HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

are now acknowledged the best instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken Thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862,

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone, with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square

There were 269 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of The Times says:
"Messrs Steinways' indorsement by the jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker. "This greatest triumph of American Pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, an as a result, the Messrs. STEINWAY are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of Ametican Pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

### Every Steinway Pianoforte is Warranted for Five Years.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT. (For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 29, 1859.) The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grands and highest-priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in every Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STHIWAT & Some The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Mesers. STEINWAY & SONS, have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having thoroughly tested and tried these instruments personally for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the STEIN-

WAY Planos are: Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenuess throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the STEINWAY Piano, and together with the matchless precision, clasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequaled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist We therefore consider the STEINWAY Pianos in all respects the best Instruments made in this country or in Europe, use them solely and exclusively our selves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends, and the Public.

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the the Pianos of various makers, but freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Mesers. STEINWAY & BONS' Pianos superior to them all.

A. H. PEASE, WM. MASON, S. B. MILLS, THEO. EISPELD, ROBERT HELLER, ROBERT GOLDBRCK, C. BERGMANN, WM. BERGE, HENRY C. TIMM, MAX MARKTZER, E. MUZIO, GEO. W. MORGAN, CARL WOLFSOHN, CARL ANSCHUTZ THEO. THOMAS, B. WOLLBNHAUPT, F. BRANDELS, F. L. RITTER, F. VON BREUNLAG. CHAS. WELS, THEO. MORIAMO,

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists. NEW YORK, December, 1864. MESSES. STEINWAY & Sons-Gentlemen :- Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express

our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits. We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterized by a sono-rity, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instruments, not even of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their un-equalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recom-

mend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally. CARL ANSCHUTZ, CARL BERGMANN, MAX MARETZEK, KARL FORMES, ELRNA D'ANGRI, B. MASSIMILIANI THEO. HABBLMANN, PEDRO DE ABELLA, FEED. BELLANI, FRANS HIMMER, E. MILLET, W. Lotti, JOS. HERMANNS, F. MAZEOLENI, JOS. WEINLICH, BERTHA JOHANNSEN GIUSEPPE TAMARO, D. B. LORINI, MARIE FREDERICI, ISIDOR LEHMAN, CARLOTTA C. ZUCCH PAULINE CANISSA. H. STEINECKE, MRS. J. VAN. ZANDT, Letter from the Eminent Musician and Celebrated Composer of " When

the Spallows Homeward Fly," FRANZ ABT. BRUNSWICK (Germany) September 10, 1860. MESSES. STEINWAY & SONS-Gentlemen : - A short time ago had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Honnstock, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my undisguised admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the bass, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and withal such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, ne er met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the retentiveness of tune, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years. Very respectfully yours, FRAME ABT.

MESSES. STEINWAY—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every respect. I am more than satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. Il is a pleasure to praise your work. HENRY WARD BEECHER

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beechen N. Y. INDEPENDENT, Dec. 7, 1866. Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable nor do we believe we could better in our choice In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good STEINWAY PIANO." WAREROOMS, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street

### THE BOY THAT

Once there was a had little boy, whose name was Jim-though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It is very strange, but very true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either-a sick mother who was pious and had consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold toward him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," etc., and then sing them to sleep with sweet plaintive voices, and then kiss them good night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep.

But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother-no consumption, or anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account; she said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss; she always spanked him to sleep, and she never kissed him good-night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once, this bad little boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled the vessel up with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go to who gobble up their kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone, and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother everything about it and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books, but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said it was bully, also, and laughed and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious-everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he as this sinful Jim with the charmed life. didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks and repent and become good. Oh, nohe stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right, and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked endways with a rock when he came to tear him.

It was very strange: nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday school books.

was afraid it would be found out and he would be man, who was rather droll than witty, but always castic, and being shown to the Prince by some enemy whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap- amusing, prompt, and happy in reply, and unsparing of Brummel's, produced that feeling on the part of poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good in severity when attacked. The Beau had a small the Prince which led to the rupture. little boy of the village, the boy who always obeyed | grey scrutinizing eye, which instantly surveyed and his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond summed up all the prculiarities of features, dress, ing the several years in which a friendly intercourse of his lessons and infatuated with the Sunday school. and manners of those who approached him, so that existed between the Beau and myself, which led me And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor | the weak point was instantly hit, of any who acci- to infer he was not so deficient in good feeling as is George hunghis head and blushed, as if in conscious | dentally or incautiously transgressed, or who had | generally supposed to have been the case. I cite . guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft | the temerity to attack him. A trifling instance will one instance among many, leaving the estimate of upon him, and was just in the act of bringing the illustrate this personal peculiarity. On one occasion, its worth to the decision of the impartial. Some few switch down on his trembling shoulders, a white- he was in conversation with one or two persons on years after his arrival in Calais, Brummel contracted haired improbable justice of the peace didn't sud- the Place de Calais, when a gentleman, on joining a liaison with a young French girl who shortly denly appear in their midst and strike an attitude | the group unintentionally struck the Beau's favour- | became the victim of a pulmonary complaint, which and say-" Spare this noble boy,-there stands the ite little white terrier with his foot. It so happened ultimately destroyed her. She was long ill. During cowering culprit! I was passing the school door at that the new-comer had very large feet and awk- the whole period of her illness, the Beau not only recess, and, unseen myself, saw the theft committed!" | wardly made boots. Brummel, immediately stoop- supplied her with all the necessaries of life, but used And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable ing down, and scarcely noticing the offender, but constantly to send the half of his dinner to her. If justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and looking most contemptuously at his boots, patted he had kept a regular cuisine in his establishment

and make his home with him, and sweep out the to be tred upon by such boots as these." After havoffice, and make fires and run errands, and chop ing discharged this bolt, he turned round on his wood and study law, and help his wife to do house- | heel, and walked off, continuing his caressing lanhold labors, and have all the balance of the time to guage to the little animal, who was with him so play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. great a favorite, that no greater affront could be No; it would have happened that way in the books, offered the Beau than that which involved any slight but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling either accidental or otherwise, towards her. She old clam of justice dropped in to make trouble, and was a handsome little terrier, milk-white, but rather so the model boy George got thrashed, and Jim was fat from being overfed, so that even at the slow pace glad of it. Because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. at which the Beau walked round the ramparts of Jim said he "was down on milksops." Such was | Calais, for exercise, before his daily repast at seven, the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest thing that ever happened to with him. Jim was the time when he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on of all pets of this class. Brummel, calling on a Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. you might look, and look, and look through the Hotel Bourbon, stating as his reason, that poor Sunday school books, from now to next Christmas, Vic was so alarmingly ill that he could not remain in and you would never come across anything like this. O, no-you would find that all the bad boys | François (his valet) and Dr. Jonville, so that anywho go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned, thing that could be done for her would be done. and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms, when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always get upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aquafortis.

He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No-she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no-he came home as drunk as a piper, and got into the station house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married; and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality, and now he is the infernalist wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the Legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday school books that had such a streak of luck

[From Chambers' Journal.]

# MEL.

As few of those who were either contemporaries of the Beau, or who knew him intimately, are now alive, while his name and peculiarities are still fresh in the mind of the public, a favorable reception may be expected for any well-authenticated anecdotes respecting him, coming from one who lived for several several reasons current; one which I heard from years on terms of intimacy with him, and who has hitherto not given them publicity.

My anecdotes assume no character of importance; Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he they are merely characteristic of a very peculiar take George by the hand, and say such a boy de- the little deg on the back, ejaculating at the same and been in affinent circumstances, there would

served to be exalted, and then tell him to come time: "Poor little thing; you have not been used the poor little thing could with difficulty keep up

> But notwithstanding all he Beau's care of his little favorite, poor Vic finally encountered the fate Why, friend earnestly solicited his company at dinner, at the house, but that he had left her in the care of After taking his usual walk, he repaired to the Bourbon, and dined with his friend; the repast was scarcely over when François entered with a very melancholy and funeral sort of visage, and pronounced in a slow and solmn tone: "Monsieur c'est font fini;" upon which Brummel rose from his chair, repaired to the window, and wept for several min utes like a child.

> > This is the man who has been represented as being totally devoid of feeling, merely because on many occasions, on the great stage of life, when fortune smiled upon him, he acted his part conformably to the character which he had assumed, rather than agreeably to the one which nature had given him. He could neither have said nor have done the numerous "good things" which are attributed to him, if he had been influenced by his feelings: his object was to produce effect; he had a particular character to support, and in this respect he eminently succeeded, for he attained a position in life, and kept it for a number of years, which is rarely reached by persons of his rank; it is certain that, in the zenith of his prosperity, noblemen of distinction not only sought his acquaintance, but were actually gratified by walking arm and arm with him up and down St. James's Street. It is also well known that he was intimate with the Prince Regent, dined frequently with him both at Carlton House and in London, and at the Pavilion at Brighton. The cause of the rupture with the Prince is generally supposed to have been his having taken the liberty to request his Royal Highness, after dinner at Carlton House, to ring the bell for wine, when the Prince, complying with the first request, ordered his carriage, and never spoke to him afterwards. On this point, I questioned the Beau, and he assured me the statement was totally devoid of foundation in truth. "From your knowledge of me," said he, "can you possibly suppose that I, who knew the Regent's susceptibility as well as, if not better, than any man breathing, could have been guilty of so gross a want of tact? No; it is not true. I knew the Regent too well to have been guilty of so gross a folly."

> > I could never ascertain from him what was the real cause of the separation; there are, however, pretty good authority is, that the Beau wrote some verses about the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, in which he styled the prince Big Ben, and the lady Benbina; these lines were, moreover, somewhat sar-

There were many circumstances which arose dur-

as he lived; on one occasion he received one thou- Brummel?" "Monsieur," replied the Beau, "c'est the principal Dons (who have all really magnificent of about, as far as I can recollect, three thousand not have kept that to himself. The idea nearly generally make a good or heavy evening to the francs, which at the time was very acceptable, and | made me sick." existence.

Previous to Brummel's leaving Calais for Caen, to take possession of his consulship, his circumstances were by no means flourishing; he had long famished." lost the annuity of two hundred pounds, in consequence of the death of the noble donor of it, and I believe he had brought very little with him on leaving England in 1816. He told me he once won in one year the large sum of forty thousand pounds by play at Wattier's and at Newmarket; all of which disappeared as rapidly as it had been acquired; in fact, at the stakes he was in the habit of playing, an income of forty thousand pounds was required rather than that simple sum. To a sixpence with a hole in it, which he picked up one morning in 1813, in the streets on leaving Wattier's, he attributed the commencement and continuance of his good fortune; and to the subsequent loss of his little coin, all his subsequent misfortunes. This coin he kept in his waistcoat pocket, and as long as he retained possession of it, fortune smiled; but on the very day this | guest, and it appeared that his legs were of such a precious talisman was found wanting, his bad luck set in, and with such continuous and unremitting vigor that he soon found himself totally without funds. He told me he advertised in several papers with a view of recovering his talisman, and offered five pounds reward, but without success. Mr. Raikes, in his Diary, states that the Beau merely picked up a plain sixpence, and bored a hole in it himself; but I always understeod from the Beau that the coin he found had a hole in it already made; and in virtue of this circumstance, he considered it From this slight anecdote, it may be inferred that the Beau was superstitious, and from what I saw of him, I should say he-was very much leg.

He mentioned to me that the play at Wattier's in those days was so high that he once witnessed the Honorable Mr. W--- go double or quits for thirtytwo thousand pounds; which he lost. No pack of cards was ever played with twice, and when a hand was over the cards were thrown on the floor; consequently, when play ceased in the morning, the players, to use the Beau's own expression, were nearly knee-deep in cards. Wattier's was in Piccadilly, at the corner of Bolton Street. The club took its name from Wattier, who was a chef de cuisine of the first order. Although the Beau played at whist, and played a good rubber, he did not generally play high at that game (although he is supposed to have once won a large stake, at White's at one sitting, his gambling having been mostly at Wattier's at the game of macao, and at Newmarket. At Calais, he occasionally played at whist in private houses at moderate stakes, and seemed to enjoy the game. During the first few years of his residence in Galais, he associated with scarcely any of either the English or French families; but during several years prior to his departure to his consulate at Caen, he associated with one or two English residents, and joined in conversation generally with the groups of loungers on the Place, before repairing to the ramparts for his daily walk.

He was fond of good living, in every sense of the word—in truth, I never met with a man who better appreciated, or did more justice to the good things of this life. Champagne and Bordeaux were his two favorite wines. When he dined alone, one bottle of good Bordeaux, not of the premier cru, was his allowance. When I dined with him tete-a-tete, which was often the case, we generally commenced with either a bottle of Sauterne, Chateau, Grillie, or Champagne at dinner, and concluded with one or two bottles of Mouton, of which wine he possessed a quantity of excellent quality; some case noir and a petit verre of O. D. V. finished the repast. When he dined out, ing: he never objected to any amount of first-rate Bordeaux after dinner, although I never saw him more than in high spirits; and when under the inspiring influences of good cheer and first-rate liquid, he was always most agreeable and entertaining, relating his progress to Paris, you were blowing up about numerous anecdotes of persons whom he had met in my having neglected to "vous faire savoir de former days. I once asked him whether he ever drank port wine in his life: " Not from choice," was his reply; "but sometimes, when I was staying at | mises, but malgre my inveterate dis nclination to sit | B--- Castle, or at some other great house in the country, when the cheese was introduced, some jolly red-nosed parson would say: - Would a glass of port be agreeable. Mr. Brummel, after your cheese?

as the Beau's means were very limited at this time, to drink one." I met him on the day after his hav- prototype, Mr. Percival, would express themselves. and his daily dinner was sent to him from Dessein's | ing dired with a French friend at Calais, when he at five france per diem, just sufficient for one appe- expressed his extreme disgust at a circumstance tite, the abandonment of the half of it may, I suggest, which had occurred during the repast in reference to be fairly considered one of those sacrific s, although a piece of boiled beef, which, in all probability, had trifling in appearance, which entitles the person who been specially prepared a la Anglaise by the French makes it to some credit for good and kindly feeling. host, with a view of pleasing his English guest; of sand pounds through the house of Messrs. Moreon, excellent." When the host responded: "Mais ce down to franc long whist with all the old marquises, from some unknown friend; and on another he pendant c'etait de la vache." "The disgusting countesses, and baronesses, who smell more of caragained a prize in the French lottery to the amount | brute!" ejaculated the Beau; "just as if he could | way and diachylon than of Eau de Portugal, and I

on the occasion of his good fortune, he had just fin- English friends at the Hotel Rignolle, who were on ished his toilet preparatory to taking his daily walk, their passage to Paris, he expressed great satisfacwhen Francois entered the room, announcing: | tion at the excellence of the repast, the wines, &c., "Monsieur a gagne une terne;" which communi- and seemed much gratified at the manner in which that is, for the provinces, to five hundred or six huncation was agreeably confirmed by the almost imme- he had been entertained. But there was one circumdiate presence of one of the functionaries from the stance which appears to have interfered with his lottery-office with a wheel-barrow containing several | comfort, as, en concluding his account of the repast sacks of five-franc pieces. This, I believe, was the and of the company, he remarked that the young would tell you more about them. The town, taking only success of this description the Beau ever had, ladies who were present, although very good-looking it ensemble, is what a vulgar traveller would call su- he habitually carried was a large ordinary one of although he was in the habit of risking weekly a and very charming persons, had shown no considerfive-franc piece in some one of the lotteries then in ation at all for poor little Vic, as they had actually instince to a sold as its colleges, hospital, mairie, courts of eaten all the wings of the chickens, leaving nothing than any I have seen. beyond the legs for poor little Vic's dinner, " so that although I really fared well, little Vic was nearly

