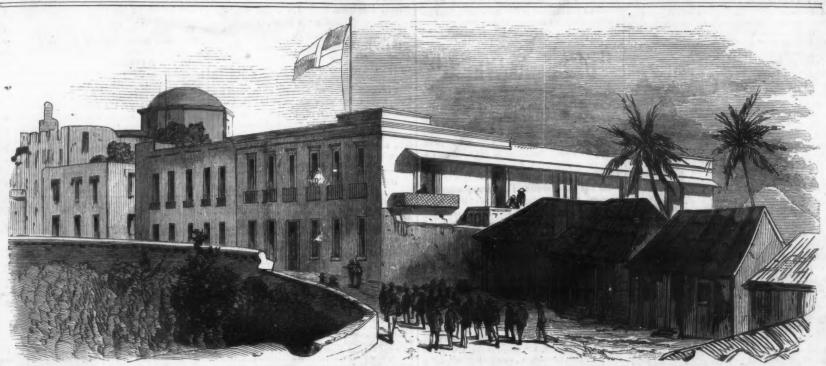
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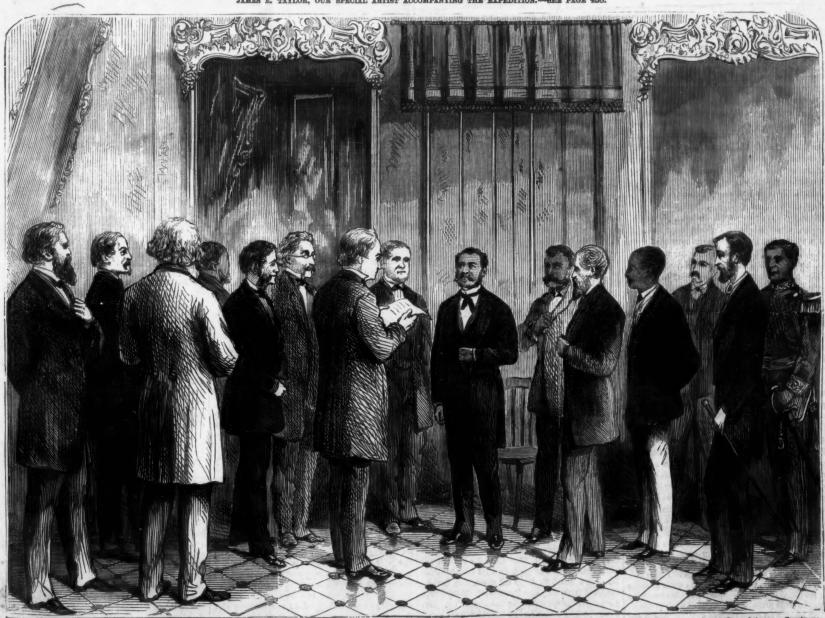
No. 806-Vol. XXXI.]

NEW YORK MARCH 11, 1871.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS, \$1 00.



THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.—RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT BAEZ, FEBRUARY 2D.—THE PARTY APPROACHING THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, SANTO DOMINGO CITY.—FROM A SECTOR BY



Blake. Sigel. Frederick Douglass. President White. Dr. Hewe. Hon. B. Wade. Burton. Baez. Ouriel. Delmonte. Gautier. Amer. Consul Ames. Caminero.

THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.—RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT BAEZ, IN THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, SANTO DOMINGO, FEBRUARY 2D.—COMMISSIONER WADE READING AN ADDRESS TO BAEZ.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 438.

Our Santo Domingo Report.

The First Pencil in the Field.

WITH this Paper and Supplement we give a part of the artistic material sent us by Mr. James E. Taylor, the artist dispatched by us with the Santo Domingo Commission, and the sole draughtsman on the Expedition.

Of the enterprise which provides this costly Art-Report, our readers get the benefit.

No other authentic pictures of the Dominican Peninsula are before the public. No book can be pointed to having good or recent plates illustrating the features of its landscape. No gallery can be visited for paintings of its cities and harbors. So far as actual eye-proof goes, the supposed riches of Dominica-its mahogany groves and mountains of coal-have until now been the spectres of a terra incognita. Yet nothing gives, so soon and so distinctly as a Picture, the relations of objects, and the liveliest work of the correspondent's pen is but vague until supplemented

by topographic and picturesque studies like these. We give to-day views of Santo Domingo City, of Samana City and Harbor, of the Official Reception by Baez, and many other subjects.

An equal or greater number of illustrations will be selected for next week's Paper, and so on, until the very ample stores received and receiving from our artist shall be exhausted.

The draughtsman engaged in this Report is skilled and trusty, his pictures are fresh and unique. No other series but ours is engraved or provided for. Our readers have before them a privilege in which there is no rivalry.

"THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD."

Completion in England of Dickens's Last Great Story, from Indications Communicated by Himself.

Its Simultaneous Appearance in London and in this Paper.

OUR EXCLUSIVE RIGHT OF PUBLICATION IN AMERICA.

First Perusal of this Grand Complete Work by Readers of our Columns.

SUCH a genius as that of CHARLES DICKENS has not been removed from the world since the age of Cervantes or the age of Boccaccio. Such a classic fragment, or literary torso, as that of "EDWIN DROOD," is not left for the world's wonderment once in a thousand years. Who, that ever reads, does not intimately know the characters of that complex and wonderful story? And who, possessed of ordinary human curiosity, has not longed to pierce the very sacredness of Death, and read the fascinating plot as it may be supposed to lie clearly traced in the immortal spirit of its author?

What was the future of the bewitching schoolgirl heroine, whose character develops from the day when she refuses her lover's kiss on account of "the acidulated drop in her mouth" to the day when, with the loveliest dignity of growing womanhood, she makes him feel that they are incompatible? Were matters made up, after all, between her and a resuscitated Edwin Drood, or was the prize borne off by the dark and passionate admirer, Landless? What can our best powers of analysis, or the most ingenious contrivances of nineteenth-century crime, reveal to us of Edwin Drood's taking off or concealment? What was the fate of the mysterious kappelmeister. John Jasper, organist and opium-drunkard, who appears to combine the culture of Eugene Aram with his capacity for crime? And what of the other piquant, though minor, characters of the fragmentthe genial clergyman, the blatant mock-philanthropist, the generous ex-sailor, the quaint old schoolmistress, down to the philosophic stonemason Durdles, and he demon boy Deputy? Among these familiar companions, by the transmitted light of the author's revelations and confidences, we are to walk forward once more. And the enigma of Dickens's "Mystery" will be solved as it never could be solved were the day and the hands less immediate than this day that retains the echo of his voice and these hands that have played into his own.

The explanation of this privilege is as follows: CHARLES DICKENS, doing what he believed to be his life-work, had not been entirely reticent as to the scope of that work, and hints had been supplied by him, unwittingly, for a much closer estimate of the bearings of those portions remaining unwritten than he could probably have believed while in life.

All these, with much more of data, laboriously but lovingly procured, have fallen into the hands of the writers of this concluding story, who believe that

they are really conveying a benefit, as well as a pleasure, to the world, in setting partially at rest the thousands of speculations to which the non-explanation of the "Mystery" has given rise. They have written in the fullest love and admiration of the unfinished original work, as well as of the great novelist who so suddenly laid down his wonderful pen, to the grief of all lands and all time; they have carried out, with the most respectful integrity, what they have fully traced and identified as the intention of the writer, every intrinsic and extrinsic fact and hint being carefully considered; and they offer no apology, because they believe themselves to have been really offering homage to a great name in faithfully gathering up what its bearer left merely in brilliant fragments. It is unnecessary to say that the dénouement will bear no resemblance whatever to any of the dramatic continuations which have amused for an hour the habitues of the American

We shall soon lay the novel of "EDWIN DROOD," from its commencement, before our readers. Of the English continuation they will be the first perusers. Our pages are all copyrighted, and there will be no competition amongst American publishers for the honor we have secured of first introducing this completed masterpiece to the American public.

WE wish to direct the attention of our readers to our new publication of "ONCE A WEEK"—the Young Lady's own Journal. Specially designed for family reading, and more particularly addressed to young ladies, the utmost discrimination has been used in selecting the Original Tales, Romances, Poetry, Family and Miscellaneous matters, that form its interesting and varied contents; and it may safely challenge the closest scrutiny, as no line of it can offend the most scrupulous taste. Its illustrations are very marked and attractive features, and in execution, as in sentiment, will, we think, be found unexceptionable; while its Fashion Plate will, doubtless, be most acceptable to its young lady patrons. It is now before the public, and will plead, we believe, success fully, its own cause. We have the pleasure to quote the following from the New York Evening Express:

"The publication of 'ONCE A WEEK,' by Frank Leslie, is a very happy idea, well carried out. It is especially adapted to the young ladies, and the contents are well selected for that purpose. The contents are continued stories by popular authors, short tales sprightly adventures, anecdotes, poetry, etc. It has also a Fashion Department, with illustrations, which render it additionally welcome to the fair readers it is intended for. It is beautifully illustrated, and cannot fail to be one of Frank Leslie's most popular serials. The price is six cents each number. It is a publication of sixteen pages, small folio, and beautifully got up."

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. 537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1871

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"UNITED GERMANY"-AND NOTHING ELSE.

THE rumors industriously propagated conerning alleged German designs on some of the West India Islands and on certain French colonies on the Asiatic coasts, have produced good effect in provoking prompt and emphatic denial from Count Bismarck. That statesman clinches his denial by adding that Germany has no desire to extend its sway over people of other lineage and language, in the Indies or anywhere else. Homogeneousness, only, is coveted—the union of the Germanic race, to protect itself from being longer distracted and weakened by intrigues and inroads similar to those which have so long rendered Germany like a defensive camp—which occasioned the present war, and which have been signally frustrated by the arbitrament of arms.

Count Bismarck's denial was scarcely n to satisfy impartial observers of the present contest. Germany demands only some reparation for outrages long inflicted on its people and territory, with reasonable security against further French aggressions-nothing else. It neither asks, nor would take as a gift, any territory except that which was wrenched from the Fatherland amid discords long prevalent among the German States-discords which that territory was chiefly held by France for perpetuating. A game like that which Louis Napoleon tried to play off upon the United States during our late "unpleasantness" will no longer be tolerated by the German people. Feelings like those which influenced all loyalhearted Americans in compelling him to retreat from Mexico, now govern the Germans in ahol-

ishing French sway in Alsace and Lorraine. In Germany, as in this country, the doctrine of "State Rights" is no longer to be perverted in practices endangering the NATIONAL existence. "E Pluribus Unum" is now substantially respected as a national motto by the United German States as well as among ourselves.

