patronage and “select circles,” because we are brethren of the same family. Had Dan A. Weggeland been a Gentile painter, on a visit to our New Jerusalem of the West, his excellent pictures and portraits would have been appreciated like the portraits of Mr. Perry.

HOWARD EGAN.

There are also men representative of romance and adventure. These afford an author his richest and most interesting subjects. This class of men he must not pass by, for they are properly the heroes of biographical and novelistic literature, and it is quite a godsend for an author to hit upon a Howard Egan. When I come to his life and adventures, I shall dwell upon my subject with that love which every artist experiences when he has found a unique ideal, or he happens upon an uncommon original among men. There is not one in all Mormonism whose life is so rich with adventures and romance as that of Major Egan. He is the Kit Carson of the Mormons, and in his sterling qualities and manly character he has few equals among the adventurous class. I have persecuted him to supply me with the incidents of his life, and have prevailed, and the romance of Howard Egan shall appear in due time. I could publish it in the Phrenological Journal, or in almost any of the best magazines of America, and be well paid for it. The Kit Carson of Mormonism would be considered quite a hit. This is a hint to the “Fooliest Men of Utah.” They only will object, while the great bulk of the public whose hearts our many brother lives, will, as would the publishers of the United States, look upon Howard Egan as one of the representative men of Utah. With him will come another hero of romance.

LOT SMITH.

The famous episode in Mormon history, in which this brave, true man figured, is a romance in itself. The burning of the wagons of the “enemy” is quite a bit of national history of a very extraordinary kind.

SETH M. BLAIR.

Here is another man of historical mark, whose biography must in the order appear. He was not only the appointee of Government to the office of United
States Attorney, when Brigham Young was the Governor of Utah, but long before that period he figured in the revolution of Texas under Gen. Sam Houston, who recommended him for that office. The appreciation of him by his old and renowned commander, may be gathered from the speech of Gen. Houston to the Senate, and in his letter to the New York Herald upon the subject of Seth M. Blair’s resolution to defend his brethren with his sword. Said the General: “This man I know well. He was a soldier under me in the Texas war. What he says, with those brave Texas Rangers, he will carry out to the letter.”

Thus, in the foregoing illustrations, we have presented our readers with ample illustrations of what is meant by “Representative Men of Utah.” Not individually representative of all the glory, intellect or majesty of the people, but each representative of a class valuable to our progress and interesting in our history. Such, in our sketches, will be found interspersed with more potent names.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE,

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

IS THE WORLD ADVANCING?

No. 3.

How sublimely the whole civilized world has moved steadily upwards since the days of Jesus is shown by the curiosity with which we now look upon the bloody, rude, and barbaric ideas of the least part of the world in his time. Then the conqueror who did not murder all his captives taken in war was considered a special instance of goodness and recorded for after ages to wonder at. To slay a man in time of peace, simply because he belonged to another nation or tribe, was understood to be something that no right-minded man could object to. Nations of different tongues regarded each other as lawful prey whom it was their duty to get rid of as wild beasts on the first favorable opportunity. It took ages after the death of the apostles for men to get it through their thick heads that they could by any possibility be of one blood, or that God could be the common father of all.

And what is the condition of the world to day, as to prostitution of womanly purity and delicacy; and as to her protection from lustful violence compared with ancient days?

Look first at the days of Israel when fathers and mothers, sanctioned by the debased views of their times, held the right to condemn their daughters to the hateful embrace of any stranger, be he even igno- rant or brutal, so long as he obtained their consent to his marriage; and all society said amen, called it “righteousness,” one of the ways of the Lord; and the women of all Israel were subject to similar treatment if the whims or selfishness of their parents made it to their interest to have it so. Such ideas were sanctioned, of course, by Moses, as he sanctioned and taught the barbaric law of “an eye for an eye,” and blood for blood, because the debasement of the age could permit no higher sentiment to be taught.

Then review those detestable days when a king of Israel could send out his servants all over the country and drag to his bed the fair and innocent maidens of Israel, force them from their fathers and lovers, and, without love, without affection, and with or without their consent, appropriate them to himself because he was king, and be justified by the customs of the land. Fancy any king or president doing to day as “the sweet singer of Israel” did in this respect; we should quickly make a singer of him in another sphere now-a-days but David’s time, not he, was to blame.

At later periods look at the festivals of debauchery and lust of Greece and Rome, when days of wholesale public lewdness were looked forward to with barbarous delight by whole communities. Days of national prostitution and beastliness so low that the historian can scarcely describe them. Alongside of which, the secret prostitution of any modern city is a mere pin’s point of national grossness. Then look at the more advanced, but still polluted times of England under Charles II., when the whole Court was one vast brothel, and ne’erne’er men introduced their bastardry into society and obtained for them titles, as Lords Fitzosborne, Fitzcharles or Fitzwilliam, scores of which remain to this day to mark the corruption of that age “Fitz” signifying illegitimate. Compare these times with the pure atmosphere surrounding Victoria of England.

The amount of elevated sentiments gained every age, as to the delicacy and purity with which women should be treated, is the best index we can have of the advancement of the world. How far are we above the times when to violate the women of a conquered city was considered a solidly right and per- quisite? Or above the customs which subjected a daughter’s affections, as well as her delicacy of soul, to a brutal parent’s will. The world is thousands of years ahead of these times and gaining every day.

Women are now treated with a loving respect, a forbearance and a consideration for their feelings, to which the time of the Savior was an utter stranger.

Prostitution, it is true, exists to-day, as it has existed in all ages. Excepting with the Jews, all big cities comparing in size with New York, London or Paris, have ever had their thousands of debased women. Licentiousness, in this form, exists no more in proportion to the population to-day, than in any former time. The passions of bad men have always found vent in some form or other. The principal difference of this age in respect to licentiousness, is, that where once it was brutal and openly gloried in, it is now secretive and banished from open day.

Prostitution is simply a natural outgrowth of poverty, want, overcrowded cities, and the miscellaneous bringing together in certain localities of the floating scum of the earth. If prostitution exists more to-day than heretofore, or is seen in larger proportions in any one place, it is because these causes—one or another—exist more largely than they ever did before. But it is not by the standing aged institution of prostitution that we are to judge of the advancement of the world on the great question of womanly purity, but by the growth of public enlightenment on the subject of women’s true treatment and estimation.
It can be stated fearlessly of contradiction that in respect this age exceeds all former ones, for the truth of the necessity to mankind of morality is established in the hearts of millions—condemned and contested by the world at large as no finer age ever realized it. Before which world-wide frightmen silently pushed along every day by the mighty—and nized and increased, as it will be by God from Zion, the institution of prostitution is doomed to fall; bringing proof that on this, as on all great questions of moral elevation, the world advances woelessly and for ever.

REPRESENTATIVE BOYS OF UTAH.

Character-Sketches and Biography.

BY SAXEY.

SAXEY—Continued.

Saxy’s sheep speculation was as signal a failure as Barker’s Gulf Stream of Eternity. The author has been so wise as to become a member of the community that can grasp such ponderous subjects with their multitudinous amalgamations, and give them a perceptible location in the understanding. For the benefit of those who do not understand this curious, we shall say nothing further in relation to the subject.

Dancing has always been a favorite and patronized recreation in this country. It is a principal of jumpingness as natural in Utopians, as it is for hay from the country to come into the city dump or with men love it. It is reported that a whole family were sold for other day at the rate of fifty dollars per ton. If they were a moral family the buyer done well, and if they were otherwise the family done well; but the supposition is the man who sold them “done” better than either of the other parties.

A “Select Dance” was on the tapis, and Saxey was one of the invited guests; it was a genuine select party, a “very select” party in fact, and no one was expected to go without an invitation, unless they were not invited to pay, and any one that could pay was “selected,” provided they came. This may not be a very lucid and clear definition of a “select party,” but is sufficiently complete to show the reader that the authors views are not yet fully matured on the subject.

Saxey had an invitation to the dance. It was to be a picnic, and in addition to the pic-nic, each person was expected to find their own victuals; or in case any one was too poor to provide themselves with grub,” there was a committee appointed to recommend such parties as first. Instead of the usual word complimentary” on the tickets, there was inserted in its stead “$2.00 per couple,” with another section something like this, “additional lady, 50 cents.” That was to accommodate our peculiar institutions, and a “Lady Subscriber and Contributor.”

Utah then was not as Utah now; people then went forth to the enjoyment of the dance with their partners hanging affectionately to one arm, while the other encircled a sack containing a half bushel of wheat, oats, barley, carrots, potatoes, or perchance a well developed squash, which was never refused in liquidation of current expenses. A hunk of dried beef, mixed in with a little cooked raw-hide and a few substantial mushy corn-meal biscuits, was the principal bill of fare among all classes. Neither were we then overly “stuck up” in regard to fashionable dress. The boys used to wear the particular kinds of coats their fathers happened to have on at the time of their extermination from the States; some were frock, others on the “long-tailed blue” order, and many of the kind known as swallow-tailed. The dances were not as mixed as they now are, that is the older people had their exercises together, and the young were more exclusive in their dances; but the same clothes did all the dancing. The state of things made it almost an impossibility for the clothes to fit genteelly. Saxey borrowed his uncle’s suit on the occasion of this dance, but it so happened that Saxey was very slim and tall, (as well as graceful), while his uncle was short and chubby, that is “low up and high around.” When dressed, Saxey presented a very respectable appearance, though there was a space of about “two inches duration” between the top of his uncle’s) and the bottom of his (uncle’s) pants, but a leather string securely attached to the boot-straps and pants rendered it an impossibility for the breach to become any larger, a swallow-tailed coat with one flap eat off by the grasshoppers, and a somewhat dilapidated stove-pipe hat from which a hen had just brought forth a brood of chickens, completed Saxey’s outfit for the dance. All that was necessary now was a partner. He was not at any loss to find one, but he was at some trouble to find one that would go with him. It always so happens that where a boy is hard up for a companion, there is some girl in precisely the same fix if you can only find her. As the poet beautifully says:

“T’ere never was goose yet so gray,
But an honest gander came that way.”

Saxey struck just such a conditioned female, and an understanding for the dance was speedily affected, the young lady agreeing to be ready at 7 p.m., provided she could borrow another girl’s “Greekian bend,” (the proper name is “Greekian bump,”) water-fall, gored dress, balma lor skirt, and a few other things not proper to mention. That young girl is now a woman, old age has set his mighty mark where once the rosy smile of happy girlhood played in beauty on a lovely face. If that isn’t pathetic and mournly then what is the use of a dictionary. She now writes what some editors call “diary” at her former friend, because, forsooth, time has dealt more gently with him, as it always does with the innocent.

[At this interesting point, it grievances the editor to defer Saxey’s dance with this sweet girl till next week, but it must be stopped here for lack of space, unless Saxey is willing to dance the edge of the paper.--“Our Hired Man.”]
THE DIAMOND STEALERS. 
THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT. 
CHAPTER II. 
(CONTINUED.)
As Lucy read, there grew such a lightness over her heart that she thought the band of death was on her; and, crushing the cruel letter in her nervous grasp, she fell back, pale and fainting.

But her torture was too great for insensibility; and as the blood returned to her cheeks, there came with it a rush of shame and pain and misery that struck her to the earth. She lay upon the floor, not faint, not dying, but crushed as by some great blow, and shivering as though the chill of a fever fit was on her.

Her daily life, lately, had been forlorn; for Miss Wyatt had given her no peace; hourly, she had struck the stings of doubt and jealousy into her flesh, and the girl’s heart was shattered by this constant fretting of her spirit. Now, it seemed to her that Marion Wyatt had been her best friend, in warning her that this man only meant cruelty—was, in fact, but playing with her silly heart. She rose, and read the letter again. And there was a postscript—the sharpest, bitterest words of all.

“To prevent further mistakes, I think it fair to say, my affections are engaged to a lady, whom, should fate and circumstances ever permit, I intend to make my wife. As the lady is not unknown to you, I need not desist upon her worth and beauty.”

“That will grind her to powder,” the Captain had said, as he walked away. But he little thought the stroke would fall on Lucy’s neck.

“Does he mean Marion?” the unhappy girl cried to herself. And rushing down to the drawing-room, she laid the letter on Miss Wyatt’s desk.

“I am sorry,” said the trembling girl, kneeling down by her side, “that ever I disregarded you. I think you have tried to save me from this misery. Is it you whom here? And her wan fingers pointed to the postscript.

“Your name would not have put this in my hands,” returned Miss Wyatt, in a cold gentle tone. “And now it is useless to be sorry for you. Here you may read this if you will.”

She drew a letter from her bosom, and taking care to let Lucy see the address, “Miss Marion Wyatt,” in Captain Calverley’s bold writing, she took the paper from the envelope, and put it in her hand. The words were so few, they were read in a moment; but that moment was an agony that cost Lucy Mainwaring her life:

“MY DEAREST GIRL—
I am a sad fellow, unworthy of your goodness and your love. I write only to say so, but how can I deny myself so much happiness? I am grateful for your dear letter, and will tell you so much more fully when we meet.

Ever yours,
HORACE.

“Thank you,” said Lucy, gently, laying the letter down, “I am glad you let me see this. It was better for me to know the truth. I did not think he was so deceitful.”

Her face looked wan and shrunk as she went away softly, and that night she awoke from a troubled sleep in the delirium of fever.

A month in prison does not improve a man, Captain Calverley looked sallow, uncomfortable, and forlorn. He had heard nothing of Lucy, seen nothing of her; and after writing two or three times, and getting no reply, he had at length concluded that, like the rest of the world, she had forsaken him in his misfortunes.

While in this weary state of mind, he was surprised by a visitor.

“I am Mr. Levi,” said the visitor.

“It is that brick of a Jew,” said the officer to himself. “Pray sit down, sir.”

“This is a bad place to sit in,” said the Jew: “and a worse place to lie in. I suppose you’d be glad to get out?”

Captain Calverley gnawed his moustache, and stared.

“Rather think I should,” he replied.

“Well, if you choose to put yourself into my hands, you may walk out of that door to-morrow.”

“Sir, I put myself not only into your hands, but into your arms, if that is satisfactory,” said the Captain.

“They, perhaps, you’ll sign this,” returned Mr. Levi. “It was a good obit, payable on the decease of the rhinoceros brother.”

The amount covered the Captain’s debt, and good deal more.

Captain Calverley signed with perfect serenity, and handed the bond, with a bow, to Mr. Levi.

Putting it in his pocket, the gentleman departed. He was leaving Squares and asked to see Miss Wyatt.

“What is your business, sir?” said the lady haughtily.

“I want Calverley’s discharge, and the receipts you promised him.”

Miss looked at him, as though she considered him a lunatic.

“You can go back to him,” she said, pointing to the door.

“Pardon me,” said Mr. Levi; “I’ll go back by and-by, have a cousin in the City, named Jabez Giles. A short time ago he purchased a diamond necklace of one Moses Sury, he suspects the diamonds to be stolen, and he desired me to call upon you to give him some information concerning them; and, m-m, it is a sad thing not to have a clear conscience, less than half an hour. Mr. Levi went back to Jabez Street with the discharge and the receipts in his pocket, and is surprised, how very cheaply he had bought them.

The next morning brought Captain Calverley a new surprise.

He lay in bed in his lodgings, with a rarer sense of luxury and rest about him, when there entered abruptly an old servant from Calverley Grange.

“I have a world of trouble to find you, sir,” said Tom.

“You can let me go to get up, and come here and see what is the matter,” said the excited Captain.

The matter was, that the rhinoceros brother was drowsed while bathing.

“When did it happen?” asked Horace, in a low voice.

“Today,” said Tom yesterday,” said Tom; “but nobody knows your address, and no one thought of sending me to find you till last evening.”

“Mr. Levi is a remarkably clever man, and gets family news very promptly,” observed Calverley to himself. “Ah! I wish Lucy had been as true and good as I once thought her. This case, this would be a happier day to me than it is now.”

A few weeks more passed away, and then, among all the shadows that jostled him in the street, Captain Calverley stumbled against the stolid and stony shadow called Moses Sury.

“Excuse me,” said the yellow man; “I’ve been wanting to see you. I lost that letter you gave me, never posted it, I never could find it. I hope it was not of much consequence.

“Sure you know what you know,” answered Horace.

And with a grin, Moses walked on.

Frandic, angry, full of strange fear, Horace Calverley called a cab, and drove to Eaton Square.

“If I wish to see Miss Mainwaring,” he said, peremptorily.

The servant stared at him in a strange way.

“You had better look it,” said Horace.

He was ushered into the drawing-room, where he found Miss Wyatt.

She was pale—she was thin—she was strangely altered—he face looked wild and haggard.

“If I wish to see Lucy,” said Captain Calverley, in a hard tone.

“THERE has been foul play, Miss Wyatt, and I will not hear it again in my afflicted house; I insist upon seeing her.”

“Come with me, then,” returned Miss Wyatt in a ghastly voice.

Wonderingly, he followed her. As she passed silently up the stairs, a strange stillness and a crept over him as he went. The house had seemed natural still, but now the atmosphere grew ghastly cold to him, and his heart stood still when she entered a chamber door and beckoned him within. And on the snowy bed, he saw the white face of Lucy Mainwaring.

“My dear, I have killed her,” said Marion Wyatt. And falling on her knees by the bedside, she burst into a paroxysm of bitter, remorseful tears.

“When Captain Calverley left the house, he felt that henceforward he would think less well of all men. Because of Marion on Wyatt’s sin.”

CHAPTER III.

It is not every one who would know where to find the obscure and dingy office of Jabez Giles, the purchaser from Moses Solomon of the diamond necklace; nor would many
The Diamond Stealers

But Wormold was in no such hurry to part with it. "One moment, friend; here's some one coming in. Attend to him, for I have no hand to give you. I'll stay—yes, I'll wait."

It happened that Jabez Giles's new customer was a foreigner who wished to sell some old coins, and between the difficulty of comprehending what he said, and making him comprehend in his turn, the intricacies of our weights and measures, the time slipped by. Before Jabez could make his big offer, the man had caught the mayer's eye. One swift glance showed him that a cheque had been drawn for one thousand—before he could learn the rest, the desk was closed: but he no longer doubted the dealer's truth.

With trembling eagerness, he paid for his purchase in notes which he drew from a secret pocket in his waistcoat; and then hurried away, alarmed at the prospect of being overtaken by night ere he reached home, and deposited the necklace in a place of safety.

A long walk was before him, for routes are high in and near London, and Mr. Wormold detested tax-gatherers. Yet, on the other hand, he was equally fearful of residing in some lonely place where a round of his savings might be carried through by the blunderings of a tax-gatherer. After all, he had been so fortunate as to meet with a house that suited him. A respectable, red brick, comfortable-looking dwelling, in every way adapted for the residence of one of those respectable citizens who like to pass their nights and keep their families behind the dense atmosphere of the London smoke. There were many such houses on every side: streets of them—terrace, squares, and of squares; all so much alike that it was hard to tell one from another; yet the house Mr. Wormold secured had not dwelt in for years; nor could any one but himself be found hardy enough to tenant it.

It was a house of ill omen. The oldest inhabitants had dark tales to tell concerning it. If a fraudulent trader had ever taken up his abode amongst them, the next would be a horror. If cholera, or any other epidemic, visited the neighborhood, it was there it made its greatest ravages: the gang of cobbers, who, in the specious disguise of a foreign count and countless, victimised all the trades-people round about, rented it; and, to cover it with lasting disgrace and horror, there had been a dreadful murder committed within its walls.

A young baronet, immensely wealthy, and foolishly good-natured, suffered his house to be used as a seat until the police discovered his remains in the cellar. There were still traces on the walls and floor where the assassins had dragged their bleeding victim along; and it was currently reported and believed by many that those aggravating soundings, those rungs from the slumberers on the night of the cruel deed, might still be heard echoing through the deserted house.

On Mr. Wormold's strong assurances the tales told him of figures seen at the windows, and lights mysteriously appearing and disappearing, had no effect. He took the house off the landlord's hands at a nominal rent; and when questioned respecting its ghostly tenants, would shake his head, and preserve a mysterious silence, which was interpreted to mean that he could tell a great deal if he dared.

This was enough to make his superstitious neighbours view him with awe, and, in the course of time, avoid him. He was known to be of eccentrical habits; he was suspected to be a miser. But no one had ever interfered with him, or the house which his tenants' murder had darkened with a curse.

A simple fellow, named Job Hardcastle, who was too idle, or stupid, or both, to work at a trade, ran Mr. Wormold's few errands, dug his garden—where useful roots had long been buried; and watched the house when his master was absent. At first, he was not allowed to remain all night; but, as age crept on, thoughts which would not always be put aside haunted and troubled the miser. He was glad to know that his successor, in the dead of the night, he would start from a dream, and, with the dews of alarm on his brow, and his gray hair bristling with fright, listen breathlessly. The loud breathing of Job, in his heavy slumbers, would reassure him, and the sight of the window was to him a real inspiration. It would be fearful indeed to awake to the conviction that I was dying, with no living soul to succor me.
Hugging the diamond necklace to his heart, Mr. Wornum bathed his home. Every now and then his hand went into his vest pocket, and the stones were felt and counted. Once, when in the very dark and lonely part of the road, he was about to draw it out, and solace himself with a glimpse of the sparkling jewels; but the thought was abandoned, with a startled glance around him, lest any one should be lurking near who had divined his intention. Then there came upon him a dread that he might be seen by some person or persons who had tracked him from the office of Jabez Giles; that foreboding, perhaps, his knees trembled under him; and he expended one of the pennies received from Giles on two stout lads, to keep them near him. All the while, the wind blew, and raged, and roared around his thin form, buffeting him so spitefully, that he had much ado to stand against it. But his dreary dwelling, whose threshold the foot of woman never crossed, whose walls never echoed with the boisterous laughter of the young, was in sight at last. More eagerly than ever he pressed onward, inventing an errand for Job Hardcastle, which, as little outlay as possible, would take him some time to execute. For he must be got rid of while the miser hid his purchase in the secret place which held his hoard; that cunningly-conceived receptacle which no one could discover without his assistance.

He had passed through the gate of the small fore-court, when a gust of wind, more violent than any of the preceding ones, rushed over him, and, for the first time, fell suddenly, and made a loud crash, and a loose slate lay at Mr. Wornum's feet, broken into fragments.

He staggered back as if half-stunned by the violent blow, and almost in the shadow of its descent. His hat was broken, and an averse pain began to make itself felt, in the lull which followed he could hear large drops of something falling on the stones at his feet.

Still dazed by the violence of the blow, he put up his hand. It was all right; but a fearful gash just above the temple, from which the blood was fast flowing. The throbbing, smarting sensation was now increasing to agony; and his handkerchief to the wound, he staggered to the door.

Job Hardcastle came struggling along the passage to admit him, and started back open-mouthed when he saw his master's condition.

"Shut the door! Don't you see how the candle is flattering and wasting! What made you light one before I came home? What could you want with one! Don't you cost me enough without such wilful extravagance?"

"I didn't want your candle," retorted Job, with the surlieness which his master esteemed as one proof of his honesty. "An' I did not need it. It was just showing you. You've going on at me about something or 'nother!"

"You didn't light it?" said the miner, propping himself against the door, for he was sick and faint—"you didn't do it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, what did you mean by it? That's the man as it is upstairs, aiming to see you."

"Rascal!" cried Mr. Wornum forgetting his injuries in his wrath. "I haven't told you repeatedly never to admit anybody in my absence, especially my lubberly nephew! Is it he?"

"Job nodded."

"How dared you—how dared you—" Mr. Wornum added, passionately.

"I did not hit him," cried Job; "now, then. He 'minded himself. He knocked, and says he, 'Old un'! 'No, says I. Then, I'll wait,' says he, 'Very well,' says I; and I was a-shutting the door, when he puts his foot in with it. 'No,' says he: 'I likes the inside of it better. 'But, says I, 'you ain't in the right. I's a-back ards, an' says he, 'I am in. 'Then, says I, 'my orders are out and given,' and I was a-going out again. 'Very well,' says he, 'do it.' And I was a-thinking which 'd be the best way of settling about it, when you came home."

"You're a fool," sneered the miner.

"May be," said Job, curily.

"How long has he been here?" asked his master.

"Nigh upon an hour. Long enough to be very sick of his old company; an' I don't like him well enough to oblige him when he '会让 me up," then he substituted a little with he saw the extent of the injury. "I say, master, if I 'd got such a hole in my job as this 'ere, I'd take him to the doctor."

"No doubt—no doubt you would, sir, idiot, wasteful, sense-less animal that you are! You'd go and pay good silver for lings for a half-witted boy of sticking-plaster and a bottle of ditch-water. Hold your tongue, and help me upstairs."

He turned and walked into the back drawing-room, where he had ascertained that it was the warmest room in the house. Mr. Wornum had converted into a sitting, eating and sleeping apartment for himself, sat John Drake, his sister's son, at the only near relative he had. John Drake's character. For years he had been drifting from bad to worse. He had been tried late and for taking part in a burglary, and had only escaped imprisonment because there was no evidence enough to convict him. He wore the broad, vulgar look of utter recklessness; and when Wornum began to reproach him for the intrusion, he was aggravatingly insolent.