When in England, the Beau passed some of his time in Leicestershire during the hunting season, and occasionally went out with the fox-hounds, being mounted by a friend, of whom he was the guest. He told me that, on one occasion on which he was out, Colonel Joliffe (who, it is well known, used to wear a hat of peculiar shape, with a curved brim of to their houses. very large dimensions) and Lord Alvanly were amongst the number of sportsmen, and on their arriving at a brook which none of the field seemed disposed to take, but rather to look out for some shallow part which they might ford, Lord Alvanley muttered: " Perhaps Colonel Joliffe will oblige us with the loan of his hat, and punt us all over." this time the Beau and Lord Alvanley were both guests at Belvoir Castle. Lord Foley was also a slender description that they had become subject of notice, and it so happened on the occasion to which I refer that Lord Alvanley sat next to him at dinner. A fork accidentally fell from the table between them, upon which Lord Alvanley exclaimed: "God bless me!" in a tone of great alarm; upon which all the guests, who were alarmed by his, manner, thinking something serious really had occurred, instantly and anxiously inquired what had happened, when Lord Alvanley responded: "Oh, I was really apprehensive some great misfortune might have occurred, as a fork just dropped from the table close to Lord Foley, and I feared it might have broken his

The Beau left Calais, for his consulship at Caen, in the year 1830, and I received my first letter from him in February, 1831, and as this epistle is very characteristic of his peculiar manner of viewing and describing whatever he witnessed, and, moreover, gives a short account of the English and French residents at Caen, I submit it to the notice of my readers. It appears that he was extremely well received by both the English and French families; indeed, his society was much sought and courted. and it is extremely to be regretted that so favorable and auspicious a beginning should have been the forerunner of so melancholy and deplorable a close, in a great measure due to his own imprudence; as it is certain the consulship and its protection would not be taken from him so long as he lived, had he not unwisely written to the Foreign Office stating that it was a nullity, as he really had no duties to perform. His idea was, that his disinterested conduct in supplying the government with this information would have been rewarded by a superior position. This is an additional instance to the many which experience supplies, that very clever men sometimes are guilty of graot oversights, and outwit themselves. The unfortunate Beau lost his consulship, and received neither thanks nor consideration for his disinterdisested communication. Unfortunately, at the time of the Beau's letter to the Foreign Office, there was a clamor for retrenchment; the government therefore had no alternative but to abolish a consulship which had been represented to be entirely useless.

On the loss of the consulship at the end of the year, the Beau's Calais creditors availed themselves of their advantage; the consequence of which was arrest and imprisonment. But as this sad portion of the Beau's life has been fully and truthfully related by a writer of his life, I refrain from going further into the subject. The following letter from him is dated Caen, February 20, 1831; it was ad dressed to me at Montreuil, where I was then resin-

CALAIS, February, 20, 1831. My DEAR--Old J-- (though I believe he is younger than myself) tells me, when he dined with you within your wretched antiquated ramparts in mes nouvels," according to my promises. You must have known me sufficiently to be aware I am not the most regular person in the world in attending to prodown, or rather turn round in my chair to scribble when I have nothing to say, I can accure you I have frequently threatened both you and myself with the mutual penalty of inditing you some half-a-dozen empty sentences merely to represent my existence

Here I am, leading as opposite a life as possible to that which I led during many peaceable sequestered years during my locality at Calais. You must know, in the first place, I am very popular here, and that I am much recherche, both with the Gothic Norman noblesse who are out, and daily invoke the hea-Dieu-donné Henri V.," and with the modern func-

With the new people like the prefet maire, &c., caused him considerable satisfaction. He told me, On another occasion, after having dined with some I eat well, and in spite of that, which of course you will think the preferable attraction, as it concerns the satisfactory lining of my inside, I find this society the most agreeable. At the Ridoute, a weekly mélange of all classes, there is always smart ecarte; dred francs a side. The women en societie are rarely good-looking, but those one meets with by chance in the streets of the grisette class are beautiful; and if I did not suspect - would see my letter, I perb; nothing can be superior to its public institu-

> There are, among very many respectable English residents, two excellent amphitryons of the names of - each of them with ample annual means, large houses with gardens, and what is better, admirable artistes à la cuisine. Gentlemen they are, in every common acceptation of the term, and so very amiable, that I cannot please them more than by sending in the morning to say I will dine with them

> but then they have that nasty English propensity of drinking till late, so that I have already sacrificed a hat and a shoe on returning home from my visits

My return to Calais is, from what I hear, sus les cartes-in an official capacity, I mean: name it not in Gath. They are endeavoring to remove M-C---. When you return there, and I understand you will again meet with the old lingering set, with that good-hearted fellow Longdon at the head, to whom I beg you will most kindly remember me, for he is the only one amongst them of any merit, pray write me word as to all that is going on there. Be civil to M-- C--, and get all you can out of him respecting any meditated change in his consular situation. Be kind also to ---, when opportunity may present itself. She is a very amiable person, after all, and deserves better than to be placed by Providence under such a disgusting set of vulgar Hottentots. Remember me to F--, and assure her that I am always hers, as well as yours, very sincerely,

P. S.-Now don't play with those wretches at Calais. Think of the end of my dear old friend Horace Beckford!

The Beau's personal appearance, independently of his dress, which was the perfection of neatness, was considerably in his favor; he was about six feet in height, wide across the chest, and well proportioned; his complexion rather florid, and the small grey restless scrutinising eyes which illumined his countenance, gave evidence of that continuous mental activity which so much distinguished him. No peculiarity of dress, or manner of either male or female, who came immediately within his view, escaped him; and the vigor and pinquancy of his remarks were considerably enhanced by the peculiar significancy of the look which accompanied them. His nose had decidedly the appearance of a 'pug;' but when some allusion to this prominent feature was on one occasion hazarded by a lady in my presence, he responded: "I can assure you, madame, when I entered the Tenth Hussars, I had a most beautiful Roman nose; but unfortunately, when riding down the Steyn at Brighton, I was thrown from my horse; and the edge of my helmet or shako coming into direct collision with the bridge of that feature, partially broke it; hence the slight turn-up which you now perceive.' As Captain Gronow, in his Reminiscences, records this accident as having actually occurred, it is possible that the Beau's statement may be true; but to all appearance, as far as I could judge from frequent close observation, the 'turnup' of this prominent feature seemed rather natural than accidental.

His dress, which was invariably neat, was for years precisely of the same description-a long frockcoat, between a Wellington and an overcoat, color brown, with velvet collar and silk lining; trousers dark-colored, cut out in front to fit over the instep, and with straps under the boots, which were always well polished. He was very particular on this last point; indeed, it is recorded of him that, in the days of his great popularity, he was so tenacious as to the polish, that he always travelled with his own blacking, so that, on being solicited to prolong his visit in some great mansion in the country, he replied: 'I must first consult Bruno as to my stock of blacking, before I can give you an answer.' Peculiarities of this character were not only tolerated in the Beau, but received as excellent jokes-a circumstance which affords no inconsiderable argument in favor of that ability to conciliate, please, and amuse, which he so eminently possessed.

His neckcloth was of white cambric, of large dimensions, wound twice round his neck, brought down capaciously in front, and fastened by a small gold pin. This peculiar tie was designated in those days as the 'waterfall tie.' The neckcloth itself was a large square piece of cambric, out of which twenty or more ties for the dandies of the present day might easily be made. I now arrive at the most important, and certainly the most conspicuous part of the Beau's dress, and one on the selection of which he bestowed much thought and consideration-his waistcoat. This was generally very striking, being of velvet, of

have been nothing worthy of remark in this act; but when, of course, to please the old boy, I was obliged in this life of troubles, as Mr. Mawworm and his some conspicuous color, and covered with flowers, worked either in silk, silver, or gold; indeed, this was the only showy part of the Beau's attire. His hat was of the fashion of former days, large, wider at the top than at the bottom, with a large upturned rim: under it was a well-arranged wig, of a brown color, slightly approaching to red, to keep his whiskers in countenance. His teeth were small, his chin During the first few years of the Beau's residence at this the Beau partook twice, whereupon the host, tionaries of the place, with more liberal principles, rather prominent. When out walking, he always Calais, he was comparatively well off, a noble duke thinking he had made a good hit, risked the ques- but of more base pedigrees. At the hour of eight carried a very neat cane with a gold or silver head. having allowed him two hundred pounds a year as long tion: "Comment trouvez-vous ce bouf, Monsieur every evening, I have the centre to about seven of His indoor dress in the morning was rather conspicuous, the dressing gown being of thick silk covered with handsomely-worked flowers, with slippers to correspond; and as the wig was not on duty till he had completed his toilet for his daily walk, a handsome velvet cap, with a gold tassel at its top, occupied its place, so that the Beau, in his morning's costume, had somewhat the appearance of a magician or astrologer. His mornings were employed in reading newspapers and French novels, and in mixing his snuff, which he kept in jars in his cellar his favorite mixture was Martinique and Bolingero. The operation of blending his snuffs I have often seen him perform on a large piece of parchment with an ivory spoon. Although he had a great variety of handsome and valuable snuff-boxes, the one which 'papier-mâché.'

The sitting-room in which he passed many years of his life at Leleux's, the librarian in the Rue Royale, Calais, was remarkably well arranged, the type of his former room in London, although on a smaller scale. Although there were no paintings of much value, there were several small handsome book and other cases of Japan and marqueterie, on the tops of which were placed various curious specimens of China and snuff-boxes, all of which eventually disappeared to meet some pressing emergency. I never could learn precisely what became of them, but I rather fancy they encountered the usual fate which objects of this character meet with when they fall within the remorseless grasp of some cormorant of a creditor who depreciates before he seizes, so that which was purchased at great cost, goes finally

for the smallest trifle.

If the Beau's life offers no positive lessons of instruction, it exhibits many important negative ones; indeed, it may be sometimes quite as useful and instructive to ascertain why one man failed, as to discover why another has succeeded; to be made early acquainted with that which ought to be scrupulously avoided, because it is injurious, is salutary know! ledge; and as it is much more easy to avoid what is bud, than to pursue and imitate that which is good and praiseworthy, a negative lesson of this character is not without value; it is readily learned and adopted, because it requires no exertion, and is compatible with the greatest indolence; whereas to emulate the great and noble deeds of the exemplary and distinguished, requires the exercise of considerable energy, determination and virtue.

From the Beau's life, much instruction of this valuable description may be derived, for the guidance of those who are on the eve of entering upon the great stage of social life; and although I admit there is comparatively little which suggests itself as worthy of imitation-little of a positive character-there is much which may be received in the shape of warning. The Beau, however, possessed many good qualities, but those, unfortunately, proved his bane and were the precursors of his downfall. He excelled to an eminent degree in the art of making himself agreeable to others, so that his society was considered an acquisition, and he was tempted to leave his own sphere, and to embark in one which eventually proved his ruin. At the commencement of his career at Eton, where he was educated, he soon became a great favorite amongst his school fellows, and formed those connections which were subsequently of so much apparent service to him at the commencement of his social career.

The advantages of public-school education, in consideration of the valuable connections there formed, experience teaches us have been somewhat exaggerated, for boys do not meet so frequently in after-life as is generally supposed, neither do those, as a rule, who were very great friends at school, continue to be friends in after-life, if their social positions and different. But that considerable social advantages are derivable from public-school education, cannot be denied. In Brummel's case, the connections which he formed at Eton were kept up and continued for several special reasons, chiefly of a personal character, and not on general grounds. In the first place, in consequence of having entered a fashionable cavalry regiment, and being quartered at Brighton, and having, by some fortuitous circumstance, become acquainted with the Regent, the opportunity of meeting several of his former schoolfellows, some of whom were men of rank, readily occurred; and as he still possessed the 'magic art' to please his society was sought, and that in his case, as far as advantages of that character can be appreciated, his having been educated at Eton proved of value to him; but respice finem; in consequence of this association with men of rank, and of expensive' and dissipated habits, he became immersed in those habits of vice and extravagance which soon swallowed up his small means, and led to certain acts which compelled him to leave his country. He inherited from his father upwards of thirty thousand pounds, so that had he fortunately conformed to circumstances, and kept within that sphere in which his birth and fortune ought to have induced him to confine himself, he might have passed a very agreeable and happy life without the sacrifice of independence, and have escaped all the pain and humiliation which he subsequently underwent before the great anticlimax of his imprisonment and death at Caen.

He was confined in a common jail; herding in a him so long. I had a letter yesterday from Bhe was subjected to an ordeal of suffering and privation most trying to any man, but especially so to one who had enjoyed all the luxuries of life, and who was, if possible, over-scrupulous on all matters connected with comfort and cleanliness. He was incarcerated in the month of May, 1835, at the suit of M. Leveux, a banker at Calais, to whom he was of this veritableg areene de lapins, is about to be mar- and the person whom it marks may do excellent ser- bluster, that he has a vehement desire—and in the the Beau's, but at last becoming tired of his repeated unfulfilled promises to pay, carried out this extreme measure. The Beau was arrested with all those external ceremonies which usually attend an operation of this character in France, so that the fact of his misfortune was immediately promulgated amongst bis friends and other residents at Caen; and al- go on maiming the poor snipes and, as usual, tuck babits are the cause or the measure of that native though there was a disposition to relieve him from his embarrassing position, the sum required for this purpose was far too large to be obtained from the voluntary contributions of his comparatively new parole I will answer her.—Very truly yours. friends and acquaintances. The Captive was taken completely by surprise, and complained bitterly of M. Leveux having given him no intimation of his intentions.