The croakers about alleged aggrandizing schemes in the German policy may now exercise their ingenuity in devising other scare-crows for frightening the credulous. Germany asks no expansion of territory—nothing beyond "safe right of soil and reign" in territory now held by German-speaking people, including the safeguard on her Rhenish frontier, which is now acquired by the recovery of her long-severed provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, with the "Yosh Mountain barrier," "now armed with German cannon "-

"To shield Rhine Valley from its foes-To guard old Fatherland,"

FIRE INSURANCE IN NEW YORK. THEN AND NOW.

PART II.

In our last week's paper, we gave a full account of the New York City Fire Insurance Companies, as they were in 1820 and in 1870, respectively. We now conclude the subject of Fire Insurance with an account of the Foreign Companies which have agencies in New York.

It should be observed, however, that those companies have their houses, and many other agencies, elsewhere; so that their entire capitals, assets and business, as here presented, are not devoted to the demands of New York:

Premiums Received. Dividends. Losses Paid. Fear. 366,805.41 444,229.91 468,494.24 528,619.95 664,075.98 214,283.77 243,842.21 272,845,47 216,476,35 1,017,592.60 1,291,686.76 1,942,574.14 2,254,229.82 2,598,328.89 2,187,574.39 2,085,055.24 1,043,061.87 1,637,852,36 1,874,449.04 1,477,203.31 1,066,451.53 1,267,274.47 \$22,506,864.61 \$2,815,000 \$13,099,246.76

This company has lately fortified their already strong position, by converting a portion of their reserve into a permanent addition to their capital, thereby securing it for all time to come in the interests of the policy-holders, and removing the possibility of its being di-vided up among the stockholders, and so lost to the company.

The Home has now a cash capital of \$2,500,000; and it holds in reserve a surplus amounting to almost as much more. equal sum is annually received in the shape of premiums, so that it holds a total of upward of seven millions of dollars to meet its yearly losses. Risks can be assumed by such a corporation as this with impunity, the existence of which on the books of a smaller one would threaten it with disaster, and a class of property is covered, which would once have been compelled to seek protection abroad. It should be a matter of congratulation to Americans that, in so many

	4		1	
Company.	Capital.	Assets.	Losses in 1869.	Am't at Risk Jan. 1, 1870.
Ætna, Hartford		\$5,549,505	\$1,561,443	\$207,728,78
American, Boston	300,000		5,589	8,448,55
American, Providence	200,000		43,575	6,635,82
American, Philadelphia	400,000		81,182	24,731,14
Associated Firemen's, Baltimore	202,500		36,531	7,953,41
Atlantic, Providence	200,000		55,925	6,638,70
Boston, Boston	300,000		22,846	12,980,40
Charter Oak, Hartford	150,000		79,350	9,303,25
City, Hartford			199,394	30,544,43
Cleveland, Cleveland	415,000		116,571	12,979,74
Commercial, Cleveland	Mutual.		23,211	5,422,52
Connecticut, Hartford	200,000		76,398	15,179,46
Detroit, Detroit			30,714	6,853,60
Eliot, Boston			41,479	
Equitable, Providence	200,000			11,991,80
Firements Fund San Francisco	200,000		33,803	5,067,35
Firemen's Fund, San Francisco	500,000		66,679	15,295,57
First National, Worcester	100,000		13,420	4,032,80
Franklin, Philadelphia			144,908	70,654,07
Girard, Philadelphia			80,759	17,428,69
Hartford, Hartford	1,000,000		796,479	150,382,80
Hide and Leather, Boston			45,148	10,200,06
Home, New Haven	1,000,000		1,097,106	98,680,86
Hope, Providence			46,168	4,700,13
Howard, Baltimore	200,000		21,237	7,507,98
Independent, Boston		630,863	78,307	21,802,56
North American, Philadelphia			622,867	90,344,27
State of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia	200,000	512,089	181,933	11,420,92
Lancaster, Pennsylvania	200,000		17,312	3,575,28
Lumbermen's, Chicago	300,000		157,099	10,748,71
Manufacturers', Boston	400,000	1,385,546	67,048	29,617,89
Maryland, Baltimore	200,000		136,191	13,510,49
Merchants', Boston		927,991	34,584	14,697,69
Merchants', Chicago	500,000		183,975	24,605,54
Merchants! Hartford	900,000		169,990	29,897,79
Merchants', Providence	200,000		119,010	12,716,79
Merchants', Providence	250,000		47,763	9,097,96
Narragansett, Providence	500,000		212,363	21,669,05
National, Boston	300,000		227,456	25,581,70
New England, Boston			24,076	17,272,65
North American, Boston	200,000		16,786	11,248,66
North American, Hartford	300,000		194,460	27,204,84
Norwich, Norwich	300,000		145,614	
Occidental, San Francisco	300,000			16,251,87
			50,839	11,268,49
Pacific, San Francisco			353,237	49,254,28
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia			132,672	12,206,10
People's, Worcester	200,000	639,228	164,848	30,699,40
Phœnix, Hartford			634,247	90,904,21
Prescott, Boston			32,614	7,349,81
Providence, Providence		436,074	103,188	11,948,32
Putnam, Hartford	500,000		387,511	36,891,12
Republic, Chicago	989,820		271,729	32,612,49
Roger Williams, Providence	200,000		56,753	7,121,62
Shoe and Leather, Boston	200,000	527,285	42,389	10,496,09
Springfield, Springfield	500,000		328,240	45,966,24
State, Cleveland		280,390	69,175	11,326,25
Sun, Cleveland	200,000	280,301	57,793	8,925,45
Union, San Francisco		1,113,698	45,868	12,500,05
United States, Baltimore	250,000	464,897	286,866	16,440,60
		-		, ,
	\$22,357,370	\$47,705,667	\$10,375,718	\$1,529,607,640

The British companies which have agencies in New York are four in number, namely:

	Assets in New York.	Premiums Taken in New York.	Losses in New York.
The United States Branch of the Imperial, London	2,286,052 434,716	\$87,416 709,345 202,108 113,035	\$22,679 427,373 79,084 72,780
9	\$3,572,008	\$1,111,904	\$601,916

combined insurance capital and assets to secure fire risks taken in the city of New York, is \$104,171,212.

It has happened in the history of these several insurance companies, as it occurs in the history of men, that a combination of circumstances places some far in advance of others: though all, perhaps, make equally strenuous efforts for pre-eminence. Among the Fire Insurance Companies, the Home Company is the most remarkable. That company was organized for business in 1853, with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars. Its presiding officer, Charles J. Martin, with a view of extending the business and increasing the assets and the profits of the company, ventured on adding to its regular assumption of risks in the city of New York a general agency throughout the country; and this plan was so energetically carried out, that within eighteen months no less than one hundred and forty agencies were established in the Western and Southern States; the result of which, in connection with the regular city business of the company, is snown in the following table:

The present total amount, therefore, of the | channels of industry, the enterprise of our citizens is gradually freeing us from foreign dependence. Too much credit cannot be given to the officers of the Home, for the proud preeminence which they have secured for their company.

EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL SER-VICE, IRRESPECTIVE OF SEX

REGARDLESS of all vaunting about "Women's Rights" in electioneering and office-holding, there can be no diversity of opinion among right-minded people concerning the claims of females for better payment in some of the vo-cations for which they are admitted to be well qualified. In school-teaching, for instancewhy should such huge disparity be allowed to exist, as does now actually exist, in an enlightened country in this nineteenth century? Why should the pay-list be any longer disgraced by allowance to women of only about one-half such wages as are given to men for equal service?

In contrast with the profuse expenditures in this city, for instance, how peculiarly discred-



itable is the niggardly pay of our female school-teachers! Ladies qualified for duty in our city schools—and they must be well qualified before receiving position—should no longer be insulted with payment—it can't be called compensation—little more than half of that given to male teachers. St. Louis, Philadelphia, and a few other cities, have shown good example in these matters, which New Yorkers should be ashamed to refrain from following.

It may be said by some people, as argument for larger pay to men, that male teachers have wives and children to support. But is it not equally true that female teachers, just as likely, have mothers, sisters, children, or invalid husbands, to provide for? It would probably be found, on close examination, that this kind of reasoning would often operate stronger in favor of the women than the men employed as teachers in our schools. The pay of the latter is moderate enough—often too small for the talent and character required. It is not against what they receive that we now complain. We only ask that women who render equal service shall be paid something like an equality—not merely the present half-pay for doing full duty in educating the rising generation.

The lady teachers in our New York public schools, as in the schools of several other places, are now asking for something like justice in these matters. They are certainly not unreasonable in their requests. If the people are not yet prepared to pay women as fully as men are paid for equal service, these ladies ask that their wages shall at least be advanced so as to be not more than twenty or thirty per cent. below the rates paid to male teachers in the same grades, and that they should not any longer be left to struggle for existence at salaries little more than half those given to the male instructors.

The claim for justice in this case is so strong, that it can hardly be doubted that public opinion will cordially sustain the proper authorities in this city and in other places, in remedying a grievance under which female teachers are laboring too generally, to the disgrace of our

educational system.

The New York City Department of Education deserves respect for the general management of the important interests committed to its charge. Its edifices and regulations are mostly admirably arranged for improving the quarter-million of children who are or should be in regular attendance. But, as on the teachers, even more than on the edifices, the success of the educational system depends, justice to all concerned—to parents and pupils and the public, as well as to the instructors, of whom the greatest numbers are ladiesjustice, we repeat, requires that equitable compensation be made to all the teachers, instead of letting the Department rest longer under a reproach from which St. Louis and some other cities are now freeing themselves by allowing EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL SERVICE, irrespective of sex. A city like this great Commercial Metropolis may reasonably be expected to follow, even if it does not set, good example in matters so closely concerning the welfare of the whole community.

ROWDYISM IN COLLEGES.

THE recent affair at the West Point Academy, to which Congressional as well as military investigation has been promptly turned, will probably have a good effect on the community as well as on the great Military School. It has already quickened public attention to the annoyances inflicted on junior students by their seniors in most of our colleges, as well as in what should be a model national institution.

It seems probable that the leaders in the outrages, and the whole class of cadets that sympathized with them, will be punished as they deserve—some by expulsion, and others by penalties of different character—all severe enough to show that such doings cannot be repeated with impunity at West Point.

The active spirits in the outrages to which we refer seem fitter for lynch-law operations in backwoods life than for positions among officers to whom the National honor is entrusted, and among whom the public might naturally look for exemplary conduct as gentlemen and as defenders (instead of violators) of the law.

The occasion should be "improved," as our clerical friends say, by popular admonitions to the officers of all colleges wherein "hazing" is usually practiced on the junior students. It is mortifying that this rowdyism has been permitted so long to disgrace educational institutions, where better example might reasonably be expected. Retribution for the West Point outrages will serve to arouse parents of pupils as well as college officers to the necessity of putting an immediate stop to the maltreatment which now generally renders the early days of collegiate life painful to the junior classes and disgraceful to the seniors. This effect will probably be accelerated by the display of "equal and exact justice" toward the offending cadets, irrespective of personal or partisan considerations. If it have true as the considerations.

stated in some journals, that a son of President Grant was one of the leaders in the law-less proceedings, his expulsion, along with his principal confederates, will "point the moral" more effectually, by showing that no extraneous influence will be allowed to screen those who outrage the proprieties of life in places where the community expects to find examples of gentlemanly demeanor, or at least an exemption from the rowdyism which occasionally disgraces frontier life.