"What am I here for?" he repeated. "Why, because I was something, I suppose. You'd say it was so, if it wasn't. Who do you think is going to keep you out of work? You're worse than a villain!"

"I'm what you made me," was the sulky reply. "You left a youth, and then you left it to the women when poor mudder died. Why didn't you give me a home? Why didn't you keep me out of evil company, and give me the means to do better? It was thieves, and such like, that took pity on me, and I was a-angry, and I was a-going to go, and I was a-going to go to your mother, and I was a-going to go to you, and I was a-going to go to John Drake, coming towards him with clenched fist. 'Not a word against them—nor—"

"Or you strike me, oh! Fell me to the earth, and then roll me, I suppose!"

"And Wornum retreated before his fierce words, and held his hand into the pocket that held the diamond necklace.

Palo and panting with fright he dropped into a chair was gone—gone—

"Old gent's going into a fit, I do believe," muttered Drake, "Here, Job, bring some water for your master. Be quick!

"No, no!" gasped the miner. "I want nothing—nothing but to be rid of you. Go—go—Here's money—here's a shilling. But, you can't have it, you can't have it—there's two! DON'T, I beg of you for depriving me of them! Take a shilling, and go! And go! And go to your master, and tell him, and you can—hire me out upon the diamonds, Wornum pressed the money upon him.

"Thank you!" cried Drake, r Pathetically. "What's the use of that? I'm going to be a man—"

"Here's water—what's it for?" asked Job, coming in with jug.

"And here's a thing as I picked up, just outside the door. Is it yours, Master Drake?"

The miner, with a wild cry, snatched the necklace from his hands. He remembered now that he was holding it between his fingers, when the slave struck him, and, instead of dropping it back into his pocket, he must have let it fall on the earth. "Diamonds, by Jove!" exclaimed Drake, stepping forward to take a near glance.

But the miner 'huddled it out of sight. "No, no, you mustn't!" he said, agitatedly. "What a ridiculous idea! Worthless string of beads, that's not; even good imitation Truch, I assure you, John—mere trash! In fact, I bought the thing to give to a child: a little girl I'm fond of that's all!"

Job Hardcastle burst into a roar of laughter. "Well, if ever I heard the likes of you! Lor', master, you are a rom' un'!

"And shut up, and open it and the room, do you hear his master vociferated.

I'm a-going, ain't I?" groaned Job. "I didn't laugh, nor nothing else. I mustn't. Well, I should like to see that on any child that's so fond of you, master—that I should!"

And he walked out into another chamber, the annex.

The miner felt that his strength was fast failing; and, aghast, of his nephew, whose fixed stare unnerved him, he reluctantly produced half a sovereign.

"I can't spare more, John—i really can't. Take that, and run in to the police to report it. I'll wait—"

"You needn't trouble them," said John, easily. "The least scenence will be yours, not mine; for, of course, as you would—"
THE DIAMOND STEALERS

of out more liberally, the result will simply be, I shall have to come again all the sooner.

He spun the coin in the air, slipped it into his waistcoat pocket, and left the room, followed by his uncle, who was on the point of warning him not to steal, but who found himself overruled.

I won't say anything about it, he thought to himself. 'I might ill-use me, and I'm your mother's own brother.'

In the meantime, Drake shook off the minor's clutched on his sleeve, and ran down stairs. Job, was still lugging, let him out, and called after him as he went down the stairs. 'Mind the bung!' he said. 'Won't ye leave your love for the little gal? Ho, ho, ho!'

Infuriated at the want of tact with which Job had produced the necklace in the presence of his nephew, the miser hurried towards him, and matching a walking-stick from a corner, ruck him with it repeatedly.

Job, staggering under the unexpected attack, shielded his head with his arms, and shouted vociferously, 'None o' that now, master! I ain't going to stand it, I can tell ye! What will ye have of me, ye bloody-throated cur?'

'Fasc, havn't you been trying to ruin me? Couldn't you have kept the necklace out of sight till that rufian had gone? Not to ridicule me—to rouse his suspicion of my truth—bah!'

'Could you? You've been punished again with stick upraised, Job—now really lightened—rushed to the door, opened it, and made his escape. With malicious satisfaction. Worrow wormed the dots and put up the chain.

Now, as he had often done before in such solitary hours, he gazed at the window, his mind was swayed away. The precious stones, for which he had already suffered such an agony of fear, were carefully concealed; and when he had satisfied himself that the door and sash were secure, he retired to his dressing-chamber.

'Now, as he had often done before in such solitary hours, he gazed at the window, his mind was swayed away. The precious stones, for which he had already suffered such an agony of fear, were carefully concealed; and when he had satisfied himself that the door and sash were secure, he retired to his dressing-chamber. Worrow wormed the dots and put up the chain.

Then he began to think what a burden and anxiety his wealth had been! How many hours of toil it had cost to amass such wealth, how many wakful hours, too, he should lose it! Dear as it was, there was pain and penalties attached to its possession, and he sighed dolefully as he thought of it, and reminded himself that it was for his wealth the young baronet was deprived of life, within a few feet of where he lay.

Worrow wormed in general a brave man, and scouted the idea of a发起 to a servant to guard him, as he lay there, with the excited fancy vividly picturing the horrible details of the murder, cold chill crept over him, and he thrust his head under the clothes.

In this gesture he fell asleep, waking as a clock in a church tower begins to strike the hour of two. As the sound died away, they were followed by others so strange, that he sprang up in his bed. Voices were whispering so close to him, that, instinctively, he put out his hand to grasp the speakers. Then remembering the care with which he had fastened himself in, he became -'awake. Or were they?—no, not quite. Still perhaps, might be there again, those inarticulate murmurings, and seizing the billfold that always lay under his pillow, he shouted loudly to who knew.

No answer was returned, save that the murmurs seemed to have taken themselves into the words, 'Lost—lost! All lost!' What is lost? Good heavens, have I lost anything? He was out of bed in an instant, striking a light with hands that seemed so they almost defeated his purpose.

Again he fancied he heard the murmuring voice sigh, 'All—lost! Gold—jewels—all!'
"Boy, it was fastened when I went to bed—it was safely secured at two this morning!"

"Then it must ha' been Sir Roland's ghost, as everybody says walks about the house that undoest it, for the bolt was drawn just now," said Job, pouring out the coffee.

With a ghastly face, the mower pushed away the cup he offered. "Drink it yourself! I'm ill—I'm busy—I have forgotten something! Stay here till I come back! And mind you, don't attempt to move a hair of it!"

He effectually prevented any disobedience of this command, by locking the door after him, Job, accustomed to his oddities, swallowed the breakfast which his night's dozebath rendered doubly acceptable, discoursed his master's slice of bread as an uncommonly good one, snatched up the plate, and, in a few moments, with his head on the table, slept long and heavily.

When he awoke, and found that the mower had not returned to release him from his imprisonment, he began to grow uneasy. Wormwood's hat and coat hung in the room, so that it was not likely that he had quit the house. Job hammered at the door, and shouted until his increasing fears gave him courage to force his way out. From room to room he ran, calling on his master, but without receiving any reply. The collar was open, and had evidently been caught in a glimpse of a kneeling figure within. It was Wormwood, his face buried in his hands. The secret receptacle was open and empty. The gold he had achieved by the sacrifice of all human feelings, the gold and necklace which he had coveted only to lose, were his no longer.

Awe by his silence, Job gently touched his shoulder. The old man looked up vacantly, then dropped into his arms, a dead, heavy weight. Wormwood, the mower, was no more.

He would have a pauper's funeral, so few and miserable were his effects, but that there was a ribbon from his neck a small gold ring, the gift, many years ago, of his betrothed. Thus he literally owed his decent interment to the woman he had deserted for the worship of Mammon.

No one knew what he lost, nor how he vanished, until John Drake, in a fit of drunken remorse, revealed to a companion how he had resolved to possess himself of the diamond necklace. Having gleaned some knowledge of the mower's habits from Job, he made his way from an empty house in the same road, where he had seen curiously heaved through a trap-door that opened into the attics. He had gone already where the mower's hoard was concealed, and had provided himself with well-rolled keys which admitted him to the cell. But there he was at fault; until, by acting on Mr. Wormwood's fears, he had气候ed the squash, and then ascertained the safety of his treasures. Little did his unconscious owner dream that, beneath the old rotting baskets, crouched one who breathlessly watched his movements, and was prepared, if detected, to commit any crime rather than be held in his notorious intentions.

An inquest on the body of the mower ended in a verdict of "Death from natural causes." Job Hardtenbesh scrambled away to seek a new master, and the house of ill omen was once more tenanted.

OLIVER CROMWELL—HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER.

While under Dr. Board, our hero is said to have been aspiring, stubborn and obstinate; at Cambridge to have figured most in wrestling, cricketing, and such like exploits; and, as a young man, to have been turbulent and "lord of the jester of the grape and the charms of the fair." His kinsman, in his memoirs of his illustrious namesake, essayed to soften down these features of his youthful character, and to wipe out such flaws from the life of the greatest man that Europe has produced. But "better that we know him as he was; for he illustrates himself in a stronger light, and makes himself a harmony more sonorous by his very discords. The impetuous energy and potent quality of action in the man, which when a lamb turbulence, is eminently in harmony with that power of character which won the revolution for the Parlia-

ment, struck off the head of the king, mastered Parliament in turn, and made all Europe tremble at the might of the man, and to humble itself in the vassalage to England. As for the sins of his youth, when he confesses to, they but intensify the fervor of that puritan spirit; and when, afterward, was superadded to it the great ambition which took possession of his soul, it made him a grand enthusiast over his mission as a mighty instrument for the 'work of the Lord.'

Oliver married a young lady of piety and excellence of mind, and this, doubtless, had a chastening religious influence over his future life. He was turned twice as a member of Parliament for Huntingdon; but, until the great revolution of his country called him out as the man of the times, he sustained a no more prominent part than that of a sober gentleman farmer, of an earnest puritanic prestige, champion of the rights of the middle classes, and antagonist to the exactions of the crown in his own province. His great local mark, and that which doubtless paved his way to a membership in the "Long Parliament" as representative for Cambridge, was made in his vigorous support of the popular Earl of Bedford against the king. In the notorious circumstance of the drainage of the Fens, when Oliver put to the worst the king's commissioner, and aroused the universal spirit of the country. From that day his cousin, the famous patriot Hampden, pronounced him a man that would "sit well at the mark." Preceded to this, disgratified with the king's tyranny and ecclesiastical outrages, instigated by Archbishop Laud, eight ship-loads of the Puritans were about to set sail for America. A proclamation of the king authorizes the 'Lord Treasurer's to take speedy and effectual course for the stay of the eight ships now in the Thames preparing to go to New England,' etc. One of those ships was Cromwell and his illustrious cousin and comrade Hampden. How blind are foolish tyrants! Charles had stopped the emigration of the man destined to hurl him from his throne and take his head off!

* In 1638, Oliver and his cousin Hampden we fled from sailing to America. In 1639 came his famous resistance of the king's Commissioners in support of the Earl of Bedford; and now the lion was fairly aroused for the great struggle between the king and the nation. Eleven years had elapsed since Parliament of England had been assembled; but the king had deemed it necessary to call on one to his exile the Scotch army which had marched into England, in revolt against Charles, for meddling with the religion of Scotland. Cromwell was elected for Cambridge. Finding Parliament not on his side, the king dismissed it after a sitting of only twenty-three days, but assembled it again in the following November. Lord Digby, one day going down the stairs, saw Parliament House, inquired of Hampden "who the sullen was." It was Cromwell! "That sullen who you see before you hath no ornament in his speech that sullen, I say, if we should ever come to a brake with the king (which God forbid) in such a case, say, that sullen will be the greatest man in England." The sequel, which was rapidly coming along, wonderfully verified Hampden's prediction concerning his great cousin, "the sullen."
POETRY

THE LONELY WRECK.

A shattered bark was lying,
Wrecked on a rock-bound shore,
And the pitiful winds were sighing
For the dead waters bore.

No eye of man was keeping
The last sad watch of love;
The only voice of weeping
Was that of a tender dove.

A dove, whose master had freed her
When first they touched the strand,
Wishing her flight would speed her
To safety to the land.

Fiercely the scornful surges
Their helpless prey up-toosed,
And the winds sang mournful dirges
For the death-pangs of the lost.

O'er them the dove still hovered,
Shielding the ghastly sight,
Till the cruel waters covered,
The victims of their might.

Then, friendless, lone, and dreary
She sank beneath the wave,
And, closing her wing so wearily,
With the loved one found a grave.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

All the pomp of the English army burst upon Har-
dard's view, as, in the rising sun, he approached the
ridge of the capital. Over that bridge came the
ately march—battle-ax, and spear, and banner, glitter-
ing in the ray. And as he drew aside, and the
rees defiled before him, the cry of "God save King
ard!" rose with loud acclaim and lusty joy, born
over the waves of the river, startling the echoes in
the ruined keeps of the Roman, heard in the halls re-
ered by Canute, and chiming, like a chorus, with
the chants of the monks by the tomb of Sebba in St.
ual's—by the tomb of Edward at St. Peter's.

With a brightened face and a kindling eye, the
king saluted his lines, and then fell into the ranks to-
ward the rear, where, among the burghers of London
and the lithmen of Middlesex, the immemorial cus-
tom of Saxon monarchs placed the kingly banner.
And looking up, he beheld, not his old standard with
the tiger head and the cross, but a banner both strange
and gorgeous.

On a field of gold was the effigies of a fighting
warrior; and the arms were bedecked in orient pearls,
and the borders blazed in the rising sun, with ruby,
amethyst, and emerald. While he gazed, wondering,
on this dazzling ensign, Haco, who rode beside the
standard-bearer, advanced and gave him a letter.

"Last night," said he, "after thou hadst left the
palace, many recruits, chiefly from Hertfordshire and
Essex, came in; but the most gallant and stalwart of
all, in arms and in stature, were the lighthens of Hilda.
With them came this banner, on which she has
lavished the gems that have passed to her hand
through long lines of northern ancestors, from Odin,
the founder of all northern thrones. So, at least, said
the bode of our kinswoman."

Harold had already cut the silk round the letter,
and was reading its contents. They ran thus—

"King of England, I forgive thee the broken heart
of my grandchild. They whom the land feeds, should
defend the land. I send to thee, in tribute, the best
fruits that grow in the field and the forest, round the
house which my husband took from the beauty of
Canute; stony hearts and strong hands! Descending
alike, as do Hilda and Harold (through Githa thy
mother), from the Warrior God of the North, whose
race never shall fail—take, O defender of the Saxon
children of Odin, the banner I have brodered with
the gems that the chief of the Asas bore from the
east. Firm as love be thy foot, strong as death be
thy hand, under the shade which the banner of Hilda
—under the gleam which the jewels of Odin—cast on
the brows of the king! So Hilda, the daughter of
monarchs, greets Harold the leader of men."

Harold looked up from the letter, and Haco re-
sumed—

"Thou canst guess not the choosing effect which
this banner, supposed to be charmed, and which the
name of Odin alone would suffice to make holy, at
least with thy fierce Anglo-Danes, hath already pro-
duced through the army."

"It is well, Haco," said Harold with a smile. "Let
priest add his blessing to Hilda's charm, and heaven
will pardon any magic that makes more brave the
hearts that defend its altars. Now fall we back, for
the army must pass beside the hill with the crummell
and gravestone; there be sure, Hilda will be at watch
for our march, and [will linger a few moments to thank her—somewhat for her banner, you may justly, methinks, for her men. And you now know all in full, so tall and so orderly, in advance of the London burghers, Hilda's aid to our Fyrll?"

"They are," answered Haco.

The king backed his steed to accost them with his
kneeling greeting: and then, with Haco, falling yet farther to the rear, seemed engaged in inspecting the numerous wains, bearing missiles and forage, that always accompanied the march of a Saxon army, and served to strengthen its encampment. But when they came in sight of the hilltop by which the great body of the army had preceded them, the king and the son of Sween dismounted, and on foot entered the large circle of the Celtic ruin.

By the side of the Teuton altar they beheld two forms, both perfectly motionless; but one was extended on the ground as in sleep or in death; the other sat beside it, as if watching the corpse, or guarding the slumber. The face of the last was not visible, propped upon the arms which rested on the knees, and hidden by the hands. But in the face of the other, as the two men drew near, they recognized the Danish prophetess. Death in its dreariest character was written on that ghastly face; woe and terror, beyond all words to describe, spoke in the haggard brow, the distorted lips, and the wild, glazed stare of the open eyes. At the startled cry of the intruders on that dreary silence, the living form moved; and though still leaning its face on its hands, it raised its head; and never countenance of Northern Vampire, covering by the rived grave, was more fiend-like and appalling.

"Who and what art thou?" said the king, "and how, thus unhonored in the air of heaven, lies the corpse of the noble Hilda? Is this the band of Nature? Haco, Haco, so look the eyes, so set the features, of those whom the horror of ruthless murder slays even before the steel strikes. Speak, hag, art thou dumb?"

"Search the body," answered the witch. "there is no wound! Look to the throat—no mark of the deadly gripe! I have seen such in my day. There be none in this corpse, I trow; yet then sayest right, horror slew her! Ha! ha! she would know, and she hath known; she would raise the dead and the demons; she hath raised them; she would read the riddle—she hath read it. Pale king and dark youth, would ye learn what Hilda saw—shh! shh! Ask her in the Shadow-World where she awaits ye! Ha! ye too would be wise in the future; ye too would climb to heaven through the mysteries of hell. Worms! worms! crawl back to the clay—to the earth! One such night as the hag ye despise enjoys her sport and her glee, would freeze your veins, and tear the life in your eyeballs, and leave your corpses to terror and wonder, like the carcass that lies at your feet!"

"Ho!" said the king, stamping his foot. "Hence, Haco; rouse the household; summon hither the handmaids; call henchman and ceol to guard this foul raven."

Haco obeyed; but when he returned with the shuddering and amazed attendants, the witch was gone, and the king was leaning against the altar with downcast eyes, and a face troubled and dark with thought.

The body of the Vela was borne into the house; and the king, waking from his reverie, bade them send for the priests, and ordered masses for the parted soul. Then kneeling, with pious hand he closed the eyes and smoothed the features, and left his mournful kiss on the icy brow. These offices fulfilled, he took Haco's arm, and leaning on it, returned to the spot on which they had left their steeds.

They mounted in silence; and ere they regained the army, paused, by a common impulse, and looked behind. Afraid in their desolation rose the temple and the altar! And in Hilda's mysterious death it seemed that their last and lingering Genius—the Genius of the dark and fierce, the warlike and the wizard North, had expired forever.

On the broad plain between Pevensey and Hastings, Duke William had arrayed his armaments. In the rear he had built a castle of wood, all the framework of which he had brought with him, and which was to serve as a refuge in case of retreat. His ships he had run into deep water, and scuttled; so that the thought of return, without victory, might be banished from his miscellaneous and multitudinous force. His outposts stretched for miles, keeping watch night and day against surprise. The ground chosen was adapted for all the manoeuvres of a cavalry never before paralleled in England, nor perhaps in the world—almost every horseman a knight, almost every knight fit to be a chief. And on this space William reviewed his army, and there planned and schemed, rehearsed and reformed, all the strategems the great day might call forth. But most careful, and laborious, and minute, was he in the manoeuvre of a feigned retreat. Not, ere the acting of some modern play, does the anxious manager more elaborately marshal each man, each look, each gesture, which to form a picture on which the curtain shall fall amidst deafening plaudits, than did the laborious captain appoint each man, and each movement, in his lure to a valiant foe: The attack of the foot, their recoil, their affected panic, their broken exclamations of despair; their retreat, first partial and reluctant, next seemingly hurried and complete—flying, but in flight carefully confused: then the settled watchword, the lightning rally, the rush of the cavalry from the ambush; the sweep and hem round the pursuing foe, the detachment of levied spears to cut off the Saxon return to the main force, and the lost ground—were all directed by the most consummate mastership in the stage play, of war, and seized by the adroitness of practiced veterans.

Not now, O Harold! last thou to contend against the rude heroes of the Norse, with their ancestral strategy unimproved? The Civilization of Battle meets thee now! and all the craft of the Roman guides the manhood of the North.

It was in the midst of such lessons to his foot and his horsemen—spears gleaming—pennons tossing—lines re-forming—steeds backing, wheeling, flying, circling—that William's eye blazed, and his deep voice thundered the thrilling word; when Mallet de Graville, who was in command at one of the outposts, rode up to him at full speed an said, in gasps, as he drew breath:

"King Harold and his army are advancing furiously. Their object is clearly to come on us unawares.
“Hark!” said the duke, lifting his hand; and the knights around him halted in their perfect discipline; then, after a few brief but distinct orders to Odo, Fitzosborne, and other of his leading chiefs, he eased a numerous cavalcade of his knights, and rode past to the outpost which Mallet had left—to catch sight of the coming foe.

The borcmen cleared the plain, passed through a wood, mournfully falling into autumnal hues—and, on emerging, they saw the gleam of the Saxon spears rising on the brows of the gentle hills beyond. But even the time, short as it was, that had sufficed to bring William in view of the enemy, had sufficed also, under the orders of his generals, to give to the wide plain of his encampment all the order of a host prepared. And William, having now mounted on a rising ground, turned from the spears on the hill top, to his own fast-forming lines on the plain, and said with a stern smile—

“Methinks the Saxon usurper, if he be among those in the height of his hills, will vouchsafe us time to breathe! St. Michael gives his crown to our hands, and his corpse to the crown, if he dare to descend.”

And so indeed, as the duke with a soldier’s eyes saw from a soldier’s skill, so it proved. The spears rested on the summits. It soon became evident that the English general perceived that here was no Hardrada to surprise; that the news brought to his ear had exaggerated neither the numbers, nor the arms, nor the discipline of the Norman; and that the battle was not to the bold, but to the wary.

“He doth right,” said William, musingly; “nor think, O my queens, that we shall find a fool’s hot brain under Harold’s helm of iron! How is this broken ground of hilltop and valley named in our heart? It is strange that we should have overlooked it, strength, and suffered it thus to fall into the hands of the foe. How is it named? Can any of ye remember?”

“A Saxo peasant,” said De Graville, “told me that the ground was called Scenuac or Sanguela, or some such name, in their musicless jargon.”

“Gramercy! quoth Grauntoine, ‘methinks the name will be familiar eno hereafter; no jargon eameth the sound to my ear—a significant name, and ominous—Sanguela, Sangueula—the Lake of Blood.”

“Sanguela,” said the duke, startled; “where have ye heard that name before? it must have been between sleeping and waking. Sanguela, Sangueula—truly ye ston, through a lake of blood we must wade!”

“And!” said De Graville, thine astrologer foretold at this moment the realm without a battle.”

“Poor astrologer!” said William; “the ship sailed in was lost. Ass indeed is he who pretends to warn others, nor sees an inch before his eyes what his own fate will be! Battle shall we have, but not here. Hark thee, Guillaume, thou hast been guest with this usurper; thou hast seemed to me to have no love for him; a love natural since thou didst see fight by his side; wilt thou go from me to the Saxon host with Hugues Maigrot, the monk, and back—message I shall send?”

The proud and pontifical Norman thrice crossed himself ere he answered—

“There was a time, Count William, when I should have deemed it honor to hold parley with Harold the brave earl, but now, with the crown on his head, I hold it shame and disgrace to barter words with a man whose face is unwarried.”

“Nay, let me do whatplease the favor,” said William to him somewhat aside, I cannot disguise from thee that I look anxiously on the chance of battle. You men are flushed with new triumph over the greatest warrior Norway ever knew; they will fight on their own soil, and under a chief whom I have studied and read with more care than the comments of Caesar, and in whom the guilt of perjury can not blind me to the wit of a great general. If we can yet get our end without battle, large shall be my thanks to thee, and I will hold thine astrolabe a man wise, though unhappy.”

“Certe!” said De Graville, gravely, “it were courteous to the memory of the star-seer, not to make some effort to prove his science a great one. And the Chaldeans”—

“Plague seize the Chaldeans!” muttered the duke.

“Ride with me back to the camp, that I may give thee my message, and instruct also the monk.”

“De graville,” resumed the duke, as they rode toward the lines, “my meaning is briefly this: I do not think that Harold will accept my offers and resign his crown, but I design to spread dismay, and perhaps revolt, among his captains; I wish that they may know that the Church lays its curse on those who fight against my consecrated banner. I do not ask thee, therefore, to demean thy knighthood, by seeking to cajole the usurper; no, but rather boldly to denounce his perjury, and startle his liegemen. Perchance they may compel him to terms—perhaps they may desert his banner; at the worst they shall be daunted with sense of the guilt of his cause.”

“Ha, now I comprehend thee, noble Count; and trust me I will speak as Norman and knight should speak.”