As may be readily imagined, the Beau felt this humiliation severely, especially as felons as well as debtors were confined in this prison. The hardships which he at first underwent were, however, to a great extent modified by the kind interposition of his friends, and he experienced no lack of the necessaries of life. After nearly three months' incarceration, he was liberated by the generous interposition of his former friends in England, who contributed sufficiently to pay off Monsieur Leveux; and I believe also a further sum was subscribed to secure to him a small annuity, so as to rescue him from absolute want; he, however, only survived the great misfortane of his imprisonment five years. Previous to his incarceration, he had experienced one or two severe attacks of illness, approaching to paralysis. On leaving prison, he returned to his former quarters, and as he dined at a table-d'hôte most days, was still an object of curiosity to tourists and others who chanced to pass a few days at Caen. the poor Beau, that he was much altered; indeed, become visible; finally, so much so, that it was arranged by his friends that he should be transferred to a hospital, cofled Le Bon Sauveur, superintended by nuns and Sisters of Charity, where every attention was shown him during the last few months which preceded his decease; his mind was so far gone that he was incapable of appreciating the various acts of kindness which were extended to him, although it was admitted, at the same time, by the Sisters, that he was very docile and easy of management; he entered the Bon Sauveur in the year 1838, and died in 1840. Agreeably to my own feelings, I cannot conclude this slight sketch or some portions of the old Beau's life, without doing justice to the many good qualities which I know he possessed; I passed many agreeable days with him, the recollection of which resuscitates all the friendly feelings which I promise, people must commonly mean promise of formerly entertained for him. I always found him truthful, generous, and sincere. His courage was unquestionable, and his spirit of that decided and marked character which induced him instantly to resent the slightest indignity which was intentionally | ical positions, and grand literary reputations which offered to him. As a companion, his qualities were of the highest order; he was always cheerful, musing, and full of anecdote, and there was a natural exuberance of joyousness and fun about him, which made his society at all times agreeable.

In conclusion, I introduce to the notice of my readers a letter which I received from the Beau from Caen, dated February 19, 1832, inasmuch as it is written in his usual gay and animated style.

CARN, February 19, 1882. My DEAR --, Your letter has been long staring me in the face like an injured ghost, but till the net with an accident (young devil that I am) in jumpthree days. This annoys me, and puts me out of emper, for it is the very meridian of our gay season here, and so you must not expect to be amused by anything that I may write to you. I wish to heaven f--, with her constitutional propriety and invarible indulgent kindness to me, was at my elbow to ab the afflicted part with the camphorated stuff my angrado has ordered. I would have written to you everse of the tranquil innocent life I led during so nany years at Calais, is that by which I have been

small comfortless room with other debtors, whereby R -d, remplie with regrets and civil expressions at the altered condition of Calais-from which place he wrote-since mydeparture-nobody scarcely to speak to, nobody to dine with. He says, however, he stood godfather the day previous to a last-born of M——'s, the possession of eloquence or political ability or ourselves personally in any very urgent degree, and beef, and barbarous cabbage! He does not mention the convives, so I presume he is ashamed of them; he adds that E--y, the second female offspring

I see by the papers that M—k has been bitten in endeavouring to bite a German baron; damages

Remember me affectionately to F-y and if you yourself up after dinner for the rest of the evening | vigor of mind which lies at the root of the most conin your arm-chair, to redeem by snoring those physical forces exhausted by the day's exercise, enjoin her to write to me diffusively and explicitly, and

Have you read the Cocon? Charming! And Le Duc, and Le Page, and La Princesse, and Le Sousofficier. Walter Scott's Bob of Paris, is wretched-Cooper's Bravo of Venice worse.

### YOUTHFUL PROMISE.

It is as great a puzzle to know what becomes of all the promising young men, as it was to the little girl of the story where on earth bad people were buried. Most parents have at one time or another congratulated themselves on possessing a child of remarkable promise, and then been awakened to see a most ordinary and commonplace fulfilment. Fortunately they have, as a rule, acquired sense enough in the interval to enable them to bear the disappointment with proper resignation. For the ambition of parents for their children, like the ambition on their own behalf, undergoes wonderful changes as their experience of the world grows wider. The father who gives a tip to his boy for getting to the top of his class is apt to entertain a vague and complacent conviction that he is rearing an archbishop or But it was evident to all who had previously known a chancellor or a great author, just as his own tastes may happen to lie. But ten years later he is amazsymptoms of his intellect being impaired had already | ingly pleased to learn that his lad evinces a genius for book-keeping by double entry, and for mounting his high school with punctuality. Jast in the same way, the lad's ambition gets gradually modified. What at first would have seemed a pitiful aim indeed slowly assumes the proportions of a crowning success. In life, as in other journeys, distances are wonderfully deceptive; and the peaks and pinnacles which to the ardor and inexperience of youth seem quite close at hand, and easily accessible, generally turn out to be ever so remote, and only surmountable, if at all, by vigorous and prolonged efforts, for which only a few constitutions, specially trained and circumstanced, are hardy enough.

One great secret of the exaggerated notions entertained about promising youths is the confusion of conduct with capacity, of goodness with power. By tions and decorous counting-house virtues. They mean those great professional prizes, and lofty politare won by vigor, acuteness, breadth, or profundity of understanding. The grounds on which a lad earns a reputation for promise are, in an ordinary way, exclusively moral grounds. He is industrious, persevering, dolice, well-mannered. He always knows his lessons, and is never insolent or quarrel-

arguing that he must be a genius who displays an way, nobody could be taken in by the fallacy; only habitual disregard of the proprieties of conduct. people do not put things to themselves in this way. Lying about without clothes in hot weather, or has We are always more or less ready to take appeartening to ruin on the Turf, is no sure guarantee for ance for reality in matters which do not concern anything else. A total disrespect for the good opin- to allow people to pass themselves off at their own ion of persons around one may, on certain subjects, estimate. So if a young fellow gives one to underbe a very wholesome and promising characteristic, stand, quietly of course, and without braggadocio or allowed only £100 a year by his father, and that if where an ignoble kind of self-indulgence prompts to rise to eminence in some given line, one is disthis disrespect, it can only, in spite of the example posed to give him eredit for possessing the ability of Fox and plenty of others, be a hindrance to him which the attainment of his desire would imply. at every point. Hence the infatuated folly of par- Hence he is given out to be a man of extraordinary against the said M——k, whom the journal styles a ents, or of the young men themselves, who mistake promise premise in this case only meaning what all sorts of sheer bad habits for spirit and originality; his conceit and rash confidence promise to themthe truth being that neither bad habits nor good selves, and not what his abilities justify. spicuous and glittering successes of life.

youth; and so people form their judgments of a difficulty of reaching eminence. Young men disrein truth have much less to do with the kind of future | have the other by merely wishing and asking. But they are thinking about than the intellectual quali- is youth the only age at which one calculates the of measuring. We nearly always find in the biog. magnitude? Does not everybody, except those who raphies of distinguished men, that at school or col- have already tried to advance some way up the ege they gave no remarkable sign of their future steep path, think the ascent a great deal easier than power; and even where this is not the case, the pre- it is? True, there are crowds of impostors in the dictions of greatness may commonly be traced to a Temple of Fame, who have got up where they are by time after the greatness had been achieved. The bubbles or balloons. But they are only there for a child may, in a sense, be father to the man; and time. Perhaps it may comfort men who discover nobody of any judgment will deny that we are born that what they or their friends mistook for promise with peculiar temperaments and our own individual is nothing of the sort, to reflect that even those who predispositions. But character is the compound most deserve eminence only enjoy it for a while; product of predispositions and experience. You can- and, besides, that the atmosphere of these lofty not predict anything of the product until you know peaks would most likely prove not at all congenial something of the second of these factors, and even to those others whom nature and circumstances then it is unsound to argue that the combination of | have united to fit for the plain.-London Saturday what seem like the same temperaments with what Review. appears to be the same sort of experience will always be identical. Experience, or perhaps we should rather say the demand for independent action, every day gives rise to conduct which astounds us and mystifies all our calculations. It is impossible to be quite sure how a boy or a young man will turn out after he has looked out upon the world beyond the classroom. This uncertainty is notorious, even in respect of the moral half of character. Lads who have been angels with pure white wings up to oneand-twenty not seldom develop-by a process, we suppose, of natural selection—into imps with horrid horns and hoofs before they have left home a twelvemonth. But the influence of the demands of life upon the intellectual part of men is often still more extraordinary and still more unforeseeable. Some whom, on account of their school-room virtues, their friends insisted on raising aloft on pedestals no sooner get fairly out into the big world than they seem to be scared by the size of things, and to be utterly lacking in that intrepidity of the intellect which is so needful for great successes. Others again, whose intellectual energies have hitherto those things in gaining which intellectual ability tained very sanguine hopes, have their imagination excited, their faculties braced, all their powers stimulated, by the novelty and bustle and Brobdingnagian dimensions of the new scene to which they are introduced. The nature of this impression and the way in which it strikes people of different original quality, are points nearly always overlooked in talk about early promise.

Intellectual intrepidity, as it is one of the most vital conditions of that eminent success which people some. And this sort of "good boy" may very well urgently desire for their sons or their friends, is just be called a boy of promise, and it is probable that | that at which men of promise ordinarily stop short his life will be one of more even happiness than that of fulfilment. With manful assurance they march which he is likely to achieve, satisfactory as they freezes their intent. Everybody understands what other way." may be in themselves, are not at all those which his this means in a physical conflict, but not everybody present instant I have not mustered up sufficient re- too partial friends delight to anticipate for him. discerns how the same thing may occur to men who Hector sailed captain of the Coquette. solution to answer it, and even now I should perhaps Punctuality and conformity to discipline, and an think of entering the arena where the contest is not aversion to blots and dog-eared books and the ruder waged with the arm of flesh. We all admire the land, had taken a child of six from the workhouse, and a just citizen will have more than their conven- ful warrior. But we do not usually understand how tional significance. Still, friends, ambitious by much the same quality, only intellectual instead of proxy, aspire to something more than an unusually physical, is needed for a man who sits down to write truthfully tombstone. An immortal poem, or a se- the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman ries of unrivalled orations, or a history which shall Empire, or of Modern Civilization, or who aspires to live as long as our language; or a political wisdom be a conspicuous power in the political world, or to and beneficence which shall win the undying grati- attain distinguished success in science or philosophy. before the expiration of last summer, but somehow tude of the poor—this is the kind of object which Yet these are the results too commonly anticipated or other I was continually gadding about to different they expect their promising favorite to propose to in the expression that so and so, under five-andtion I have unconsciously limited my writing to pass- or neglected the smallest monition of his college-tu- promising, but only as far as it goes. It promises ded away at this place! Nothing but feasting, play, as he appeared at the gambling-table with his coat to rely on, when we reflect how often the first whiff and dancing; to be sure I do not meddle but in a turned inside out for luck, or lying in the hot weath- of the world blows away the surface habits of youth

schoole; but as I never interfere with political of ten thousand illustrations of the commonplace common to find people mistaking ambition for the door and look back beseechingly. tinciples or absurdities, I manage to live on the that a man may make a great mark in spite of al- capacity. The strength of the passion for fame is "Is there anything you want, Kate? Did-you me familiar terms of intimacy with the modern most every vice that human nature can fall into. supposed to be some measure of the intellectual wish to say something?" asked Mrs. Holland. She I think L—n has done right in marrying dicted when a young man is said to be of wonderful sons fancy that, if a young man only starts in life of the moment—"I wish," she said, "I wish you And it is this making a great mark which is pre- strength required for gratifying it, and foolish per- put out her little arms imploringly, in the impulse hing better, and the quiet conjugal state may probug his life a few years more, if she remains with pernicious and stupid, though it is not at all rare, of of the tree, he cannot fail. Put in a point-blank

After all, the misunderstanding of what constitutes promise is only a branch of the wider ignorance of the conditions of success generally. Dr. Johnson This vigor can only be tested, if at all, in the we think it was who said that youth always mismost hopelessly imperfect way during the time of calculates two things—the value of money, and the man's future from one or two moral qualities, which gard and waste the one, and they think they can ties which they have scarcely any trustworthy means pains of winning distinction far below their true

## (From Harpers' Monthly for May.)

KATE.

She sat at the piano practicing an aria, her silver treble ringing out like joy-bells, feathering into the merest echoes of sweet sound, till the gamut seemed like nothing so much as a Jacob's ladder over which angels ascended and descended.

"I should think it was a lark, if it weren't Kate," said Hector, who had been listening some minutes unperceived. She ceased in the midst of a trill, such as the brown thrush extemporizes all summer long, as if he could never order it to his mind.

"There, you've broken the spell," said she; "I've been playing hide-and-seek with that trill the whole morning; now I haven't breath enough left to follow it up."

"If you had succeeded," he answered, "you would have wept, like Alexander, because there were no more trills to conquer."

"I should have turned myself to conquering circumstances, in that case."

"Which ones in particular?"

"Mrs. Dewitt has been giving me a lesson in propriety," said Kate, laughing, with one hand still wandering mutely over the key-board, as if in search of some eluding harmony. "She says—she says the most absurd things, Hector; she says if I stay here it must be as-as-"

"My wife." The color blossomed on his cheek, the sober brown eyes put on a smile, the lips bent to her forehead.

"I am ready, Kate," he murmured.

"But, Hector, I do not love you," she replied, looking up in perplexity; "do I?"

He held her hand a breathing space, while the of the boy of fulfillment. But then the results up to the fight, but discretion suddenly steps in and think not," he said, slowly; "we must arrange some

And thus Kate went to live with Mrs. Dewitt, and

net with an accident (young devil that I am) in jumping out of a citadine last night, by the which juvenile tastes of his compeers, are very excellent things, courage which enables a man to lead his men against to run errands and do little odd trifles, intending to reak I have severely sprained my right knee, and if. and they certainly promise a tombstone on which the had ordained her for other things. One morning, after dusting the parlor, she lingered, loth to retire to the kitchen, for whose charms Betty was alone responsible; the bright coal fire, the comfortably cushioned chairs, the crimson curtains that touched everything with so warm a glow, the gilded vine meandering over the walls, the glistening keys of the pianoforte, the hanging-plant, with its blue flowers, places in the environs, and from time to time I pro-himself and to attain. The most saintly abhorrence twenty, is a person of great promise; which, being such a vivid contrast to the scullery, brightened only of blots, unfortunately, is not the only requisite for interpreted, means that he is industrious and of by pewter and fresh paint, redolent of boiling vegetbort days of autumn and winter have regenerated a great poet, perhaps is no requisite at all. The good morality, and decently intelligent. That he ables, and presided over by Betty's garrulous comhow how it has been, but from idleness and dissipayouth who has never in his life disobeyed a master, should be all this is, as we have already said, plainings, as may be, to demand her invention of tor, or once missed attendance at chapel, may still comfort and good repute, and nothing else; and haps her lonely little heart longed for some word not be eloquent or profound. Charles James Fox, even then the promise is not worth much, as a thing beyond the ordinary forms of kindness with which a dear creatures' most amiably dispense with my endear creatures most amiable most amiab dear creatures most amiably dispense with my enreception of seven or some other number of devils at the will of the wind through creation; for a bery best society; it is indeed principally formed of would have done a great deal more if he had not But exemplary conduct is not the only thing from hidden treasures of her soul. Perhaps feeling this he ancienne Normande noblesse resident here in their frequented the tables, no doubt; but he is one out which promise is wrongly inferred. It is equally yearning, but without defining it, made her pause at

[Continued on Page 6.]

### THE NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

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## Pramatic Kenilleton.

BE FIGARO.