THE success of General Ben Butler's motion in the House of Representatives, welcoming Mr. O'Donovan, and the rest of the convict Fenians does not deceive the common sense of Great Britain. The Spectator, our warm friend during the late civil war, perfectly understands the demagogical trick. It says, truly:

"The success of General Butler's motion expresses nothing whatever but the deliberate purpose of both the Democratic and the Republican parties to leave no stone unturned, short of a war polley, to secure the Irish vote. If it came to a question of officially supporting a Fenian raid on Canada, General Butler would have no supporters at all, and therefore would not have thought of advocating such a step himself. But, short of what the House of Representatives thinks a serious practical danger, they will go any length to turn the flank of the competing party in the country. For one thing, these one hundred and seventy-two admirers of O'Donovan and his brother Penian prisoners are perfectly well aware that their expressions of admiration will be duly discounted and understood in this country, will be weighed as words, and not as deeds. That is, the House of Representatives relies confidently on the strength of its own bad reputation as a tricky assembly which must be interpreted in order to be understood, and would probably feel somewhat offended at any tribute to its sincerity, which would be so bad a compliment to its intelligence, as our readiness to accept its words in their obvious meaning. Thus, the Lower House of Congress acts precisely like a parcel of schoolboys, who, after professing very bullying intentions toward another knot, and finding themselves taken at their word, should exclaim reproachfully, 'You were never such muffs as to think we really meant what we said—were you?"

THE lost tribes of Israel, which have given so much concern to many worthy individuals, and which have been found everywhere, even among our own selves, have been in great danger of being discovered, scattered through the Pacific Ocean, and indulging in cannibal habits. The philological world of Berlin have been much disturbed by rubbings of inscriptions from that mysterious seat of colossal stone figures, Easter Island. These inscriptions, set out in good straight lines, look like the repetition of various alphabetical characters, bearing, some of them, a striking likeness to later Hebrew, but, unhappily, undecipherable. The important results to be obtained are, however, no longer in expectation, as Prof. Huxley has solved the inscriptions, which might long have puzzled the learned world. He has recognized the rubbings as impressions from molds used by the Polynesians in printing the patterns on the tapa cloth, the ancient dress of Tahiti and other islands. This accounts for the geometrical and regular reproduction of details, which are not ideographs, hieroglyphs, or alphabetic symbols.

THE London Saturday Review says of a recent book on Santo Domingo, by a Mr. Keim:

"It throws some light on the actual condition of a community which has done for the advocates of negro suffrage and political equality what Jamaica and the sister islands have done for the Abolitionists—reduced their theory to practice, and shown that, as the free negro sinks into the idler and the savage, so the negro citizen, once ceasing to be a slave, becomes an anarchist. The picture of Hayli to be gathered from these pages is as pitiable as it well could be; and we do not wonder that those citizens who have sense to see and to regret their bopeless plight, would be thankful for any fortune which should hand the country over to a race capable of government, and intolerant of lawlessness and rapine. How far it can be worth the while of any civilized nation to take the onerous task of organizing and governing a population which combines the degradation of barbarism with the vices of civilization, is another and a more difficult question."

THE Directors of the Union Bank of London are, it would seem, "impressed with the distress and difficulties resulting from the early and improvident marriages of some of the junior clerks, who, without any other resources than their commencing salaries, soon find their incomes inadequate to meet the increased expenses entailed by marriage, and often by sickness in addition;" consequently, "acting in the interests of their clerks," they, on 7th December, issued a decree that any clerk who should marry on a salary of less than \$750 a year should "be considered to have resigned his appointment." Why not go further, and prescribe two babies as the limits to which the injunction, "Go forth and multiply," shall apply to the fortunate clerks within marriageable salaries?

putting an immediate stop to the maltreatment which now generally renders the early days of collegiate life painful to the junior classes and disgraceful to the seniors. This effect will probably be accelerated by the display of "equal and exact justice" toward the play of "equal and exact justice" toward the offending cadets, irrespective of personal or partisan considerations. If it be true, as

for a living. "Bill Tweed," an humble chairmaker eight years ago, is "worth" \$12,000,000, and has an income of \$2,000,000 a year. Mr. Sweeney, City Chamberiain, gets \$40,000 for signing a single check once a year!

Since the expulsion of the French, in 1803, Hayti has enjoyed no less than seventeen explosive changes of administration. Santo Domingo proper, or Dominica, which assumed a separate existence twenty-seven years ago, was ln_1844 a republic; in 1849 an empire; then again a republic; a Spanish dependency in 1861; again a republic two years afterward, under Palengo, who was supplanted in June, 1865, by Pimentel, who in two months was displaced by Cabral, who was ousted in December by Baez, who was temporarily succeeded by Luperon in 1868, but afterward regained a precarious tenure of power. Is Babcock to succeed Baez?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE first complete review we have seen of the war in France comes to us, with very remarkable promptness, in the shape of a neat 486-page volume, entitled "The Franco-Prussian War in a Nutshell." It has eighteen portraits, and fourteen excellent maps. The letter-press is systematic, complete, and, considering the nearness of the points of view, singularly careful and accurate. Any one buying this work may study out, in two or three evenings, the relations of the hostile powers and the succession of events. The author is Melville D. Landon, Esq., and his collating does him credit. Published by G. W. Carleton & Co., N. Y.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

France.—Hoisting the German Flag on Mont Valérien—A Prussian Siege Battery Before Paris—Buying Horses in Brittany for the French Army—Skating at Versailles—"The Theatre of War," Beaugency.

The Prussian troops entered the fortress of Mont Valérien on the 29th of January last, and their first act was hoisting the German national and imperial flag, on the round lookout beyond the hill which rises abruptly behind the principal gate. This fortress, on the hill just outside the Bois de Boulogne, opposite St. Cloud, is well known by sight to every one who has visited Paris, being a conspicuous and imposing feature in the views looking westward on that side of the city. It has rather a heavy appearance, as though it were overweighted by the huge square barracks on the top of the mound.

The investment of Paris gave the Prussians an opportunity of putting to a practical test a system of working siege-guns that have been a put idea of their artillerists. Discarding the ordinary method of embrasures, their batteries were made of solid earthworks, about twenty-two feet thick, strengthened with gabions, and having the usual traverses and magazines. The guns were fired over this parapet, and in that respect the "overbank" system, as it is called, resembles the "barbette," the difference consisting in the protection afforded those working the guns. A new style of carriages was adopted, by which greater ease in elevating and depressing the guns was attained. These batterries were armed with the famous Krupp cannon.

In many towns of Brittany monthly horse-fairs are held, which are as much noted for the human oddities as the fine animals brought by them for sale. In this sketch the prominent sellers are in high glee, for a Government officer has come among them to purchase horses for military uses. A number of animals are being exhibited, while the owners bore the officer with assurances of their excellent qualities. The old gentleman holding the head of the centre horse is the small father of the strapping Breton at the side, who is trying hard to persuade the officer that his steed is faultless and the price absurdly cheap. The father seems highly pleased at the financial acumen of his son.

Only three miles from the front. The armistice has been proclaimed, the soldiers for the while relax their stern discipline, and, good-naturedly associating with the citizens of Versailles, make themselves at home upon the smooth surface of the lake. From the steady, vigilant tramp of the sentinel to the graceful movements of the gallant is quite a long step, yet the soldiers find much pleasure and relief by indulging in this old-time and enlivening sport.

At an early stage of the war, the theatre at Beaugency was converted into a hospital, and soon became the scene of suffering. There is the long, low stage with its far-drawn vista of ins and outs and nooks and corners, from which jut the ends of straw beds and mattresses, mixed up with all the litter of the stage—lanterns, boxes, scenery and dresses; the proscenium and half-dropped curtain; the gilded balcony over the orchestra, where lie wounded men, three on either side of the steps, one, nearly naked, binding up his own log; the tiers of boxes at the sides, with their tinsel decorations and purple drapery, and under them the long, foul line of wretches—this is Le Théâtre de la guerre, and here is the epiloque !

France.—Proclaiming the Emperor of Germany.

The ceremony of formally proclaiming King William Emperor of Germany on the 18th of January, was made the occasion of a grand military display at Versailles. The Galerie des Glaces had been prepared, delegates from all the regiments of the third army with their colors had been summoned, the Bavarian regiments also sending their colors. The flags were arranged in a semicircle in the order in which their regiments lay before Paris, the place of honor being given to those of the Landwehr Guard, which, placed in the centre on a raised platform, were guarded by the Gardes du Corps. An altar had been erected on the side of the gallery facing the park, and here stood the Army Chaplains, conspicuous among whom was the King's favorite preacher, Chaplin Ruegger. On the right of the altar were ranged the military choristers and musicians, to the left the delegates from the various regiments decorated with the Iron Cross. The King crowned himself with his own hand, and declared that he ruled by Divine right, the assembly cheered, the band struck up, the Emperor embraced

the Crown-Prince three times, the German Princes did homage to their new Suzerain, and so the ceremony came to an end.

Inside Paris.—The First Shell.

On Thursday, January 5th, the long-anticipated bombardment of the capital began. Early in the evening, the inhabitants of the Fourteenth or "Observatory" Arrondissement, were astonished by the arrival of the first shell from the besiegers. This unwelcome visitor entered the roof of a house in the Rue Lalande, and went out at the corner of the window into the yard below, where it exploded. No one was killed, but some fragments struck a little baby asleep in its cradle. As other shells followed, the citizens thought it wise to move to other quarters, and accordingly, what household effects could be carried away were speedly got together and thrown into the street, while a detachment of the National Guards was stationed on the spot, to prevent curious people entering the houses.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg is to appear in oratorio in New York, after Lent.

MLLE. NILSSON, on dit, will return to London with a troupe from America, to perform Italian operas.

Operas.

Liszr has again settled in Hungary, where the title of Director-General of Music has been conferred upon him.

MLLE. NILSSON made her first appearance after her illness, at Pike's Hall, Cincinnati, on Tuesday evening, February 14th.

Miss Laura Keene's engagement is drawing to a close. She will vacate Lina Edwin's Theatre on the 6th of March, to make way for Lingard and Alice Dunning.

MME. SEEBACH has met with uncommon success at the Stadt Theatre, New York. At the performance of Goethe's "Faust," there were 4,000 people in the house,

Mrs. Van Zandt, who has been singing in Europe, for some years past, under the name of Vanzini, will, it is said, return to this city, with Madame Parepa-Rosa, during the summer.