Meanwhile, Harold, seeing the utter hopelessness of all sudden assault, had seized a general's advantage of the ground he had gained. Occupying the line of hills, he began forthwith to intrench himself behind deep ditches and artful palisades. It is impossible now to stand on that spot without recognizing the military skill with which the Saxon had taken his post, and formed his precautions. He surrounded the main body of his troops with a perfect breastwork against the charge of the horse. Stakes and strong hurdles, interwoven with osier plait, and protected by deep dykes, served at once to neutralize the effect of the arm in which William was most powerful, and in which Harold almost entirely failed; while the position of the ground must compel the foe to march and to charge, up hill, against all the missiles which the Saxons could pour down from their entrenchments.

Aiding, animating, cheering all, while the dykes were fast hollowed, and the breastworks fast rose, the King of England rode his palfrey from line to line, and work to work, while, looking up, he saw Haco leading toward him, up the slopes, a monk, and a warrior who, by the bandoral on his spear, and the cross on his shield, he knew to be one of the Norman knighthood.
At that moment, Gurtli and Leofwine, and those thegns who commanded counties were thonging round their chief for instructions. The king dismounted, and beckoning them to follow, strode toward the spot where he had just planted his royal standard. There halting, he said, with a grave smile—

"I perceive that the Norman count hath sent us his bodes; it is meet that with me, you the defenders of England, should hear what the Norman saith." 

"If he saith he hath sought only prayer for his men to return to Rouen—necessity of his message and short his answer," said Veobs, the bluff thegn of Kent.

Meanwhile the monk and the Norman knight drew near, and paused at some short distance, while Haco, advancing, said briefly—

"These men I found at our outposts; they demand to speak to the king." 

"Under his standard the king will hear the Norman invader," replied Harold, "bid them speak."

The same sallow, mournful, ominous countenance, which Harold had before seen in the halls of Westminster, rising deathlike above the sedge garb of the Benedict of Caen, now presented itself, and the monk thus spoke:

"In the name of William, duke of the Normans in the field, count of Rouen in the hall, claimant of all the realm of Anglia, Scotland, and the Walloons, held under Edward his cousin, I come to thee Harold his liege and earl."

"Change thy titles or depart," said Harold, sternly, "his brow no longer mild in its majesty, but dark as midnight. "What says William the count of Foreigners, to Harold, king of the Angles, and Basileus of Britain?"

"Protesting against thy assumption, I answer thee thus," said Hughes Magrot. "First, again he offers thee all Northumbria, up to the realm of the Scottish sub-kings, if thou wilt fulfil thy vow and cease him the crown."

"Already have I answered—the crown is mine to give; and my people stand round me in arms to defend the king of their choice. What next?"

"Next, offers William to withdraw his troops from the land, if thou and thy council and chiefs, will submit to the arbitrement of our most holy pontiff, Alexander the Second, and abide by his decision whether thou or my liege have the best right to the throne."

"This, as churchman," said the abbot of the great convent of Peterbro (who, with the abbot of Hede, had joined the march of Harold, deeming as one the cause of altar and throne), "this as churchman may I take leave to answer. Never yet hath he been heard in England, that the spiritual suzerain of Rome should give us our kings."

"And," said Harold, with a bitter smile, "the pope hath already summoned me to this trial, as if the laws of England were kept in the rolls of the Vatican! Already, if rightly informed, the pope hath been pleased to decide that our Saxon land is the Norman's. I reject a judge without a right to decide; and I mock at a sentence that profanes heaven in its insulm to men. Is this all?"

"One last offer yet remains," replied the monk sternly. "This knight shall deliver its import. But ere I depart, and thou and thine are rendered up to Vengeance Divine, I speak the words of a mightier chief than William of Rouen. Thus saith his holiness, with whom rests the power to bind and to loose, is blessing and to curse:—Harold, the Perjurer, thou art accursed! On thee, and on all who lift hand in this cause, rests the interdict of the Church. Thou art excommunicated from the family of Christ. On the land, with its peoples and its people's peace, to the bed in the field and the bird in the air, to the seed as the sower, the harvest as the reaper, rests God's anathema."

The bull of the Vatican is in the tent of the Norman, the gounfan of St. Peter hallowes you armies to the service of Heaven. March on, then; ye march as the Assyrian: and the angel of the Lord awaits ye on the way!"

At these words, which for the first time apprised the English leaders that their king and kingdom were under the awful ban of excommunication, the thegns and the abbots gazed on each other aghast. A visible shudder passed over the whole warlike host, even the only three, Harold, and Gurtli and Haco.

The king himself was so moved by indignation at the insolence of the monk, and by scorn at the fulminations which resting not alone on his own head, praiseworthy the liberties of a nation, that he strode towards the speaker, and it is even said of him by the Norman Chroniclers, that he raised his hand as if to strike the denouncer to the earth.

But Guthiel interposed, and with clear eye serene, shining with virtuous passion he stood between the monk and king.

"O thou," he exclaimed, "with words of religion and thy lips, and devices of fraud in thy heart, hide in thy chow, and slink back to thy master. If he be not this false man offer as, if for peace, with the desire of justice, that the pope should arbitrate between your king and the Norman? yet all while the monk knew that the pope had predetermined the cause; and, had ye fallen into the will, would but have cowered under the verdict of a judgment that has presumed even before it invoked ye on the trial, to dispose of a free people and an ancient kingdom!"

"It is true, it is true," cried the thegns, rallying from their first superstitious terror, and, with plain English sense of justice, revolted at the perfidy which the priests' outvotes had concealed. "We will hear no more; away with the swivelbode."

The pale cheek of the monk turned yet paler, he seemed abashed by the storm of resentment he had provoked, and, in some fear perhaps at the danger his face beat on him, he slunk behind his comrade the knight, who as yet had said nothing, but, his face concealed by his helmet, stood motionless like a statue. And, indeed, these two ambassadors, the one in his monk garb, the other in his iron array, with types and representatives of the two forces brought to bear upon Harold and England—Chivalry and the Church.

At the momentary discomfiture of the Priest, a voice stood forth the Warrior; and, throwing back his helmet, so that the whole steel cap rested on the mass of his neck, leaving the haughty face and half-shaven head bare, Mallet de Graville thus spoke—

"The ban of the Church is against ye, warriors and chiefs of England, but for the crime of one man move it from yourselves: on his single head be curse and the consequence. Harold, called king.
England—failing the two milder offers of my com-
mand, thus saith from the lips of his knight (once thy
brave knight, thy admiral, and friend), thus says William
the Norman;—though sixty thousand warriors un-
der the banner of the Apostle wait at his beak (and
from what I see of thy force, thou canst marshal
thy guilty side scarce a third of the number), yet
will Count William lay aside all advantage, save
that dwelling in strong arm and good cause; and here,
in the presence of thy thegus, I challenge thee in his
name, to decide thy away of this realm by single bat-
tle. On horse and in mail, with sword and with
spear, knight to knight, man to man, wilt thou meet
William the Norman?"

Before Harold could reply, and listen to the first
proclamation of a valor, which his worst Norman insolence
could not answer, the after day of triumphant valour, never so
large as to impugn, the throns themselves, almost with one
voice, took up the reply.

"No strife between a man and a man shall decide
the liberties of thousands!"

"Never," exclaimed Gurth, "It was an insult to
the whole people to regard this as a strife between
two chiefs,—which should wear a crown. When
the invader is in our land, the war is with a nation,
or a king. And, by the very offer, this Norman
will not abide by the arbitrament of a pope who
has an axe to affix a curse upon freedom. I will not
swear one of these realms knits unto and unites
people, as to arrogate to my single arm the right
of the birthright of the living, and their
descendants unborn; nor will I deprive the meanest soldier
under my banner, of the joy and the glory to fight
for his native land. If William seek me, he shall find
me, where war is the fiercest, where the corpses of his
men lie the thickest on the plains, defending this
standard, or rushing on his own. And so, not monk
and pope, but God in his wisdom, adjudge between
us!"

"So be it," said Mallet De Gravelle, solemnly,
and his helmet re-closed over his face. "Look to it, repre-
sentative knight, perjured Christian, and usurping king!
The bones of the Dead fight against thee!"

"And the fleshless hands of the Saints marshal the
hosts of the living," said the monk.

And so the messengers turned, without obeisance
or salutation, and strode silently away.

OLIVER CROMWELL—HIS LIFE AND
CHARACTER.

BY K. W. TULLIDGE.

The famous attempt of the king to seize the five
members of the House of Commons, among whom
were Hampden and Pym, brought Parliament to the
issue, and the popular cry arose, "To your tents, O
Israel;" and the Parliamentary army was organized
under the command of the Earl of Essex. But pre-
vious to actual hostilities, Cromwell exhibited his en-
ergy and character. He distributed arms in the town
of Cambridge, raised a troop of horse, seized a maga-
zin in Cambridge Castle for the use of Parliament,
and stopped a lot of plate which was on its way from
that University to the king at York, crushed the efforts
of the king's party in several counties to raise forces,
and arrested the sheriff of Hartfordshire, when about
to publish the king's proclamation declaring the Par-
liamentary troops tories.

At first the Parliamentary forces were beaten every-
where. Nothing but the genius of Cromwell saved
the glorious cause from utter defeat. Here let the
man himself reveal his genius and matchless policy.
At the famous meeting between Oliver and the Com-
mittee, when he refused the crown, he related a con-
versation between himself and his cousin Hampden,
in which, after noticing that the parliamentary troops
at his "first going into that engagement were beaten
on every hand," he suggested a remedy. "Your
troops," said I, 'are most of them old, decayed serving
men and turnstiles, and such kind of fellows; and,
said I, 'their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger
sons, and persons of quality. Do you ever think
that such base and mean fellows will ever be able
to encounter gentlemen that have honor and courage
and resolution in them?' Truly, I did tell him, 'you
must get men of spirit—of a spirit that will go as
far as gentlemen will go, Hampden,' he said,
thought he talked a good notion, but an impracticable
one; but," continued Oliver, "I raised such men as
had the fear of God before them and made a con-
science of what they did; and from that day forward,
I must say to you, they never were beaten, but when-
ever they were engaged they beat continually.' How
strongly does this tell us that the whole issue of
the man himself! His genius solved the problem, and
his impetuous, lion-like character was equal to the task
of carrying out his great programme, big with human
philosophy. Against the chivalry of English knights
and gentlemen, pit the grand fanaticism of a grand
and iron age! It was the only solution of success.
But, then, where was the man in the world but Crom-
well capable of organizing such troops, and inspiring
them with his own grand, forceful soul? As it was,
the Parliamentary generals were overmatched by the
gallant Cavaliers; but Cromwell and his redoubtable
infantry were ever invincible. He was the host that
won the republican cause by his genius and forceful
character. Tell us not that he was a hypocrite; it is
but the fool's explanation. Rather tell us that he
was the inspired "Captain of the Lord's host," even if
moved by no higher inspiration than that of his own
mighty soul.

With the foregoing brief sketches, we close for the
present the life of this remarkable man. It is our
purpose to present a fuller illustration of his life and
adventures, in a new work to be entitled "The World's His-
tory illustrated in its Great Characters," by the same
author, which will appear in our next volume.—[En.
It is therefore not true that the world has only advanced in the arts and sciences since the days of Jesus. It has advanced, as we have shown, in one of the principles most essential to a pure life and domestic bliss—namely, a higher view of woman’s nature. In fact, it has brought the principle out and made a world-wide sentiment of it since his day. The world has also advanced in the general acceptance of the great truth that God is the father of the whole human family, a principle almost totally unrealized when he left the earth. Age after age this truth has advanced, gaining upon mankind every century. Never did the whole world accept this doctrine so universally as they do to-day. Upon this glorious truth stands the basework of so much that is glorious and hopeful for the world that all who sense the grand advance made by mankind in this respect must rejoice.

But this is not all the advance the world has made in Gospel truths, for the Gospel includes family endearments, the courtessies of life, gentleness, tenderness, delicacy of feeling, forbearance and a thousand special beauties of character. Qualities which—outside Grecian and Roman civilization or the little circle of the Church—in the days of the Apostles were uncultivated and almost totally unknown. Rude, coarse, physical strength then held sway. But the sentiments of Jesus have been operating ever since his day, and in consequence the coarse physical beast is no longer the model-man of society, as he once was. Barbarous and semi-bandit nobles no longer can compel their poor dependents to cut throats at their command. The coarse animal ideas which prevailed as to the relations which should exist between husband and wife, and parents and children, have been disappearing for ages, The idea of love has been created. The affection, the purity which should exist between its members, and which should enshrine it, and bind them together, is an idea—a conception of later ages. In ancient times, these sentiments, doubtless, animated solitary individuals, and were felt in degree to the extent of the little feeble Church of Jesus, but they now are incarnated, breathed and realized by whole nations, and mighty ones at that. Ten thousand homes as yet uncontrolled by love—ten thousand or ten times ten thousand men and women, living in violation of these principles to-day, will not weigh a hair alongside of the grand fact of a whole world impregnated with these divine truths—a resistless leaven which must, in time, leaven the whole lump.

This, then, is the fact which we present before the intelligent mind; and this is the summing up: sensual, selfish and unrefined men and women doubtless exist by the thousand to-day, but that proves nothing for the non-advancement of the world. God has made the world at large to feel the blessedness of womanly purity; to sense the heaven-born sentiments of home,

and the one great fatherhood of God, and that is why he had not succeeded in doing so the days of Jesus. These three grand points also established in the minds of the good of men, the world is, of necessity, on the open road to all that God or man can desire. Prostitution, corruption, selfishness and all other evil are only questions of time.

We are living in an age which will give Prostitution a blow it has never received before. The elements for a Zion of womanly purity and chastity have gone and been by the Provisions of God. From out this Zion, when she shall fully "arise and shine and put on her beautiful garments," there shall yet roll out such waves of heavenly influence, such sentiments of angelic purity, that shall surprise and enchant the world of the pure and good. But powerless and useless would be the establishment of a Zion here as a fountain of pure feeling to the world, unless now, and for years past, a wide-spread preparation had been going on in the hearts of men to receive her light when she shall arise. Therefore, in the wide-laid plans of Deity, while a Zion has been contemplated as a central influence from which good shall radiate, it has also evidently been designed that by the elevation of public sentiment, and by the growth of civilizations and refinements all over the world, the earth as a whole, shall be prepared to be impressed by her, and to receive the still higher civilizations which shall unfold.

God does nothing by halves. He has not raised up a series of civilizations extending over six thousand years, now, like a foiled and impatient child, to blot them out of his sight. But He raised them up that they might grandly co-operate with and dovetail in that latest and grandest of His civilizations which shall flow out of Zion. He that cannot see that God, in humanity, has been ceaselessly gaining toward this end, that He has lost no day, no age since the world began, and that every age has counted to Him as the Great Civilizer and constant Advancer of Humanity, to him the facts of history and of daily life will speak in vain.

________________________

REPRESENTATIVE BOYS OF UTAH.

Character-Sketches and Biography.

BY SAXEY.

SAXEY—Continued.

At the proper time Saxey waited upon his partner, who was ready, punctually, two hours after she agreed to be, but made it all up in walking slow after the town started, they went nearly as slow as the United States Mail when they get into a freight train drawn by oxen, or under contract by Leonard I. Speaking of the mails reminds me that times are vastly improved since it took 60 days to get through mails from America; now we have them every day and sometimes two of them, that they seriously interfere with the convenience of the "Railroad News Depot," at the Post Office. The "Y. X. Company" used to carry the mails for $20,000 per annum; but since the Pacific Railroad has been nearly completed and the Indiana have increased so largely on the Plains, and the roads have become so bad, and so many toll-bridg
have been erected, Government finds it necessary to increase our postal facilities some seventeen hundred thousand dollars annually from terminus to terminus. Saxey arrived in due season at the dance, secured his number by handing the committee a “tallar” candle, and after dancing with his “gal,” took a conspicuous seat in the corner to take notes, and watch his hat. (It is not presumed here that any person is so far lost to honesty as to steal another person’s hat at a dance; but it is a remarkable fact that a great many mistakes are made; and what is still more remarkable, is that good new hats are invariably mistaken for old, worthless ones. If a person wishes to establish his reputation for honesty, let him for once make a mistake by leaving his good hat and taking somebody’s old one. Such a thing never was heard of, much less performed.) The author has never seen any elaborate essays on dancing in Utah, it is a subject profite with interest—and Saxey noted the different styles, the different steps and different manners of the dancers. One little square-built gentleman struck out in what might be termed the side-step—foot dancing out gently to one side till it couldn’t get any further, when the other would gradually overtake it; then one would start east, the other west, and after a long separation be brought together with a jerk that would cause a snapping of the hair, something like a road-agent’s up a telegraph pole, only not quite so sentimental. Another adopted the limber dance; this is decidedly the most comfortable and easy of any in practice: just unscrew all your nerves, use no restraining force whatever over your muscles, and go in with a plentiful supply of power and you can come as near enjoying yourself and preventing others from doing so, as do certain parties who crack nuts in the theater, and tell “what’s coming next” in a voice a little louder than the actors. If the managers of that respectable institution would furnish us boys in the first circle (counting from the ceiling) some first class tin whistles, and a few sleigh hammers to throw into the parquette, between acts, it would save us a vast amount of lung exercise and be felt by the patient audience below. Another would sail in on the stiff dance, each particular joint being thoroughly braced, the movement of the body intimating a diet of pokers or broom-handles, that rendered it an impossibility for the body or any portion thereof to bend the least in the world without a general contraction of the whole physical organization. Another would pitch in and dance well with one leg for a while, but could not use the other and preserve the equilibrium of balance at the same time. Dancing is just like skating; it is a science that requires practice and the exhibition of a great many blunders before anything like perfection is attained. With some persons, dancing is a pastime and recreation, while with others, it is decidedly a laborous exercise, worse than sawing wood on a hot day or packing three-hushel sacks of wheat into the upper room of a four-story building. The author has seen strong able-bodied men perspire and do more genuine sweating, when called upon to “gentleman solo,” than would be expected of an ordinary individual undergoing the trying perplexities of a criminal execution.

But while dancing has the effect of trying brave men’s souls (soles), it never yet was guilty of intim-

idating the other sex in any way or manner that ever came to the writer’s knowledge. The more difficult and intricate the figure to dance, the better the ladies seemed to like it, and the greater the blunders made by the gent then more enjoyment was manifested by the softer sex. At this particular dance, all the difficult styles known to the art were represented in their true colors, and if everybody did not enjoy themselves, there was nothing deducted from the admission-fee to make up the deficiency. To use a quotation that is very applicable to dances but seldom ever used—“all went merry as a marriage bell.”

It sometimes occurs, however, that this marriage bell don’t “went” as “merry” as one would naturally anticipate. Instances of this kind has been known even in this generation—but the Editor of the Magazine don’t think the parties would be willing to pay the advertisement of their names, therefore we shall omit the publication of them until the parties in question can be consulted in regard to this matter. Some persons who have married “uncomfortably” think that Shakespeare had the “marriage bell” in view, when he wrote—

“Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to Heaven or Hell.”

While on the subject of marriage, it might not be amiss to throw out a few comforting and encouraging remarks to certain parties known as Bachelors, who at this time, and all other times, are living in direct opposition to the laws of nature, the laws of all nations, and the laws of this community, also the laws of common sense, in such cases made and provided, and other laws in full force and vigor wherever humanity dwells and all other habitable parts of the earth, except the northern continent of Walhno. I have come to the following conclusions in regard to Bachelors:—First, the only reason why they are respected at all, is because they generally have good parents. Second, the alarming though unfortunate increase of this useless element, renders the erection of a Lunatic Asylum absolutely necessary (see appropriation of Utah Legislature). Thirdly, they were not incorporated in the beginning as a part of the creation, and are, therefore, a human invention. Fourthly, there is no provision made for them that we know of in the great hereafter, therefore, it is uncertain whether they are immortal or merely temporary in their existence.

Lastly, they do not fill any blank in the world, neither are they adapted to suit any deficiencies. They monopolize space that never was designed to be occupied. They are entitled to no charity on the grounds of humanity, and can only be used advantageously in times of war and great calamities. If it was necessary that a nation should be visited with a great plague, a regiment or two of bachelors would fill the bill handsomely; and further your deponent deposes not further on this subject at this present time.
CHAPTER IV.

Those who have traveled in and about London, who have passed through the various highways and by-ways, have failed to notice the exceptional character of the dingy, mysterious sets of offices specially devoted to gentleman of the legal profession. There is an air of quiet, dignified repose about these inns, contrasting strangely with other parts of the bustling busy City. The noisy traffic of the streets—the great tide of humanity ebbing and flowing through the leading thoroughfares—rarely disturbs the precincts of those who are so assiduously engaged in transcribing costly riddles wrought on parchment.

There is certainly nothing romantic in the appearance of the buildings themselves; nevertheless, many of them are the receptacles of dread secrets; and if mute stone and mortar were sentient, what strange tales of human error and passion might be made known to the world.

Two young barristers, named Jasper Cloudman and Ernest Plook, occupied chambers together in Lincoln's Inn. They were friends and companions—albeit there was no similitude either in their disposition or temperaments. Plook was peremptory, impatient, and sought by steady application to win for himself a name and position; he was content to climb the ladder of fame step by step—advancing by slow degrees.

Cloudman, on the contrary, more sanguine by nature, and lacking the industrious business-like habits of his companion, had at an early age given up hope of a high calling, and cast his mind on what he termed a lucky turn of fortune, and was constantly occupied in endeavoring to bring to a successful issue some scheme—some pet project which he fondly imagined would lead him to wealth and honorable distinction.

The city clocks have struck seven. Most of the lawyers' clerks in Lincoln's Inn have left for the night. Ernest Plook is still hard at work; he is busy occupied in examining papers, searching for precedents, and poring over Acts of Parliament which he is about to urge more especially relevant to a case he has in hand, to master the intricacies of which he has been steadily and perseveringly reading up. Plook is the junior counsel, and, consequently, all the hard work falls to his share; the oratorical flourishes and forensic eloquence belong to the older man; his more mature business it is to lead the defense. While thus engaged, the door of his chamber is slowly opened. Plook turns his eyes in that direction, and beholds the cheerful countenance of his voluble companion, Cloudman.

"So you are engaged," he observed to the latter. "Still busy, I suppose? I should seem to disturb you.

"Come in, do!" exclaimed the other, quickly.

"You'll kill yourself, that's what you'll do, if you go on like this," said Cloudman, emitting a blue wrack of smoke from the cigar he was smoking. "Ab, I wish I could make up my mind to sacrifice myself as you do; but I can't. It isn't in me. You are an example to the whole Inn—a paragon of perfection—a self-sacrificing man, and do you know that, at times I am quite envious of you. It's an uncharitable feeling, I confess, but—"

The speaker paused, and dropped into the nearest chair. Plook left off writing, regarded his companion for a moment, and then burst out in a short laugh; after which he said,

"I rather think the contrary is the case. I ought to be envious of you.

"Bah! My dear boy, you'll be Lord Chancellor some of these days; whilst I—"

"We can none of us make sure of reaching the winning-post, Jasper. That's a sporting phrase, and will therefore be the more readily understood by you," said Plook.

"Umph! You are satirical. But I forgive you," observed the other, with a wave of the hand.

"You do not seem to take heed of my previous observation; I say again, I ought to be envious of you.

"And wherefore, pray?"

"You have won the heart of the charming Isabel Wainwright.

"Have I?"

"Yes, Why, its a fortnight ago since I introduced you to the Wainwrights.

"What of that?"

"What! Well, I suppose you'll admit you passed a delightful day there?"

"Yes; and that they are nice people, and all that sort of thing."

"Jack ye, Jasper; you have a fine chance. Miss Wainwright is a rich heiress. Shall I tell you a secret? This is considered a great mind you!"

"Ah—in confidence. Well, go on!"

"Mr. Wainwright has plainly hinted to me that he would have liked to have had you for a son-in-law. What say you to that?"

"Highly complimentary of the old gentleman, I'm sure; and of course, it is duly appreciated by me.

"I'm not jesting. You are a monotonous favorite with all, but of course, as usual, you are blind to your own interests, and must be fliting with that artful, intriguing little cow, instead of paying attention to Isabel Wainwright."

"I didn't flirt with her."

"Of course, nobody remarked it, I don't think. If you had any serious thoughts of her. Indeed, if you had, there are, of course, now for ever dispelled."

"What mean you?" inquired Cloudman, quickly.

"Why, don't you know that she has again sacrificed herself at the altar—that she was married last week?"

"Hold!" exclaimed Cloudman, rising from his seat. "Can't your rairyllie?"

"My dear Jasper, I am serious."

"What! You mean to tell me that she has married again?"

"How do I know who married yourself," answered Plook, after handing his companion a paper containing the announcement of the widow's marriage at St. George's Church. The latter read the paragraph in question, and then said, rather sullenly, it must be confessed, "The incorrigible little rascal! The fellow does not know his own interests, and marriage of her father's property. You're played cards bad, Jasper; but it is not too late to repair the evil. Mr. Wainwright, as I have before said, has taken a great fancy to you, and believe that, even now, you might have his amiable sister for your wife."