Allow me, my dear PRESS, to congratulate those of my brother critics who are shecked at the prevailing frivolity of the stage, that at last we have a play GRAU'S OPERA TROUPE AT THE ACADEMY. before us which can boast of a "great moral pur-

I refer, of course, to Mr. Charles Reade's " Never too Late to Mend," which has just entered upon its edifying career at Wallack's, and which I respectfully recommend to the clergymen now in town attending the anniversaries.

I am not much shocked myself at the frivolity of the stage because, as you know, I entertain the heresy that theatres are chiefly useful as being places of amusement.

Still, I have no objection to a "great moral purpose," and, in fact, am so sound on the subject, that some time ago I advised Barnum to announce among his other currosities a "great moral porpoise": not but what porpoises are always moral enough in their way, only it seemed to me that many people would read purpose for porpoise, and would thus get the idea that the Muscum was a sort of chapel.

I assure you, Sir, that the moral dodge is a great thing: Van Amburg used to think so much of it think his lions and tigers were members of the portion of the very large and accomplished troupe church, and his monkeys pupils of a Sunday-school.

But now, then, Mr. Editor, to be just, all this has nothing to do with Charles Reade's " Never too Late to Mend," which, though it has a " great moral purpose," is a very legitimate drama for all that, and is better worth seeing than any other theatrical show in town: better worth seeing, perhaps, than hearing, for the text bas nothing very remarkable about it while the scenery and, in fact, all the stage appointments may, without exaggeration, be called exquisite.

The pastoral scene in the first act-with the stable, dog-kennel, pigeon-house, etc.—not to mention the poney, the dog, and the pigeons-present about as natural and pleasing a picture as I have ever seen on the stage.

way, one of the pigeons got into a scrape, and but Academy. Her interpretation of the part was so for the prompt intervention of a young gentleman in the audience-who made his maiden speech on the occasion, and insisted that the play should stopped till the bird was placed out of danger-would generously acknowledged them by every token of probably have been killed.

I recommend the gentleman to the approval of the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and at the same time beg to compliment him on his the selection of such an admirable company. speech which, if a well-known axiom be true, repre sented the " soul of wit."

I doubt if either General Dix or General Grant would have done better: and when the ten-second rule is adopted in Congress I shall propose the rising Miss Louisa Myers (soprano); Mr. W. Castle orator as one of the members to represent Manhattan.

Meanwhile, I think it would pay to have the pigeon incident repeated, now and then, although the play needs no additional attractions, and moreover, it is doubtful if our young Demosthenes is open to a theatrical engagement.

I should add, now, that with the exception mentioned, the pigeons in the cast of "Never too Late to Mend" went through their parts very creditably and that the pony and the dog did the same, narrowly escaping a call before the curtain, which, to them, would have been a bore, especially with the prospect of an additional call for a "speech."

Of the other actors in the cast I can think of nothing to say except that George Holland tried his best to represent a hard-hearted prison governor, but couldn't help letting his proverbial good nature and love of fun peep out to spoil the whole thing: that Mr. sure and look out for Gilbert tried, but in vain, to represent a persecuted old Jew: that Mr. Fisher played the part of a rollicking and subsequently repentant scamp, with his usual humor and pathos: that Miss Barrett gave us a most touching and artistic picture of an unfortunate young criminal who dies in prison of the "treatment": that Miss Henriques in a young lady part altogether below her abilities, managed nevertheless to appear to great advantage: that Mr. Frederick of accidents." This is Rabelais' definition of Pan-Robinson played the part of a young lover in diffi- tagruelism, an order of which he was the founder and we find it, while the roses are pretty much discarded, a Breakfast Hymn, words and music by Musidora. culties as if he had "been there": that Mr. Ringgold exponent, and the rules and regulations of which he or found only in the gardens of those who love them, It commenced thus: did the character of a young clergyman so well as to has treated at length in his works, which have in and who find their ample reward in raising them. I entitle him to the degree of D. D.: that Mr. Young consequence been the companion and delight of have seen one in a garret, cherished lovingly in a made commendable efforts to appear like an "Aus- those disciples who could appreciate the fulness and pot, and even in that place, under such disadvantralian Savage": and that Mr. Holston gave us the wealth of such philosophy.

character of an eccentric limb of the law, which reminded us (and this time reminded us pleasantly) of his times and the society about him, together with whole twelve months' dinners of potatoes could. his inimitable Biles.

So much for "Never too Late to Mend," which was his expression of his doctrines. played so long on the first night of its representation that we all thought it should be entitled "Never too Late to End," but which has since been so curtailed of its unfair proportions that we can now order our carriages at 11 o'clock. [N. B.-I always condition of a happy man. order mine at that hour or before, but the horses are never ready.]

Of other theatrical matters there is little to say. "The Three Guardsmen" will be repeated at the Olympic to-night for the last time-provided that "another startling novelty" can be got ready by in, and the natural character of the man, led him to Monday—and I advise everybody who likes good add: playing and superb scenery to go and see it.

At Niblo's-Miss Bateman having been obliged to retire on account of illness—there will be nothing of special interest until Wednesday next, when Mr. management has been making the most careful pre- osophy and Pantagruelism. parations for over three months.

At Barnum's, a new sensational romance is to be | tion: brought out next week, under the title of "Bendito or The Children of the Zincali."

In respect to musical matters, I propose to shirk all operatic responsibility by printing the subjoined this is still simply philosophy. communication from a triend:

Those who know Mr. Grau were well persuaded that he knew the musical taste and requirements of our public, and that he would not hazard his repu-Academy unless it was equal to what might be reasonably expected of it.

On Monday evening Verdi's Traviata was selected to introduce a portion of his troupe. The audience was cold and critical, as well as dubious, and was photographic camera does to the master mind of an so painfully suspended on the thread of expectation as to do violence to their own taste and judgment. Some of the professional critics were even affected by this spontaneously created epidemic. would be difficult to measure the effect of all this upon the well-known sensitive natures of real artists. The singing and acting. however. of Mdlle. Boschetti, Anastasi, and Orlandini, gradually overcame the self-fostered syncope of the audience, and soon gave fresh life and geniality to the whole atmosphere of Hawthornden. the Academy. It is seldom we have heard three better voices, and bearing more evidence of the most delicate culture. Before their engagement is over, our people will very appropriately acknowledge the truth of what we say.

of Mr. Grau appeared. The audience was quite large, full of enthusiasm, and bound to redeem their great recommendation. shortcomings on Monday evening. They seemed like the spring itself gloriously released from the frosted lethargy of winter. Orlandini deepened and widened the very favorable opinion which he produced on his first appearance. Musiani recalled enthusiastically the past memories of his successes in his refined and tasteful vocalization. Mme. Cash Polini as Azucena was fully equal to any one we have seen in this part, both in acting and singing, and we are happy to say the audience becomingly crowned her efforts by repeated applause.

The star of the evening and the occasion, how- sible. ever, was Mme. Noel Guidi. Verdi himself would not desire a better or a more charming representative of his Leonora. To the most unexceptionable acting was added a refined, delicate and melodious On the night of the second representation, by the vocalization seldom heard within the walls of the faithful, so artistic and sympathetic, that the feelings of the audience seemed to run in the channel created for them by the gifted artist herself. Her signature. hearers were fully alive to her great merits, and approbation.

We predict for this company a very great success, and we hope the enterprising manager, Mr. Grau, will reap the reward of his judgment and taste in

To day there will be a Faust Matinée at the Academy, commencing at one o'clock.

The fifth of the Irving Hall Sacred Concerts will take place to-morrow (Sunday) evening: artists, (tenor); Mr. S. C. Campbell (baritone): Mr. G. W. Morgan organist.

Mr. Morgan, by the way, gives his annual concert this evening at Irving Hall, assisted by Miss Marie Abbott, Miss Nettie Sterling, and Messrs. Castle, Campbell, Simpson, Goldbeck, and others.

The great musical event of next week will be Mr. Theodore Thomas's last concert of the season, which ance in America), and the members of the Mendels- wrung from an usurious Jew.

Figaro.

[For the Saturday Press.] THE FLANEUR.

VII.

"C'est certaine gaiete d'esprit confite en mepris des choses fortuites " "It is a certain gaiety of mind preserved in despite

Horace would have been of this school had not ing more pleasure, when it bloomed in June, than a the natural character of the man, somewhat modified

Latus in prasans animus, qued ultra est, Oderit ourare.

"Joyful in the present, leaving the morrow to take care of itself," is his description of the mental

Perhaps he comes nearer Rabelais in the lines:

Aguam memento rebus in arduis

"Remember to keep an even mind in difficulties." The more artificial civilization of the times he lived

--- Non secus in bonis, Ab insolenti temperatum

"And also in prosperity free from an insolent Dillon will commence a short engagement in the joy." With Horace it was study, with Rabelais it play of "Belphegor the Montebank," for which the was nature. Here lies the difference between phil-

To be sure, Horace continues in the first quota-

-- Et amasa leni Temperet rieu.

"Tempering the bitter of life with a smile." But

The Pantagruelist is gay under difficulties. Dickens makes Mark Tapley's ambition to be jolly under difficulties, but Tapley was not a Pantagruelian; he had neither the character, the intellect, nor the education to be one; nor has Dickens the intellect or the wisdom to draw the character of a Pantagruelian; tation by placing his company on the boards of the he is clever at catching the salient points of eccentricity of character, but has not the comprehensive grasp which embraces the whole of nature. He bears the same relation to a man like Rabelais that the artist like Da Vinci.

> It is rare to find men whose lives are pantagruelistic; I have, however, known a few, and it would well repay a voyage round the world to meet one.

Ben Jonson made a journey from London to Scotland, and on foot (for "rare Ben" was generally impecunious), to see and converse with Drummond of

The record of their conversation is published in one of the volumes of the Shakspeare Society. Ben, it would seem, was hardly satisfied with his venture, and apparently with reason, though the bock con-On Wednesday evening the ever acceptable Trov- taining the conversation is well worth a choice place that on reading one of his advertisements you would atore was presented to the public, when another in any library. There is meat in it, and seeing the infinity of books which contain only words, this is a

> I once conversed with an English officer, who had served in India, who was enthusiastic concerning a certain brother officer in the Indian army, whose name I will not mention thus publicly. He was pantagruelism incarnate. Sick almost to death with this city, and received the most cordial applause for | consumption, his spirits never flayed, and the magnetism of life he carried about him was an infection for all those with whom he came in contact.

He was lucky in play, fortunate in love, free as the air, and generous to a fault, if that was pos-

Just before the mutiny, circumstances had brought him into relations of a somewhat doubtful pecuniary advantage with the Jew money lenders of Calcutta, and one Solomons, a local Shylock of that portion of the world's circumference, had been induced to invest somewhat largely in bits of paper bearing his

In one of the battles our Pantagruelian made one of a storming party to capture a battery, which was strongly supported. The attack was successful, but with very severe loss. Our friend was one among the few survivors.

When the guns were captured, in the midst of a terribly severe fire from the supporting party, and bills now?"

undergo any change except such as result from the as the Universe? simple development of nature's laws.

of potatoes.

reason why more potatoes are planted and raised evermore. than roses.

It is the same in the moral world. The great de- | in Old Hundred." mand is for potatoes, and so the crop is as large as tageous conditions, flourishing and fruitful, and giv-

But we must remember that roses are the result of cultivation, while potatoes are a natural fruit, and herein lies an allegory.

> (For the Saturday Press.) THE FESTIVAL OF ST. CECILIA.

THE FLANEUR

A MUSICAL BOMANCE.

BY M. A. E.

A serene effulgence bathed the town of Allazoppa with iridescent glory. It was fitting that the Festival of St. Cecilia should be ushered in with the beautiful melodies of harmonious Nature, swelling in one grand, choral psalm. Therefore had the midsummer been chosen by the inhabitants of Allazoppa for the celebration of the glorious Festival of St. Cecilia.

Allazoppa is a country town, exactly in the middle of the State of Maine. It is a small place, but the heart of its people is great. They love music; hence they are demi-gods, and walk among the sons and daughters of men with star-lit brows.

At the approach of this supernal, egregious, and tropically efulgent festival, there was but one pulse in all Allazoppa; but one heart-throb. Venerable men and women, with the snows of heaven resting lightly on their heads; youths and maidens with the divine illumination of harmony sparkling in their moon-orbed eyes; and little children with bright heads glinted with the music of the ever-shining spheres, gathered together in the forest, and the white tents and green booths arose to the inspiriting, and ever-swelling crescends of John Chittenden's violin.

For John was the most demigodlike among these demigods; not being able to do an earthly thing. He could not have stood that test of sensuous intellect, which unmusical barbarians adopt; he did not know enough to go in when it rained; and had never been able to fathom the mysteries of the English alphabet. But what was all this to the glorious gift given unto him in the diaphonous texture of his inner soul! Music was to him the great exponent of the universe. His violin was the GREAT ALL, with which he bored into the care of the existence of all created beings with whom he held musted communion, common speech being providentially denied him. Therefore was he selected as the orchestra to cheer their souls during the preparations for the exalted rites of the next two days.

The spirit of nature trembled upon every string of his violin, and was thrown off into the circumambient air by the silver-gliding bow. And, like the night-winged crow, it uttered no note of music without good cause. It sang like a macon, mewed like a cat, barked like a dog, creaked like a wheelbarrow, and squeaked like a mouse; and so cherubic were these strains that tents and booths rose like magic into the transparent, etherial, etherous ether; and, when night gleamed through the forest, all was complete.

When the morning beams, like the rythmic cadence which first steals in upon a sense-steeped soul, touched the tree-tops with thermal tints, the statue of St. Cecilia was lifted out of Squire Jones's yellow wagon, and borne by reverent youths to the mossy mound, where it was placed, and then crowned with flowers by an octave of rosy-hued maidens.

The statue was carved by David Lopez, a glorious impersonation of musical manhood, with his breadth of forehead, and full temples, and humorous eyes, and sweet, gentle mouth, and a heart free from every evil taint. For is not every musical soul perfected through the exquisite torture and godlike pain that thrills the tissues of their brains, and permeates while it was one chance against ten thousand that | their pores with angelic dolce far niente, until they the captured guns could be held, or that there would become lifted above the material and the selfish, and be a single survivor left, he leapt upon one of the all human beings are so many notes with their quaguns, and gaily waving his cap, shouted, amid the vers, and crotchets, to be touched with a skilful screeching of shells and whistling of bullets, "Boys, hand, dolce piacevolmente expressivo? And are what do you think old Solomons would give for my not all lovers of music patient, just, tender, generous, genial, truthful, simple, earnest. liberal, temperate, Of course, he came off safely; he was too much | magnanimous, faithful, simple, sublime, innocent, in barmony with nature to suffer any accident, or childlike, and yet with intellect as broad and deep

Such was David Loper.