VIEUXTEMPS, it is said, closes his engagement with the Nilsson Troupe on the 1st of April, but will remain in the United States until the summer months, making his home in Boston.

Montaland and Silly have both left the company at the Grand Opera House, and the burden of the performances now falls on Aimée and Persini, who are singing nightly with acceptation to the public.

Miss Virginia Paris, an amateur prima

donna, with a sweet, sympathetic soprano voice, achieved quite a success in "Maria di Rohan," under Signor Barill's bătonaship, at the Union Club Theatre, New York, February 15th.

THE Euterpe Association. of New York, gave a concert on the evening of the 16th uit., at Association Hall, at which Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" was the choral selection, with Miss Ada Rosenbergh as the solo vocalist.

Night" was the choral selection, with mass Ada Rosenbergh as the solo vocalist.

The "King of the Commons" was revived at Booth's on the 18th of February, Mr. Lawrence Barrett appearing as King James. The performance was characterized by vigor and earnestness, being judiciously cast up to the full strength of the company.

On the 24th of April there will be a celebration of Shakespeare's birthday at Booth's Theatre, when it is the intention of the management to produce the long-promised "Winter's Tale," with Mark Smith as Autolycus. The scenery for the production is to be of the most elaborate character.

A CONCERT was given on the evening of the 1sth ult., at Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, by Prof. E. Barili and L. La Grassa, assisted by some fifty ladies and gentlemen. Mercadante's masterplece, "The Seven Lost Words of Jesus Christ," was produced for the first time in this country.

A special performance of "Il Trovatore" was given at the Academy of Music, New York, February 20th, for the benefit of the Samaritans' Home, when the following artists participated: Leonora, Miss Nininger; Azucena, Madame Gazzaniga; Marrico, Signor Leoni; Count at Luna, Signor Reina, aided by grand orchestra and full chorus, with Carl Bergmann, conductor.

MINISTER WASHBURNE'S appeal to the American public for relief to the suffering French people was first met in a public manner, in the dramatic profession, by Miss Lydia Thompson donating the receipts of one of her performances, in conjunction with Mrs. John Drew, at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., when the receipts, some \$700, were handed over to the committee.

THE grand Shakespearean production of "Richard III.," which is to succeed the "Black Crook" at Niblo's, is in active preparation, and the management is busily engaged in completing the arrangements for this grand revival. Mr. James Bennett, who is to be the Richard, is expected very shortly from England. Mr. Shewell, Mme. Ponisi and Mrs. Farren will be in the cast.

MR. E. Eddy, an old favorite of the metropolis, appeared on the 20th of February at Wood's Museum, in the romantic drama of "Monte Cristo," and represented the hero, Edmund Dantes, in his best style. He was supported by Miss Henrietta Irving and the full company of the Museum. "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Norah Creina" were the attractions at the atternoon performances last week.

New Yorkers are to have a rare musical treat on Friday evening, March 3d, at Steinway Hall. Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg and Miss Antoinette Stearling are the artists, assisted by the most eminent amateur talent that our city affords. Mr. Agramonte is to conduct the concert, which can but be a great success, and realize a handsome amount for the noble charity for which the entertainment is given.

George F. Bristow, the American composer, has nearly finished a symphony cantata, "The Pioneer," illustrative of a journey across the prairies and of all the sorrows of such a journey, such as conflagration, storm and attack by Indians. The orchestral portion consists of three movements—allegro, adagio, scherzo—which represents an Indian wardance. The vocal part consists of choruses, solos and duets, among them a woodchopper's chorus, fight with the Indians and final victory of the emigrants.

grants.

The Church Music Association, to-day the most fashionable Society in America, and destined to be, we think, the most famous, musically, gave its second grand concert of the season at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening of last week; when the magnificent chorus and band of 350 performers gave, under the energetic and graceful baton of their conductor, Dr. James Pech, Beethoven's "Mass in C," Lindpaintner's "Festival Overture," and a selection from Hayden's ever fresh and charming "Seasons." The Hall was thronged with the finest audience, intellectually and socially, New York can produce, and this admirable Association took another great and decided step in the onward path of Music in this country.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Preceding Page.



SIEGE OF PARIS.—HOISTING THE GERMAN FLAG ON MONT VALÉRIEN.



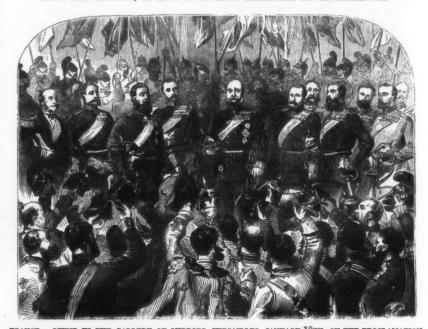
FRANCE.—BUYING HORSES IN BRITTANY FOR KÉRATRY'S ARMY, DUBING THE WAR.



THE THEATRE OF WAR.—THE EPILOGUE: A SKETCH AT BEAUGENCY, FRANCE.



STEGE OF PARIS.—MANNER IN WHICH THE PRUSSIAN SIEGE-GUNS ARE MOUNTED, BY ELEVATING ABOVE THE CARRIAGES, SO AS TO AVOID LARGE EMBRASURES IN THE BREASTWORK.



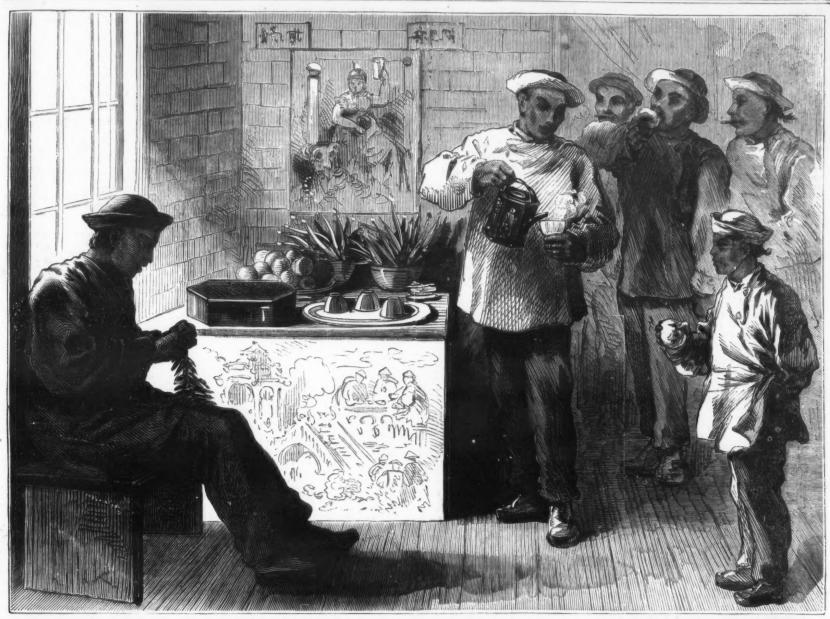
France.—scene in the Gallery of mirrors, versailles, january 18th, on the proclamation of King william as emperoe of germany—saluting the Kaiser.



FRANCE.—THREE MILES FROM THE FRONT—SKATING AT VERSAILLES.



SIEGE OF PARIS. -- FALLING OF A SHELL IN THE SUBURBS.



CELEBRATION OF THE CHINESE NEW YEAR BY THE CELESTIAL LAUNDRYMEN OF THE COLONY AT BELLEVILLE, N. J., FEBRUARY 18TH.—A NEW YEAR'S CALL, WITH THE REFRESEMENT OF TEA AND FIRE-CRACKERS.—SECTORED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BAEZ.

BUENAVENTURA BAEZ, President of the Dominican Republic, is a short, slightly-made man, of forty-eight or fifty years of age apparently, dresses well, and has a gracious manner. He is a light quadroon, with closely curled hair. There are good-nature and cunning blended in his expression. He is evidently an intelligent and educated man. Baez is Spanish, with a decided tinge of negro blood, showing itself in the hair. He was educated in Paris, is a man of intelligence, with a courteous demeanor and an amiable expression of countenance. He was particularly desirous to impress the Commissioners with the boundless natural resources of the country, richness of the soil, the general wish of the people for annexation, and the weakness of the Cabralists and opponents of annexation. According to his account, all is promising and glorious for the United States in Santo Domingo, if we annex the country. He has extended every courtesy and facility to the party to aid them in prosecuting their labors. He speaks generally in the Spanish language, though he is proficient in the French.



GENERAL CABRAL, INSURGENT CHIEF IN DOMINICA

CABRAL.

THE course of events has given an undue prominence to Cabral, who, for about a year (1865) was President of the Republic. On the advent of Baez to the Presidency, Cabral retired



BUENAVENTURA BAEZ, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OPDOMINICA.

to a remote part of the island, where he could communicate with the Haytien leaders, and attempted to keep up a petty insurrection. This has lasted nearly six years, with no result of the slightest importance. The grandlloquent reports of his achievements are pure fiction. Cabral is a mulatto, tall, rawboned and meagre, fifty-five to sixty years old. Born on the island, but well educated in England, he is a man of moderate intellect, in manner grave and taciturn. He was formerly a schoolmate and intimate friend of Baez; but, prompted by extreme personal jealousy, he has taken a part against him. He relies almost entirely on the Haytiens, who have promised him three regiments, under General Carnoulin, to aid him in his insurrection.

CAMINERO,

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE DOMINICAN ARMY.
GENERAL CAMINERO, Commander-in-Chief of the Dominican
Army, is, like his wary opponent, an officer of experience and

great bravery. He is about forty years of age, and a well-built man. By nature he is quite reticent and modest, but he has exhibited, on many occasions, fine soldierly qualities. He is tall, straight, with bushy hair and smooth face, and bears the expression of an astute and prudent general.

THE CHINESE NEW YEAR AT BELLEVILLE, NEW JERSEY.

According to the Christian computation, the Chinese New Year comes on the 18th of February, and the celebration this year throughout the United States was an affair quite novel in its details. At Belleville, N. J., where a large number of Chinamen are employed, the ceremonies elicited much interest. On the day previous they began their preparations. Placards of paper, tinted orange-red, flecked with gold and inscribed with a New Year's motto of welcome, were pasted on the outer doors. Tables laden with preserved and fresh fruits, and



GENERAL CAMINERO, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE DOMINICAN

various preparations of rice, beans, and macaroni were set in each of their twenty rooms, and in their large dining-hall a structure ap-proximating in purpose and effect to an altar was reared.

was reared.

Three days are devoted to the festival. On the first they made it a duty to settle all dues. If any man owed another anything, he paid it. Although in this instance the debts were few and comparatively trifling, yet the rule was strenuously observed. Then, before the festivities were commenced, each man felt called upon, according to the custom, to settle any personal matter which was in its nature unpleasant. Petty quarrels and unpleasant feel. any personat matter which was in its nature unpleasant. Petty quarrels and unpleasant feelings were forgiven by all parties interested in them. The matter of calls was then kept up during the day, and with this the ceremonies of the first day closed.