"I'm an egregious blockhead, I know that," said Cloudman. "Still, I've plenty of iron in the fire. You'll come your banns when you find one of my undertakings prosper. It will be my turn to laugh then. Let me see: first, there's the Crouch estate, Crouch Castle. I don't think I'm insignificant enough to make a safe fortune. Then there's the tunnel to France; that is quite safe in the quartermaster's office at the state as the other. Then—"

The speaker paused suddenly. Suddenly, he said to Cloudman, with an irrepressible smile:

"Pray go on. Any serial speculation?"

"Perhaps it would be best for me to remain silent, since you turn all I have to say into ridicule. It cheats and damps my enterprise. You are essentially practical, and have no faith in me—Ahem!"

"Not in visionary schemes. My very excellent friend, in the world, we meet with so little that is not in the beaten track that one's ideas seem mechanical. In getting out of it, with the folks like you, we blunder on a new train of thought now and then. But you should hear in mind, Jasper, that passion makes a man a worse company than being in love with his own contemplations.

"You are severe, perhaps needlessly and unjustly so. A member that also," answered Cloudman.

"That sensation was abruptly brought to a close by a generally critical rat at the office door. A young man entered, who handed a letter to Cloudman.

The young barrister opened it, and hastily perused the contents.

"A letter from my friend, the burglar!" he ejaculated.

"From whom?" inquired his companion.

"Why, from a rascal whom I had the honor of defending not long ago, on a charge of housebreaking. I was lucky enough to obtain an acquittal, more from a deficiency of evidence than from any ability of mine."

"Umph! You had a respectable man for a client, it would seem."

"Well, he's about the only one I remember having," returned Cloudman, with a smile, "and it appears now that I am about to lose him."

"How came you to make his acquaintance?"

"Met him at a sporting-house. I rather fancy that his aunt —"
coddent's won't bear very close scrutiny. It appears—so I learn from this letter—that he is in the hospital, and is not expected to live; he has therefore sent for me.

"To make a long story short, I presume?

"Not so, he says I shall hear of something to my advantage."

"Ah! No doubt he is about to give you a tip for next year's Derby. Very kind of him, indeed.

"Confounded it, don't be so sarcastic!

"Look here," said Ploddy; "you'd best have taught to do this rascal; you'll only be compromising yourself if you do. Think no more of the washed-up little widow who has served you so badly. Dine with me at Wainwright's next Sunday without reservation. All may be made right. Do you hear me, Jasper?"

"Yes; but, for all that, I must see this Drake."

"Drake! Who is he?"

"The man who has sent me this letter—whether to desiré to see me; he has something to communicate—so I am told. Impossible to impart. I tell you, I must see him. Ploddy. He is under the impression—it may be an erroneous one—still he is under the impression—that he owes me a deep debt of gratitude for what he's pleased to term past favours."

"Ah, sir!" said the nurse who attended him; "I'm glad you've come, for he has been raving about you, and the doctors have given him over. He cannot last long, poor man; and—here dropped a lower voice to a whisper—'I fear he's something on his mind.'"

"Ah! that's likely enough," murmured the barstakeer, "he's led an evil life, I fear, at one time. But of course that's no business of mine.

"What's to be made of him?"

"At times, he talks so strangely.

"What does he say, then?"

"Speaks of crimes he has committed. But this, after all, may be only the effect of delirium. This way, sir, if you please.

"Cloudsman shewed a way into a yard in the west wing of the building. Everything was perfectly clean and well ordered for the comfort of the patients. All the cuning he possessed was brought into play to avoid recognition and capture. He flew to the window of the shrubbery; and eventually, the man who once boasted of an iron constitution and the frame of an athlete, was reduced to a miserable wreck. His dark eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, and bore a restless, feverish expression, which produced a feeling of pain to look upon; his lips were bloodless;—indeed, his whole appearance denoted at once that he was soon to pass into the valley and shadow of death.

"The barstakeer, slowly and almost noiselessly, approached the bed, and stealthily took from it a goblet, the smile of thankfulness, and then stretched forth his thin, bony hand, which the other grasped.

"So you have come, Mr. Cloudsman," said Drake, in a voice which was a little broken by emotion; for, case-hardened as the man had been reputed to be, the softer and gentler part of his nature was still uppermost as he approached the latter sur-

undering scene of his earthly career; 'you have come,' he repeated,

"A little while longer, and it would have been too late—yes, too late! But I thought you would be here; I felt assured that you would not neglect me in my last extremity. There are not many who rush about John Drake, and there are not many living now whom he cares about. But you were always kind to me, Mr. Cloudsman always, I can't forget that."

As he gave utterance to these last words, his lips trembled, and his voice, usually so harsh and discordant, became deep, low and plaintive. He spoke with evident difficulty, in short, detached sentences, with long pauses between each.

The barstakeer was touched, and said, kindly, "I am sorry to see you in this state, sir.

"'I believe you are, sir,' answered the dying man. 'I've nearly come to the end of my journey; haven't far to go now—but far.'"

He slowly acquired speaking, and closing his eyes for a few moments.

His countenance at this time was even more ghastly than be- fore. Presently he opened his eyes again, and fixing them intently on his visitor,

"Before I go, I must tell you something," he whispered. "But I must be careful.

The nurse comprehended his meaning, and quietly withdrew without making any observation. This seemed to be a great relief to Drake, who then proceeded to make Cloudsman ac- quainted with the particulars connected with the necklace—how he'd become possessed of the same, and how, in conse- quence of his being "wanted" by the police, he had found it impossible to turn his treasure into money.

The barstakeer listened to the recital, which necessarily occup- ied him in recording forces and services. He said, "But I can't become the recipient—"

He paused suddenly, upon ob- serving an altered expression on the wan countenance of his companion.

"It's come honestly, by sir," ejaculated Drake. "Leastways, it is; it is; I tell you, you will see that I am the only one's heir. I took it before then, it is true; but what of that? Had I waited, it would have been bequeathed to me. It matters little whether it remained in the possession of Mr. Wormold. He never intended to part with it during his lifetime. But he is now ready for a change. At his death I hope to be. Were not this the case, I should not offer it to you. My ways have been evil enough, and wicked enough,—(here he laughed deep- ly)—but, for all that, it is not likely that in this, my last hour, I should seek to insult an honorable gentleman like yourself, with the offer of a trifle."

"A thousand pounds!" exclaimed Cloudsman, in a tone of "surprise, and it might be incredulity at the same time.

"Yet more than that, it is honestly mine—honestly! A strange, word, you will say, to fall from the lips of John Drake."

"I had many things to say to you, Mr. Cloudsman, which I fear must now remain unsaid. I was not always so bad as you when first knew me no—indeed, not always so bad; but the one good thing, I think, I have is this. But of what use is it troubling you with the record of a mispent life? In my early days I was treated with harsh- ness and cruelty, and was never taught to know right from wrong. Alas, sir! I have found, indeed, that a life of crime brings with it its own punishment. Look at me now! Think of the many, many miserable hours I have passed; how I have been hunted from place to place, until I feared my own shadow. You are kind and good, and will find it difficult to understand the ancient cares, and, at times, the utter despair, of those who are under the ban of the law. I say good and kind, for so you have ever been to me; but—"

His voice became suddenly checked; he stretched out his arms as if endeavoring to clutch at some invisible substance: his lips were pale, and his eyes slowly closed, and he vainly strove to articulate.

Mr. Cloudsman was at this time seriously alarmed; he be- lieved the guilty man was about to pass away without making known his secret, for he had not as yet stated where the treas- ure was concealed. A feeling of something like despair seemed to overcome the heart of the barstakeer, who bent over the dying man, whom he called by name. "Drake, Drake, my friend!" said Cloudsman, "speak! Alas, he is dying!"

"Yes, dying!" repeated Drake. "Diamond necklace—reme- mber—diamond necklace, place your hands upon the treasure—go straight up—No. 20, Shorter's Alley, Leather Lane—my room—fire place—lift up—"

The dews of death were gathering on his forehead, his eyes were turned for a moment towards his friend the barstakeer, and then closed for ever. With one deep-drawn sigh, John Drake breathed his last.
Cloumdun, unused to such scenes—it was the first death he
had ever witnessed,—was, for a brief space of time, completely
overcome. A moment's shock, and presently he had
left the hospital nurse passing through the doorways, and
following her way towards the bed on which the dead body of
Drake was lying.

She drew close to the troubled barrister, and said, in a low
tone, "You must have gone, sir."

"Yes," murmured Cloumdun. "How suddenly he has pass-
ed away! He was speaking to me but a few seconds since."

We have been expecting it to take place for some time past.

Be not surprised or alarmed.

The barrister moved to the chair on which he had been
seated, and walked a few paces from the bed, to beckoned
to the woman.

"You have been kind and attentive to him; accept this as a
small token of my respect, and my sorrow."

He left the hospital, and returned to Lincoln's Inn. As a
natural consequence, the scene he had witnessed made a deep
impression on him.

Upon his gaining his chambers, he found "Plood absent; he had
therefore, ample time for reflection. After a time, the
matter over, and, in a measure, regaining his calmness, he
felicitated himself upon the opportunity visit he had made at
the hospital; and, after mature consideration, he came to the
conclusion that he could, consistently with his own honor,
accept the legacy, and claim all the benefits

by Drake. When a man's interest is on one side of the argu-
ment, it is astonishing how weak the other side becomes.

Plood, was not so easy to.

Mr. Cloumdun was both helper and guide, in the schemes in
hand golden dreams. The matter-of-fact Plood called them visionary ones. No matter for that, Plood was a
clever fellow—a good fellow; nevertheless, he was not every-
body's friend and stoicism was not out of his province.

Away, a thousand pounds would be especially useful in further-
ing the interests of the Creous Mining Company (limited).

"As to Elizabeth Waitevright, it will be time enough for me to
marry her, my dear, in six years hence," said Cloumdun, "There
are plenty of other pretty girls in the neighborhood.

"Besides, a man has never his own master when, he exer-
ces himself at the altar upon mercenary considerations only.

How many of us are dotting on, making a sufficiency for bare
existence only, until, by some lucky stroke of fortune—some
bright scheme, which turns out a failure,

the man rubbed his hands together in a highly satisfactory man-
ner to himself. He felt convinced that he was about to get
into a grove which would lead him to wealth and position in the
world, and that he should thereby distance the sarcastic
Plood in the race. Poor dreamer! he knew not that he was
about to realize the fable of losing the substance by grasping
at the shadow.

It was not long after that night, bright visions of rich
 treasons and garnered gold floated before him; the ring of
the precious metal sounded in his ears. At all, once the air
seemed to be peopled with strange beings, whom he remembered
to have heard about years and years before in delightful stories from
his mother, and short-lasting was wont to be. The six-footed
beings were bearing him to a far distant, but happy land, where
he beheld caves of sapphires, valleys of diamonds, and mountains
of gold, all sparkling and flashing beneath the rays of a mer-
curial sun. Something whispered in his ear that before he lay
the rich abode of happy ever-lasting beauty and bright
works of gnomes and sprites, whose unseen and unceasing
hammers resounded on their fruitful anvil through wall and
earth, and told the wayfarer of the mineral treasures they
had gathered from the earth for his use. The sleeping man
heighed heavily, and painted to be the possessor of the greatest
wealth which imagination so plainly plotted. Presently the
scene changed: the elves, the caves of sapphire, and valleys
of diamonds, passed away "like the baseless fabric of a vision,"
the unholy and bright spirit of his dream, although it was still about gold and diamonds
or some such treasure. He thought of the stir and turmoil of
those restless days in England, when faction and religious rages
were in that land. Imagination carried him back to
the period of Cromwell, when civil wars were rife; at which
time men were wont to bite their riches in the hollows of a
wall, or holes in the earth, or entrapped them into like silver
bells of St. Mary's Cathedral, at Limerick—to the silent kept
in the night time slowly
down with Jasper Cloumdun; and when morning came, he
with a feverish pulse and throbbing temples. He made

Plood acquainted with all that had passed, for whatever faults
he might be, he had on all occasions been open and candid;
and Mr. Cloumdun agreed to use everything from him. Plood
once declared that he entirely disapproved of a search being
made for the missing necklace; but his arguments were throw-
away upon his more sanguine companion, who was bent up

"Do you know me, my friend?" inquired the barrister.

"If I think so, sir," answered the other, "Boys yer pardon? I'm
mistaken, but you're Mr. Cloumdun, of Lincoln's Inn, I
think, right enough; and who may you be? pray have an indulgent word or two for me before?"

"Yes, you have, sir. I'm Job Hardcastle."

"I am as wise as ever," thought the barrister, "However
the fellow knows me, that's certain. Oh, Indeed!" he said
and added, "Yes, continued Job; "I was servant to the late Mr. Worne
wold, whose nephew you depended."

"What was his name?"

"John Drake," answered Job. "Poor fellow. he is dead,
I've been aide to him at the hospital."

"Ah, have you?"

"Yes, I wonder what became of the necklace he had master."

Cloumdun hesitated for a moment, and then said, "I can't
answer you; but what are you doing now? Get another situation
—eh?"

"No; I ain't doing anything."

"Indeed! Well, look here. I'm in a hurry now, but possi-
bly I may be of service to you; you have my card. Give me a
call a week or two after to-day. Do you hear?"

This kindness and condescension on the part of the barr-
ist completely overwhelmed Job Hardcastle; so much so, indeed
as to incapacitate him from expressing his thanks. He took
the card, however, and, with a wave of the hand, Mr. Clou-
dun passed on, murmuring to himself, "Singular rencontre."

But the fellow has an honest look, rough as he is; he may
be useful. I'm glad I told him to call. The humblest instrument
is at times serviceable in the hands of the skillful. Now for
this—this Shorter's A."

Job Hardcastle might be termed an original: he was unlike
the ordinary run of human beings—was singular in his ways—
of a rough and unco'rn manner, but, wily, faithful and
attacked to those who treated him kindly; and there were not
any other persons among them. When one of the heads to do this
had not been possessed of these attributes, he could not so
long have minded with the deceased miser. Jasper Cloumdun
had sufficient penetration to read the character of Job—or,
at least, he cleverly comprehend and appreciate his rough
ingenious nature.

"He is a strange creature," muttered the lawyer to himself
as he took his way along Holborn. "I have all my life been
fond of little bits of originality; specimens of humanity that
have not had their natural qualities rubbed down by the grind-
ing wheels of society, and have had the chance of cultivating
and conventions of society; fractions, as it were, broken off
from the great whole, and scattered over the earth. It is good
to consort with them at times. One picks up such novel views
of life, and sees so much more of his pleasant diversities and
convictions, and at last comes to the conclusion that, one finds at once that he represents himself alone, and
not a class. He sees not through the spectacles of education
and speaks not in the language of magazines or newspapers
and, if I mistake not, he is a rough diamond, a natural
"It will be seen by this soliloquy that our barrister was some-
what of a philosopher, His friend Plood would most likely
say, a dreamer.

With accelerated speed, the lawyer hastened on toward
Leather Lane, and had no difficulty in finding out Shorter's ac-
tics of a barrel organ when charming the
inhabitants of that aristocratic locality, when Mr. Cloumdun
readily made his acquaintance. Several children, ragged and dir-
ly, but, for all that, happy and contented, were dancing to the
sounds of music.

"They are enjoying themselves, I suppose, despite the pov-
erty and equal with which they are surrounded," muttered
Plood.
Mr. Cloudman was disappointed. It occurred to him that possibly the shop would prove to be a registered one, and in that case, the meaning of the word "lift up," might refer to taking it all back, behind which the necklace was lying "perdu;" but no, the sign was there, and, consequently, there was an end to that supposition.

He proceeded to examine every article in the room in a most systematic way. The floor was covered all over with a Kid's cushion, and the shop was worse for wear. The bedstead was a small four-post one, with chintz hangings, covered with faded crimson frieze; the other articles of furniture consisted of a dressing-table, wash-stand, and a bureau, made of oak. In kneeling down on the floor, and placing the light in front of him, in the dim twilight of the operations by evening slowly over its surface, and feeling, as he went along, for any substance concealed beneath the carpet. He was not successful in detecting anything beyond the usual inequalities of the boards so generally observable in all old houses. A fugitive thought passed through his brain while thus occupied; it might be possible that one of the boards beneath the carpet was movable, and the words "lift up" referred to this. He rose from his kneeling position, and again seated himself on one of the chairs. "It must be here!" he ejaculated; and "I'll pull the place to pieces but what I'll find it!"

The bedstead and its hangings now attracted his attention. Drawing off his boots, that he might make as little noise as possible, he sat on a chair by the side of the bed, and began to examine the chintz coverings. He pressed them together in every part; turned them back; removed the bedstead from its position; looked behind and beneath it; turned the clothes over, also the bed itself, which he tumbled about, that he might squeeze every portion of it, and see where the necklace could be found. He repeated the words "lift up," once more. A sudden thought seized him: walking direct to the bureau, he lifted up its lid, pulled out every drawer, but could find nothing beyond a pair of worn-out kid gloves, a few envelopes and a flannel night-shirt. He searched in the drawer of the dressing-table, with a like result; and then turned his attention to the cupboard, which was in one corner of the room, near the fire-place. In this he found some scraps of paper, with writing on each; to all appearances, they had been torn out of a book.

"Possibly this may be a key to the mystery," he ejaculated. "Who knows? I am not acquainted with the handwriting of Drake; but, doubtless, this is his. It is but fair to assume so, at all events."

He placed the light on the dressing table, sat down, and began to read as follows: "20 to 4 on Prio; 16 to 4 against Magusan."—Memo:Harry says that the first and second favors are not on."

"Bah!" he exclaimed, in undisguised disgust. "What is all this? Why, simply a few leaves from somebody's betting book!"

Albeit he was an amateur betting man himself, he was surprised that Shorter's was in the whole fraternity. Tossing the leaves of the pocket-book contemptuously, he began to consider what next steps it would be advisable to take. He examined the walls of the room, and could find no nook or cranny wherein the necklace might be concealed. Taking off his coat, and turning up his shirt sleeves, he thrust one of his bare arms up the chimney, raked about the soot; he put the candle, and then his head, into the aperture. No jewels reflected back the rays of light from out the dark and sooty cavity. With blackened arms and hands, and a begrimed face, Mr. Cloudman took up his upright position, and finished the search by having a good wash. He was a little dazed in spirits; nevertheless he did not intend to give up the search. "It must be here," he exclaimed. "The only question is, where? But it is concealed in this room, and have it I will, at all costs, I work all night!"

He looked thoughtfully at the grate; and while thus occupied, a gleam of light seemed to come across him—a ray of hope shed its light upon him.

The hearthstone was cracked, and seemed—so he thought as if, at one time or another, it had been removed from its position. "I have it now!" he murmured. "I have it! Fire-place—right hand—lift up!" He saw it as clearly as the sun at noonday. It is the right hand side of the hearthstone, poor Dacre meant. Not a question about it! The stone is cracked—is in two pieces; lift up the right hand piece, and the necklace is mine mine! Hurrah! What an idiot I was! not to think of this before!"
Having possessed this idea, he found it impossible to divest himself of the thought, which every moment grew stronger. He put on his hat and coat, and prepared to leave the house, that he might purchase, at the nearest ironmonger's, the one he required. Before descending the stairs, he took the precaution to lock the door of his apartment. Upon reaching the first landing, he encountered a man who occupied a room on the first floor. This personage regarded him with a mysterious inquiring and suspicious look. There are times when men are more keenly alive to glances of this nature. Such was the case with Cloudman, who was haunted throughout the night by the dark eyes of his fellow-lodger. He found no difficulty in procuring the key required, and in less than half an hour returned with them to his domicile in Shorter's Alley. Upon ascending the stairs, the man whom he had before met emerged from his room, and examined his features with a scrutinizing glance. Cloudman took no notice, but passed on quickly, and left the all the while watching him as he passed up the flight of stairs which led to his own apartment.

"He must suspect something," he muttered. "And what is he, I wonder?"

After this unpleasant rencontre he was afraid to commence removing the hearthstone, so he sat for some time sad, silent, and dejected. Presently, to his infinite relief, he heard the man below slam his door, lock it, and then proceed down stairs. Cloudman, from his own window, saw him pass quickly down Shorter's Alley until he was out of sight.

"No fear, now," he said; "so let me take time by the forelock, and bring this treasure to light during the absence of this troublesome fellow."

But he was not so sure that the task he had set himself was not quite so easy as he had at first anticipated; but he did not give way to despair. What will men do who are moved to action by a greed of gain! He scraped away the mortar by the sides of the stove—this occupied him some time; he then scraped harder, and he strove to remove the right-hand piece of the hearthstone from its position, but it resisted all his efforts. Big drops of perspiration poured down his forehead—the screwdriver bent—but the stone was still in place. It was a work he had not been used to, although he could turn his hand to good work and with fine tools. His hands are not by any means deficient in mechanical knowledge. He labored with an anxiety and determination that would have done credit to the most industrious artisan. At length, after many hours and prodigious efforts, he succeeded in lifting up the stone. A smile irradiated his countenance, which was succeeded by an expression of blank despair. No necklace was visible. He searched busily for the missing jewels. To lift up the other half of the stove was a matter of some difficulty, and was done in a manner to be no nearer to the result which he had so magnificently anticipated. It would be a tedious task to tell how the greater part of that night was spent by Jasper Cloudman; how this young man, gently born, tenderly nurtured, and hand-favoured, was worked upon through the livelong night—worked as prisoners work for crime—or as the Australian digger worked when the gold fever was on him—that he might thereby wrest from the earth that precious ore in the pursuit of which he had been tempted to give up home, friends and kindred, brothers and sisters.

Cloudman did not leave a single inch of the room unsearched; till, at length, he was compelled to give the task up in despair; and even then his labours had not ended. A consideration of replacing, as well as he could, all the things in their own original position. It was morning when he stretched himself on the bed, with its shining hangings. Worn out with fatigue and anxiety, he sunk into a fitful and troubled sleep, from which he was awoke by a gentle rap at his door.

"Who's there?" inquired Mr. Cloudman, jumping out of bed hastily putting on his clothes.

"It's me, sir," said some one from the outside, "Mother says you would like breakfast?"

He was no difficulty in recognizing the voice as that of the little girl who had attended upon him on the previous evening.

"Breakfast! Ah, well yes—I suppose so," he muttered, rubbing his eyes.

"Where is in the parlor, or shall I bring it up here sir?" was the next question.

"Oh, in the parlor, if convenient," returned Cloudman quickly. "I will be down directly, my good girl."

He made a hasty toilette, and proceeded below.

"Oh, your servant, sir!" said a woman whom he had not seen before. "I sent Tilda up to ask if you'd like to break—"

"You are very kind, I am sure, Cloudman, in overlooking the matter; but I was not aware that it was not all smooth sailing with the lady." I am not lady," said the female.

"Well, but you are not the lady I saw yesterday?"

"Oh, dear, no!" she returned with a smile. "I was from home, and left the house in charge of a neighbor."

"Then I am much obliged to you, not aware of that, Mrs. Crackett," said the landlady.

"Well, Mrs. Crackett, we shall be better acquainted after a while, I hope; and—ahem!—I shall understand the rules of your establishment," observed the barrister, seating himself more comfortably.

"I'm sorry I was out, sir, when you came; but it generally happens so. Only to think that two gentlemen should take apartments during my absence! Yes—there's your room, Mr. Drake occupied."

"What!" exclaimed Cloudman. "I do not understand you, near madam. I have the room Mr. Drake occupied."

"Oh, no, sir," answered Mrs. Crackett, with an incredulous smile.

"But the party who let it told me so."

"Then she was under a great mistake. The other gentleman has occupied it. Mr. Cloudman felt quite faint. All his labors had been thrown away. No wonder. The mysterious-looking individual, with the dark, suspicious-looking eyes, was in possession of the apartment in which the necklace had been secured. There was a pause after this. It took some little time for our barrister to recover himself. When he had done so, he said, 'But, Mrs. Crackett, there is some sad mistake. That is the room I desired to occupy, and I will give you double the rent for it."

"I'm sure you are very liberal."

"Yes—double the rent. Can I have it now?"

"I'm afraid not, sir. The gentleman has paid in advance. If you can persuade him to give it up, well and good. I'd be quite agreeable to the change. My principle is to make my lodger's rent out last as possible."

"You are very good. I will ask him. The only question is, whether he will ever come back."

"I am sure I hope he will, sir. It would indeed be a sad thing if he served me as poor Mr. Drake did."

"Why poor?" said the barrister, cracking one of the eggs before him.

"Well, sir," answered Mrs. Crackett, "I say poor, because do you think he was in trouble. Of course I am not going to inquire into the private affairs of any gentleman. Still, you know, one can't help having one's own ideas upon most subjects."