The record is silent as to whether Solomons ever | His St. Cecilia was a faithfuth copy of those in will take place at Irving Hall on Monday eve- received "his own with interest." But doubtless he | the cartoons of Michael Angelo. She was made of ning: among the artists who will assist on the occa- did. In fact our Pantagruelian was one of those maple wood; her face was round like the full moon: sion are Miss Brainerd, Miss Rose Eytinge, Mr. Car. few men whom Fortune bears so tenderly upon her her eyes of devotional blue were upturned to heaven lyle Petersilea (pianist, who makes his first appear- | wheel that he could even gain money upon a capital | until only the whites were visible (which saved David a world of trouble). Not being able to carve the sohn Union Society, all supported by a grand or- It is rarely that such men are found. Nature is hair artistically, his noble instincts taught him it chestra. This concert promises to be the most select sparing of them, as she is of all her choicest things. were best to leave her without any, and to put upon musical entertainment that we have had this season. Or perhaps the fault is mostly our own. The same her head, in lieu thereof, the red cap of liberty, which Of course you will be there, and if you are, be soil that produces potatoes would be as fruitful of appropriate addition was hailed by the loyal citiroses, if only we were careful to plant roses instead | zens of Allazoppa with shouts and cheers of delight. In her left-hand she held a guitar, and, in her right, But the farmers as a class would utterly despise David, fired with an ardent patriotism, had placed the roses, they could not sell them at so much a the star-spangled banner, immortal emblems, as he bushel, nor store them for winter's provisions, to be | well knew, of the flag that waves from the battleeaten with salted pork and bacon. And this is the ments of the Eternal City, where music dwelleth for

"Naow," said Deacon Elias Root, "we will unite

This was sung, then Mead, and Dundee; and then

"Oh, list to the music of knives and forks ! Hark, hark ! away !"

After this bravura they all felt they could eat some breakfast.

After this " music of knives and forks " the Allagathered around the mossy mound, and played all through the following programme:

Sinfonie No. 6, in C major, op. 18 ...... Beetheven | with the tremandos of musical afflatus." [The third movement requiring a "Steinway," will not be per-

Concerto for cymbals, No. 5 ...... Donisetti 3 Finale. 2 Andante. 1 Allegro. Walts-" Maseppa"..... Strauss La, la, la, [Song without words.]...... Mendelssohn | give itself only to thee, my precious accordeon." Cavatina-" Dixie"

So dulcet, so brillante, so cantabile were these harmonies that the birds of Paradise, and robins, and swans, and jays, and nightingales all took wing gether. Such was his childlike simplicity. from the forest trees, and from that day to this no birds are to be found in that neighborhood save ravens, peacocks, and jackdaws.

The tiger paused in his ferny jungle; the lion lay | " I am thine !" down in a juniper bush, and the mole looked out from its lair.

Musidora Breve was affected to tears when David played the Aria on his accordeon, and sang, "Aria propriagharia Anna," with that stoccato olfactoriousness for which the Allezoppites were celebrated, she felt she could bear no more, and she stole away from the group of maidens; but she was not unobserved. David's soul was given to his accordeon, but his heart was Musidora's. Taking his beloved instrument with him he followed her.

I wish the people who invent names for things (whoever they may be), would give to writers of musical numbers some better and more distinctive title than Composers. But it suited Musidora. She was a composer. Her melodies were all of that sweetly gentle character which may appropriately be styled "dream music," having the delicious effect of soothing humanity into blessed, mental condition. It was observable that in her musical compositions the tonics were entirely wanting.

Musidora was a misty, etherial substance, a lush who well knew that she moved in a cycle of transcendental apogee to which he could never wing his flight.

But though he could not hope to keep pace with and chrysanthuemums were pouring their melange greater. of sweets on the summer air, like the fragrance from spice jars when first uncorked.

lessly, hand in hand; he with eyes fixed upon her overcome with varied emotions—He soon reappeared soul-lit countanance, she, with eyes upturned to the bearing a bundle, which he cast at the feet of Harcerulean firmament, was composing an aria, which monicon. should express the essential essence of all the porfumes she was absorbing into the innermost chords | cried. "They are yours." of her musical soul. Such words as piano, forte, "What are they, my child?" said the seraphic larghetto weeped her lips occasionally, and showed Harmonicon. on what lofty themes her mind was nixed.

mighty earthquake, and they found themselves will give you all-my life, all-all save my acseated on the ground under a spreading fig tree. cordeon." And he played thereon such a perifocal They had walked off a precipice. Great jagged and lachrymodial andante that all wept. And, in rocks were around them, but they had escaped them the last supernal wail, he drew out the instrument to all, and far above their heads towered the black such an extent that its heart broke, and with a rock from which they had fallen. They looked into mighty shrick it fell shattered from his nerveless each other's pellucid eyes, and David solemnly hand.

spoke. " It is the power of music."

Slowly her soul returned to earth, "Haow?" said

"It is the power of music! You were composing.

Oh, Musi-dory, my angel, my divinity!" "Oh, my David!" she said, "thus the children of more. ganius are rewarded." And she pressed the end of

her little finger to her right temple, and meditated.

third, and fifth ?" She looked at him reproachfully. "The interlude is sweet," she said, and we can make so many ap-

pogiaturas." "Naow, Musidory, du name the day," persisted

David. "To-morrow, at the close of the Festival of St. Cecilia. Blessed is the union she presides over."

David had not anticipated this ready, and sweet compliance. "Will she-will she-oh, Musidory, will she pay the rent of Simon Willis's house? and not a cent less than a hundred and fifty, for I asked him yesterday."

"We will speak to him in noble harmonies which | megs hav. will soften his obdurate heart. No language but music will I utter."

"Except to the cook," added David.

She looked at him with atrabilious eyes of sad re-"Forgive me," be cried, "that was a falsetto."

full chorus.

" Hark !" he said. " List to the celestial bassos. "A perfect minor third," said she.

Just then a godlike form appeared upon the rock

above them. " It is he!" they both shricked. " It is Harmon-

icon!" He saw them, and seizing hold of the top of a beech tree he lightly swung himself to the earth, and, having turned three summersets on the rocks, he calmly stood beside them. He was taller than the spring up in the place ov them; they seem tew be heighth of men. His hair was like burnished gold. His eyes were lode-stars. His brow was a crown im-

"My children," he said, in a voice that was tear-

He looked at Musidora with a beseeching love. "You shall have her !" cried the noble, and heroic David. "You need her, and you are great! The

money I have spent in furniture and store clothes has gone for nought, for my soul is wedded to her,

And he pressed to his heart his beloved instrument, which heaved a heavy sigh.

Thus it is that music elevates the soul of man, and renders it capable of mighty deeds of beroism. Harmonicon sprang up, and knecked his heels to-

cordeon. She looked tearfully at David, and then placing her hand in Harmonicon's she murmured:

will write an oratorio!" he shouted, and gave three skips.

And all the people said. "Du tell, naow!" And then they sang; "Kind words can never die,"

and separated.

transcendentaly amazing work of art which will en- to make a European tour, they could not fail dure until time shall be marked no more. Harmon- in vieing with the foremost European celebritie icon called the musicians together with a blast on and surpassing the majority. All of our musical the French horn. By sunrise they had all their readers will remember the boy pianist, Willie Pape, parts perfectly learned. At noon the people assembled, and for three hours listened to such harmonies as the youngest among them might never hope to hear again. For Harmonicon was Conductor, and in Europe. The youth is now a man, and the essence, and as such, was adored by David Loper, his resence, and his living genius inspired the musicians with such fervid zeal, and strength of of England, by command of the Prince and Princess arms, and lungs that the grand choruses were heard for three-hundred miles.

David had the proud position of first accordeon. her musical feet, he could with the fleshly members, His soul was filled with ecstatic gorgeousness while and he soon overtook her. She was in a rapture, the auriferous melodies quivered, and quirled around Dogwood's, and water-lilies, and cowslips, and dahlias, him. His bliss was great, and his music was

At the conclusion of the oratorio, when all the assembled multitude crowded around the great com-These children of the divine art walked speech- poser to congratulate him, David rushed to his tent,

"Take them, oh, great-hearted Musician!" he

"My store course," and she geshing, and im-Then to both of them there came a shock as of a pressible David. "You have her-take them.

"My punishment is just!" he sobbed. "I should Doctor Kemp; the Story of a Life with a Blemish. Paper; pp. have given thee that also. Henceforth there is nothing left for me but the auger, and the plane." And he disappeared.

And Harmonicon and Musidora were married forthwith, and the people of Allazoppa saw them uo

But the statue still stands in the forest, and though the eyes have fallen out, and the nose has "Oh, Musidory, will you not name the day when been knocked off, and the cap, and flag, and guitar our lives shall flow in unison-when we can make are all gone, still it is worthy of a visit from the one common chord? O, tell me, will you not be my curious and the devotional student of the glorious art of Music.

## (For the Saturday Press.)

### JOSH BILLINGS ON LOVE.

The only natural feeling the young heart possesses iz love. It is the first good thing the heart dus, and in after life it iz often the only good thing it duz. history as follows: There is no posstif virtue in love, and yet it may

be the result ov the holyest ov virtues. But there iz, in this life, a vast deal ov Pontoon they ever manufactured. love, that has no more virtue in it than wooden nut-

Thare iz, "Love undieing," that generally lives

about as long as uncorked ginger pop dus. Thare is "Love Untold," which is alwas told tew ennyboddy who will listen to it, and is as full ov pathos as a pork and and beans' nightmare.

And there is "Love at sight," to which I will add, Here the frogs in a neighboring marsh burst into Love for 90 days. These are sum ov the different kinds ov Love that are denominated pashun, and form mutch ov

> the trading capital that lovers do bizzness on. There is not much sin in these different styles ov love; they don't seem tew git up to the dignity ov sin; there is deception in them without doubt; but the deception is like Costar's celebrated Rat Exter-

minator, it won't hurt ennybody else but the re.ts.

I am not prepared to say that I would like to see these things dun away with, for sumthing wuss might necessary in carrying on a trade in which judgment has to yield to fancy, and fancy is too often forced to yield to nonsense.

If we could (enny ov us) hav our old courtship | ten cents each, can adopt its lock-stitch machine to make the chain soppa Philharmonic, Classico-Musico, Diatonic Club fully cheerful, "I heard of your Festival, and have written out and given tew us for perusal we should be made as the lock-stitch; but, not believing in the stitch, come hither to conduct the orchestra, and to write a probably look upon it as we would upon a Chinese great work, I feel that I shall do it, for I am filled comick almanack, unable tew understand the pik- inventive genius, it has guarded it from a multitude of trape. turs, and satisfied that the astronomical calculations were never designed for our latitude.

# EUROPE.

The few years that have elapsed since what were deemed pianos of the first class were imported from lifetime, care should be had in getting what time and use have ap-Europe by those pretending to refined musical taste, proved.-Com. Advertises. have been sufficient to create an unprecedented revolution in that branch of manufacturing industry, and American pianos and makers now take the lead, instead of following in the wake of those of Europe. Musidora's sighs mingled with those of the ac- The models the latter gave us in the infancy of our manufacture have been so vastly improved upon here, that European makers have been content to copy these improvements, and the results of our in-They returned to the company. Harmonicon was | ventive genius; but, like all copies, they have fallen greeted with that enthusiastic reverence which far short of the American originals, the latter being musical souls feel in the presence of what is imma- regarded as far superior to the European make by the very same artists who, when they made professional tours in this country, deemed it necessary to bring a European piano with them to play upon, thinking one of American make unfit for their use. It was thus with Hertz, Leopold De Meyer, Alfred Jael, Thalberg, and others who now freely, and with Harmonicon flew to David's tent-" Thy accor- good grace, admit the superiority of the American deon, paper and ink!" he cried. Swiftly and silently instrument. So, also, in regard to American pianists; David placed them before him, and then left him wherever they have performed in Europe, they have challenged admiration and success; and were At midnight the oratorio was finished—that Mills, Gottschalk, Mason, Goldbeck, Hoffman, &c., whose remarkable talent excited the surprise of our musical world a few years since, and who left this his native land five years ago to seek fame and fortune American boy is now court pianist to the Royal family of Wales. In an interesting letter of his under date of London, Feb. 4, he says:

> Mesers. Strinway & Sons :- I am much pleased too see the apid advances you are making, and the numerous certificates you have so deservedly obtained. Should my humble opinion be of any weight, you may add that I give my four hundredth pianoforte recital at Cheltenham on the 10th of this month since my arrival here; that during my four annual visits to Paris I have used the Grand Pianos of all the first European manufacturers, but have found no instrument equal to the one I purchased of you. In fact, I consider one of your finest Square Pianos, equal to any one of the grand pianos manufactured here. Truly yours,

### WILLIE PAPE, Pianist to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales.

An endorsement so unequivocal, added to the many strong indorsements already received, must be ruly gratifying to the firm to which the above letter was addressed'-N. Y. Tribunc.

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," the "Perpetual Curate," etc. Paper; pp. 182. New York : Harper & Bros.

The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "The Adventures of Reuben Davidger; Seventeen Years and Four Months Captive among the Dyaks of Borneo." Paper; pp. 188. New York : Harper & Bros.

Gilbert Rugge. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Paper; pp. 235. New York : Harper & Bros.

128. New York : The American News Company.

Betsy Jane Ward (Better Half to Artemus). Hur Book of Goaks; with a Full Akkewnt of the Coartship and Marridge to a said Artemus, and Mi-ter Ward's Cutting-up with the Mormon r'are Secks. With Piktirs drawed by Mrs B. Jane Ward. 12mo pp. 312. New York : James O'Kane, No. 126 Nassau Street. The Masquerade, and other Poems. By John Godfrey Saxe. 12

mo, pp. 237. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New York: B. H. Ticknor, 63 Bleecker Street. Poor Matt; or the Clouded Intellect. By Jean Ingelow, author of "Studies for Stories." "Stories Told to a Child." Boston

Roberts Brothers. New York: Oliver S. Felt. Ecce Homo; A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. 12 mo, pp. 355. Boston: Roberts Brothers. New York: Oliver

## A Curiosity for the Ladies.

There is on exhibition at the salesroom of Messrs. WHEELER & WELSON, No. 625 Broadway, the first Sewing Machine (No. 1) made by that Company, the present number being 220,000. Let the interested compare the machine sold in 1851 for \$125 with those now offered for \$55. The former owner of this machine gives its

This machine was finished early in 1851, and I learned its use from Mr. Wilson himself. I was thus, you see, the first to work the Wheeler & Wilson machine, and learned on the first machine

In 1854 I carned with the machine \$295, besides doing my own bousework and taking care of my baby. In 1856 we came to Davenport, and brought the machine with us. I believe it is the first

machine ever brought to Iowa. I run that machine almost constantly for more than fourteen years, on all sorts of work, from the finest dressmaking to the besviest tailoring. I quilted a full-sized white bed-spread with it, which has been exhibited three times at the Fair. It took me three weeks to do it with my other work; but it could not have been done by hand in as many years. I have even stitched leather with it, and at the time I exchanged it, (in 1865), for No. 198,320, it worked just as well as when made.