On the second day, the principal feature was the grand dinner, the bill of fare consist-ing of chicken, broiled, baked, fried and boiled, dressing à la Chinese; beef, do.; pork, do.; ham, do.; mutton, do.; veal, do.; rice, roasted and bolled; fruits, nuts, etc. Speeches were made, congratulations proffered and toasts drunk in the utmost solemnity.

On the third day, came the Young American idea of a holiday, and until late at night there was a demonstration such as housekeepers would call a general racket. Fire-crackers, rockets, guns, cannon, Roman candles and bombs lent their aid for the great salute of Yang A390. year 4320.

Our sketch shows a party of Chinamen calling upon a comrade in his room. The table was spread with oranges and other toothsome edibles, and a salver with several small teacups. As the guests entered, words of cheer and friendship passed from the host, culminat-ing in an invitation to drink some tea. Chi-nese characters were seen on the walls and tables, and a large picture of the Chinese god-dess of Plenty seated on a dragon—the de-fender of truth and justice—was exhibited. A young Celestial, with an impatience for which Yankee lads are noted, was counting his fire-crackers, wondering at the slow pace of time.

THE PENALTY OF INVISI-BILITY.

A LEGEND OF THE TIMES OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.

MANY years ago there lived in a village up the Hudson a man named James Ruddle; his business was that of a saddler, his pleasure, sit-ting in the alchouse and declaiming against the human race in general, and the neighboring gentry in particular. It intensely annoyed him that any one should ride whilst he, James Ruddle, was forced to walk; nor could he understand why he had to work for a living. Not a day passed but James asked that question, and would defv any one to answer it to his set. and would defy any one to answer it to his sat-isfaction. What time James did not pass in grumbling, he spent in reading old books about witches, warlocks, the philosopher's stone, and the transmutation of metals, in all of which he held an obstinate belief.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Ruddle's family suffered terribly in consequence of his idle habits. In vain did Susan his wife protest against the terrible loss of time; her doing so gave James another subject for grumbling, and made one of his best excuses for frequenting the alchouse instead of his home and work

shop.
"What's the use of going home?" he would say. "Why, there's that woman Susan's clapper going fast and loud enough to stave the head of a firkin. Why should I be forced to work, whilst the Governor is lolling in his carriage with nothing to do? That's what I should like to know. I wish I could meet with some of the good little people who dance in the moonlight upon the grassy slopes of Crownest; some peo-ple meet them often enough, but I haven't the luck, although I have been up the mountain at all hours. I should like to know how that is. all hours. I should like to know how that is, They say there is a spirit in the mountain who can change all metals into gold; but it's like my luck, I can't get the chance of summonsing him; and yet I have heard my old granny tell

him; and yet I have heard my old granny tell over the charm when I was a child—I shall think of it some day, and when I am rich, I'll give the Governor a piece of my mind."

One day James was seated in the alchouse smoking and drinking, grumbling at his poverty, and wondering why he did not grow rich. Susan had been in an awful temper that morning; in fact, when her tongue had grown tired, she had seized a leathern strap, and so be she had seized a leathern strap, and so be-labored her lord and master, that his shoulders ached again, and, big as he was, he had been glad to retreat to the alchouse for protection

from his infuriated spouse.

So deep was Ruddle buried in thought that he scarcely noticed the entrance of four young men, who called for some ale, and seated them-selves at a table opposite him.

The young men were well but carelessly ressed—each wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, short coat, loose trowsers, and carried a knap-sack and thick stick. Their well-made but Their well-made but thick boots were covered with dust, showing that they had walked a considerable distance. Placing their knapsacks upon the table, they threw themselves carelessly upon the wooden settles, and relapsed into that calm silence which shows the weary but contented traveler. But the quietness was not to last. The door flew open, and a short, stout woman, with a very red face, burst into the room. The lady had evidently been engaged at the wash-tub, for the skirts of her gown were tucked up and carefully drawn through the pocket-holes. and carefully drawn through the pocket-holes, whilst the sleeves were pinned back to her shoulders, showing a pair of fat, red arms, which still bore traces of the soapsuds, looking like the froth of the sea on two huge branches

James Ruddle looked up in terror-it was Busan!

Susan!

"So, Mr. Ruddle!" she exclaimed, her breath
coming short and fast, and her little eyes flashing with indignation; "drinking again, sir, instead of attending to your work. You are a
nice man to be the father of a family, you are,
ain't'you? I wonder that you are not ashamed
of yourself—that I am—to sit here drinking all
day long, while your children are crying for
bread."

"Well, but, my dear-

"Don't 'my dear' me, you brute. There is that saddle not done that Farmer Yan Wart wants. Then there is that bridle—don't you repent that bridle?"

'1'It's not the first bridal that I have repented," groaned Ruddle.

pented," groaned Ruddle.

"I see what you mean, Mr. Ruddle. What would you be without a wife?"

"I don't know, my dear," said James, quietly;
"but I should like to try."

"Ugh! you brute!" cried Mrs. Ruddle,
"Heaven only knows why I married you.
What with your belief in spirits and goblins, and your drinking and dreaming, there is nothing done from morning till night."

"Woman!" exclaimed Ruddle, losing his temper on being touched on his most tender point, "you know not what you are talking about. Respect the powers as are. Does not Albertus Magnus tell us—"

"Bother Albertus Magnus!" exclaimed Susan. "Who's he, I should like to know?

san. "Who's he, I should like to know? Some alehouse companion, as drunken and idle as yourself, I suppose. I should like to meet Albertus Mangy, that's all; I'd soon pay him, the lazy hound, for enticing people to the alchouse, while their children are crying for bread."

"Begone!" cried Ruddle, starting up from his seat, "lest the evil eye should fall upon

"Evil eye!" cried the woman, contemptu-ously. "Your evil ways will kill us all. If you don't finish that bridle to-morrow, we shan't have a bit to put in our mouths. If I had not got a hard day's washing, I'd give you something to remember, you sot. You won't get any supper to-night, mind that," and then Mrs. Ruddle bounced out of the room.

The young men, who had been scarcely able to refrain from laughing at this scene of wedded bliss, were about to give way to their mer-riment, when they heard the retreating foot-steps of Susan Ruddle; but the elder of the company signed to them to be quiet, and put-ting on a serious countenance, said:

"We have now arrived near our journey's

end. The mountain of Crownest is close to this, and to-morrow, in spite of fatigue, I would fain go forth in search of the inestimable trea-

sure that we have traveled so far to obtain."

The young man to whom he chiefly addressed these remarks seemed rather puzzled to understand their meaning; but catching a sly glance from his friend, he replied:

"But where and how do you intend seeking for this treasure? We have followed you as in duty bound by the laws of our society; but as yet we know not our destination, nor the na-

yet we know not our destination, nor the nature of the treasure for which we have undergone such terrible trouble."

"My friends," said the first speaker, "you shall no longer be kept in the dark. You know how deeply I have studied the hidden laws of the ancient Magi; that even in my researches the secrets of the Rosicrucians became as well known to me as my A B C. Tired and weary from having gained a complete knowledge of science in every branch. I. like Alexander. science in every branch, I, like Alexander, wept for something to conquer, and at last de-termined to master the arcana of the Black Art.

I found many obstacles to my success. step I took was fraught with danger; times I longed to turn back, but some invisible

power urged me on, and I plunged deeper and deeper into these awful mysteries. "By means which, my brothers, you are not yet far enough advanced to know, I obtained the power of reading the book of Merlin, King the power of reading the book of Merlin, King Arthur's great wizard. In this I found written how King Arthur had been defeated through the falseness of Guinevere, his queen, by which he lost the protection of the spirits. Now, Merlin also says that many of the Knights of the Round Table had procured, by Merlin's and King Arthur's means, some black pebbles from the fairies, by means of which they could become invisible at will; but the falseness of the Queen Guinevere destroyed the charm for five Queen Guinevere destroyed the charm for five hundred years, for all the knights had looked on her with pity. When the battle was fought, and King Arthur had been borne away over the and King Arthur had been borne away over the magic lake into the beautiful realms of fairyland, the knights who possessed these black pebbles were warned by the fairies to sail westward over the Atlantic. They are believed to have found the mouth of the Hudson. When they arrived at this mountain, they found a huge cayer in its side and a value form. they arrived at this mountain, they found a huge cavern in its side, and a voice from within bade them enter. They did so, but as they passed the gloomy portal, each one threw the black pebble away. The mountain closed, and those knights, the flower of chivalry, and the bravest warriors that ever lived, remain shut up in the depths of Crownest until some one is learned or brave enough to break the spell that hangs over them.'

"You surely would not attempt to liberate them!" asked the second young man.

"At present I have not the power," replied the other, "but when the time comes I will do my duty. Now the five hundred years during which these stones lost their property have long since passed, and therefore I am determined to search for them. You can plainly see that the possessor of one of these precious pebbles will not only be able to visit places that he would, if visible, be forbidden to enter, but also to make a fortune with ease.'

Ruddle, who had been listening intently to this conversation, became so excited by the young man's story and wonderful knowledge, that he felt he must speak; so bowing low, he

"I hope, gentlemen, you will excuse my listening to your conversation; for after I had heard a little of it, I could not for the life of me refuse to listen to the rest; for you spoke of subjects wherein I am particularly interested, I myself, although only a poor saddler, have studied a little of the same things, and therefore was delighted at the learned discourse you have honored me with. But it strikes me, gentlemen, that if each of the knights threw away a black stone, there must be enough and to spare for all of us here; and as you will want a guide up the mountain, you may as well take me to assist in the search; I know every inch of the road and every crevice in the mountain, and will willingly serve you for the chance of finding one of the black stones." At first the young men appeared highly indig-

nant that their secret should have been over heard; but they at length agreed that he should

accompany them.

"But," said the first young man, whom the rest called Corlaer, "you must not think that these stones are to be gathered like ordinary pebbles. In the first place, they must be picked up within the first half-hour after the sun has shown his golden rays above the horizon; and the finder must avoid all evil influences for twenty-four hours afterward, lest the charm be

again lost for five hundred years."
Ruddle was delighted at having the chance of becoming invisible; he thought how he would walk into the banks and help himself to what money he liked; why, he would not only have a carriage of his own, but he would ride in the Governor's as well. He remained at the alehouse all night, and no sooner did the clock strike three than he aroused the four young travelers. Corlaer and Claude arose willingly, but the others would not leave their beds, declaring that they were too tired from their last day's walk, and therefore would leave their search

till the next morning.