"Quite right—I agree with you, dear madam," said Cloudman, encouragingly. And so you think—"

"Well, I do think a great number of things at times, and it struck me that it was not all smooth sailing with Mr. Crackett. Indeed, he hinted to our, 'Tilda that he had been drifting out into troubled waters. It must have been a serious matter at one time, I fancy—leastwise if one might judge from his conversation.'"

"You thought so, then?"

"You knew him, then?" said the landlady, in a tone of surprise.

"Ahem!—well, yes—years ago."

Crack went another egg, and the barrister was earnestly engaged in devouring the morning meal. Mrs. Crackett gazed contemplatively. She busied herself with the ornaments of the shelf, and gave several sly and inquiring glances at her lodger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

A. P. — Unsuitable for our columns.
POETRY

MY FIRST LOVE.

I never can forget her—
Sweet idol of my heart;
Ah! every blooming flower
Adds bitterness in part.
And turns my thoughts of gladness—
Thoughts that the heart obey—
Into a gloomy channel,
A dark and dismal day.

But why should I forget her
That flower of fairest birth?
A paragon of heaven,
She was too pure for earth.
Yet, oh! 'tis hard to shadow
What love and tears hath fill'd;
Though death has smote my flower,
She lives to mem'ry still.

I never can forget her—
Sweet idol of my heart;
No transient bursts of gladness
Can ever heal the smart.
Until the Son of Glory
Shall call me to his side,
Mid Eden's deathless flowers,
To claim my angel bride.

HAROLD,
THE LAST OF THE SAXON KINGS.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

The rest of that day and the whole of the next,
were consumed by both armaments in the completion
of their preparations.

Dull came the shades of evening, and pale through
the rolling clouds glimmered the rising stars; when,
all prepared, all arrayed, Harold sat with Haco and
Gurth in his tent; and before them stood a man half
French by origin, who had just returned from the
Norman camp.

"So thou didst mingle with the men undiscovered?"
said the king.

"No, not undiscovered, my lord. I fell in with a
knight, whose name I have since heard as that of
Mallet De Graville, who willly seemed to believe in
what I stated, and who gave me meat and drink with
doneinair courtesy. Then said he, abruptly, 'Spy

from Harold, thou hast come to see the strength of
the Norman. Thou shalt have thy will—follow me.'
Therewith he led me, all startled I own, through the
lines; and O king, I should deem them indeed count-
less as the sands, and resistless as the waves, but
that, strange as it may seem to thee, I saw more
monks than warriors."

"Now! thou jesteth!" said Gurth, surprised.

"'No; for thousands by thousands, they were pray-
ing and kneeling; and their heads were all shaven
with the tonsure of priests.'"

"Priest avy we not," cried Harold, with his calm
smile, "but doughty warriors and dauntless knights."

Then he continued his questions to the spy; and
his smile vanished at the accounts, not only of the
numbers of the force, but their vast provision of mis-
aves, and the almost incredible proportion of their
cavalry.

As soon as the spy had been dismissed, the king
turned to his kinsmen.

"What think you?" he said, "shall we judge ours-
elves of the foe? The night will be dark anon—
our steeds are fleet—and not shod with iron like the
Normans—the sword noisless. What think you?"

"A merry conceit," cried the blithe Leofwine. "I
should like much to see the boar in his den, ere he
taste of my spear point."

"And I," said Gurth, "do feel so restless a fever in
my veins, that I would fain cool it by the night air.
Let us go: I know all the ways of the country; for
hither-have I come often with hawk and hound. But
let us wait yet till the night is more hushed and
deep."

The clouds had gathered over the whole surface of
the skies, and there hung sullen; and the mists
were cold and gray on the lower grounds, when the
four Saxon chiefs set forth on their secret and peril-
ous enterprise.

Passing their sentinels they entered a wood, Gurth
leading the way, and catching glimpses, through the
irregular path, of the blazing lights, that shone red
over the pause of the Norman war.

William had moved on his army to within about
two miles from the farthest outpost of the Saxon, and
contracted his lines into compact space; the recon-
noiterers were thus enabled, by the light of the links
and watchfires, to form no inaccurate notion of the
formidable foe whom the morrow was to meet. The
ground on which they stood was high, and in the
deep shadow of the wood; with one of the large
dykes common to the Saxon boundaries in front, so that, even if discovered, a barrier not easily passed lay between them and the foe.

In regular lines and streets extended huts of branches for the meager soldiers, leading up, in sorried rows but broad vistas, to the tents of the knights, and the gaudier pavilions of the counts and prelates. There were to be seen the flags of Bretagne and Anjou, of Burgundy, of Flanders, even the ensign of France, which the volunteers from that country had assumed; and right in the midst of this capital of war, the gorgeous pavilion of William himself, with a dragon of gold before it, surmounting the staff, from which blazed the papal gounshanon. In every division they heard the anvil of the armurers, the measured tread of the sentinels, the neigh and snort of innumerable steeds. And along the lines, between huts and tents, they saw tall shapes passing to and from the forge and smithy, bearing mail, and swords, and shafts. No sound of revel, no laugh of wassail was heard in the consecrated camp; all was airt, but with the grave and earnest preparations of thoughtful men. As the four Saxons halted silent, each might have heard, through the remotest din, the others' painful breathing.

At length, from two tents, placed to the right and the left of the duke's pavilion, there came a sweet tinkling sound, as of deep silver bells. At that note there was an evident and universal commotion throughout the armament. The roar of the hammers ceased; and from every green hut and every gray tent swarmed the host. Now, rows of living men lined the camp-streets, leaving still a free, though narrow passage in the midst. And, by the blaze of more than a thousand torches, the Saxons saw processions of priests, in their robes and sabbes, with censer and rood, coming down the various avenues. As the priests passed, the warriors knelt; and there was a low murmur, as if of confession, and the sign of lifted hands, as in absorption and blessing. Suddenly, from the outskirts of the camp and full in sight, emerged, from one of the cross lanes, Odo of Bayeaux himself, in his white surplice, and the cross in his right hand. Yea, even to the meanest and lowest soldiers of the armament, whether taken from honest craft and peaceful calling, or the outpourings of Europe's sinks and sewers, catamarans from the Alps, and cut-throats from the Rhine—yea, even among the vilest and the meanest, came the anointed brother of the great duke, the highliest prelate in Christendom, whose heart even then was fixed on the pontiff's throne—there he came to absolve, and to shrive, and to bless. And the red watchfires streamed on his proud face and spotless robes, as the children of wrath knelt round the delegate of peace.

Harold's hand clenched firm on the arm of Girth, and his old scorn of the monk broke forth in his bitter smile and his muttered words. But Girth's face was sad and awed.

And now, as the huts and the canvas thus gave up the living, they could, indeed, behold the enormous disparity of numbers with which it was their doom to contend, and, over those numbers, that dread intensity of zeal, that sublimity of fanaticism, which, from one end of that war-town to the other, consecrated injustice, gave the heroism of the martyr to am-

lution, and blended the whisper of hasting avatars with the self-appalishes of the saint!

Not a word said the four Saxons. But as the priestly procession glided to the farther quarters of the armament, as the soldiers in their neighborhood disappeared within their lodgments, and the torches moved from them to the more distant vistas of the camp, like lines of retreating stars, Girth heaved a heavy sigh, and turned his horse's head from the scene.

But scarce had they gained the center of the wood, than there arose, as from the heart of the armament, a swell of solemn voices. For the night had now come to the third watch, (midnight), in which according to the belief of the age, angel and fiend were alike auster, and that church-division of time was marked and hallowed by a monastic hymn.

Inexpressively grave, solemn, and mournful came the strain through the drooping boughs, and the heavy darkness of the air; and it continued to thrill in the ears of the riders till they had passed the wood, and the cheerful watchfires from their own heights broke upon them to guide their way. They rode rapidly, but still in silence, passed their sentinels and, ascending the slopes, where the force lay thick, how different were the sounds that smote them. Romeo and the large fires the men grouped in great circles, with the ale-horns and flagonpassing merrily from hand to hand, shouts of drink-hail and was-hail, bursts of gay laughter, snatches of old song, as old as the day of Athlesan—varying, where the Anglo-Danes lay into the far more animated and kindling poetry of the Pirate North—still spoke of the heathen time when war was a joy, and Valhalla was the heaven.

On the fourteenth of October, 1066, the day of St. Calixtus, the Norman force was drawn out in battle array. Mass had been said; Odo and the Bishop of Coutance had blessed the troops, and received their vow never more to eat flesh on the anniversary of that day. And Odo had mounted his snow-white charger, and already drawn up the cavalry against the coming of his brother the duke. The army was marshaled in three great divisions.

Then William, now completely armed, save his helmet, sprang at one bound on his steed. A shout of admiration rang from the queens and knights.

And all were marshaled according to those tactual and pathetic techniques, which speak of a nation more accustomed to defend than to aggrieve. That field the head of each family led his sons and kinsfolk; every ten families (or tything) were united under their own chosen captain. Every ten of these tythings had, again, some lofter chief, dear to the populace in peace: and so on the holy circle spread from household, hamlet, town—still, all combined, as one county under one earl, the warriors fought under the eyes of their own kinsfolk, friends, neighbors, chosen chiefs! What wonder that they were brave.

Mounting a swift and light steed, intended not for encounter (for it was the custom of English kings to fight on foot, in token that where they fought there was no retreat), but to bear the rider rapidly from line to line. King Harold rode to the front of the vanguard;—his brothers by his side. His head, like his great foe's, was bare, nor could there be a more striking contrast than that of the broad unwrinkled
brow of the Saxon, with his fair locks, the sign of royalty and freedom, parted and falling over the collar of mail, the clear and steadfast eye of blue, the cheek somewhat hollowed by kingly cares, but flushed now with manly pride—the form stalwart and erect, but spare in its graceful symmetry, and void of all that theatrical pomp of bearing which was assumed by William—no greater contrast could there be than that which the simple earnest Hero-king presented, to the brow furrowed with harsh ire and politic will, the shaven hair of monastic affectation, the dark, sparkling tiger eye, and vast proportions that saved the gaze in the port and form, of the imperious Norman. Deep and loud and hearty as the shout with which his armaments had welcomed William, was that which now greeted the king of the English host.

Scarcely had the rapturous hurrahs of the Saxons closed, when full in sight, northwest of Hastings, came the first division of the invader.

Harold remained gazing at them, and not seeing the other sections in movement, said to Guthl., "If these are all that they venture out, the day is ours."

"Look yonder!" said the sombre Haco, and he pointed to the long array that now gleamed from the wood through, which the Saxon kinsmen had passed the night before, and scarcey were these cohorts in view, than lo! from a third quarter advanced the glittering knighthood under the duke. All three divisions came on in simultaneous assault, two on either wing of the Saxon vanguard, the third (the Norman) toward the intrenchments.

The two brethren of Waltham, Osgood and Alfred, had arrived a little after daybreak at the spot in which, about half a mile to the rear of Harold's palisades, the beasts of burthen that had borne the heavy arms, missiles, luggage, and forage of the Saxon march, were placed in and about the fenced yards of a farm. And many human beings, of both sexes and various ranks, were there assembled, some in breathless expectation, some in careless talk, some in fervent prayer.

The two monks joined, with pious gladness, some of their sacred calling, who were leaning over the low wall, and straining their eyes towards the bristling field. A little apart from them, and from all, stood a female; the hood drawn over her face, silent in her unknown thoughts.

By and by, as the march of the Norman multitude sounded hollow, and the trumps, and the fifes, and the shouts, rolled on through the air, in many a stormy peal, the two abbots in the Saxon camp, with their attendant monks, came riding toward the farm from the intrenchments.

The groups gathered round these new comers in haste and eagerness.

"The battle hath begun," said the Abbot of Hyde, gravely. "Pray God for England, for never was its people in peril so great from man."

The female started and shuddered at those words.

"And the king, the king," she cried, in a sudden and thrilling voice; "where is he?—the king?"

"Daughter," said the abbot, "the king's post is by his standard; but I left him in the van of his troops."

Where he may be now I know not. Wherever the foe presses sorest."

The war now raged.

Animated by the presence of their king fighting among them as a simple soldier, but with his eye ever quick to foresee, his voice ever prompt to warn, the men of Kent swerved not a foot from their indomitable ranks. The Norman infantry wavered and gave way; on, step by step, still unbroken in array, pressed the English. And their cry, "Out! out! Holy Cross!" rose high above the flagging sound of "Ha Rou! Ha Rou!—Notre Dame!"

"Per la resplendente Dei," cried William. "Our soldiers are but women in the garb of Normans. Ho, speaks to the rescue! With me to the charge, Sires D'Amule and De Littain—with me, gallant Brusce and De Mortain; with me, De Graville and Grantmesnil—Dex aide! Notre Dame." And heading his proudest knights, William came, as a thunderbolt, on the bills and shields. Harold, who scarce a minute before had been in a remoter rank, was already at the brunt of that charge. At his word down knelt the foremost line, leaving naught but their shields and their spear-points against the horse. While behind them, the ax in both hands, before forward the soldiers in the second rank, to strike and to slay. And behind, from the core of the wedge, poised the shafts of the archers. Down rolled in the dust, half the charge of those knights. Brusce reeled on his saddle; the dread right hand of D'Amule fell lopped by the ax; De Graville, hurled from his horse, rolled at the feet of Harold; and William, born by his great steel and his colossal strength into the third rank—there dealt, right and left, the fierce strokes of his iron club, till he felt his horse sinking under him—and had scarcely time to back out of the foe—scarcely time to get beyond reach of their weapons, ere the Spanish destrier, frightfully dashed through its strong mail, fell dead on the plain. His knights swept round him.

Twenty barons sprang from selle to yield him their chargers. He chose the one nearest to hand, sprang to foot and to stirrup, and rode back to his lines. Then as he joined his own chosen knights, and surveyed the field, he beheld an opening which the advanced position of the Saxon vanguard had left, and by which his knights might gain the intrenchments.

"Now, my queens and chevaliers," said William, gayly, as he closed his helmet, and took from his squire another spear: "Now, I shall give ye the day's great pastime. Pass the word, Sire de Tancarville, to every horseman—Charge—to the Standard."

The word passed, the steeds bounded, and the whole force of William's knighthood, securing the plain to the rear of the Saxon vanguard, made for the intrenchments.

At that sight, Harold divining the object; and seeing this new and more urgent demand on his presence, halted the battalions over which he had presided, and, yielding the command to Leweswine, once more briefer but strenuously enjoined the troops to heed well their leaders, and on no account to break the wedge, in the form of which they lay their whole strength, both against the cavalry and the greater number of the foe. Then mounting his horse, and attended only by Haco, he spurred across the plain, in the opposite direction to that taken by the Normans. In doing so he was obliged to make a considerable circuit to the rear of the plain, and thus to place himself midway between the camps.
of the intrenchments, and the farm, with its watchful groups came in sight. He distinguished the garb of
women, and Haco said to him—
"There wait the wives to welcome the living victors."
"Or search their lords among the dead!" answered
Harold. "Who, Haco, if we fall, will search for us?"
As the word left his lips, he saw, under a lonely
thorn-tree, and scarce out of bow-shot from the inter-
renchments, a woman seated. The king looked hard
at the bended, hooded form.
"Poor wretch!" he murmured, "her heart is in the
battle!" And he shouted aloud, "Farther off! farther
off!—the war rushes hitherward!"
At the sound of that voice the woman rose, stretch-
ed out her arms, and sprang forward. But the Saxo-
"I have heard him again, again!" murmured
chefs had already turned their faces toward the neigh-
"God be praised!" and she seated herself
boring ingress into the ramparts, and beheld not her
quietly under the lonely thorn.
movement, while the tramp of rushing chargers, the
As Harold and Haco sprang to their feet within
shout and the roar of clashing war, drowned the wail
the intrenchments, the shout of "The king—the king!
of her feeble cry.
Holy Crosses!" came in time to rally the force at
the farther end, now undergoing the fall force of the Nor-
man chivalry.

The willow ramparts were already rent and hewed
beneath the hoofs of horses and the clash of swords;
and the sharp points on the frontals of the Norman
destriers were already gleaming within the inter-
renchments, when Harold arrived at the brunt of the action.
The tide was then turned; not one of those rash
riders left the intrenchments they had gained; steel
and horse alike went down before the ponderous battle-
axes; and William, again foiled and baffled, drew
off his cavalry with the convivion that those breast-
works so manned, were not to be won by horse.
Slowly the knights retreated down the slope of the
hillock, and the English, animated by that sight,
would have left the stronghold to pursue but for the
warning cry of Harold. The interval in the strife
thus gained was promptly and vigorously employed
in repairing the pallisades. And this done, Harold,
turning to Haco and the thegns around him, said joy-
ously—
"By heaven's help we shall yet win this day.
And know you not that this is my fortunate day—the
day on which, hitherto, all hath prospered with me,
in peace and in war—the day of my birth?"
"Of your birth?" echoed Haco, in surprise.
"Ay—did you not know it?"
"Nay!—strange!—it is also the birthday of Duke
William! What would astrologers say to the meet-
ing of such stars?"

Harold's check paled, but his helmet concealed the
paleness—his arm dropped. The strange dream of
his youth came again distinctly before him, as it had
come in the hall of the Norman at the sight of the
ghastly relics—again he saw the shadowy hand from
the cloud—again he heard the voice murmuring, "Lo
the star that shone on the birth of the victor!"—again
he heard the voice of Hilda interpreting the dream—
again the chant which the dead or the fiend had pour-
ed forth from the rigid lips of the Vala. It boomed
on his ear—hollow as the death-bell it knelled through
the roar of the battle. Suddenly the king was re-
called to the sense of the present hour, by shouts and
cries, in which the yell of Norman triumph predomin-
ated, at the further end of the field. The signal
words to Fitzosborne had conveyed to that chief the
order for the mock charge on the Saxon vanguard,
to be followed by the feigned flight; and so artfully had
this stratagem been practised that, despite all the
solemn orders of Harold, despite even the warning
cry of Leofwine, who, rash and gay-hearted though he
was, had yet a captain's skill—the bold English, their
blood heated by the long contest and the seeming victo-
cy, could not resist pursuit. They rushed forward
impetuously, breaking the order of their hitherto in-
domitable phalanx, and the more eagerly because the
Normans had unwittingly taken their way toward a
part of the ground concealing dykes and ditches, in
which the English trusted to precipitate the foe.
It was as William's knights retreated from the breast-
works that this error was committed; and pointing to-
ward the disordered Saxons with a wild laugh of
revengeful joy, William set spurs to his horse, and
followed by all his chivalry, joined the cavalry of
Polton and Boulogne in their swoop upon the secon-
tered array. Already the Norman infantry had turned
round—already the horses that lay in ambush among
the brushwood near the dykes, had thundereous
forth. The whole of the late impregnable vanguard
was broken up—divided corps from corps—hemmed
in; horse after horse charging to the rear, to the front,
to the flank, to the right, to the left.

When Harold looked up, he saw the foot of the
hillocks so lined with steel, as to render it hopeless
that he himself could win to the aid of his vanguard.
He set his feet firmly, looked on, and only by ges-
tures and smothered exclamations showed his emo-
tions of hope and fear.

At length the king could restrain himself no longer.
He selected five hundred of his bravest and most
practised veterans, yet comparatively fresh, and com-
manding the rest to stay firm, descended the hill, and
charged unexpectedly into the rear of the mingles
Normans and Bretons.

This sortie, well-timed though desperate, served to
cover and favor the retreat of the straggling Saxons.
Many, indeed, were cut off, but Gurth, Leofwine, and
Vebea, hewed the way for their followers to the side
of Harold, and entered the intrenchments close fol-
lowed by the nearer foe, who were again repelled
amidst the shouts of the English.

Within the intrenchments not a man had lost heart:
the day was already far advanced, not an impression
had been yet made on the outworks, the position
seemed as impregnable as a fortress of stone; and
truth to say, even the bravest Normans were dis-
heartened, when they looked to that eminence which
had foiled the charge of William himself. The duke, in
the milieu, had received more than one wound—his
third horse that day had been slain under him. The
slaughter among the knights and nobles had been im-
mense, for they had exposed their persons with the
most desperate valor. And William, after surveying
the rout of nearly one half of the English army,
heard everywhere, to his wrath and his shame, mur-
snort and leap, and charge into the circle. High
wheels in air the great mace of William; bright by
his side flashes the crozier of the Church.
"On Normans! Earldom and land!" cries the duke.
"On, sons of the Church! Salvation and heaven!"
shouts the voice of Odo.

The first breastwork down—the Saxons yielding
inch by inch, foot by foot, are pressed, crushed back,
into the second enclosure. The same rush, and
swarm, and fight, and cry, and roar,—the second
gives way. And now in the center of the third—lo!
before the eyes of the Normans, towers proudly aloft,
and shines in the rays of the westering sun, brodered
with gold, and blazing with mystic gems, the stand-
ard of England's king! And there, are gathered
the reserve of the English host; there, the heroes
who had never yet known defeat—unwarried they by
the battle; vigorous, high-hearted still; and round them
the breastworks were thicker, and stronger, and
higher, and fastened by chains to pillars of wood and
staves of iron, with the wagons and carts of the bag-
gage, and piled loges of timber—barricades at which
even William pausing aghast, and Odo stifled an ex-
clamation that became not a priestly lip.

Before that standard, in the midst of the men, stood
Guth, and Leofwine, and Haco, and Harold, the last
leaving for rest upon his ax, for he was sorely wound-
eden in manv places, and the blood oozed through the
inks of his mail.

Live, Harold; live yet, and Saxon England shall
not die!

The English archers had at no time been numerous;
most of them had served with the vanguard, and the
shafts of those within the ramparts were spent; so
that the foe had time to pause and to breathe. The
Norman arrows meanwhile flew fast and thick, but
William noted to his grief that they struck against
the tall breast-works and barricades, and so failed in
the slaughter they should inflict.

He mused a moment, and sent one of his knights
to call him three of the chiefs of the archers.
They were soon at the side of his desitter.

"See ye not, maladroitis," said the duke, "that your
shafts and bolts fall harmless on those o'er walls.
Shoot in the air; let the arrow fall perpendicular on
those within—fall as the vengeance of the saints fall;
direct from heaven! Give me thy bow, archer—
thus!" He drew the bow as he sat on his steed, the
arrow flashed up, and descended in the heart of the
reserve, within a few feet of the standard.

"So; that standard be your mark," said the duke,
giving back the bow.

The archers withdrew. The order circulated through
their bands, and in a few moments more down came
the iron rain. It took the English host as by sur-
prise, piercing hide eap, and even iron helm; and in
the very surprise that made them instinctively look
up—death came.

A dull groan as from many hearts boomed from the
intrenchments of the Norman ear.

"Now," said William, "they must either use their
shields to guard their heads—and their axes are use-
less—or else they unite with the ax they fall by the
shaft. On now to the ramparts. I see my crown
already resting on yonder standard!"

Yet despite all, the English bear up; the thickness
of the palisades, the comparative smallness of the last

murs of discontent and dismay at the prospect of
scaling the heights, in which this gallant remnant had
found their refuge. At this critical juncture, Odo of
Bayeux, who had hitherto remained in the rear, with
the crowds of monks that accompanied the armament,
rode into the full field, where all the hosts were re-
forming their lines. He was in complete mail, but a
white surplice was drawn over the steel, his head was
bare and in his right hand he bore the crozier. A
formidable club swung by a leathern noose from his
wrist, to be used only for self-defence: the canons
forbade the priest to strike merely in assault. Be-
hind the milk-white steed of Odo came the whole
body of reserve, fresh and unbreeathed, free from the
terrors of their comrades, and strung into proud wrath
at the delay of the Norman conquest.

"How now—how now?" cried the prelate; "do ye
flag? do ye falter when the sheaves are down? How
now, sons of the Church! The warriors of the Cross! Aving-
cers of the Saints! Desert your count, if ye please,
but shrink not back from a Lord mightier than man.
Lo, I come forth to ride side by side with my brother,
bare-headed, the crozier in my hand. He who fails
his liege is but a coward—he who fails the Church is
apostate!"

The fierce shout of the reserve closed this harangue
and the words of the prelate, as well as the physical
aid he brought to back them, re-nerved the army.
And now the whole of William's mighty host, cover-
ing the field till its lines seemed to blend with the
gray horizon, came on serried, steadied, orderly—to
all sides of the intrenchment. Aware of the inutility
of his horse, till the breastworks were cleared, Wil-
liam placed all his heavy armed foot, spearmen and
archers to open the way through the palisades, the
sorties from which had now been carefully closed.

As they came up the hills, Harold turned to Haco
and said, "Where is thy battle-ax?"

"Harold," answered Haco, with more than his usual
tone of sombre sadness, "I desire now to be thy
shield-bearer, for thou must use thine ax with both
hands while the day lasts, and thy shield is useless.
Wherefore thou strike, and I will shield thee."

"Thou lovest me, then, son of Sweyn; I have some-
times doubted it."