It is perhaps unnecessary for me to add that I believe the Wheeler & Wilson to be vastly superior to any other machine

### Yours, respectfully, P. E. B.

Time Stier all things. Use only furnishes the final test. Opintons of the skillful may be of value, but time is needed to confirm them. All fullures have had their advocates. It is noteworthy that the Sewing Machine for which the highest premium was awarded at the World's Fair here in 1858 long since sunk into merited oblivion. The past fifteen years has seen numerous machines, with high-sounding pretensions, rise with a flourish, confound the simple, and vanish. So will it be while credulity lasts.

The Wheeler & Wilson Company fixed upon the "Lock Stitch" as the one best suited to the general purposes of sewing, for beauty, permanence, elasticity, and economy of thread, and experience has confirmed the preference. It was at liberty then, as now, to make the chain-stitch machine; and e em now, at a cost of less than | Doors open at 7%. Commences at 8 o'clock.

While this Company has given to the public the best fruits of Attachments have been added for various purposes, as hemming, binding, braiding, cording, &c., but it has been kept free of all useless complications. Simplicity of parts, and adaptation to the widest range of work, has been the constant aim. Instead of boasting of a variety of useless stitches and movements, it claims to make but one kind of stitch, and that with the forcest movements possible. Hence the machine may run constantly for fourteen years, like the No. 1 above-mentioned, or a lifetime, even, and work just as well as when new. With a complication of parts and movements, it would require monthly repairs and adjustments. As the purchase of a sewing-machine is, or may be, an act for a

### AMUSEMENTS.

WALLACK'S .-Proprietor and Manager ..... Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

Carriages may be ordered at 11 o'clock, as the play now con-cludes at that hour.

Attention is respectfully called to the fact that (to secure all possible advantage of space for the display of the scenery,) the division of Acts will be marked by the GREEN CURTAIN Instead of the usual ACT DROP.

EVERY NIGHT UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. Mr. Charles Reade's great Drama, founded upon his highly popular novel, entitled IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND,

Which has had an uninterrupted run of 150 nights in London. WITH NEW SCENERY, BY MESSES. ISHERWOOD AND MAEDER. MACHINERY, BY MR. BUTLER AND ASSISTANTS, COSTUMES

BY MESSRS. FLANERY AND BENSCHOTEN, APPROPRIATE MUSIC BY MR. MOLLENHAUER, AND GREAT CAST.

### TRVING HALL.—

MR. G. W. MORGAN'S ANNUAL CONCERT. SATURDAY EVENING, May 12th, at 8 o'clock. The following artists will assist: MISS MARIE ABBOTT, SOPRANO,

> MISS NETTLE STERLING, CONTRALTO, (Her second appearance.) MR. WM. CASTLE, TENOR, MR. GEO. SIMPSON, TENOB,

MR. J. R. THOMAS, BARITONE, MR. S. C. CAMPBELL, BARITONE, MR. ROBERT GOLDBECK, SOLO PIANIST,

MR. G. W. COLBY, Tickets \$1. For sale at the music stores and at Irving Hall.

### IRVING HALL-GRAND CONCERT. MONDAY EVENING, May 14, a: 8 o'clock. THEODORE THOMAS' LAST GRAND CONCERT

LAST GRAND CONCERT OT THE SEASON. For which occasion the following eminent artists have kindly consented to assist

MISS MARIA BRAINARD, (Soprano.) MISS ROSE EYTINGE, (Dramatic Artist.) MR. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, (Pianist.) (His first appearance in America.) THE MENDELSSOHN UNION SOCIETY. Under the direction of MR. BERGA, and

A GRAND ORCHESTRA. The following interesting works will form part of this programme: Beethoven's entire music to Goethe's "Egmont," with recitations. Festival Overture for Orchestra. Chorus and Organ. Nicolai. March and Chorus from the "Ruins of Athens," Beethoven. Concerto, F minor, for piano-forte-Henselt. &c., &c. Tickets for sale at the music-stores and Irving Hall.

### DARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM. Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets.

STILL ANOTHER CHANGE. INCREASED ATTRACTION. NEW CURIOSINIES-NEW WONDERS-NEW DRAMA.

EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2; EVENING AT 7%. A GRAND SENSATIONAL BOMANCE, BENDITO;

OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ZINCALI. NEW AND SPLENDID SCENIC EFFECTS. NOVEL MECHANICAL APPLIANCES,

> MASTER ALLEY TURNER, THE INFANT DRUMMER, FOUR YEARS OLD. THE AUSTRALIAN LIVING BIRD SHOW. TWO SACRED WHITE PEACOCKS. THE WONDER OF WONDERS. A MAMMOTH FAT INFANT,

APPROPRIATE APPOINTMENTS AND COSTUMES.

Only 3 years old, and weighing 196 pounds. FOUR DWARFS. TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS .- GLASS BLOWERS. THREE-HORNED BULL. -TWO NYL-GHAUS. Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family Grand Aquaria 100,000 Curiosities. Admission, 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

GRAND SACRED CONCERT AT IRVING HALL, BUNDAY EVENING, May 13, at 8 o'clock. MISS LOUISA MYERS, Soprano, (By kind permission of Mrs. John Wood.) Mr. WM. CASILE, Tenor;

MR. G. W. COLBY, Conductor, and MR. G. W. MORGAN, the celebrated Organist, who will perform on ODELL'S NEW ORGAN. Tickets 50 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents extra.

Mr. S. C. CAMPBELL, Baritone,

### A CADEMY OF MUSIC.—

HAVANA OPERA COMPANY. Lessee of the grand TEATRO TACON, of Havana, and the New and Elegant FRENCH THEA I RE, 14th street, New York. SATURDAY, May 12th, at 1 o'clock, GRAND MATINEE-FAUST-For the last time.

Mdlle. LEONILDA BOSCHETTI. Her original and renowned BOLE, which she created in all the principal cities of Italy, and recently in Havana, the personation everywhere having produced the utmost admiration of the public, as acknowledged by the press.

Cash Polini ..... Sibel Anastasi ..... Faust Orlandini ...... Valentine Mileri ...... Mephistopheles Admission to all parts of the house One Dollar. Ticket Office open at the Academy of Music, at Root, Anthony & Co.'s, No. 21 Nassau street, and at Beer & Schirmer's, No.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 12th. The Successful Romantic drama, entitled the 8 3 TES

GUARDSMEN Which will be repeated for a few nights longer, but must EOON BE WITHDRAWN. to allow for the production of a new drama, expressly adapted from the last great work of Charles Dickens, entitled "OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."

FRIDAY Evening, MAY 18, BENEFIT OF MRS. JOHN WOOD. (Continued from Page 3.)

heart. Just now you may not perceive that it has | cial carthquake developed other events. vitality, but wait a little; give it now and then a had been bequeathed to her the perfected thing. wore the paint off.

And so time slipped away, unawares, and Hector had thrown up a student's life and taking to a seafaring one instead; and Mrs. Holland had gone away years before, never to return; and Kate sat in her place and drew the tea for Mr. Holland, and read to him during the weary winter evenings when his eyes failed him, while Hector perhaps whistled for the wind becalmed on distant seas, or won bravely through danger and adventure in his long, lonesome voyages. When he came home he used to bring her little trinkets from abroad; pretty necklaces, woven by Spanish fingers; slippers from India, embroidered by native handicraft, with the goldstriped wing-cases of the Bande dorèe feather-fans, whose brilliant coruscations had flashed through tropical forests; sandal-wood boxes that hived the odor of scores of Indian summers, perfumes from France, and outlandish nicknacks from China.

After his mother's death the correspondence had fallen to her share, and Hector never missed the opportunity of a foreign port, or a homeward-bound vessel, to drop her a line, which, reaching the quiet sea-board town, with its quaint postage-stamp, its faint sea odor, and its nautical style, affected her like a page out of some marine novel. When one of these arrived, she would read it at the tea-table pendence; she ought to be up and stirring; conse- from care and dependence. Only one word, and she those tears that fail to bubble over at the eye freeze to his father, re-read to herself between sips of the quently, she moped. One day, having mentioned was rich and respected, with a home and a heart all at the fountainhead. Japan tea he had brought home from his last cruise, then slipping it back into its envelope, there would be nothing more spoken of but Hector and his whereabouts, interspersed with little good-natured quarrels as to his probable return. If she did love him, it was the most natural thing in the world; if she didn't, I don't see how she could help it.

But one day when Hector came ashore, buoyant and sunburnt, and strode straight to his home whistling "The Girl I left behind me," something saddened him, as he passed along the garden wall. Perhaps the neglected garden itself; perhaps the house, with its blinds closed, and its air of selitude; but when he found Kate, sitting at work in her black gown,

"Where is my father?" he asked.

"Dear Hector," said she, "he has gone to meet

your mother," and they wept together.

He made a long stay at home this time, setfling his father's estate, which had dwindled to the ghost of one; and because it struck him now, for the first time, that there was something different from brotherly regard in his admiration of Kate; and just because many a man bold in danger is timid in love, he neglected a hundred opportunities of declaring himself, and for all I know would have let slip as many more, but for her own impulsive introduction of the subject.

And so, as I said, Kate sat down under Mrs. Dewitt's wing, and Hector put out to sea. He had stepped ashore a light-hearted, winsome boy; he set sail a man, with a whole heartful of sorrows. As the land-lights slowly wavered and dissolved into distance behind him he thought with bitterness of his late repulse, of his wish to be a screen between Kate and misfortune. He pictured to himself the difference if she had vouchsafed him a syllable of hope, so he might believe that she sent a thought or a prayer-a crystallized thought-after him, once in a while, to waft him out of this doldrum.

In the mean while Kate had hardly fair play. She had devoured a good many novels of the circulating ibrary type, and had a notion that such a thing as a lover was to be met with in some ruin, or the dim, religious light of long drawn aisles—that he would wear a slouched hat was a matter of course, with sword and pistol by his side;" that he would go through fire and water for his true love's sake, renounce friends, fortune, and ambition, and-perhaps be cheated of her at last. Though up to this hour no particular hero had won her, an ideal had ever beckoned her into some lordly chatesu en Espagne, just now, in her sentimental or grub state, out of which she is soon to flutter and fly, I am afraid that if she had known it possible to transform Hector into the Ideal, she would have yet persisted in a refusal, in order to create fresh obstacles and romantic material. But there is nothing bursts the cocoon of sentimentalism so easily as having "to take arms against a sea of troubles," being impressed into the standing army of the diligent.

you, you may not love her to-day, but the probabil- embarrassments, and his estate would, without Day?" ities are that you will to-morrow. The seed has doubt, have been divided between Kate and Hector; She knew what such days were like, and gave it whistled, the bell rang-Hector turned to bid Kate not dropped upon stony places, but into a human but his sudden death, on the brink of a great finan- with such a heart-breaking pathos that the young good-by:

thought, water it with a tear, and in some moment and far gayer than that she had left, but she soon silent pang. when you least dream of it, lo! it has put up a leaf- began to feel that it was not her own. Somehow or "You sing con expressione," he said, bending still let and budded, and exhales a perfume of Paradise. other the hands of friendship are colder than those lower: "if I were that absent lover-" Mrs. Holland could not suffer Kate to return to the of love; the blood doesn't seem to travel to the fing- "But you are here, Mr. Edmonton; how could we kitchen again; as Bow-bells made a Lord Mayor of ers' ends often enough. She had been taken so undo without you this dreary evening?" Whittington, so this sentence had made her a daugh- reservedly into the hearts of her dead friends that, ter of the house, and Mr. Holland gladly ratified the | till now, she had been at a loss to know the odds be- out." treaty. It was a sunbeam they had entrapped; her | tween ownership or adoption; here, it was sufficientwere as deft as a fairy's, her temper resembled steel, own, and though she was never unkind or grudging. so she turned to the Marine News. tried and elastic; you would have said that in some still there was a strange want of tact in all she said "The newspaper," said Eugenia, "is a household tor was gone! other life it had passed through the fiery ordcal, and or did. Kate missed Mr. Holland's kind considers- Lar to each of us; we all go to it for what we want. tion, she missed being "the person of the house," Father's interest is in the money-markets and Con-And how she sang! Down below there, in the she missed entire freedom, and, if the truth must be gressional debates; mother spends herself upon the had escaped from prison and shouted Te Deum. puzzled her; they repeated themselves at most ex- but the Marine list, while Theo and I content our- my feet, a la Squeers." Hector was away at school when this happened, traordinary moments. "I am ready, Kate." When selves with the marriages." only his portrait hung against the wall, and whoever | she sang, they pushed out the original lines of the | "Pray, don't Hector Kate," said Theo. sat beneath it felt as if they sat in the sun. Kate | ballad, and only an effort of will prevented her from | "And Miss Kate is devoted to the marine?" asked look into the eyes, and entreat him not to get feruled, sons of sadness, they never failed to impart a warmth I shouldn't object to braving the dangers of the sea nor play "hookey," till old Betty declared that she and thrill like that of spring; it was an Ave which myself if I were sure you would hunt me up nightly; she breathed silently to exercise discontent. What if, whenever we spoke a homeward-bound vessel, I my pains and aches; I thought it would go away if he really did love her, and it was no fable with | could reckon with something like certainty that in | presently." which she amused herself? What if he had not so many days you would give me a thought" meant merely to sacrifice himself, because she had offered herself to him? Those were queries worth dow: solving; worth going to Delphi to consult the oracle upon. But then she had—it was undeniable that she had—in a manner provoked his response, and asked Mr. Edmonton. she questioned if his words were any other than the situation of things would have called forth from any and stepping out upon the piazza. generous and gallant gentleman; still his air had not been that of a martyr, though she knew that your death! Do, Theo, carry her shawl out to Yet he does not fold his hands and let the ship drift there are noble souls who carry all their own sacri- her." fices to your credit account. How many hours she vexed herself over these things; and how reluctantly | he followed Kate's footsteps. she came to the conclusion, that she must needs prove to him that her offer was involuntary by mak- and me." ing sure of not loving him! Oh, very fine, my lady "I am not likely to forget you," she replied, an- seems to see the yellow sunlight falling, solid as Kate; but how to make sure? Positively the Ideal graciously. was more a myth than ever; for the more heroic "Kate, Kate, is it true?" he entreated, mistaking | touching like a benediction the bridal group. Then and unselfish Hector appears to her, the more must her, "Will you let me love you?" he demand of her heart.

> the part nature had evidently assigned to her in tated her words had been? If some one loved ber and thinks that for each man here in danger, there. throwing her a second time upon the world. It was should she not be grateful? She was all alone; at home, is a watcher in pain; but for him, he is spiritless in her to sit still and eat the bread of de- who else cared for her? And here too, was freedom alone, and a tear congeals deep in his heart; for something of the kind to Mrs. Dewitt, "Why, Kate," her own; and though she had no heart to give in re- The sunshine can hardly be guessed at, banished said that lady a little touched, and not a little inde- turn she put her hand in his and the magical word as it is behind thick curtains from a gloomy sick licately, "you are no more dependent here than at was spoken. Well, if she had been an angel she room. Here no anthems mellow swell pierces, only Mr. Holland's, and there you were happy enough." | wouldn't have been a woman.