Ruddle and his companions were soon on their way up the mountain-side. The early morning was bitterly cold, and made Ruddle shiver again, but Corlaer and Claude were well wrapped up, and seemed to enjoy the walk amazingly. As the morning began to break, James Ruddle's excitement and nervousness became extreme; he was constantly turning round to see if the sun's rays had appeared, and no sooner had they done so than Ruddle was hard at work picking up all the black pebbles he could find, and thrusting them into his pocket. The young men took matters easier, and only selected large round ones; and not being particularly careful as to color, they soon had a

good quantity.

After they had been about twenty minutes at this work, Corlaer turned round and shouted to Claude, who stood a little distance from him, "The half-hour has passed, Claude; it will be useless for us to gather more this morning. But where is that fellow Ruddle?"

"He was close by your side just now," said aude; "he must have turned back."

Ruddle clasped his hands, and his heart beat high with glee. Could it be possible that he was invisible—had he found one of the precious stones, whilst his more knowing companions had missed it? He determined to try, so walked up

"It is no good waiting for him," said Corlaer.
"I suppose he thought more of his breakfast than the advantages invisibility would give

"A pretty guide he is," cried Claude, leave us here without saying a word. If I had him here I would break his head with this stone."

As he spoke, he threw a heavy stone, making Ruddle jump to avoid it.

"And I would pelt him to death with these useless ones I have picked up, which, by-theway, we may as well amuse ourselves with seeing who can throw furthest as we walk home; for it is certain that we have not found the treasure, for neither of us is invisible."

They immediately commenced descending the mountain, throwing the stones with such precision and rapidity that poor Ruddle, who went before them, had not a moment's peace. His bones ached from the pelting, and several times he fell in vain endeavors to escape the missiles. At a turn of the road he saw the other two young men from the inn, but, to his delight, they did not see him, but called aloud to Claude and Corlaer to cease throwing.

"Well," said one, "I see you have had no

"Not a bit." said Claude, "and that wretched fellow has given us the slip, and gone home. A nice guide, indeed!"

a nice guide, indeed !"
"Well, I did not like the looks of the fellow
at all," said one, "and that is why I would
not come with you this morning; but what
have you been pelting along the road?"
"Nothing; we were only trying who could
throw furthest."
"I bet I beet you all "cried one."

"I bet I beat you all," cried one.
"Done," cried the others, and in a few minutes afterward such a volley of stones poured down the path that Ruddle took to his heels, and never stopped running until he reached

Sore as he was from running, he still felt delighted at having gained the wondrous charm; quietly lifting the latch of his cottage-door, he entered stealthly, although he did not expect any one would be up at that early hour, and believed himself invisible. For all this he dreaded to meet Susan, and determined to take what he coeld for breakfast, and then go in search of his fortune, with which he well knew he would change his wife's frowns to smiles. But such was not to be. No sooner had he closed the door than his wife rushed upon him and cetching him by the hair hear upon him, and catching him by the hair, be-labored him soundly.

Poor Ruddle could not move for astonish-

ment, and received the punishment like a lamb; his only thought was how the charm could have been lost so suddenly.

When Mrs. Ruddle had exhausted her strength, she let her husband go, and he, as usual, beat a retreat to the alchouse, where

he found the four travelers enjoying a substantial breakfast.

"So," cried Claude, "here is our worthy guide."

"I wonder the rascal dare show his face," cried another.

"Considering the scratched state it is in, so

"Considering the scratched state it is in, so do I," said Corlaer.
"Gentlemen," said Ruddle, "a sad misfortune has befallen me; I found the stone, but it is useless; it has lost its charm. If you will kindly order me a pint of ale, and some bread and cheese, I will tell you my sad adventures."

The young men ordered Ruddle some breakfast, and he commenced telling his story, much to the amusement of the company, who could

to the amusement of the company, who could scarcely refrain from laughing at his credulity in thinking he had been invisible whilst they had been throwing stones at him. When he had finished, Claude said, in a stern, sad voice: James Ruddle, your case is worse than you

think. Do you not remember that you were told to avoid all evil influences for twenty-four hours after the finding of the stone?"

"Alas! I do," cried James, "and yet I was mad enough to go home to my wife." "For five hundred years the stones will now

be useless, and you, who have caused this mis-fortune, will not live long unless you do certain things.

Poor Ruddle turned deadly pale, and his teeth chattered so violently that he could scarcely ask Claude what he was to so to avoid

"In the first place, you must never meddle with charms, spells or spirits again; they will all of them be antagonistis to you from this time. You must drink less ale, so that you may not get tipsy, for in such moments evil spirits will have great hold over you, and lead you to deeds of crime and madness. At the same time do not stop out late, for then the devil is abroad; trust more to your wife, who, from the sudden way she dispelled the charm, is evidently no ordinary woman; therefore, I would advise you to hurry home to her and make your peace; set hard to work and make

make your peace; set hard to work and make money, or else I fear you will be no more."
Ruddle dropped his plate and fled homeward; and from that time no one could work harder than he did. He became one of the busiest men in the village, for, under the superintendence of Mrs. Ruddle, who now completely holds rule, "orders are punctually attended to." In time he became a thorough business-like thriving man, and often used to tell his children that the only philosopher's stone was industry, for by that everything might be changed into gold, and the effects of age kept off. The black stones are still kept in age kept off. The black stones are still kept in the garden, and James rubs his shoulders, and thinks, when he sees them, of the Penalty of Invisibility.

VICTIMS AND THEIR VICTIMIZERS.

When we remember the way in which all children kill flies, tease dogs and cats, and the number of boys that delight in spinning cockchafers, it seems as if crucity was inherent in human nature; or it may be only the love of power that makes so many persons delight in saying whatever will most wound or mortify. They seem to take positive pleasure in this, and seem to practice it as if it were an accomplishment, the amount of pain given being the gauge of the success of the entertainment. Such people are among the most unpopular wounds to self-love being, of all small injuries, the most difficult to forgive.

We were once present when a lady came in rather unexpectedly to call upon a very young wife, and found her dissolved in tears at the

temporary absence of her husband.
"So Colonel —— has left you a
really too bad!" - has left you alone !- it is

"He has been obliged to go to Boston on business," was the somewhat indignant rejoinder.

"Business, my dear! Have you still to learn the meaning of that very convenient term for all that gentlemen wish to do? I am not at all surprised to find you alone; in fact I quite surprised to find you alone; in fact I quite expected it, after hearing your husband say the other night that he was quite determined to be present the first night of the new opera. Let me see; that is to-night, is it not?" looking at a newspaper which lay on the table. "Yes, to be sure; so that is his business; and I advise you to write to him, and show him that you know what his 'business' is. Why did not he take you with him?"

The poor little wife turned red and pale

The poor little wife turned red and pale alternately; but her "friend" departed in high glee at having so effectually stabbed her in the most vulnerable part.

Sometimes this kind of cruelty is vailed by exaggerated expressions of interest in the vic-tim's health or happiness. "My dear Julia, I have come on purpose to see how you are, for you were looking so wretchedly last night, it made me quite anxious. You were as white as your own gown. Every soul remarked it, and you were so silent and depressed that we feared you must have heard some bad news;" or, "I am so delighted to meet you out; for, from what the Phillipses told me of your singing, I feared your cold must be very bad still. When you sang at Madame — 's concert, every one thought your voice quite changed." Both vic-tims smile grimly, and express some gratitude for the interest displayed in their welfare; and both, for the rest of the day, feel equally un-

We constantly hear and read of the happiness of a newly-married couple—of the bliss of a honeymoon. We believe, on the contrary, that the first year of married life is, with few excep-tions, a trial both to husband and wife. Till they are properly "broken to harness," people are apt to chafe against having to give up their wills continually, and being so entirely at the

disposal of another's; and it requires a good

temper and an elastic nature to yield easily.
"My dear Henry, will you drive me over to ——?" says a young lady, lately married, to her husband.

Yes, to be sure, darling; when will you go?"
"At once, if you like; the sooner the

better."
"Ah! but I forgot; I cannot go yet; I must see Peters about that horse."

"How thresome! Surely he can wait."

"Impossible; how can I let a man come sixteen miles by appointment, and then tell him to wait? But he will come by the eleven o'clock train, and will not detain me more than an hour.
"An hour! it cannot take him an hour to

look at a horse.

look at a horse."

"But he has other things to do. We must go over the farm." This is said rather impatiently; but he sees a cloud gathering upon his wife's brow, and hastily adds, "However, it will be cooler in the afternoon, so I will order the phaeton at two o'clock. At two o'clock, then, love," he repeats; and, sealing the arrangement with a kiss, he lights his eigar and sannters out of the room.

saunters out of the room.

Two o'clock strikes; but Mr. —— is not come in. The servants, in answer to her inquiries, suppose him to be still at the farm. The phaeton comes round; the bride puts on her most bewitching hat, and goes into the garden, waiting patiently till half-past two. Three o'clock strikes, and finds her still waiting; then she hastily orders the carriage back to the stables, and, lovely summer's day though it be, takes off her hat and settles herself for the afternoon in the house to some needlework which she detests. Presently she hears a hurried step on the stairs, and her husband, hot and panting, enters the room.

"Dearest Constance, I am so sorry to have kept "Dearest Constance, I am so sorry to nave kept you waiting; but Peters did not come till one o'clock, and is only this moment gone. I have run all the way from the farm—poof! how hot it is!" And he fans himself and wipes his face with his handkerchief. But Constance stitches

on silently, only heaving sighs at intervals.
"Well, Consy, ain't you going to get ready?
The carriage will be round directly. I sent word to the stables as I came in."

word to the stables as I came in."

"Will it?" says Constance, with the air of a martyr; "then you are going out again?"

"Why, what the deuce do you mean? Didn't you ask me to drive you to ——?"

"Yes; at two o'clock," with a very strong emphasis on the two, and a glance at the ormolu clock on the mantelpiece that had just struck "four."

"But I could not possibly come scoper, and "But I could not possibly come scoper, and

"But I could not possibly come sooner, and it won't take long to trot over to ——, if you will get ready at once."

"Thank you, Edward, but I am not going out to-day. It certainly is a beautiful afternoon, but if I am always to be left alone, the sooner I get used to it the better. It was different at home. Dear mamma little thought—" Here the tears that begin to flow are hastily wiped away, and the silent stitching is resumed. It is a new phase to the young husband, who, nonplussed and discomfited, walks to the window.
"Well, will you come out or not?" This is said rather crossly.

"No, thank you, Edward," is the reply, scarcely above a whisper, and with a heavy

"But I must go to —, and the horses must have exercise. I cannot drive all that way

"Of course the horses must be considered: "Of course the horses must be considered; they cannot be made to stay at home or wait." "What nonsense! come along! What's the good of being vexed about a thing that's over, and can't be helped?"
"I'm not vexed, Edward," in a tone of deep despondency; "but I am not going out to-day."
A hasty ejaculation, not of the most complimentary kind, and the husband strides out of the room, banging the door. His wife watches

mentary kind, and the husband strides out of the room, banging the door. His wife watches him from the window, and sees him flog the horses and drive furiously away from the house, and sinks upon the sofa in a paroxysm of weeping, inveighing bitterly against his cruelty in going without her, entirely regardless of her many refusals to his repeated entreaties to accommany him.

her many refusals to his repeated entreaties to accompany him.