"I love thee as the best part of my life, and with
thy life ceases mine; it is my heart that my shield
guards when it covers the breast of Harold."

"I would bid thee live, poor youth," whispered
Harold; "but what were life if this day were lost?
Happy, then, will be those who die!"

Sarcce had the words left his lips ere he sprang to
the breastworks, and with a sudden sweep of the ax,
donned a helmet that peered above them. But
helm after helm succeeds. Now they come on, swarm
upon swarm, as wolves on a traveler, as bears round
a bark. Countless, amidst their carnage on they
came! The arrows of the Norman blacken the air:
with deadly precision, to each arm, each limb, each
front exposed above the bulwarks, whirs the shaft.
They clamber the palisades, the foremost fall dead
under the Saxon ax; new thousands rush on; vain is
the might of Harold, vain had a Harold's might been
in every Saxon there! The first row of breastworks
is forced—it is trampled, bewed, crushed down, cum-
bered with the dead. "Ha Rout! Ha Rout! Notre
Dame!" sounds joyous and shrill. The chargers
inclosure, more easily therefore manned and maintained by their small force, defy other weapons than those of the bow. Every Norman who attempted to scale the breastwork was slain on the instant, and his body cast forth under the hoofs of the baffled steeds. The sun sinks near and nearer toward the red horizon.

"Courage," cries the voice of Harold, "hold but till nightfall and ye are saved, courage, and freedom."

"Harold and Holy Crosses," is the answer.

Still foiled, William resolves again to hazard his fatal stratagem. He marked that part of the inclosure which was most remote from the chief point of attack. Thither then the duke advanced a chosen column of his heavy armed foot, tutored especially by himself in the rehearsals of his favorite ruse. The foot column advanced to the appointed spot, and after a short, close, and terrible conflict, succeeded in making a wide breach in the breastworks. But that temporary success only animated yet more the exertions of the beleaguered defenders, and swarming round the breach, and pouring through it, line after line of the foe drop beneath their axes. The column of the heavy armed Normans fall back down the slopes—they give way—they turn in disorder—they retreat—they fly; but the archers stand, midway on the descent—those archers seem an easy prey to the English—the temptation is irresistible. Long galled and maddened by the shafts, the Anglo Danes rush forth at the heels of the Norman swordsmen, and sweeping down to exterminate the archers, the breach that they leave gapes wide.

"Forward," cries William, and he gallops toward the breach.

"Forward," cries Odo, "I see the hands of the holy saints in the air. Forward, it is the dead that wheel the war steeds round the living."

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying around him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.


Before him were the steeds of Bruse and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears; Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his ax, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered in twain by the king's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Bruse. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sward.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The son of Swyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head," cries the fatal voice of Haco to the king.

At that cry the king raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his stride? Why drops the ax from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death-shaft. It smote the lifted face; it crushed into the dauntless eyeball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several feet, at the foot of his gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft, and left the barb, quivering in the anguish.

Gurth knelt over him.

"Fight on," gasped the king, "conceal my death. Holy Cross, England to the rescue, woe, woe."

Rallying himself a moment, he sprang to his feet, clutched his hand, and fell once more, a corpse.

At the same moment a simultaneous rush of horsemen toward the standard bore back a line of the Saxons, and covered the body of the king with heaps of the slain.

His helmet cloven in two, his face all streaming with blood, but still calm in its ghastly hues, amidst the foremost of those slain, fell the fated Haco. He fell on the breast of Harold, kissed the bloody cheek with bloody lip, groaned and died.

Inspired by despair, with superhuman strength Gurth, striding over the corpses of his kinsmen, opposed himself singly to the knights; and the entire English remnant coming round him at the menaced danger to the standard, once more drove off the assailants.

"Thine be the honor of lowering that haughty flag," cried William, turning to one of his favorite and most famous knights, Robert de Tessin.

Overjoyed, the knight rushed forth, to fall by the hand of that stubborn defender.

"Sorcery," cried Fitzosborne, "sorcery. This is no man but fiend."

"Spare him, spare the brave," cried in a breath Bruse, D'Aincourt and De Graville.

William turned round in wrath at the cry of mercy, and, spurring over all the corpses, with the sacred banner borne by Tostain close behind him, so that it shadowed his helmet—he came to the foot of the standard, and for one moment there was single battle between the knight-duke and the Saxon hero. Now even then, conquered by the Norman sword, but exhausted by a hundred wounds, that brave chief fell and the falchion vainly pierced him, falling. So last man at the standard, died Gurth.

The sun had set and the first star was in the heavens, the "Fighting Man" was laid low, and on that spot where now, all forlorn and shattered, amidst stagnant water, stands the altar-stone of Battle Abbey rose the glittering dragon that surmounted the consecrated banner of the Norman victor.

THE 15th WARD EDUCATIONAL SOLICITOR.

We have on our table the first number of the Educational Solicitor, a manuscript magazine, compiled in the 15th ward for the benefit and improvement of the Sabbath School children, with a monthly change of conductors. This pretty little home made magazine bears on its neatly written front the following motto—

"Literature is an avenue to glory, it opens its portals to those who wish, and are desirous of memories long entranced in the hearts of those yet unknown."

The Educational Solicitor is, externally, a tastefully got up little paper, and its contents reflect credit on the taste, judgment and noble purposes of its conductors and contributors. As an elevating and refining agency among our young people we wish every Sabbath School had a similar institution. We shall not fail to extract from its pages where suitable for our own, in testimony of our appreciation.
ADDITIONAL ATTRACTION.

The next number closes the present volume of the Magazine. All who wish to continue their subscriptions will please notify us as soon as possible.

The next number will present the largest amount of reading matter ever given for the money in this Territory. We shall publish a sixteen-page weekly, each page considerably larger than the present, at the unexacted price of $4.50 per year; out of which small sum we return to clubs, in periodicals and gifts, about $1.50 to each subscriber.

MUSIC, ETC.

We intend to make the new volume THE HOME JOURNAL of the Far West. In carrying out this idea, we shall encourage home talent and home progress, in every branch of literature and art. Among other important features, a musical department will be added to the Magazine, and we shall publish from time to time the choicest productions of our home musicians, as well as the best selections from standard composers. Our Musical Editor will conduct this department, and will answer all communications from musical subjects.

An entirely new and thrilling story, by one of the greatest writers of the day, will commence with the new volume. "The History of the World, as Illustrated in its Great Characters," expressly written for the Magazine, will also appear; with a series of original articles by the Editor and the best writers in the Territory.

We intend that typographically and editorially the Magazine shall be surpassed by none. It will present the cheapest and largest amount of reading matter ever published in the Rocky Mountains.
THE DIAMOND STEALERS,

THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER IV.

"I should like to know what has become of poor Mr. Drake," she presently said.

"Do you suppose not?" answered Cloudsmen.

"No, I suppose not." "Nevertheless, I am deircious of becoming an occupant of his room. Hope the other gentleman will come back." "I hope so too," returned his companion. "But, Mr. Cloudsmen, you left your lodger to his own reflections. He waited some time for the reappearance of the mysterious individual on the first floor, when just as he began to give upon the case as hopeless, he observed, through the half-opened door of the parlor, the person in question enter the passage, and pass up stairs."

Mr. Cloudsmen immediately arose and followed.

"One word, if you please, sir," he said addressing his fellow-lodger. "I have a favor to ask. I dare say it will not make any difference to you."

"What is it you desire?" said the other, curtly.

"Will you mind changing rooms with me? It is merely to gratify a whim. I will pay you handsomely in short, anything you may require for the favor."

"If you don't care to give up my room; and, what is more, I won't!" said the first-floor lodger, entering his apartment, and slamming the door in Cloudsmen's face.

"I'll be on the same track as myself!" observed the latter. "What is to be done now? I wonder whether he has found the necklace? Should suppose not, or he would not have returned."

For some days after this rencontre, these two men—Cloudsmen and the occupant of Drake's room—most narrowly watched each other's movements. Both were cognizant of this fact, which every day became more and more apparent.

Cloudsmen endeavored to ascertain something about the unscrupulous gentleman on the first floor. He made inquiries of Mrs. Clacket; told her that he considered him to be a most mysterious personage, a singular being—whom he should like to understand better.

The landlady looked puzzled, and positively avowed that she knew nothing more about the party in question beyond the fact of his being a quiet, neat lodger—that was all she could say.

The occupant of Drake's room seemed to be equally interested with regard to Cloudsmen; about whom he was continually cross-questioning his landlady, who raved and declared that she had never, in all her experience, met with such a queer pair of lodgers.

One morning, Cloudsmen, white still in bed, was perfectly astounded at finding the door of his room opened with a skeleton key, and, before he had time to recover from his first surprise, the mysterious man with the dark eyes sprang upon him, and clapped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists with professional adroitness.

"Resistance is useless," said his assailant. "You are my prisoner."

"Are you mad!" exclaimed Cloudsmen. "Your prisoner!"

"Yes; I've been watching for you. Don't think I deceiving. We know you, although you pass under another name."

"I am your prisoner," said the barrister. "I have the good man, Mr. Cloudsmen, of Lincoln's Inn."

"I have the most exasperating smile of incredulity, and said, with the most provoking coolness, "You must come with me; so you had better go up and dress yourself;" at the same time he relieved him of one of his handcuffs.

There was no help for it; so Cloudsmen obeyed, and suffered himself to be taken to a four-wheeled cab to the police-station.

It so happened that Job Hardware, the officer, was out of his mind, and was in Lincoln's Inn, from which place he was just returning, when he caught sight of Mr. Cloudsmen in the cab. Job followed the vehicle, with something between a walk and a trot.

"A good sentence at last," as Mr. Knabesman and his prisoner. Upon the latter alighting, Job uttered an explanation of surprise, and called him by name.

"Ah, my worthy friend, is it you?" said Cloudsmen. "The very man for my purpose. Go, like a good fellow, to my chambers, and tell Mr. Plood he must return with you at once. Do you understand? I am arrested, and cannot obtain my release until some one comes forward to prove my identity."

"Arrested!" exclaimed Job, opening his eyes to their fullest extent.

"Well, then! Why, Mr. Cloudsmen, what is the meaning of this? You in custody! What for?"

"I shall have some difficulty in answering that question, but it is enough to know that here I am, under the tender care of a celebrated, but blundering, Mr. Knabesman."

The words had not died away when Job said: "Mr. Cloudsmen, barrister at law, to be taken up, and brought af're the 'beet. It ain't reasonable, and it can't be possible!"

"It certainly is, my friend; you are witness of the humiliating fact. Mr. Knabesman is obsolete; I must go to find him."

"Are you going to look for me to-day?" said Job, who had been given to understand that he was once at my friend Plood, and nose time. Now, be off at once; there's a good fellow. I'll call you well for the service."

"I want no payment," answered Cloudsmen's newly found and faithful friend.

Off Job trotted, never pausing to take breath until he had arrived at the lawyer's chambers. Mr. Plood returned with him, and very soon satisfied Mr. Knabesman that he had made a most egregious mistake, and had captured the wrong man.

The news was speedily mortified, and said, addressed himself to Cloudsmen—

"I beg you ten thousand pardons, sir; but these mistakes will occur sometimes with the best of us. I'm sure I am very sorry."

"Say no more," interrupted the barrister. "I forgive you, Mr. Knabesman, upon one condition only."

"My dear sir, you may command the services of Em Knabesman, the barrister, with a smile."

"Good! Let us return to Shorier's Alley."

Their entered the cab once more, and were driven back to the place from whence they came, while they were proceeding along, Cloudsmen asked his companion if he had found anything in the room he occupied.

"Nothing."

"Nothing!"

"No jewels—no necklace!"

"No; certainly not."

"Mr. Cloudsmen explained everything to his dark-eyed friend, who said, when the narrative was completed, "Well, after all, we have turned out better than we expected. The necklace must be in my room, and, when found, it shall be handed over to you. You are justly entitled to it."

"It seems too much for us another, herein

Upon arriving at Shorier's Alley, they both rushed up stairs and proceeded at once to search for the missing jewels, which, however, they did not succeed in finding. Mr. Knabesman was not satisfied, but, after having turned the room over, he decided that the necklace was known to be in the room was too bad. If Knabesman was case, Mr. Clacket, in her turn was astonished, so much so, indeed, that she could restrain herself no longer. She said, "I have lost the necklace of the stairs, saying, "Mr. Clacket, in her turn was astonish...""

"Matter, matter," growled the detective, in reply. "Robbery is the matter. Felony! A necklace of great value was in my room, and now is nowhere to be found. Has any one been here during my absence?"

"A necklace! I vow and declare I never set eyes upon such a thing. A necklace, indeed! What can a gentleman's wife want with a trinket like that?"

"That's no business of yours. Don't prevaricate, woman!"

"Prevaricate—fence!"

"The man's mad! What do you mean by fencing?"

"Now, look here, Mrs. Clacket!" said Mr. Knabesman, "and I am going to discuss his case with him, when about to cross-examine any one. "The worst case for you to adopt will be the result. Has any one been here—any stranger? Now I assert that I can attempt to deceive me, or it may go hard with you."

"Well, ye es—there was a woman," stammered out the lady.

"Confounded it, man, tell us the truth at once!" exclaimed the detective, hastening down stairs, and entering the parlour, where he was followed by Cloudsmen."

"Oh, gentlemen, dear, good gentlemen, I would not hard words to the perturbed Mrs. Clacket.

"But, you must know, I certainly did think it a most reasonable circumstance,

"Never mind what you thought!" exclaimed Knabesman.

"Confuse yourself to the facts."

[June 3, 1882]
March 13, 1869 | THE DIAMOND STEALERS.

Yes, sir, of course—that's what I intend to do. During her absence, a charwoman has been in your room. She cleaned it; when, all at once, to my utter astonishment, Tilda told me she had left it only half done; and that she was ruined, overworked, and worn out. I took her off, eh? Hump! I dare say she's a cunning lady, this charwoman, or thinks herself so; but we must her out, man. That's what we must do, before she falls too bad company. Do you see that?

"I say we must find out this antiquated and peculiarly hon- and respectable old party."

"Certainly, sir."

"Where does she live?"

"Tilda."

"Where does this old woman live? Can't you understand a question?"

Mrs. Clackett, as she afterwards observed, was in such a state of astonishment that she could not reply; to use her expressive manner—"Her heart seemed to be in her mouth."

"What is her name? and where does she live?" inquired Mr. Nabuman.

"Her name? Let me see—her name was Narcot, I think.

"Her name, Mr. Nabuman. She was a stranger to me. I never played her before."

"Where does she live?"

"She gave her address to Tilda."

The girl was holed up and examined. She had lost the paper on which the address was written. It might be found in the house could remain. — Where it was. Nothing was known of the charwoman, beyond the fact of her name being Narcot.

One lodger after another came from their doors, to be searched. Without a search, the examinations of the lodgers. They one and another, and they knew nothing of the missing Mrs. Narcot. The detective was beginning to lose all patience; he had not much time to spare at any time, even under the most favorable circumstances. He stamped with rage; but this did not bring back the charwoman, whom nobody seemed to know anything about.

Mrs. Clackett wrung her hands.

Mr. Nabuman frowned, and eyed each lodger with an exasperation of utterable disgust. He felt himself to be most horribly trifled with, but did not know how to confess it.

"Oh, mercy on me, that I should live to see this day!" exclaimed the landlady. "Who have always boasted of having such respectable lodgers! What will poor Tilda do when she hears of the doings of the necklace. safe enough," observed the detective.

"Fool'd! baffled! outwitted by an old woman!" exclaimed the landman, striking his clenched fist against his forehead; and listening to the shambling out of the house. Le bent his way to his chamber.

"More than I expected, my dear Jasper," said Mr. Nabuman, after he had been made acquainted with the issue of the proceedings in Shorter's Alley. "You have lost the sub- in running after the shadow. You might have had Miss Wainwright.

"Might have had! And may I, suppose?"

"No," said the detective.

"It is too late, then," said his companion.

"My dear fellow," observed Mr. Nabuman, "did I not do all in my power to persuade you to have Miss Wainwright. There is no one in the affairs of man, which, taken at the flood, leads to fortune. You would not take the current when it would suit you; now it is too late. I am engaged to Miss Wainwright.

"I give you joy!" exclaimed Cloudsman, with a generosity which fairly astonished his companion; "joy, Earnest! I've a headstrong and wilful, and am deservedly punished. I have learned a lesson which I shall not easily forget."

"Told you after this, Mr. Cloudsman?" was Wainwright's best shot on the interesting occasion of his wedding with the beau- and wealthy Miss Wainwright.

CHAPTER V.

"What a pure, innocent face!" said Captain Calverley, impressively, to his companion.

Major Hamilton laughed aloud. "Innocence and purity in the green-room! One would think you were a greenhorn, Cal- nley."

The handsome Captain bit his lips. It was rarely he ex- himself to ridicule; and in his far from greenhornish tone, he felt his friend's sarcasm was merited.

"Is she an actress, then?" he asked, in well-feigned surprise.

"Yes; actress or singer—what you will."

Innocence in the green-room, indeed! But the fair face he had just passed had called up the memory of another face—a face he had seen within the last two months, and promised as the driven snow. How could anything that resembled Lucy Mainwaring be otherwise than innocent? He was not such a greenhorn as to make his friend the confident of the reason of that suppressed sigh; and hastily making some excuse for leaving him, he stepped down a street that ran parallel to that down which the girl had passed.

Florence Grainger steadily pursued her way. She had frowned a little, and quickened her pace, as she passed the two offi- cers, for Major Hamilton was well known to her as one of the most unscrupulous of the green-room bachelors. But the face of the prolongeured gaze of his companion, and feeling pretty sure that the Major and his friend were on a par, her only anxiety was to escape them without molestation.

Florence was hurrying to give her ill-paid singing lesson at a "seminary for young ladies," her thoughts engrossed with the misery she had left at home, and calculating, over and over again, how far her scanty earnings would go towards arresting the starvation that threatened those so dear.

It was the old story. A father mad after speculation. The gradual sinking of his unhappy family from competence to abject want. The sickness that follows in the wake of scant living and wearing anxiety to the last stage, when the mother lay dying on a wretched pallet, her hair hastened by the want of the common necessaries of life. This, in more or less, to poverty. The landlord clamorous for rent. And to fight against all this, only Florence and her wondrous voice.

It was not astonishing that she forgot the two gentlemen as soon as they were out of sight; nor that she should be quite unequal to the Captain followed her, till she stood on the steps of the school-house.

That terrible episode of his wasted life, when he stood by the death-bed of the only woman he had ever really loved, who was caught up in the universal spate of her death, a new man. But this has passed. The Captain Calverley, the careless and levity that bordered upon profugia, were too deeply engrained in his character. True, he did not seek out fresh objects of admiration for some time after Lucy's death. But when chance placed them in his way, he pursued them almost as warmly as in former times; and now he tried to persuade himself that it was some impulse of a virtuous kind that caused him to hurry after Florence—some sort of attachment towards Lucy.

The Captain's pursuit seemed already to have cast a shadow over Florence's life. Everything went wrong that day; the pupils were unusually provoking; the schoolmistress was cross; she got home late, to find that her children's sufferings were at an end.

"Death!" she reproved herself, "can't you?" but she must not stay. If she failed to appear that night, the manager would probably dismiss her. She was very late at the theatre. She dared not run, for fear of getting out of breath, for she had to go on first. Some one was standing in the doorway, and, all unknowingly, Florence gave the figure a slight push.

The girl turned sharply.

"It's like your impudence. Grainger!" she cried, in a coarse, harsh voice.

"I beg your pardon," said Florence, meekly, hurrying in.

"What a state you're in!" said the manager, angrily, giving her a by-no means complimentary look. "I declare you're not fit to go on."

Florence said nothing. If she had attempted to give her unfortunate excuse, she would have broken down outright; so she gulped down the great sob, and went on bathing her eyes.

"What a handsome man!" said the girl who stood in the doorway, to another of the ballet corps. "I wonder if he's up to a lark?"

"No go for you, Fanny," retorted the other. "He has never taken his eyes off Grainger since she's come in."

"Well, she's a nice one to make a conquest, I must say," answered Fanny Narcot. "We'll see if we cannot out her, anyway!" and she shot a glance of hatred at the young singer.

When Florence went on for her part, the stranger disappeared from behind the scenes. The jealous eyes of Fanny Narcot, on whom the handsome Captain had made a great impression, noted it. She had always hated Florence, for the difference that she knew there was between them, and tonight her hatred increased tenfold.

"Ah, you're trying to trap him with your airs and graces.
are you?" she muttered, looking savagely at Florence from a chink in the scene; "but I'll toll you this time—I will, if I die for it!" she added, sputtering her foot as if she crushed Florence beneath it.

For she crawled herself that night. It was a pathetic part she had to take, and she sang out of her deep load of grief. There was not a dry eye in the theatre. The manager was delighted. He forgave Florence her red eyes. He forgave even the two great tears that rolled down her cheeks as, with a low wail, she ended her successful song. All eyes followed the pale singer as she disappeared.

A different reception awaited her, however, in the green-room. There were scowls, and cross looks, and jealous mutterings. Florence saw nothing of them. Her song had made her happy. It was as if she contrived forth some of her sorrow, and it had been heard. She had forgotten, manager, audience, fellow-actors—all, for a time.

You've made a good hit to-night. It helps one on, to sing at a fellow, don't it?" said a spitfire voice at her ear.

Florence started, and drew back a little. She had a horror of Fanny Naracot, the ballet-dancer.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered, coldly.

You mean to pretend you weren't singing and making eyes at him at all, when you were dancing, with a jerk of her elbow Capt. Calverley, who had again come into the green-room.

"If he'll hear you," said Florence, as, glancing in the direction of Fanny's arm, she saw the stranger who had stared at her at the last in the afternoon, with his large, lustrous eyes fixed upon her.

"I'll tell you what, Florence Grainger," cried Fanny, trembling with rage as she saw the glance of recognition; "you're the deepest, wickedest hussy here, in spite of your white face and all the paint you put on—that's what it is!"

Before Florence could reply, Capt. Calverley approached her.

"May I be allowed to compliment you on your performance?" he said, in a most fascinating manner. "I was really not prepared for such a treat."

Florence blushed deeply. There was something in his manner that charmed at the same time that it frightened her.

"You are very kind," she said, in a low voice.

"Oh, Miss Grainger, so accustomed to compliments, you must not expect her to be struck all of a heap with what you say," cut in Fanny Naracot.

She might have spared herself the trouble of speaking. The Captain never so much as glanced at her, but stood gazing at Florence.

Fanny was furious. She turned to go, and in passing Florence contrived to catch her thin dress, and make a great rent that exposed poor Florence's not-over-tidy under-garments.

It was a great regret, and in her endeavors to repair the mischief, contrived to attract one look from the handsome Captain.

That night, as Florence went home, two persons begged her footsteps—Capt. Calverley and Fanny Naracot.


"Anything new, my jewel?"

"Lor', don't bother me, mother. New, no what should be now?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Fanny," said the charwoman, meekly; "but I thought of p'raps as something particulars keep you?"

"There, never you mind, mother, what kept me, or what didn't keep me—but give me a bit of supper, and then I'll go to bed again"—again a repetition.

The obedient Mrs. Naracot set about satisfying the wishes of her employer. Bold, and pret, and blowzy, Fanny was perfection in her eyes; and the good woman honestly believed the theatre could not be kept going without the aid of her child's charms and talents.

Fanny went to bed, but she could not sleep. She had worked herself into a regular frenzy of jealousy about the handsome Captain; and win like notice, in some way or other, she vowed she would.

The week that followed the day of her mother's death was the most wretched week of Florence Grainger's life. Toil and struggle as she would, she could not keep the wolf from the door; and yet every night she had to put on a smiling face, and show herself gay and happy. She had always hated the life of a professional singer, but now it was becoming insupportable. Fanny Naracot had contrived to get two or three others to join with her to torment Florence. Fanny had no trouble in finding abiders and abettors—there were plenty who hated Florence cordially, quite as much for her conquest of the beautiful Captain, who was so wrapped up in her and so supremely indifferent to them, as for her success on the boards.

"Take my umbrella," said a low voice at Florence's elbow on Saturday night, the troops poured out in the pillars and passages. Florence could not refuse without absolute rudeness; so, for the first time, Capt. Calverley gained his desire, and walked home with Florence Grainger.

Whatever hoistings' he might once have had, he was now really anxious to win the love of the opera girl. He had grown far as that in his reflections—what further object he had, there would be time to think about by-and-by. The walk home had never seemed so short to Florence, she had been so agreeable, and she had been so very popular. The stranger had drawn from her all her old history.

"I have suffered a great deal myself," she said the owner of lustrous eyes. "Let me feel that your trouble has wrought a good—by urging me to help another in distress."

It was in vain Florence refused. He pleaded so pathetically—it was so entirely out of kindness to him—that at last Florence accepted the five-pound note.

Perhaps, after all, it was right she should sacrifice her feelings for the sake of those suffering ones, and the most well-meaning. "I hope you enjoyed your walk home on Saturday," said Florence.