"Yes," said Kate, "but-"

Dewitt, "you are well taught, why not take a sing- treat into her own room; there, the first thing she ing-school?" feeling certain that in such a discordant | did was to turn Hector's portrait to the wall, then element she would soon come to terms. So she she sat down and made an argument for her own It's the bonniest day from Yule to midsummer." busied herself among her acquaintances; but Mrs. persuasion and cried herself to sleep. Rich's daughters thought themselves already wise; Mrs. Best's were under the tuition of Signor Scham- came to her ears. "Of coarse, you must marry noni; the Miss Styles had been taught in Europe, sooner or later, and that horrid school would wear and the little Prattlers hadn't any voices; "As if," you out before long." cried one, behind the applicant's back-"as if a girl picked out of the gutter is a suitable person to instruct my children!" "Give some folks an inch and they'll take an ell," remarked Mrs. Best, who had always taken care to provoke no one to such an extremity by never offering an inch or anything else. So there was an end of it. But Kate could not rest here; a primary school falling vacant, she made haste to apply for it, and, directly, her drudgery began. Slave of the bell, if not of the ring: under the thumb of infantile mischief-makers; at the beck and call of a-b, abs; beset by interrogation notes-an octave at once, but without ever striking a true chord; and left without time to count four. Generalissima of the Pythagorean battalions, and repelling the enemy at the point of the ferule, or, more strictly, giving them a broadside; hampered with parallels, but allowed little latitude, unless it were geographical; and yet without freeing herself from the yoke of dependence, merely defraying the expenses of a limited wardrobe. The constant strain upon her nerves kept her on the edge of a fever; the necessity for having her eyes everywhere at once made her head feel more like a top than any. thing besides; while the continual stream of words demanded, in order to enforce, explain, and persuade, threatened her with a serious difficulty of the

Now, too, every high wind made her melancholy; its bugle-tones pierced her like daggers. On evenings when the curtains shut out the stormy night, leaves." with all its vague terrors; when the cheerfulness within doors annihilated the impetuous voice without; when song and mirth, and the interchange of wit, left no pause for the wild refrain of the elements to touch one other with a sense of desolation, Kate reviewed the pictures of wreck and tempest Hector had sketched for her. She saw angry breakers piling their ghostliness high against the black sky; she felt their stinging breath against her bosom; the voice of deep calling unto deep appalled her soul; she saw hurrying feet trip on the slippery deck, the eager will of men at the pumps, the utter anguish of despairing faces; the crash of parting timbers shook her; the powdering spray blinded her eyes; till suddenly she became conscious of a lull, and as if from miles away, Mrs. Dewitt called to

Perhaps if Mr. Holland had lived a few years "Kate, Kate, are you asleep? Don't you hear cheek; and then a great pain smote her, as Theo's Love begets love. If some one tells you she loves longer he would have extricated himself from his Mr. Edmonton asking for 'The long, long weary coquettish beauty assured her how easily one might

> man bending beside her half mistrusted it was less The home to which Kate went was a comfortable | for him that she sang than to give utterance to some

"Then I should not be missed if the stars were

Kate laughed softly, and took up the evening

Kate laid down the paper and went to the win-

"The stars are out," said she.

"Is that a hint for me to follow their example?" out of sight.

"It is for me," said Kate, throwing up the sash

"Kate, Kate," cried Mrs. Dewitt, "you will catch

Mr. Edmonton took it. "Allow me," said he, and

Then, too, she reflected that she was not acting little her heart belonged to Hector? how unpremedi- rough bout, my boys!" And he glances about him,

"If it would make you feel easier," continued Mrs. | merely to say good-evening ; Hete best a nasty re- | heavy hours.

"I am delighted!" declared Mrs. Dewitt, when it

"Dear me," said Theo, "we must be looking up wedding-presents!"

"Yes," said Eugenia, with charming simplicity, "there's nothing so delightful as the prospect of a wedding. I don't know as it is necessary to add that she appended to her diary for that day the following item: "Kate is going to marry Mr. Edmonton; Heaven only knows when my turn will come."

The marriage was to take place in the course of a couple of months, and in the mean while the sewingmachine turned out a wardrobe, by means of its enlivening rat-tat-tat, with nearly as much expedition as Cinderella's god-mother had done.

Kate had made up her mind-rather late in the day to be sure—that a thing of this kind must not be done by the halves; that she must make an effort into shape ence more, what an epitome of life and in Mr. Edmouton's behoof: so, in order to effect a beginning, she avoided the marine news, or she would not have been surprised when Theo danced into her room, with:

"There you can't guess whom mamma has picked up in her rambles."

"Evidently somebody you're interested in," said Kate, with indifference.

"Indeed," returned Theo, coloring, "I used to fancy that the shoe was on the other foot."

"And now you find it's slip-shod," said Eugenia, putting her head in at the door; " Oh, lady, leave thy silken thread;' the strong hearted son of Priam awaits you below, and in half an hour the train

"Oh, Hector!" cried Kate, letting every thing

"My dear Kate," said Mrs. Dewitt, "I've been trying to persuade Captain Holland to stay to your | Kate had taken two steps alone, as she was fond of wedding; but as he has only a few minutes to spare, he just stepped in to see the last of you."

"The last of me," repeated Kate, putting her hand to her head; " I should think I was going to be annihilated."

'It amounts to that," said Theo, savcily.

"If that's 'your view of it," Miss Theo, returned Hector, "I'm afraid there'll be soon hearts broken, unless we can convert you to the true faith."

Kate looked at him while he spoke. There was the old sparkle in his eyes, like the sun on the sea, and the rich color palpitating across the smooth been surprised at my sending for you."

love. So they chatted the half-hour away, the train

"You are perfectly happy?" he asked, aside.

"Every thing has its drawbacks," she answered lightly, avoiding his eye; "if one dress-maker will go and be ill, and leave one with the prospect of illfitted gowns, what is happiness worth?"

Happy! she would let him see how well she could do without him-what a slight thing it was to say adieu with a smile. When she thought he had gone, he returned to say, "You are quite sure?"

An inexpressible longing seized her: she put out innocent prattle was like bird-song, her little fingers ly manifested. Mrs. Dewitt had daughters of her paper. As some people strike for the Poet's Corner, her arm with the old imploring gesture. Too late : the door closed as if it shut her out of heaven. Hec-

> "Mercy, what's the matter with Kate!" exclaimed Theo, turning from the window with half a sigh.

"Nothing," said Kate, making a feint at laughing; kitchen, she had been dumb, but now it was as if she told, she missed Hector. Above all, Hector's words literary notices and personals; Kate sees nothing "only the pain in my back prevents me standing on

"Take a blue pill," advised Theo, who dosed upon the least provocation.

"Dear, dear," quavered Mrs. Dewitt, "have you used to get up in a chair and kiss the mouth, and uttering them; sometimes occurring to her in sea- Mr. Edmouton, still hovering near her. "Positively had it long? Is it very bad? Why didn't you mention it before?"

" I don't like to keep boring the community with

"Now, you're not going to be ill and spoil every thing?" questioned Eugenie. But the lack-lustre eyes, the flushed face, answered her; and Kate was tucked into bed, and the wedding garments tucked

Hector has been gone a month. Out at sea it is a gray morning, but it is Kate's wedding morning. It seems to him that this would lend a rose-color to the darkest sky but for a pain that comes and goes. at will; he is alert and active, preparing to meet the threatened storm. In between all the tumult, the reefing of sails, the sparring and joking of the "Miss Kate," he said. "you forget your health crew, he listens to the wedding anthem, sending a thrill through all the glittering organ-pipes. He gold, in at the long church windows at home, and he hears the wind hustening to overtake him, and Why not? Was not here a chance to show how he turns to his men and says, "We shall have a

the hushed step of a nurse breaks silence, or the Mr. Edmonton returned to the drawing-room slow alarm of the clock down-states tolling out the

"Does it rain?" asks a thin voice.

"Rain! Never a drop; unless it rains sunlight

" It's 'most night, isn't it ?"

"In China it is, may be."

"I am starved, nurse; can't you go down and bring me something?"

As the nurse's pattering step dies away, Kate rises on elbow with effort and pulls away a corner of the curtain. Such billows of light! Such an ocean of blue! "My wedding-day," she says, and laughs shortly. Then she reaches a hand-glass from the bureau, and gazes long and silently into its lustrous disk, as if, bit by bit, slowly, like one mastering a new language, she were spelling out her future fate. It is a little mirror, framed in a fantastic carving of sandal-wood, inlaid with freaks of ebony, that has done service in the family this century, perhaps. Some fastidious ancestress of Hector's brought it from France along with her other fancies and fallals. It has seen generations pass by; innocent child-eyes have hung about it; faded faces searched it for vanished birth-rights; funeral tears bedimmed it. If the long perspective of its views could step death would be there presented! There, what bride has blushed and smiled to find herself so sweet? what haughty belle given the last touch to her enchantments? Here, to-day, what wan disfigurement answers to the questioning eyes? She does not cry out nor shatter the glass that has already survived so much for telling such truth, but she slips it beneath her pillow, saying:

"Lie there, little mentor; I must get used to myself first; I never expected such a lesson from you." And so sleep descends upon her, and in her dreams she is fair again.

Kate's first thought upon comprehending the ruin of her beauty was Hector; her next, Mr. Edmonton; a strange inversion considering all things. Mrs. Dewitt had taken herself and family out of the house at the first alarm, but not in time to save Theo from a slight attack, and long before she returned doing. When there was no longer any danger she sent for her lover, and was a little wounded-even though she only sent for him in order to send him away-that he delayed coming for several days.

manner somewhat dashed with ice. "I am astonished to see you so well, Kate," he said, taking a seat at a respectful distance. "I shall bring the carriage round to-morrow if your physician agrees."

Then he arrived with countless apologies and a

"Thank you, Mr. Edmonton; but you must have

before."

"Not at all. I sent for you because I have something to say, which I thought only a personal en; she found Mrs. Gray smiling over an open letter. counter would seem to justify."

"Really," said he, "you speak in enigmas; no Miss Katherine?" she asked. tain but he valued it.

made."

my acquittal," he added, warming.

"But truly, Mr. Edmonton, I am in earnest."

are bent upon refusing their magnanimity, never | means. scruple to press it, knowing that it is both safe and heroic.

"I am in earnest," she repeated; "selfishly, perhaps, because I request the same favor of you."

lemnity.

"I am sorry to be the cause of pain to you, Mr. Edmonton, but-"

"You do not love me," he interrupted, jumping at a conclusion with the ease of a mental athlete. One must face the truth; but oh, it is bitter enough, Kate!" he continued, with amazing resignation, unless, like Talleyrand, he could receive a thrust in the back without showing it in his face.

"I think you will be able to bear it," she answered, coolly.

"Time is the great alleviator," he philosophized; " but it can have no effect upon my regard for you." "I thank you," said Kate, and he left her with the

air of an injured man. The next day Mrs. Dewitt returned.

"My dear Kate." said that lady, "you look much say to it?"

" He says ' Good-bye !"

"Truly ?"

" It is fair to say that I set the example."

"Well, beauty is but skin deep, Kate, as you and I have proved. And if you have lost your complexion and your lever, nobody can rob you of your pretty Greek nose."

"And your eyes," added Eugenia; "I never saw them so large."

"I wouldn't give a fig for lovers," said Theo; "they are dreadfully vexatious."

tained other views on the subject.

There's one comfort," said Theo, " Mr. Edmonton's loss is our gain; we can keep you ourselves now."

"You are very kind; but not if Mrs. Gray keeps her engagements."

Gray we met at Oldport: she said she had just en- chattered in the saloon, till pretty Poll revenged her- you, thank you!" gaged a governess? And it you aren't worn to self by repeating her frequent question whenever the death, Kate, with those little wretches of hers, she | children appeared, " Is Katherine up? Is Katherine wields another instrument of torture which is sure | up?" or, seriously reiterating the command to Harry to finish you."

"Yes, indeed," added Eugenia; "and she plumes herself upon changing her governesses every six months. She thinks they wear out in that time; morning. "He is the most brilliant discourser I should think they would."

"She evidently goes upon the principle of the new broom," said Mrs. Dewitt. "You had better not think of it, Kate."

"I should like to see how long I can sweep clean." And thus Mrs. Gray took her into custody.

Master Harry, though lying under the imputation of being a nonesuch-which no one could denywas at the same time a thorn in the flesh. It seemed as natural for him to tread on other people's toes as for most boys to tread on their own; he tripped as often over Kate's skirts as over his lessons; he upset an ink-bottle into her lap, and sopped it up with her embroidered handkerchief; he begged the balls of agate off her bracelet for marbles, borrowed her penknives, and lost her pencils; scribbled over her choicest books, and contradicted her a dozen times a favor of a fairy-story after ten.

"Miss Katherine, what are airs and graces? Mother ence of wonderful intensity. says you would do very well if you hadn't so many;" But not always thus were they to suffer monotony. mour! But when, at last, he drooped into the sea, and "Miss Katherine, have you seen better days? At last one night the starry heavens receded behind a curtain of fog crept down and shut them into utter Mother says you have." Kate thought she had. pillars of purple clouds, the winds swept the sea, and darkness as into a tomb. Then what dread descended ceived wedding-cards; they were only Eugenia's and

bring her of weal or woe?

possession was drifting beyond reach, he wasn't cer- she could think at all? Hadn't it been her pet day- sion and terror, there came to their expectant ears morning dazzled them with all its light and freshness dream, time out of mind; at least ever since Hector | the order to back the engines and start the pumps, | and beauty, lavished like dew, and made the world "The staunchest loyalty instead; I wish to ac- had made her familiar with its ports, and told her followed by eager endeavors to stop the leak, till, sweet and canny once more, there was nothing but a quit you of your promise to me; seeing, as you such wonderful things of the crowd uncoiling along gaining upon them, it put out the engine fires, and speck against the horizon, a speck that soon dissolved

must, that I am not at all the same as when it was Cheapside, like some painted puzzle, of which no made it evident to all that before daylight the ship in distance. Now succeeded the torture of thirst, one knew the beginning, nor could guess the end. | would have disappeared forever. "Indeed, Kate, I should know you were the very "Across the Atlantic" was a clause which she ana- What wild disorder crowned this intelligence; soaked in sea-water, helped to produce, and the bitagination rather than those of the grammarian.

stranger."

save Mrs. Gray a seamstress.

"The passage abroad is such an expensive affair | below, must quiver and agonize to answer him. at the best, you know; and a penny saved is a penny earned," without reflecting that in this case it be," must have been her conclusion, for besides went into the wrong pocket.

got under way, and Kate found herself "under the remembrance. weather," utterly indifferent to any earthly chance. While thus endeavoring to possess her soul in time; oblivious to the fear of looking shabby in interpreted in her own way. London or the hope of meeting Hector unawares; "Oh no, no, Mr. Edmenton," she cried, "I should earth revolves on its axis. As for | Mrs. Gray, sea- | your life-preserver on any account!" "Sour grapes, I guess," said Eugenia, who enter- sickness wasn't a match for her; if she experienced a little "squeamishness," as she called it, she laid violent hands, or rather tongue, upon some unfortu- measure, but I couldn't do it; I should feel wicked." nate, and " talked it off." She talked with the pas-"Dear me, mamma, I wonder if it is the Mrs. her, improvised a lingo suitable for the parrot which to "tie up shoe," and " be gentleman."