We confess to feeling some sympathy with the young wife, and think that she had a right to consider herself aggrieved in the matter of waiting, which to eager, nervous temperaments is, of all trials, the least endurable.

Another frequent trial of strength and cause of victimizing in a family is dissension arising from the necessary payment of weekly or

of victimizing in a family is dissension arising from the necessary payment of weekly or monthly household bills. Mr. — is going out in a hurry; his wife calls him back to ask for a check wherewith to pay them; he gives it rather impatiently, annoyed at being detained, and, with no great pleasure at the cause, accompanied with a good deal of grumbling and some hard words about extravagance. Mrs. — goes out of the room with the money in one hand and her pocket-handkerchief in the other, to brood over his unkindness, and, possibly, the injustice of his complaints. In the evening, he comes home cold and tired, after having been occupied all day, without the faintest recollection of the squabble of the morning. To his horror and amazement he morning. To his horror and amazement he finds his wife and family sitting by a black, fireless grate, by the light of one solitary candle.

"Good heavens! how cold! Why on earth is there no fire in this room to-day?

"I desired that it should not be lighted. I thought it would be better to do without a fire, as you complained so much of the coal-bill

He rings the bell furiously, and the house-maid is sent for, and a small spark of fire, among a pile of black coals, only makes the room appear more dismal still. Meanwhile the family adjourn to dinner, where the same system of economy has been practiced, there being only one small chicken for five people.

"Bring the rest of the dinner immediately!" thunders the master of the house.

"There ain't any more, sir," is the servant's half-amused, half-frightened reply.

"Do you mean that there is nothing more to eat?" he says to his wife, in a tone of awful "Oh, yes! there is a rice pudding coming

presently," she says, in a cheerful tone.
"Rice pudding! Do you suppose that we can dine on such trash as that?"

"I had ordered partridges, as well as trifle and plum pudding, but, after what you said this morning, I sent down to the kitchen and countermanded it all."

A muttered imprecation, with an order for

A muttered imprecation, with an order for the cook to send up all the cold meat in the house, is the only reply, and the dinner proceeds to the sound of mutterings, almost like distant thunder, from the master of the house. The same difficulty arises about wine, the lady steadily refusing to drink anything but a little gold water, saying, occasionally, with a sad cold water, saying, occasionally, with a sad smile, how "very expensive it is to dine off cold meat, people eat so much more of it."

She looks like a sweetly-resigned martyr, doubtless considerably supported by the underlying consciousness that she has effectually punished her husband for complaining about the household expenses, and that probably he

will never do so again.

will never do so again.

It was once our fate to be staying in the house with a lady who was a perfect adept in the art of victimizing. The house was one of "the stately homes of the metropolis," and the room in which we usually sat in the daytime, a library nearly sixty feet long. This room had a fireplace at each end, and one very large bay, which was almost a small room in itself, so that any one who retired there with his so that any one who retired there with his book or his writing would be comparatively alone. It was rather a dangerous room in one respect, as it was not always easy to see if any one was established at the further end of it. There was a large party in the house at the time, and one of the guests was the wife of an eminent personage who was also staying there. She was extremely handsome, and both were talented, agreeable, and accomplished. But he was the last of his race, and the happiness of their married life was said to be manquéd by their having no children. Mrs. —— was sitting listlesely by the free whom Mrs. listlessly by the fire when Mrs. — pounced upon her as a good subject for her powers of

victimizing.

"Are you ill to-day, dear Mrs. ——? You look so pale and weary."

No; Mrs. --- was quite well, as well as she

ever was.
"Perhaps your spirits are a little low; and "Perhaps your spirits are a little low; and no wonder, poor thing! you must often feel sad, and especially here, where there are so many children to remind you of your disappointment in not having any. I assure you I can feel for you, for it was my own case. But then it was so different. It was no particular object to me to have children, but it is of such consequence to you; and then nothing sours a man so much as a disappointment of this kind. I dare say you feel it so."

this kind. I dare say you feel it so."

The poor lady, whose eyes had filled with tears at the beginning of this harangue, protested against any supposition of the kind, saying that Mr. —— was often worried and overworked in his office, but had the sweetest

temper imaginable.
"Ah, poor man! that makes one feel still more sorry for him, especially when I remember that his object in marrying was to secure an heir to his name and to that magnificent property. I declare it is wonderful to see how

well he bears such a continual mortification."

But Mrs. — evidently could not bear to hear any more, and rising hastily, left the room, while her companion continued her crochet with a complacent smile on her countenance, delighted, doubtless, at the pain which her venomous words had evidently produced. Presently, after sauntering a little about the room, she finally seated herself by the side of a sofa on which a lady, apparently in delicate health, was lying.

health, was lying.

"My dearest Jane, I did not expect to see you down-stairs to-day. I am delighted to find that you are better, for every one seemed quite alarmed leat you should be detained much longer, and so the "event" come off here. You must be longing to get home safely."

Lady Jane assures her that she is much better, and has no doubt of being able to go home in a day or two. "Of course you must be anxious to do so with such a tribe of children; let me see, how many are there? Four—four in five years! and there will soon be a fifth! Poor thing! it is really very dreadful. I pity you so nve years; and there will soon be antiti. I pity you so much, and poor Arthur still more. It is such a drag upon a man while he is still young, if he is not a 'millionaire,' to feel that he has so many children to provide for."

Lady Jane replies cheerfully that she does not think it is so in her case, for her husband is devoted to his children.

"Ah my dear, that may be so now, while the children are so young, such mere bables; but for a young man to have his son treading

upon his heels is the greatest possible annoy-ance, I can assure you."

In spite of Mrs. —'s kind compassion,
Jane does not seem to take her affliction greatly at heart; the truth being that she was in the room all the time while Mrs. — was lament-ing over the opposite misfortune in the other her shafts, venomous as they were, fell harmless.

We might enumerate numberless instances of this kind of cruelty; for too many people wound others gratuitously, for the simple love of giving pain. But if we believe that we shall be judged for "every idle word," surely a heavy retribution must await those whose words are blighting and cruel, who have "the poison of asps under their lips."

CALIFORNIA expects President Grant and Secretary Fish to visit it the last week in April.

THE FIRE BY THE SEA. BY THE LATE ALICE CARY.

THERE were seven fishers with nets in their

hands,
And they walked and talked by the seaside
sands;
Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall words they spake, though they spake so

low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them, one and all—
Ay! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old, And one was gentle, and one was bold,
And they walked with downcast eyes:
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord w

And they knew not if he would rise Knew not if the dead would rise.

The live-long night, till the moon went out, In the drowning waters they beat about: Beat slow through the fogs their way; And the sails dropped down with the wringing

And no man drew but an empty net, And now 'twas the break of the day.

The great glad break of the day.

"Cast your nets on the other side "as Jesus speaking across the tide)—
And they cast and were dragging hard; But that disciple whom Jesus loved, Cried straightway out, for his heart was

moved: "It is our risen Lord— Our Master, and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girdling his fisher's coat, Went over the nets and out of the boat— Ay! first of them all was he;

Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea— Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim, In a little ship came after him,

Dragging their net through the tide; the land

They saw a fire of coals in the sand. And with arms of love so wide, Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long, and long, and long ago, Since the rosy lights began to flow O'er the hills of Galilee; And with eager eyes and lifted hands The seven fishers saw on the sands

The fire of coals by the sea On the wet wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the sea
Where Peter, girdling his fisher's coat, Went over the net and out of the boat, To answer, "Lov'st thou me?" Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

COMING HOME TO DIE.

THE lovely season, called in America by that tender name, the Fall, is closing; the children of Fashion, who have made of Europe one vast watering-place, are loading the homeward steamers—they will exchange the chance meet-ings at Spa and Homburg for directions as light and as meaningless in Washington or New York. The season is closing; the vessel is loaded, the gallant captain escorts the belle of the company up and down the monotonous deck, and the commercial travelers play shovel-board on the sunny planks, over the ears of sea-sick dowagers, wretched in their state-

But, while the gay world is lounging and trifling, there is nearly always a traveler for whom the shortening voyage is typical of the closing journey of life. Now it is some delicate closing journey of life. Now it is some delicate girl, now a furious viveur, equally near the inexorable goal. In our own last voyage, the victim was a beautiful babe, pet and pride of youthful parents, who watched it die on the night of the arrival at Sandy Hook—die to the music of the ship's band, while all the company were waltzing in the moonlight overhead. In the return voyage of the artist whose picture we engrave, the hapless subject was a father in engrave, the hapless subject was a father in middle life; the family of which he was the prop being concentrated in a single figure—the lovely one of a young girl. whose attentions the lovely one of a young girl, whose attentions were constant but despairing. On the twelfth day came the welcome cry of "Land!" The invalid was lifted to the deck, and the cloud-like promontory greeted his vision—to him, a graps ! Our picture is copied from a pathetic drawing

by Mr. J. N. Hyde, taken from the deck of one of the Inman steamers, on a home-voyage achieved last autumn.

THE TILT: AN INCIDENT IN THE WASHINGTON CARNIVAL.

THE Festival commenced on the 20th Febru-THE Festival commenced on the 20th February, at Washington, in honor of the repaving of Pennsylvania avenue, was a rather tawdry initation of the Carnival proper, as the latter may be watched along the Corso of Rome, or as it could have been seen in its finest feature, until this sad year, in the Marche des Bouis Gras in Paris. Of the Washington travesty, the horse-race was a pretentious parade of indifferent steeds; its negro sack-race, its wheelbarrow and goat-races were puerlle; and its barrow and goat-races were puerile; and its evening pyrotechnics more pretentious than rich. The masquerade, however, was a phase amusing in the extreme. The Tilt brought out some of the best horsemanship known to Southern chivalry. When the maskers in their graceful variety of dress, having first measured the

altitude of their lance-rest against the ring, next advanced in order, to the number of thirty-five, and began with more or less success to "take the ring," an enthusiasm of cheers and plaudits broke forth in the vast throng. Our spirited illustration represents the knights in all their motiey, warming up their horses, before the tournament, by the operation of "speed-ing." The point of view is at Seventh street, with a vista of Pennsylvania avenue closed by the Capitol.

INSIDE PARIS:

WASHERWOMEN OF THE BANLIEUE.