"Fanny, as Florence came in to rehearsal. "It's a pity the Moxon has forbid followers at rehearsal."

"Are you always so astonished, Fanny?" cried Florence pelliciously, "I have never injured you!"

"You haven't injured me?" Fanny hissed, glaring down at her. "You say you have not injured me! I tell you you are greatly injured me mortally! So now don't put on that look of being so good—ed people!"

Florence stared, astonished at her vehemence.

"I love that man!" Fanny went on, forgetting all modern her—such a new lover of yours! And he would have loved me too if I had not been for your arts and wiles! You have dominated on a sensible good of you! I gave you your way at the beginning: you wouldn't heed it, but you'll see some day what I meant it!"

Florence turned very pale. That new love had been losing its charms, and threats of vengeance against him were its last pretext.

Some weeks passed—each day seeing poor Florence engrossed in her devoted love, and Fanny more madly in love with her jealousy. It was true Capt. Calverley spoke to her once or twice when Florence was not there; but he had even complimented her on her pas de deux; but Fanny understood well enough the sheer carelessness of his manner. It was in vain she glittered and frizzled her jet black hair, as it was in vain she powdered on gay ribbons. Florence saw her dingy brown hair, covered plainly round her head, prisoner the Captain's eyes.

At length Fanny worked herself to such a state that she was seen to grow thin and pale. Her mother was incessant in her care; and, at last, worried out the story of her new love for the Captain.

It was in vain the charwoman coquetted, and thought, with scrubbing brush suspended in the air; she hit upon no plan which should make the gallant Captain capricious of his daughter's charms. Love's paws were in fashion, or the widow would have started herself to procure one for the Captain's benefit.

But a change was at hand. One evening Fanny came back looking brighter than she had done since the night when Capt. Calverley and Florence vanished under cover of the umbrella.

"I'm going to be prima donna in the pantomime, mother," she said, as she threw aside her bonnet.

"Lose, why, you're in luck, Fanny! But I think you always be a bit of a favourite with Mr. Moxon."

Fanny's lips curled. "Not much favour in this, any way. Most of the girls don't like floating on a cloud; but I'm frightened."

"Oh, no! Only they're all such a set of poor silly cowards. They stared when I said I'd do it, and Mr. Moxon was as cross as thunder. I'm glad to thank them something, after so long to serve the one. He likes bravery, too; I hope he'll say so to Grainger girl."

"Well, well, you'll cut her out this time, any way," said mother, consolingly.
Fanny lived in a perpetual flutter from the time of the assignment of the parts till the grand first night. She had taught herself to look up upon this as the casting die. If anything could win the Captain's admiration, it was a feat like this. She was used to be complimented her, and then she would fall at his feet, and tell him she did it for love of him. Surely, he would not be obdurate. He would transfer his affections, and then she would crush that hateful Grainger—crush her and spur her in her misery. She had the programme all cut and done, and it was all ready in advance.

Boxing Night came at last, and with it the usual crowds. Captain Calverley was there (he neither missed a night now)—so was Major—so was Mrs. Naracot.

In the course of intense excitement, Fanny had not confided the whole of her scheme; but the charwoman knew that she considered her happiness depending on the night's work. Moreover, she was terribly afraid of the material danger for her child. It was to no purpose, Fanny told her that she had gone through it twenty times before at re-hearsal. The poor mother trembled from the first moment the pantomime began.

The manager himself was not altogether easy. Nobody but himself and the carpenters knew the real danger.

The corps de ballet joked and had their fun and quizzed and quarreled, as usual; but even they looked on with a little excitement when Fanny came forward to make her final spring, and take her elevated position as Queen of the Clouds.

Shall we suppose that the star-colored dress became her brighter complexion, and contrasted admirably with the sparkling eyes and jetty hair.

A murmur of admiration ran through the audience as she came tripping down a mountain path, and many of the girls had a certain sympathy of winning such an applause. It was too late now. Fanny had seized the moment. Fanny stood there the centre of attraction. Fanny was their queen, in whose blaze of splendor their charms became as nothing.

Even the handsome Captain gave her a look of admiration, and the corps de ballet clapped their hands. Fanny saw the action—caught the glance. Her eyes flashed brighter—a deeper color came to her cheek, and her breath came short and hurried, as she made one light, graceful spring, and mounted on her ethereal throne.

The cloud did not seem to feel its burden, or if it did, it was proud of its Queen. Higher and higher it floated in blue space. Every eye followed it with delight. They praised the actress for her grace and beauty. No one spoke—thought to the courage of the poor child and the life her mother was putting in danger. There was no feeling how there was danger, but it was with as much curiosity as anxiety that they looked on.

Still, noiselessly and gracefully the cloud floated upwards, with Fanny reclining indolently on the unsubstantial air. Higher still. The Queen gently waved her hand, and suddenly the cloud burst into a fierce, angry sound of crashing wood. The spectators looked on undismayed; they thought it was part of the fairy scene.

Not so the manager—not so poor Mrs. Naracot. That sound struck on them as a knell. The manager knew his machinery had given way—the mother knew her child was in peril of her life. Quick as light, the crashing sound was followed by a heavy thud. Cloud, Queen, all fell in one mingled heap.

There was one wild, piercing cry from the poor crushed Queen, and then, for an instant, utter silence. Only for an instant; then cries and exclamations of horror. The manager rushed to where the poor girl lay moaning in agony. At a signal from him, the curtain fell, and that put to idle curiosity.

"The Captain's been here to ask after ye, my darling," said Mrs. Naracot, going softly into the room where Fanny lay.

The girl started, and tried to raise herself in bed, in her eagerness; but the strength was all gone. "What did he say, mother? Tell me every word."

"He said as how it was awful you should have suffered so much from your bravery. He was awful angry with Mr. Mexon, too. He says he's sure as how he knew the danger. He's going to get you up a subscription to set you up for life," he says, "now, as you'll never be able to dance again;" and the mother wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"But did he say anything more about me, mother? Did he?"

"He said, 'It's well, it was the chance of me to lose it.'"

"Law! he talked such a lot about you, I can't remember it all, Fan," Mrs. Naracot replied, anxious, at all hazards, to soothe her.

"Did he say he would come again, mother?"

"Ah, that he did. He said he should be here soon to hear how she was going on, and what the doctor said about your leg. He seems to think you are a cripple."

"I must get up and see him next time he comes," said Fanny, after a short pause.

"Well, well; there's plenty of time yet; we'll see about it, Fan. The doctor says ye musn't move yet on no account."

"I don't care what the doctor says; I must see him."

Tree to his promise, Captain Calverley called again. He was only a boy, and there was such a feeling of winning at such a price. Fanny's vanity interpreted the Captain's kindness differently; she thought her scheme had succeeded, and that at last she had found the secret of the cloud. In spite of her urgent entreaty, her mother had prevented her from getting up to see him the second time he called; but she almost repented her firmness when she saw how Fanny fumed and fretted.

"It's cruel, mother," she said, in one of her most passionate moods, "to deny me the only pleasure that is left me. Fear to the creature who loved me! I know the doctor lies when he says I may be able to get about again with a leg smashed like that!" and she pointed to the hound and aching limb.

"Well, Fan, next time you shall get up."

"Next time! Praps he won't come again! He'll think I don't care about seeing him, and he'll leave."

"Captain Calverley promises to come again; and, in spite of the doctor's warning and her mother's fear, Fanny was up and ready to receive him on the sofa of the little sitting-room.

Captain Calverley was the same kind, careless, indifferent, fascinating man he always was. He made many inquiries respecting Fanny's health, and the probability of her ever being able to resume her occupation. Then the Captain wanted her to twist into a convincing proof of his affection. She ogled him, and even dared to let her hand rest on his. He did not shake it off; but, more amused than flattered by her persistent offer of love and devotion, suffered her to remain there. Fanny did not actually encourage him in her folly, but he was too idle or too careless to repulse it. When he left, Fanny was in a flutter of excitement. She loved her, she felt sure of it. She might begin her conquest over Florence. However, the premature execution laid on such a pain and terror, that, for two days, Fanny could think of nothing but her own sufferings.

Poor Mrs. Naracot had an ill time of it, but she never murmured. Fanny could do no wrong in her eyes; and it was touching to see the poor woman snatch every possible moment from her toil to come and attend upon her child.

"Mother," she said, imperiously, a few days after the Captain's visit, "you must go to the theatre, and tell that Grainger girl to come and see me. I want to talk to her."

"Why, I thought you hated her, Fan? I'm sure I've heard you say so a score of times. She's the Captain's sweetart, ain't she?"

"Never you mind, mother!" said Fan, gnashing her teeth with rage. "I want to see her, and you must go and tell her so."

Obedient Mrs. Naracot set forth on her mission. A good many of the players had been to see their comrade, but some insinuate fear had made Florence hold aloof. She felt that Fanny knew her secret, and hated her for it.

Florence was intensely, seriously happy. The Captain talked constantly of the day when she should be his wife, and Florence listened and believed. Already he had done much to ameliorate her condition. Her father had rallied with care and good nourishments, and Captain Calverley had obtained them. The two children had been put to school. So Florence had her time free to devote to her voca-

"The Captain—"

She was very much surprised when she heard Fanny's message, but she went at once.

Fanny received her smilingly, and seemed anxious to forget all that was disagreeable, and to start on a new footing.

"I'm too happy to bear malice, and so I sat and chatted, and told her all the incidents of the green-room that she could think of, to amuse her.
What would not Florence have believed from him? She could only beg forgiveness, and promise never, never to doubt again.

Some time passed after that before Captain Calverley called upon the Naracoet again. He sent them some money that he had collected for them, and wrote a few lines at the same time.

Fanny lived upon that scrap of paper for days after. The egotistical vanity of the girl found food in the simplest circum-
situation.

The Captain Calverley was determined to punish her for her cruelty to Florence, and it was part of his plan not to unde-
clothe her yet as to his real sentiments.

Florence had not had courage to go again.

Fanny was thinking whether it was not time to send for her, or some pretence to break the Captain's letter; but she re-
solved to wait a little longer.

At last the Captain came. He did not stay very long, and Fanny fancied his manner was less cordial.

How she fumed and fretted after his departure. How she wished her poor mother with what the Captain said and how the Captain looked.

"I think he despises us, mother, because we are so poor. I saw him looking round the room very scornfully like. Oh, if it was only able to dance again, I would get rich! He should love me—now he should!"

Poor Mrs. Naracoet would only too willingly have got rich immediately at Fanny's desire. But, char as hard as she would, the result was small. She became a little, a very little, less honest than she used to be. She had not taken a great thing for the world; but bits of lace and ribbon, or a dirty flower, did so please poor Fanny! I am afraid; if any cash-box had been left open in her way, it would have fared badly.

The next time the Captain called, he was with a friend.

Fanny had been worse that day, and thinking there was no chance of his coming again, had not left her bed. Her mother was out at work; so one of the women lodging in the house had shown the gentlemen up, and then left them to talk to Fanny.

The Captain had not been able to get away from her.

He looked staggered. His conscience was not clear enough to hear such a charge unmoored.

What do you mean, child?

"I mean that, while you have been pretending to love me, you have been fighting Miss Naracoet all the time."

"Is that all!" said the Captain, immensely relieved. "We will soon get rid of that baggage, little one. Come—don't let's stand here!" And Florence, all unresting, allowed him to place her hand on his arm and lead her away.

The idea of that concealed little vixen! the Captain chuckled.

"And has she told you this clever story herself, Florence?"

"She told me you had been there constantly, and had done everything for her; and that once she had jealously of me, but now she not."

"She said, that did she, darling mine? And you were silly

enough to believe her?"

Florence hung her head.

"I thought you had more trust in me, little one," said the

Captain, in an injured tone of voice. "However, we will not talk about that. Yes, it is quite true that I have been several times to the Naracoet's since the girl's accident. I was sincerely

sorry for her. I thought she was rather affectionate, to tell the truth; but I let the party write amuse herself. She shall be punished now, though. The idea of such malice! She thought she was going to make a quarrel between you and me; but it will want some one cleverer than Miss Naracoet to do that."

"Then you don't really care for her," said Florence, be-

seemingly.

"No; I care for none but you, Florence. Do you believe me?"

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

The Card Game at the Second Guess.

Offer the cards to any one, and let him draw one. You then

hold the cards behind your back, and tell him to place his card on the top. Pretend to make a great shuffling, but only turn

that card with his back to the others, still keeping it at the top.

Then hold up the cards with their faces towards the spectator,

and ask him if the bottom card is his. While doing so, you

inspect his card at your leisure. He of course denies it, and you

begin shuffling again furiously. "Let me do that," he will

probably say; so, as you are perfectly acquainted with his

character, shuffle as much as you like and then, when you

get the cards back again, shuffle until his card is at the

bottom. Then pass them behind your back, make a rustling

noise with them, and show him his own card at the bottom.

Answer to No. 17, page 522.

EXAMINE BY B. MOUNTAIN DELL. - E. T. Harrison.

PUZZLE: Fowl, owl, wolf.
"Rise up, sons of the Church," said William, mildly, "for sons of the Church are we! Deem not that we shall invade the rights of the religion which we have come to avenge. Nay, on this spot we have already sworn to build an abbey that shall be the proudest in the land, and where masses shall be sung evermore for the repose of the brave Normans who fell in this field, and for mine and my consort's soul."

"Doubtless," said Odo, sneering, "the holy men have heard already of this pious intent, and come to pray for cells in the future abbey."

"Not so," said Ugo told mournfully, and in barbarous Norman: "we have our own beloved convent at Waltham, endowed by the prince whom thy arms have defeated. We come to ask but to bury in our sacred cloisters the corpse of him so lately king over all England—our benefactor Harold."

The duke's brow fell.

"And see," said Alfred, eagerly, as he drew out a leathern pouch, "we have brought with us all the gold that our poor crypts contained, for we misdoubted this day," and he poured out the glittering pieces at the conqueror's feet.

"No!" said William, fiercely, "we take no gold for a traitor's body; no, not if Githa, the usurper's mother, offered us its weight in the shining metal; unburied be the Accursed of the Church, and let the birds of prey feed their young with his carcass!"

Two murmurs, distinct in tone and in meaning, were heard in that assembly: the one of approval from fierce mercenaries, insolent with triumph the other of generous discontent and indignant amaze, from the large majority of Norman nobles.

But William's brow was still dark, and his eye still stern; for his policy confirmed his passions; and it was only by stigmatizing, as dishonored and accursed, the memory and cause of the dead king, that he could justify the sweeping spoliation of those who had fought against himself, and confiscate the lands to which his own claims and warriors looked for reward.
The murmur had just died into a thrilling hush, when a woman, who had followed the monks super-
received and unceiled, passed, with a swift and noise-
less step, to the duke's footstool; and, without bend-
ing knee to the ground, said in a voice, which, though
low, was heard by all—

"Norman, in the name of the women of England, I
tell thee that thou dar'st not do this wrong to the
hero who died in defense of their hearths and their
children!"

Before she spoke she had thrown back her hood;
her hair, disheveled, fell over her shoulders, glittering
like gold, in the blaze of the banquet-lights; and that
wondrous beauty, without parallel amid the dames of
England, shone like the vision of an accusing angel,
on the eyes of the startled duke and the breathless
knights. But twice in her life Edith beheld that
awful man. Once, when roused from her reverie of
innocent love by the holiday pomp of his trumps and
banners, the childlike maid stood at the foot of the
grassy knoll; and once again, when in the hour of
his triumph, amid the wrecks of England on the
field of Sangueluc, with a soul surviving the crushed
and broken heart, the faith of the lofty woman de-
defended the Hero Dead.

There, with knee un bent, and form unassuming,
with marble cheek and haughty eye, she faced the
conqueror; and, as she ceased, his noble barons broke
into bold applause.

"Who art thou?" said William, if not damned at
least amazed. "Methinks I have seen thy face be-
fore; thou art not Harold's wife or sister?"

"Dread lord," said Osgood, "she was the betrothed
of Harold; but, as within the degrees of kin—the
Church forbade their union, and they obeyed the
Church."

Out from the banquet throne stepped Mallet de
Graville. "O my liege," said he, "thou hast promised
me lands and earldom; instead of these gifts undis-
erved, bestow on me the right to bury and to honor
the remains of Harold; to-day I took from him my
life, let me give all I can in return—a grave!"

William paused, but the sentiment of the assembly,
so clearly pronounced, and it may be his own better
nature which, ere polluted by plotting craft, and hard-
ened by despotic ire, was magnanimous and heroic,
moved and won him.

"Lady," said he, gently, "thou appeasest not in
vain to Norman knighthood: thy rebuke was just,
and I repent me of a hasty impulse. Mallet de Gravil-
le, thy prayer is granted; to thy choice be consi-
ugned the place of burial, to thy care the funeral
rites of him whose soul hath passed out of human
judgment."

The feast was over; William the Conqueror slept
on his couch, and round him slumbered his Norman
knights, dreaming of baronies to come; and still the
torches moved dimly to and fro the waste of death,
and through the hush of night was heard near and
far the wail of women.

Accompanied by the brothers of Waltham, and at-
tended by link-bearers, Mallet de Graville was yet
engaged in the search for the royal dead—and the
search was vain. Deeper and stiller, the autumnal
moon rose to its melancholy moon, and lent its ghost-
ly aid to the glare of the redder lights. But, on
leaving the pavilion, they had missed Edith; she had
gone from them alone, and was lost in that dreary
wilderness. And Alfred said despairingly—

"Porchance we may already have seen the corpse
we search for, and not recognized it; for the face may
be mutilated with wounds. And therefore it is that
Saxon wives and mothers haunt our battle-fields, dis-
covering those they search by signs not known with
tout the household."

"Ay," said the Norman, "I comprehend thee, by
the letter or device, in which, according to your cus-
toms, your warriors impress on their own forms some
token of affection or some fancied charm against ill.

"It is so," answered the monk; "wherefore I griev-
that we have lost the guidance of the maid."

While thus conversing they had retraced their
steps, almost in despair, towards the duke's pavilion.

"See," said De Graville, "how near you lovely
woman hath come to the tent of the duke—yes to
the foot of the holy gongnon, which supplanteth the
Fighter Man! Pardon, my heart bleeds to see her
striving to lift up the heavy dead!"

The monks neared the spot, and Osgood exclaimed
in a voice almost joyful—

"It is Edith the Fair! This way, the torches,
hither, quick!"

The corpses had been flung in irreverent haste
from either side of the gongnon, to make room for
the banner of the conquer, and the pavilion of the
feast. Huddled together, they lay in that holy bed.
And the woman silently, and by the help of no light
save the moon, was intent on her search. She wavered
her hand impatiently as they approached, as it jec-
ous of the dead: but as she had not sought, so neither
did she oppose, their aid. Moaning low to herself
she desisted from her task, and knelt watching them,
and shaking her head mournfully, as they removed
the helm after helm, and lowered the torches upon the
storm and livid brows. At length the lights fell red
and full on the ghastly face of Haco—proud and sad
as in life.

De Graville uttered an exclamation: "The king's
death! be sure the king is near!"

A shudder went over the woman's form, and the
moaning ceased.

They unclenched another corpse; and the monks and
the knight, after one glance, turned away sickened
and awe-stricken at the sight: for the face was all
defeated and mangled with wounds; and naught
could they recognize save the ravaged majesty of
what had been man. But at the sight of that face
the woman shrieked and broke from Edith's heart.

She started to her feet—put aside the monks with
wild and angry gesture, and bending over the face
sought with her long hair to wipe from it the clotted
blood; then, with convulsive fingers, she strove to
loosen the buckler of the breast-mail. "No, no," she
gasped out. "He is mine—mine now!"

Her hands bled as the nail grasped her way to her
efforts. The tunic beneath was all dabbled with blood.
She rent the folds, and on the breast just above the
silenced heart, were punctured in the old Saxon
letters; the word "Biarm," and just below in charac-
ters more fresh, the word "ENGLAND."

"See, see!" she cried in piercing accents; and
clapping the dead in her arms, she kissed the lips
and called aloud, in words of the tenderest endear-
ments, as if she addressed the living. All there kno

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.
then that the search was ended; all knew that
the eyes of love had recognized the dead.

"Wed, wed," murmured the betrothed, "wed at last! O Harold, Harold! the fates were true and kind," and laying her head gently on the breast of the dead, she smiled and died.

At the east end of the choir in the abbey of Waltham, was long shown the tomb of the last Saxon king, inscribed with the touching words— "Harold Infelix." But not under that stone, according to the chronicler who should best know the truth, mouldered the dust of him in whose grave was buried an epoch in human annals.

"Let his corpse," said William the Norman, "let his corpse guard the coast, which his life madly defended. Let the seas wall his dirge, and girdle his grave; and his spirit protect the land which hath passed to the Norman's sway."

And Mallet de Graville ascended to the word of his chief, for his knightly heart turned into honor the latent taint; and well he knew, that Harold could have chosen no spot so worthy his English spirit and his Roman end.

The tomb at Waltham would have excluded the faithful ashes of the betrothed, whose heart had broken on the bosom she had found; more gentle was the grave in the temple of Heaven, and bellowed by the eternal dirge dirge of the everlasting sea.

So, in that sentiment of poetry and love, which clave half the religion of the Norman knight, Mallet de Graville suffered death to unite those whom life had divided. In the holy burial-ground that encircled a small Saxon chapel, on the shore, and near to the spot on which William had leaped to hurl one grave received the betrothed, and the tomb of Waltham only honored an empty name.

Eight centuries have rolled away, and where is the Norman now? or where is not the Saxon? The little spot that sufficed for the mighty lord is despoiled of its very dust; but the kingly shade of the mighty Freeman still guards the coast, and rests upon the seas. In many a wretched field, with Thoughts for Armies, your relics, O Saxon heroes, have won back the victory from the bone of the Norman saints; and whenever, with higher fates, Freedom opposes Force, and Justice, redeeming the old defeat, smites down the armed Frauds that would consecrate the wrong—smile, O soul of our Saxon Harold, smile, appeared, on the Saxon's land!

THI END.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF UTAH.

Character sketches and Biography.

PHILIP MARGETTS.

(Concluded.)

While Mr. Margetts was in England the writer became acquainted with him, and from that day has ever found brother Philip a good and true man. A large room was fitted up in the house of H. E. Bowring, with a stage and good scenery, painted by that excellent artist William V. Morris, and the place of performance was called Bowring's Theatre. The association was at length broken up in consequence of most of its members belonging to the Deseret Dramatic Association, which again opened performances in the Social Hall. The company played during a short season, producing some good pieces and Private Friends, which latter play he himself assumed the rank of a professional character, and Philip Margetts at once became the people's favorite in comedy. He was in fact, in his cast in the public mind, already a very popular favorite, and he long kept up his calling as a blacksmith until December 1866, when he

HENRY E. BOWRING.

The frequent association of the names of Margetts and Bowring in the history of home theatricals, renders a notice of the above gentleman in this connection very timely.

Bowring and Margetts in times past in Utah have stood together much in the same relationship as Paul Bedford and Wright to London audiences. Bowring's Theatre too, though not of magnificent proportions, was a fact before the professional inauguration of the stage under managers Clawson and Cairns, and at the time of the latter's death, caused much comment in polite society. The following brief sketch of the most notable events of our subject, is presented principally as illustrative of the history of thousands of our Elders previous to their entry upon the engaging struggle for a life in these mountains.

Henry E. Bowring was born in Stratton, Dorsetshire, England, March 20, 1827, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Bowring. His parents moved from Weymouth to Bath when he was about twenty years of age, leaving the young man in possession of the father's business as a coach builder. His brother William soon became connected with the Lister Day Salts, having been brought into the Church by the celebrated Mormon, Charles C. Eastman. This is another example how very generally the churches in Europe were built up by boys.

From the date of Henry Bowring's baptism by his brother William, Mormonism spread like fire in the country around, until the clergy, the gentry, and the farmers—those who supported the coach building establishment, comprised to brotherhood, when a compromise was made and the two Mormon brothers gave up the business to the father and the younger brother, and went into the ministry as travelling elders to preach the Gospel of the new dispensation. William took Sheerness, and Harry Chalfield, where he often suffered for the lack of sufficient food. He was next sent to open Dublin with Sutherland, and during his six years stay there, principally supported the work with his means. He was known as the best coach trimmer in Dublin, and was the president of their society numbering only 12 members. The need of his means at this time was spent on the cause.

There are many in Utah who can remember Henry Bowring in England and Ireland, as a devoted advocate of our great and common cause. After his ordination by John Halliday, he boldly preached the Gospel to his gay companions, the gentry of his town, and with his splendid oratorical style and the sake of his religion in Ireland he was the same. Noted there for his skill and the carriage which he trimmed for the London exhibition of 1841, he was not less noted for his support of Mormonism in Dublin, over which he presided. After leaving Ireland he returned to Europe, and took the charge of the clothes to raise means to emigrate by the hand-carried companies. He drew his cart 1300 miles, and arrived in Salt Lake City in Capt. McArthur's train. Since then his general life is well known in this city. Like the rest of the old-timers, his knowledge of the language of the pioneers and his experiences in the early days of theatricals in Utah, and his connection with the stage an item of history. Hence this sketch,
THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The present Volume concludes the Second Volume of the Magazine, and completes the quantity due to those who subscribed for one year.