> "I have made the acquaintance of the most charming person, Katherine," said Mrs. Gray, one have ever met with;" which only meant that he listened admirably. "I only wish you were able to see him," she continued.

"Who is he?" asked Kate, out of complaisance, "The Prince of Goodfellows, or the Duke of Smalltalk ?"

"I perceive that you are recovering-" " My curiosity, at least."

"Yes; ah, his name-did any one call me? hark! -his name is Mr.—there's the tag off Emma's boot- joint-heir, as clinging to the raft, faint and wet, she lacing new; I never saw such a destructive childoh, I was speaking of Mr. Edmonton, wasn't I? with something yet of its old stateliness, and disap-That's his name; aristocratic, isn't it?"

Mr. Edmonton.

By-and-by, when Kate gained heart to stagger upday; he put the school-room clock forward, and tore on deck to see the sun set over the water, she found through a mist uncertainly, now rending and now out the hard problems in his arithmetic; he was Mr. Edmonton no such formidable being; indeed, resuming the wavering screen. And the sea grew curious about "such lots of little holes" on her face, rather handy to bring cushions and poise a spy- calmer, and washed over them at rarer intervals. told her she wasn't nearly so pretty "as the last glass, to furnish interesting items concerning the And they strained their haggard eyes over the solione," and was constantly at her elbow requesting monsters of the deep, that now and then parted the tary waste, and sent shouts and prayers and clamorher to play cat's-cradle with him, "because Miss wave with grotesque head or involuted fin; ready ous entreaties after any sail that glimmered one Fisk used to," or to convert his handkerchief into with repartee, and gracious beyond measure. He instant far away, across their sight and vanished sails for a ship, which he ballasted with the contents knew her songs and her friends, and she smiled to hopelessly. And thus they drifted aimlessly, racked of her work-box, and manned with hair-pins; some herself in thinking that chance had sent them to- with cramps, stung with cold, gnawed with hunger, times finishing his most provoking day by presenting gether on the same voyage, which they had thought heart-sick, and giddy with alternating hope and fear. her with the only flower in bloom upon his mother's to take once before, while matrons and maidens ob- Now and then a bird wheeled screaming above them; house-plants—the apple of her eye—and asking the served them askance, and wondered if they were now and then some curious fish floated the wave lovers, or "how such an elegant young man could beside them. Sometimes they caught courage from As for Miss Emma, though in advance of him in fancy that plain governess:" only Kate knew it was each other, and spoke of home, or tried to rally a years, she was not behindhand in annoyances; she not fancy so much as habit, and a desire to see if spark of wit to warm their benumbing senses; they tried on all Kate's garments from boot to bonnet, the flame still attracted the moth—to prove himself. buoyed one another with tales of other wrecks and bathed in her Cologne water, broke her vinaigrette. Yet it is dangerous to play with fire, we hear. One little snatches of familiar tunes, ending in broken read her letters, and turned her bureau drawers cannot suppose Kate so interested in going over the sighs and tears. They were one family bound topsy-turvy. It was Miss Katherine here, and Miss old battle-ground as to reap any very keen pleasure together in misfortune; none could slip from his Katherine there; and, " Miss Katherine, won't you therefrom; and the days that burned themselves hold but a dozen feeble hands were stretched to box Harry's cars? Mother doesn't allow me, and away over the ocean in gold-stone and ruby masses save; no sigh but found its echo. Yet what freaks he keeps pounding the piano while I practice;" and brought such hours of ennui that the tossing plume the sun played upon the water, when, in the long it's Mr. Edmonton. Kate, there's not an inch of you "Miss Katherine, will you mend this tear in my of a sea-bird, the ghostly glimmer of a distant sail, noon hours, he found his way out of the mist! How frock before mother sees it, and scolds?" and "You | the white water-column of a spouting whale, even | he gave every wave a spear of gold, and plowed up | don't look bad at all, when your veil's down;" and the variations of meals, became epochs in her exist. the further distance into ridges, and veined and

"You must have been surprised at my not coming perfect work, and take whatsoever these days might out again, like webs of finest lace; the great waters hollow darkness, what voices called to them, what "What do you think of a voyage to England, upon their souls with pittiless, stern harmony. It forgot disaster in one brief vision of security. was a night to be remembered, should any survive to | Once they fancied that, looming through the mist,

same if only by this caprice; I decline to accept lyzed and disposed of according to the laws of im- what wringing of hands, what tears and cries for aid ter sense that all this tempting liquid heaped about from absent friends, what agonized silences, what them afforded no relief, till one by one they settled "I should think you would enjoy it," she answered, frantic lamentations! It was an experience to into a sad despair, only a few brave spirits keeping "So am I." Some people, perceiving that you wondering if she were to lose her situation by the witen the bravest head, to wrinkle the smoothest watch and heart, when the morning of the third day cheek, to chasten the most heedless heart. At the overtook them. "You see," Mrs. Gray proceeded to say, "Mr. beginning Kate had gone into her state-room, locked Poor Mrs. Gray had long since given over speech Gray has written for myself and the children- her trunk and put the key into her pocket, possibly -only another way of saying a great deal; and Kate, Emma, take your elbows off the table—to meet him in the same bewilderment that prompts people, in too sore and worn to lift her head or move a limb, at Liverpool, since his business will detain him a times of fire, to lock up their silver—sometimes, no saw the dawn infiltrate day, the rosy color sift through "Oh!" he exclaimed, making an effort to look year or two longer; and, furthermore—you will up- doubt, a wise precaution—then she sat a little apart | the gray gauze, and the morning star hang trembling grave and grieved. "Miss Kate, you must believe set your plate in your lap, Emma, the next thing, as in order to compose her mind and think somewhat. in the balance, feeling dreamily that it was the last that this pains me deeply," he added, with due so- I once saw happen at a dinner party—as I was say. She tried to persuade herself that death was no such earthly morning that would ever rise for her; there ing, he desires that I should bring a governess, if I bitter thing after all; that it was but one pang, one came to mind, as if photographed in memory, mornhave one according to my taste, and I don't know shudder, one grasping after the flying world—and ings long since faded, when she climbed to the roof but I might as well take you, Miss Katherine, as a behold, a whole eternity of bliss, such as it hath not in the early light, when the world was hushed and entered into the heart of man to understand! She dewy, with only a bird to flutter a wing or trill a This was such a cool way of disposing of her that | thought of herself as already dead, lying peacefully | note—and watched out beyond where the sea line Kate's blood rose, and she had half a mind to decline at the bottom of the sea, the weight of waters rolling frets the river mouth, till the sunbeams pointed all the nomination; but one has occasionally to swallow forever above her in endless chant and dirge; the the spires, and the river swarmed with boat and a great deal of bitter bread or go hungry, so she world sweeping on, year after year, without a thought barge-watched because Hector was overdue; Christmerely answered, "I shall esteem it a great opportu- for her; perhaps, some day, a stately ship go sailing | mas mornings, when he came home for the holidays, nity, thank you." So there was a holiday granted over her resting place—all unguessed at—and sad and they explored their gifts together; mornings at that Miss Katherine might assist at the packing, and eyes question the remorseless main of her fate; and Mrs. Dewitt's, with Theo laughing over her teashe felt that then her very bones, long mouldering grounds and Eugenia telling her dreams—each push-

> "Love art thou sweet? Then bitter death must However, it was not unpleasant work to sit and too, might not some morning's sunshine find him gay chitecture" on one's own behalf. I am afraid ever, or remembered only as a dream! Yet there ing and dropping waves: there was a slight reaction, when at last the steamer | was One had promised to hold her in everlasting

careless whether the world turned Mormon or the patience something led her to glance up. Mr. Edmoon into green cheese; whether the abolition monton stood near her, holding a life-preserver, movement gained ground or the steamer gained with some half-uttered sentence on his lip, which she

heedless whether she starved to death or ate cold scorn my life if I bought it at such a price. You gruel, and fully realizing, for the first time, that the are too thoughtful and unselfish; I would not wear

" I-I wish-"

"Pray do not urge it, Sir! I thank you beyond

"Really, Miss Kate, I should be happy to abdicate sengers, gentle and simple; with the captain, the to you; but you-you mis-that is, I-won't you sailors, and the stewardess; and when all else failed give me a string, if it will not be too much trouble? a strong string to secure this portion of it—thank

supreme confusion, but this was no hour for awkward evidently, for there was a tarpaulin hanging in her trivialities. Already they had lowered the boats, most of which proving useless it became necessary familiar. By what clairvoyance did she learn where to construct rafts with such expedition and material | the materials were bought, and under what circumas was in their power, lashing together yards and spars, and freighting them with imperiled lives; so that, just as the earliest hint of dawn winged up the eastern sky, like the shadow of an archangel, and spurred the flying clouds before it, and broke the storm into harmless atoms, and shook its radiant self abroad; just while, through a rift between opposing | might be-oh-but she was too weak to stir; a little gloom, the old moon, weak and spent-wrecked itself | cry-half pain, half hope-escaped, her-a cry that these many nights--lifted still a thread of silver; just when the watery world emerged from night, and took on hope and gladness again, Kate found herself dimly watched the ship they had left, reel and plunge, pear, while the waters rushing into all its ports and Kate groaned and experienced a relapse, and Mrs. passages, from stem to stern, sent forth a mighty Gray betook herself into the inexpressible society of whisper, and the engine-bell tolled heavily a while, and ceased.

So the day broke, and the sun looked out at them seamed the whole vast mass with the precious gla-Yet what could she do but let patience have its curled it into heaps of shifting foam, and shook it with the night, what eyes mocked them out of the Mr. Edmonton's."

seemed opening a thousand gulfs to close over them, phantom sails forever beat before them! By times One merning when Kate appeared at breakfast, the tempest groping for them with a cruel grasp, times they slept a feverish uneasy sleep, burdened while the grand orchestra of the elements rung in with moans and sobs, and sometimes dreamed and

treason, I hope." Like many of us, now that the To England! Hadn't she thought of it ever since remember; for wearing the hours away in apprehen- they saw the red lights of some ship, but when again which the few biscuits they had secured at starting,

ing the other aside, and swaying back and forth like pendulums beating the petty seconds of human life; yet death was no longer a pang-she would be up Hector, who would shed a tear for her? And he, and away to the source of infinite morning. So she lay awaiting the end; and a song Hector had loved better than I expected. What does Mr. Edmonton stitch quietly, and engage in a little "aerial ar- and forgetful? Oh, to be forgotten, for ever and kept surging through her brain, in time to the heav-

> "I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost heed the sparrow's fall."

And, dazed with faintness, and heavy with sleep, and muffled in an atmosphere of demi-consciousness, she somehow felt that already the Dark River flowed beneath her; that cries of exultation and joy came, faintly borne from the farther shore; that beatified faces passed and repassed before her. But stay; what had happened-why this eager commotion? Was the raft parting—the sea engulfing? Whatever happened she would know it all; she would die with all her senses at their post; she would-but her servants having contended for every inch of territory, on the brink of victory, scattered and fled, and left her to the tender mercies of a grizzled sailor, who lifted her with unspairing gentleness, as if he carried some delicate piece of porcelain.

When Kate again opened her eyes on the outer world it was to turn on her pillow and give a sigh of relief that the nightmare had passed. But things At any other time Kate might have known a were a little strange; she was not quite awake yet, state-room. Still, yonder "housewife" was a thought stances it was made? Strange! And there was Mrs. Gray's exhaustless voice—what was she saying? "I never expected to be rescued by a coquette, Captain Holland."

> Captain Holland? She would go to meet him; it brought some one to her aid-some one who held her, and caressed her, and kissed the tears away. Why had she thought of Hector so constantly, all through the night of her tribulation, but because he was so

> Hector had received his first intimation of a wreck the previous night when a man at the mast descried another of the rafts upon which crouched a famished crew, Mr. Edmonton among them-his life, erver having served him ill, he had begged an hospitality in spite of it-and who informed him of other lives in danger thereabouts, when he lay-to and kept in the neighborhood till morning. Thus snatched from the Valley of the Shadow of Death Kate gladly took up her life again, doubly dear because saved through him.

> And as they neared home Hector led Kate one starry night upon the deck, to show her Castle Garden and the lights that seemed dancing for joy on shore, and he said:

"When I took Mr. Edmonton off I thanked God, Kate, thinking I had saved you a broken heart, little guessing my own lay so near to the windward."

"You can not, Hector," she answered, "you-you can not-"

"Yes I do-I can. I love you as if you had never sent me away, Kate." "I was a litile fool," said she; "but, Hector, you

haven't fairly seen me yet."

"Shall I get the ship's glass?"

"But I am so frightfully-pitted; you haven't thought about that."

but what is sweeter and fairer and lovelier to me than the morning star; so no more pitfalls, if you

And Kate pleased.

One morning a year or so later, Kate Holland re-

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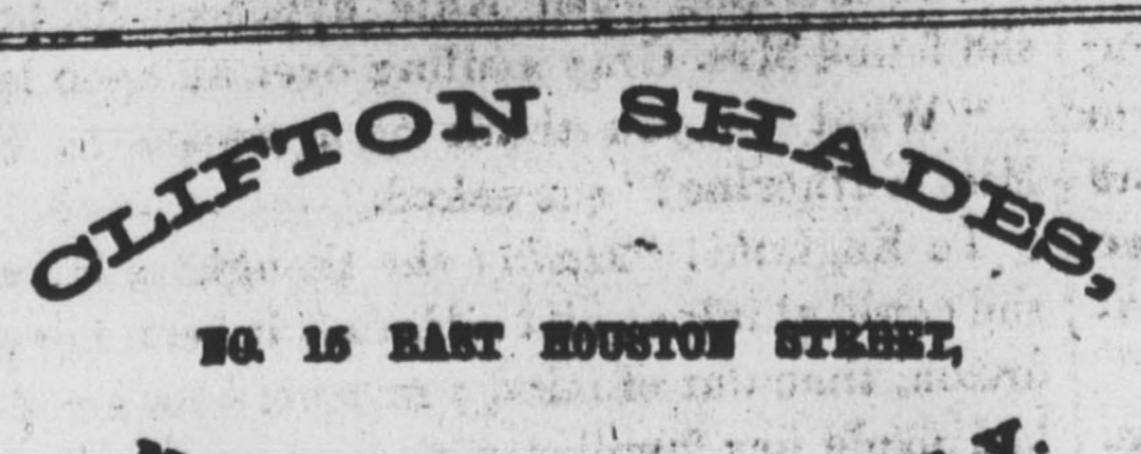
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