Our next Volume will contain four pages more reading matter weekly than the present Magazine; this will give us the opportunity we have long desired of giving a greater space to solid and scientific matter without injuring the story department.

With the extra space thus at our command, we shall resume our original programme of making the Magazine an Educator of the people. Among other solid and instructive articles we shall present The History of the World Illustrated in its Great Characters, written expressly for the Magazine; also an able series of articles on the Historical growth of Nations and their Civilizations by Elder Eli B. Kelcley.

The members of musical choirs and patrons of music generally will be glad to learn that we shall publish from time to time, the most popular music of the day, as well as the best compositions of our home musicians.

The immortal "Saxey," and the less illustrious "Biwing" of Kermaphelchin-in fame, together with "Our Hired Man," are engaged for our new volume, and will present from time to time their budgets of wit and humorous satire.

To these departments of home talent in History, Music, Poetry and Fun, we shall add a first-class, new sensational story, never before published, by one of the greatest writers of modern times. But mainly we shall seek to give the Magazine a solid character, and render it an embodiment of the great facts and discoveries of modern science, and a representative of the foremost ideas of the age.

With home and foreign literary help combined, and the best typographical aid we can procure, and by publishing at a price far below anything ever attempted in Utah, we hope, with the aid of our friends, to make home-made literature attractive and accessible to all.

We go at this work as missionaries for intelligence and truth. Was the accumulation of money our purpose, we should never invest labor or capital in such an undertaking, when, as everybody of experience knows; capital can be invested in twenty ways to far better pecuniary advantage; but we have an ambition to aid in the diffusion of that general intelligence which is to form one of the great stepping-stones to the future greatness and influence of our Zion.

We ask all our friends, who believe with us in the benefit to a people to be derived from the spread of knowledge, to aid us by their influence, good word, and kind example, to this end.

W. S. GODBE.

REPRESENTATIVE BOYS OF UTAH.

Character-Sketches and Biography.

BY SAXEY.

SAXEY—Continued.

Why it is that talented authors and editors are eternally waging war with bachelors or against them, is one of the incomprehensible natural facts that cannot be defined by the Rule of Three or any other mathematical mode of demonstrating self-evident truths, unless it be that those unfortunate beings (editors) are, more or less, always married.

The dance was evidently coming to a close, as the fiddlers began to intersperse a great many yawns into their music and evince other positive hints that Morphius was slowly but surely weaving his unconscious net around them. They probably would have dropped right off their seats, overcome with fatigue, had not the committee offered them a bushel and a half of "root-crop beggars" to cheer up for an hour longer. The offer had the desired effect; instead of slow dances, as heretofore—like "Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,"—was instituted instead, the "Arkansas Traveler," "Dixie's Land," and "High Old Time on Cottonwood," which brought the dance to a happy termination; everybody being awake to the importance of looking after their "gals" in order to see that any other "fellers" did not take upon himself the responsibility of seeing some other body's lady home. About this time the hubbub and cry was raised that some gentleman's boots had mysteriously abequatulatad! A search was immediately inaugurated, resulting in the discovery of the missing articles just outside the door, the owner (after they were found) distinctly remembering having left them there at the suggestion of the floor-manager, who didn't think there was room inside for them and the dance too. This little incident gave rise to many remarks about "big feet," "powerful understandings," and other gentle hints of a personal character that seemed to slightly discomfit the aforesaid suspicious individual, who, through the weakness of memory, had inadvertently accused some one in the company, or all hands, of "hooking" his boots, or judging from their size they might more appropriately be termed the cases that boots usually are imported in.

There is no good reason why persons with large feet, big noses, extended mouths, or other physical peculiarities, should be made the subjects of ridicule and jest by their fellow creatures, but such things are indulged in more or less by a great many shallow-minded persons, and it is confidently hoped that the Female Relief Societies or some other charitable organization will do all in their power to bring this practice into a high state of disreput. It don't look well for a little snobby, sway-backed nose, to turn itself up in contempt at the sight of a well developed high toned, Roman profiles; neither should a nearsighted, "cock-eye," say aught lightmindedly to the squinting or goggle-eye; nor should a diminutive, little insignificant, puckered up mouth, twist itself mournfully at beholding one whose boundaries extend, like a poor man's lease, from one year to the other. All these peculiarities are necessary to form the great and endless variety in life.

It is the writers unbiased opinion that red-headed girls are sweet tempered and amiable, as it
THE DIAMOND STEALERS.
THE STORY OF A FATAL GIFT.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"I'll tell you what, Thornton," she heard the Captain say, after a pause; "this is about the most ridiculous piece of work I've ever come across. The girl is poor as a rat, a cripple to boot, and she thinks I'm in love with her! There's no doubt she's in love with me, as you say. Now, what would you advise me to do with such a little fool?"

"For heaven's sake, knock her on the head," said Thornton.

"Pahaw! she's not worth the trouble. The girl's as senseless as she is conceited. I'll amuse myself a little longer; and then, unless she turns out to be a conceited heiress, I'll tell her just what I think."

Fanny fell back on her pillow at those last words. The Captain's punishment was cruel. But if he thought he had crushed that bold spirit, he was mistaken. Fanny succumbed for a moment only, to rise with renewed fury to goad herself on. The Captain thought that, if she were left, there could be no harm. She had threatened, and he should see, if she was a fool, she was a dangerous one. Oh, if she could feign possession of a fortune only for a few moments, perhaps he would ask her to marry him then.

Mrs. Naracot was quite alarmed when she came home and found what a state of trouble Fanny was in. She had threatened, and he should see, if she was a fool, she was a dangerous one. Oh, if she could feign possession of a fortune only for a few moments, perhaps he would ask her to marry him then.

Mrs. Naracot was quite alarmed when she came home and found what a state of trouble Fanny was in. She had threatened, and he should see, if she was a fool, she was a dangerous one. Oh, if she could feign possession of a fortune only for a few moments, perhaps he would ask her to marry him then.

Mrs. Naracot was quite alarmed when she came home and found what a state of trouble Fanny was in. She had threatened, and he should see, if she was a fool, she was a dangerous one. Oh, if she could feign possession of a fortune only for a few moments, perhaps he would ask her to marry him then.

The charwoman went to work next day, feeling that she could almost steal to quiet her. Before she went away she gave a little girl a few pence to look after her. She felt quite digested by her excited state.

Fanny lay staring blankly at the opposite wall for some hours after her mother left. Suddenly she started up, and called to the child to bring her pen and paper. After a good deal of searching, the child found a scrap of paper, and then went down stairs to borrow ink.

Fanny was not by any means a ready writer, and even after the infinite contortions and intense labor she bestowed on the task, it was almost illegible. "Florence is such a good scholar, she's able to make it out," she said, tearfully, and then she hurried the child off with orders to find Miss Granger, and give her that.

While the child was gone, Fanny dragged herself from her bed. She got something from one of the drawers—a little phial. Then she crawled back, and lay staring again. It seemed as if her threats to her mother were no idle ones, and she began to think of herself to think of herself. She was poor weak brain was overcharged with its load of vanity, mad jealousy, and unutterable shame. She did not know exactly why she wanted to see Florence. She had only some confused idea of revenge.

Very reluctantly Florence obeyed the summons. The child said that Fanny was much worse—almost dying; and Florence was too kind-hearted to let her anger endure. She was quite shocked when she entered the room.

"Surely you ought to send for your mother," said Florence "if you feel so much worse?"

"No, no, it is nothing; and she's gone to some new place today—I forget where."

Florence moved about gently, putting the room tidy. "Come and talk," said Fanny, peevishly. "I want to hear about you all."

Florence gave her the latest gossip. "Now tell me about the Captain," said Fanny, in a strange voice: "Does he still make love to you?"

Florence hesitated. "Yes, yes, very much; and Fanny."

"Yes," murmured Florence.

"Curses on him, then!" she hissed—"curses on him, and on you too! You have conspired together to deceive me."

"Fanny, Fanny," said Florence, trembling, "I never deceived you."

Fanny made no answer for a few minutes. "Does he say he's going to marry you?" she said, in a hoarse whisper.

Florence felt it was better to say the truth at once. "Yes," she said, softly, hiding her face from those angry eyes.

MONTHLY INSTALMENTS TAKEN FOR THE NEW VOLUME!!

Our terms for the next volume are, of course, for cash in advance; but to meet the circumstances of a great many who are desirous of taking it but cannot raise the whole amount at once, we will supply the Magazine for fifty cents a month in advance, when ordered for the year. This will cost the subscriber a little more for the whole year, but the increase of price will not be worth as much to us as the whole of the money in advance, at the lower figure.

Monthly Instalments Accepted from Clubs.

We will also accept monthly instalments from clubs, and give them all the advantages of the donations of Eastern and English periodicals are sent directly; and they forward us one dollar per member to begin with, and the get-up of the club signs a paper promising to forward the balance in ten instalments, at the rate of fifty cents per member per month, every month in advance. The necessary forms for filling up can be had from the office on application.

Of course to clubs of this kind there can be no cash allowance for the get-up of the club; but we will forward him an extra copy free, for himself, for his trouble and responsibility in forwarding the mounes monthly.

With this arrangement there can be no reason why every settlement should not have at least one or two clubs of twenty persons, each with the advantage of the fine library of periodicals for their amusement and profit, offered with the Magazine.

Such clubs should send on their orders at once, and give us an opportunity to forward the periodicals promised as soon as possible.
Fanny raised herself slowly on her pillow, though the pain was so intense that large drops of agony ran off her forehead. "Listen to me, Florence Grainger! You shall never marry that man! I have sworn it!"

Florence shuddered at her vehemence. Her sense told her that Fanny had no part in preventing her marriage, and yet a thrill of horror ran through her.

Fanny lay perfectly silent for some time after the last words. She quivered as if in pain. At last she uncovered her face. "Go down and call the child," she said faintly. Florence went, relieved to get out of her sight. She was obliged to go down two flights of stairs to make the child hear. Fanny listened intently to her retreating footsteps; and then, in spite of the agony that made her writhing, she searched for the门户 under the pillow, and, even if she could hold the glass beside her. She had scarcely sunk back again, when Florence returned. "Go and fetch mother," she said, feebly. "I don't know where she is, miss," said the child, in a frightened tone.

"You must," said Fanny, fiercely; and, terrified, the child went out, and sat down on the stairs. Fanny fell back exhausted, and Florence took up the glass by the bedside, and held it to her lips. She took a sip, and then forcibly threw herself from Florence's supporting arm. "You have poisoned me!" she cried. "You have put something in the water while you were firing there!"

It was in vain Florence doubted, in horror. You know you have," Fanny reiterated with fierce fury. "Do you know you have?"

Unhesitatingly, Florence took up the glass. "How can you suspect me of such a fearful crime?" she said. Fanny watched her as she drank: her gaze was like a tiger's, beating on the prey for which there was no escape. "Now am I believing me," said Florence. "As she set down the half-empty glass.

"Go, call the child," she added. "I shall come back, and we will talk of it."

Florence seemed to gather all her remaining strength to gulp down the liquid, and then the glass fell from her powerless hand.

A strange change had come over Florence's face since she had drunk to prove her innocence. Her features twitched convulsively, her breath was gathered on her lips; another minute, and she sank on the ground.

At this instant, happy steps were heard upon the staircase, and Mrs. Narcotic entered, flushed and smiling. "She looked a little shocked to see Fanny," said the nurse, "but she was no longer pale for full of life and beauty, and her cheeks were as red as a rose. "Good luck, Fanny! You shall have a lady yet, my girl! Look here!"—and she held up a chain of stones, that, even in that dark, dungeon room, shone with a strange brilliancy. "Mother sent you these, Fanny. Diamonds, my darling—diamonds, as sure as I'm a living woman! I didn't live all my life with a pawnbroker not to know diamonds when I see 'em!"

Fanny gazed fixedly at the shining stones; but the eyes that beheld them were glistening drier and dimmer every moment. "Well, we'll have the Captain down upon his knees!" said the mother excitedly. "They're yours, Fanny, and I came honestly by 'em, my girl! I found them under the hearthstone where I've been to work."

No question as to whether such finding constituted rightful possession made Fanny silent.

At last, her mother, frightened at her story, laid her rough hand upon her arm. "Ain't you glad I am? Say you're grateful, Fanny, to your mother!" "Too late, mother—too late!" Fanny gasped. "I'm dying!" "Dying—when the money's come! When you're going to have your revenge! Never say it, Fanny."

"There's my revenge!" Fanny murmured pointing to the side of the aperture where she was now stood. Mrs. Narcotic leant forward to look over.

"Flora Grainger's dead!"

"Dead!" Fanny murmured like an echo, and she fell back on her pillow.

Mrs. Narcotic screamed brought all the other tenants crowding to the room. She could not answer their wild questioning, but held them all at bay. The mother rushed in with her knife. They hurried off for the doctor. He came. Too late again! Fanny Narcot had breathed her last sigh. He turned to where the inanimate body of poor Florence lay, just as she had fallen. One look sufficed. He shook his head.

"Gone beyond recall! Then he bent down closer over Florence's white, strained-back lips, and shook his head again. "Prusac said," he said, "without a doubt."

"They searched quietly for any evidence, and then the place was dragged from beneath Fanny's pillow. She had been caught, but the necklace of glowing diamonds was found too late!"
able rooms it contained did not include any attendance.

The lodgers were at perfect liberty to come in and go out when they listed; to live or die, for what the landlord cared, as long as the rent was well paid up, and there was no trouble with his parish authorities.

Ned Carrow.

He might have died, as the song says, several times over, and no one would have been likely to miss him. His next door neighbors on the same landing did not know his name.

Ah, London is a horrid mount; to swallow up flesh and blood, and leave no pictures of equality. Friendless misery as this I am painting that brings the full ruth of the callous selfishness of its feverish life well home to you.

It is a sort of joke to think one does not know the people living in the same street, next door to one; but what do you say to a house full of strangers—a sort of human anti-hill, only ants with a divided purpose—selfish ants, each for himself, and Old What’s-his-name take the hindmost?

Ned Carrow shut up stairs, gathering his rage closely around him, lest they should brush against the garment of a woman passing down as he went up; and, unlocking his room door, locked it again hastily as soon as he had got inside.

It was the merry Christmas season this, and, to show how large hearts may be found in London streets. It was a season of festivity and universal goodwill to all, and it was bitterly cold.

Most of the windows of the private houses were gaily lit up. The sounds of music filled the chilly air. Songs of sorrow and wretchedness, being homeless too, screwed themselves together as close as might be, and froze to death in forgotten corners.

Ned Carrow had no irritation. I cannot say he was not annoyed. Some small expenses in printing had been gone on to his account by the Metropolitan Police. He was posted outside several stations. Some descriptive detail relating to him was also to be found in the "Hue and Cry."

There were several persons here and there, the great knaves, wretches, and vagabonds who would very much like to lay a hand upon him; but Slippery Ned had given them all the double, as he called it; and here he was, safe and sound, without a soul in the world having an idea where his hiding place was.

"That is liberty to know all about it in a day or two," he said, with a bitter smile. "They're free to the use of my room, too, when they come, if they'll only wait till I've done with it. How long will they wait?—Two weeks?—how long! How long would it be? How long could a starving man do without food? He had heard of one who sold a mouth—Oh, stop! Was that a rat? It must have been a rat, or a weasel."

"I have done in that way, or I'll outlive the term of my lodgings, and they'll come and bother me."

They certainly would have done so. There was little credit, and less consideration, in this squatted dwelling, and the landlord's demand for the rent was followed always, at an alarming rate, by the threat of an execution.

But Ned Carrow did not expect to have to turn out. He already felt half dead with fatigue, hunger and sickness. He could do no more but lie down and gasp out the few hours of life remaining to him. They could only be a few.

Therefore he lay down wearily, and lay at rest.

The sun sank, the night set in. The winter's wind howled round the room. Day broke, the sun rose, and still the outcast raced laying dying.

He grew light-headed, and sat up and shouted and laughed. The moonlight stole in to peep at him, and danced round his head, upon his hollow cheeks, upon his matted hair and grizzly beard, upon his half blinded eye—fixed raptly upon the blind

As, of course, there never was, since the world began, a rule without an exception—for the most part, I have found human rules have more exceptions than examples—there was in the before exception to the rule of self-hate.

Ned Carrow's next-door neighbor, then, was not entirely indifferent to Ned Carrow's welfare. Any reader of any experience must understand, even before I go further, that this neighbor was a woman.

She was a young woman—a young girl, as beautiful as poor girls do—pitiable as pitiable can be—happy as a poor girl had to be, who had to work very hard for a very little money, a good many too many hours of the day and night.

This girl, who was brown-haired and soft-eyed, was nineteen, at most, and was quite friendless. Left, when a child, to the care of mercenary wretches, who had robbed the poor child, and turned her back from the door, she had faced the world with a brave heart, and had fought the battle of life single-handed, with high courage, in the face of difficulty and danger, which only she young and inexperienced can summon to their aid.

She worked, then, at no matter what—ate some laborious, nerve-shaking, sight-try ing trade, such as there are many of in London—blowing young live— in the high warehouses of the city.

She got up before it was light, worked until after it was dark, and came home singing biliously to her bare walled attic, though her lot seemed hopeless, and full of thankfulness that things were no worse.

Your regular romantic heroine would have pined away under these circumstances, as she falts always in the hour of danger, and drops a dead weight, very inconsiderately, into her lover's arms. But this young girl sang, as she worked, more cheerfully than any number of larks you may choose to mention, and "held up" right bravely.

It was the young girl Edward Carrow had met as he went up stairs to lock himself in his room. She had often noticed him. He was a handsome, though a shabby and neglected, gentleman.

Having what is called a noble cast of countenance, the supposed him to have a hero's soul. She thought him some genius, some great published poet.

The thing interested described in her vagabond neighbor, it was not unnatural that she should turn her head as he went up stairs, and note him pass into his room. It struck her he had a very down cast, gloomy air more downcast than gloomy than usual.

"Poor fellow! he is very unfortunate," she said to herself, and a real gentleman. How hard the life must be to him, and what a dreadful place to live in, when he has been used to such a different home.

A little house the same woman was on her way out to make some small purchases when she met him. She heard Carrow moving to and fro in his room. Next day, and the next, she stopped at home to do some piece-work she had brought home with her, and the partition between the rooms being of the thinnest, she could hear her fellow lodger very fearfully moving about.

"What is he doing at home so long, I wonder?" she said to herself, for generally he went out a great deal.

"He has got company," she thought, and she listened with her ear against the wall. But his talk sounded stern, and wild. When she caught a few words here and there, it was of a shipwreck, and a desert island, and a sick man left to starve it.

"It's some poetry or a play he has made up," the young girl thought.

It was, however, somewhat surprising that he should keep up this mad chatter so persistently so far into the night; and the hours passed he grew louder and wilder, and the little girl, listening, became very frightened.

But next morning, and through the day till afternoon, there was a death-like silence in the adjoining chamber; and the listener, growing more frightened still, made up her mind to do a desperate deed, and knocked with her knuckles of the wall.

But there was no answer.

"I am sure, though, he has not gone out," she said, and then knocked again.

She went out upon the landing, and rapped at his door; but he made no answer. She hammered loudly, but with the same result, and then knocked again.

"He's ill!" she thought: "perhaps dead?"

Now the arrangements of the house had been made with a very fine economy; consequently, the landlord had taken several locks of the same pattern for the sake of having them at a reduced price. The lock of her room and that of the poet were of the same mould, and she unlocked his door with her key.

When she had done so she found him lying in bed, no more dead than very much.

Most certainly the villain did not deserve an angel's pity, but then there are so many villains do not deserve the sort of things that are always getting them.

He would have died, sure enough, before another twenty-four hours had passed over his head, had she not come to his
aid. She called a doctor in, and offered to pay him for his visit.

One day he opened his eyes, and broke a long silence with a curse. "She had written him a letter, saying she had been doing—why had not been allowed to die in peace?"

She told him her story with trembling eloquence, and, telling him, told more than she had wished to tell, for she told him the secret of her love.

With more or less, he recovered sufficiently to tell her something of his story, her story, with some disappointment, that he was not a poet; and, with delight, that he had led a wild and adventurous life, and seen strange lands and people.

Upon the subject of his wrongs our friend had plenty to say. Everybody since his childhood had cheated him. He had worked hard for money, and in a shipwreck had lost every farthing he possessed in the world, except an enormous valuable diamond necklace, that he had carried safely through a thousand dangers, only to be swatched away by a robber hand at last.

When he described how it was stolen, the girl said, "Why not advertise for it? Perhaps the person who has got it might be sorry for what he has done, when he hears how poor you are owing to his crime."

At this advice, the man of the world burst out laughing.

"If I had five dillings, I shouldn't waste it that way, I don't think."

Five days after this conversation.

"An old woman wants to know if any one of the name of Carrow lives here?"

"Yes."

"She has a packet for him, which she wants to deliver into his own hands."

"He is too ill to see anyone. I will take the message."

The young girl came to see her friend with eyes that glistered with delight.

"What do you think I have got here? You will never guess. You recollect our talking about an advertisement for a diamond necklace that was lost? Now, don't agitate yourself—will you promise to be quite quiet if I tell you? Well, then, an old woman has brought it."

"Brought it?"

"Yes, to the very house."

"But why—how."

"Why—how? Why, because I advertised."

It was the truth. An old charwoman had brought back the lost necklace, having delivered it, made out in great agitation, seemingly half scared out of her wits.

He was scarcely able to stand without support, yet, taking advantage of the momentary absence of his nurse, Carrow had stolen out, and somehow crawled down stairs into the street. He came back to find him gone, the room door standing open, and the wind blowing in and fro the burning flame of the candle.

In the next street there lived an old Jew, who had a bad name with the police. Hitherto he had kept his steps, and showed the jewels he had for sale. But the Jew, amazed by their value, refused to deal with him, and, saying how weak he was, tried to take him from him.

"How did you come by this, my fine fellow? We must have some particulars."

"I came by it honestly enough. It is no business of yours."

Let us pass.

"I don't know that I shall."

"Very well, I must see if I can make you."

And he drew forth a knife he had fortunately brought with him.

Only with his life he escaped; but the Jew and an associate watched him. The next day, however, the Jew was found dead.

Not Carrow staggered into the room, more dead than alive, and found his benefactor's tears. She ran towards him, and caught his hand in hers.

"I knew you had not deserted me," he said. "I thought that now you come."

"No, no. I meant to come back."

She smiled through her tears.

"I know you would, but sometimes people never come back, how many weary years have I been waiting for my poor father to come. He was a sailor, as I have told you. He quarrelled with his friends and ran away to sea, leaving my mother and me with my mother's friends. And he sent several letters to us, saying he was coming home. Perhaps he may come, eh?"

"I hope so. He shall have my share of my diamonds, too, if he does."

But here, at last, he had found him. He followed him with a trembling eagerness through the busy streets, with no eyes for aught but followed him, on, in his purpose, notwithstanding, until they reached a lonely spot—just such a spot as he knew not the next morning, the two men never saw it. He found him dead, as would have done himself—for Thomas Westlake found the Jew dead.

Yes, he had returned, miraculously unscathed from death. Thomas Westlake had returned to England, had made fruitless search for his child, and the man who had so basely deserted him.

But here, at last, he had found him. He followed him with a trembling eagerness through the busy streets, with no eyes for aught else; followed him on, in his purpose, notwithstanding, until they reached a lonely spot—just such a spot as he knew not the next morning, the two men never saw it. He found him dead, as would have done himself—for Thomas Westlake found the Jew dead.

A rain of savage blows—a stifled cry—a bashful search, interrupted by Westlake's approach—and the assassins, flying. In the victim dead on the mud and grime.

Thomas Westlake found in the dead man's pocket, though a richer treasure than the diamond necklace the victim had stolen, for he found a scrap of paper with an address, which he followed to the home of the dead man's daughter.

She was sitting with Carrow's letter in her hands, still wondering at what horrible mystery the strange words signified. She heard a heavy step on the stairs, and dreading some calamity, came running to the door, carrying a candle in her hand.

She did not recognize the tough, weather-beaten man; but she stood there in the bright light, the recollection of two years came back. He saw there the face of the woman he had loved—the woman who was dead—whose heart he had broken—himself, but a few words on either side to reveal the truth, and the father caught his last darling nothing to his father. There came a time when Lucy lived to forget her worthless love, and found another lover worthy of her. I fancy it was the old sailor—he was a rich old sailor now—telling his story to a man a deal less called. The ship picked him up within three days of his desertion; and such is the story we now extract from the pages of BUTLER'S, with which to close the second volume of the UTAH MAGAZINE.