For a scene of confusion and wrangling, of rota a scene of confusion and wrangling, of joility and indignation, of industry and laziness, commend us to the associated labors of a party of washerwomen. In fact, such a scene as is pictured as an episode of life in the beleaguered capital of France, on the Quai de la Conférence, near the Champs Elysées. On the right is seen a group in which two females are arguing bitterly with the porter for the privilege of washing the bundle of soldier's clothing he is bringing from the barracks. Hard at work, in front, are a number of females, old and young, native and foreign, two rinsing their articles, others rubbing vigorously, and a third part interspers-ing the blows of their bats with songs, anec-dotes, and words of anger. On the opposite side a female Sancho Panza is resting her broad back and apple arms with a charming size of side a female Sancho Panza is resting her broad back and ample arms, with a charming air of independence. A young girl, a faithful worker, we should judge, is beating a pillow-case, unmoved by the noise about her; while, peering round one of the props of the house, is a venerable head, bandaged, with an expression quite similar to that which Dante assumed while crossing Malebolge. Beyond the bridge, soldiers are seen, also engaged in the invigorating domestic pastime. domestic pastime.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE, the comedian, sails for Switzerland in March, intending to pass the sum

THE Bar of New Orleans promise at least \$3,500 for the fund for the daughters of the late Chief-Justice Taney.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL, of Cincinnati, has received a letter from Pius IX., commending him for agreeing to the works of the late Council at the Vatican.

EARL DE GRAY AND RIPON, the chief of the English branch of the High Commission, is forty-four years old, and the head of the Masonic fraternity in England.

SIR GEORGE HAYTER, the painter who de-picted the coronation of Queen Victoria, and was especially patronized as a portrait-painter of royalty, died recently.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is consoling himself for his military adversities by playing rouge-et-noir at Wiesbaden, where he is reported to have been a large winner.

CHIEF-JUSTICE BELLOWS, of the New Hampshire Supreme Court, denounces church-fair lotteries and money-gaining games as swindles which officers everywhere should prosecute.

Hox. Julius Vogel, Minister of Finance and Postmaster-General of New Zealand, accompanied by his private secretary and a party of six, is making the tour of the Eastern States.

It is decided that if the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are married in Lent, several London churches will do penance for the offense by special penitential office, at the same hour.

Miss Fanny R. Sprague has been appointed phonographic amanuensis in the Treasury Department, Washington, at nearly double the pay the other lady clerks receive, who write only long-hand.

Robert Browning has grown very old in appearance since his wife's death, though the vigor of his constitution is unimpaired. Only fifty-eight, he would be mistaken for seventy, judged by his face.

THE new King Amadeus of Spain is said to be very much attached to dogs, having taken with him to Madrid fully ninety of the quadrupeds, varying between the Scotch terrier and the English bulldog. It is understood that Mr. James Gordon

Bennett, Jr., will soon be tendered a grand banquet at Delmonico's, in honor of his recent and generally approved election as Commodore of the New-York Yaoht Club. Louis Bouard, a native of Rouen. France.

died on February 20th, in New York, leaving, by will, \$200,000 to Mr. Henry Bergh, to be used in the protection of dumb animals. He had lived with the utmost economy for many years.

DECEMBER 18th, 1867, E. B. Forbush, of Buffalo, was burned to death in the railroad disaster at Angola. February 6th, 1871, his son, Walter H. For-bush, of Buffalo, was burned to death in the railroad disaster at New Hamburg.

THE newly-born son of Marshal Bazaine, although born in Germany, was not born on German soil, his father having, by shrewd foresight, conveyed a long chest full of French earth into the land of cap-tivity with his other baggage.

Or forty-eight Sisters of Charity tending the smallpox-patients in the Bicetre Hospital at Paris, eleven died of the hideous malady. Volunteers from the sisterhood were called for to fill their places, and thirty-three instantly responded.

IT is stated that Mr. C. Oscanvan, Turkish Consul-General at New-York, and well known all over the country, will succeed Blaque Bey as Turkish Minister at Washington, the latter individual having been recalled by his Government.

On the occasion of his presentation to the King of Italy, General Sheridan were the uni-form of his rank, with a sash of yellow slik across his breast, upon which glittered two decorations in-dicating the armies which he had commanded.

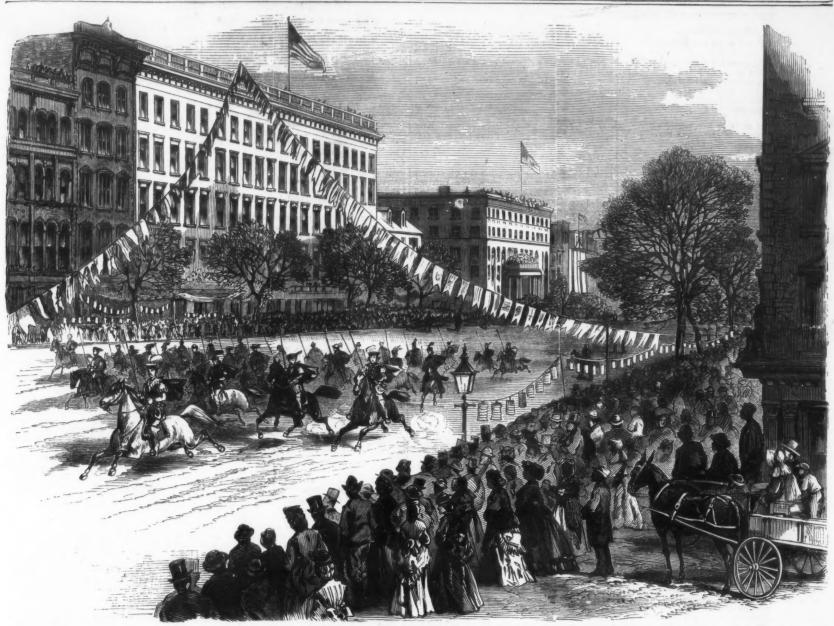
CAPTAIN CLARY, of the ir nclad "Dictator," writes home in warm praise of his crew, numbering one hundred and twenty men He cites, as an in-stance, that one of them lost p and by accident, and his shipmates immediately sub-scribed \$545 for him.

PETER COOPER celebrated his eightieth birthday by presenting to C sper Union \$150,000, to construct and furnish a lib ary for the workingmen of New York. His beques is dated February 12th, 1871, and was made public in the evening of the 22d.

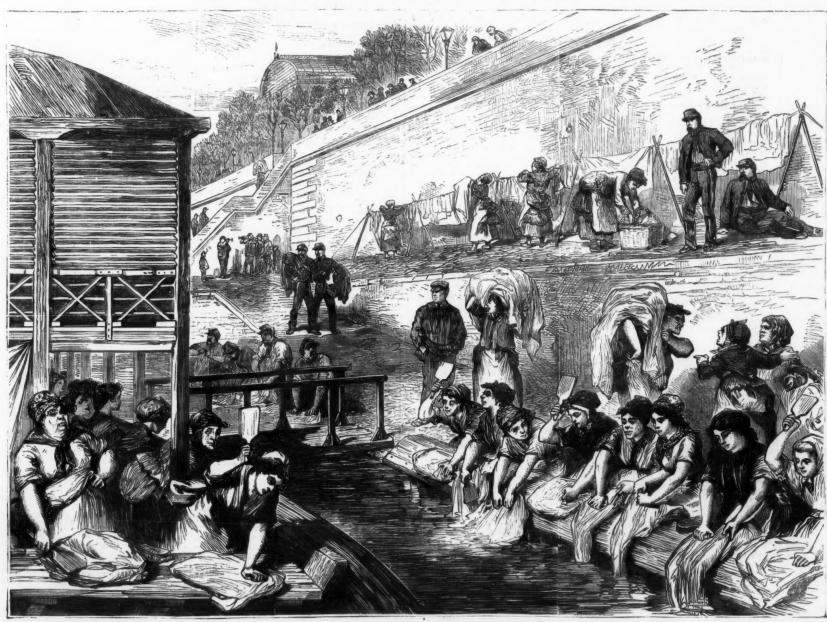
A mong the French corpses found on the field after the last terrible sortic from Paris were many of the National Guard, elegantly uniformed in fine cioth, with gold watches, rings, etc., delicate linen, and hands and complexion that denoted the gentler ranks of the



"COMING HOME TO DIE."-FROM A DRAWING BY J. N. HYDE.-SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



Washington, d. C.—An incident of the carnival; "speeding," before the tilt, on the second day of the fete—scene on pennsylvania avenue, looking from seventh street toward the capitol.—sketched by our special artist.—see page 427.



FRANCE -- WASHERWOMEN OF THE RANLIPHE AT THE OHAT IN TA CONFERENCE. BARE -- APP PAGE 497

MEMORIES.

SITTING to-night, while the twilight Wraps all the landscape about, From the gloom of my shadowy chamber My thoughts go silently out.

Like a train of nuns, all hooded,
And clad in garments gray,
Over the fills they wander.

To the meadows far away.

One memory stops by the wayside, Where a grave is green and low,
And sits down, singing softly
About the long ago;
But under the sound of its singing
Is an undertone of tears,
For the grave hides under its grasses
The brightest drawn of years The brightest dream of years

And another memory wanders
Away to a shady nook, Away to a shady nook,
Where the robin sings over and over
Its song to the rhythm of the brook.
And sits down, silent and tearful,
As we sit in an empty room
From whence they have borne a loved one
Out to the low, still tomb.

And another, with silent footstep, Goes in o'er a threshold old,
Where the grass, like a miser, is hoarding
The dandellon's gold.
And up through the empty chambers
It wanders like a ghost,
Come back from the past to visit
The sequential the loyed the most The scene that it loved the most.

Hither and thither they wander, Full of a strange unrest,
And they call to me over the hilltop
That the old times were the best.
But my feet cannot turn backward, For the past leads ever away, And is lost at last in the shadow, In the valley wide and gray.

THE LOST LINK;

THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER XLI .- (CONTINUED).

It was a sultry August night when Olivia and the maid who accompanied her reached the place indicated by the telegram. A carriage was waiting at the station, and the servant desired the station-master to inquire whether the Signore Pardite was among the research.

Signora Perdita was among the passengers.

"If you please, signora, Mrs. Mervyn desired us to drive you to the house where she has been removed to-day," said the servant. "You will not perhaps object to a gentleman, who has been waiting since the last train, going in the carriage? He is the lawyer whom Mrs. Mervyn has sent for, and I fancy it is to make her will."

Olivia shuddered. There was something in the grief, the devotion of the mother to her darling boy, that could not but touch her gen-She had received but little diserous heart. erous heart. She had received but little dis-interested kindness from the dying woman, but yet she had been thrown in contact with so few during her desolate life, that each one pos-sessed an unusual amount of interest at her hands. And now the unhappy mother's heart was breaking for the violent death of the un-fortunate son whose blood remained as yet un-avenced.

Olivia felt as confident of Algernon Dacre's innocence as her own; but she had at least the power of doing justice to the non-partial and prejudiced feelings of a bereaved mother. She could pardon the injurious suspicions cast on Algernon, nay, excuse the fierce eagerness of the dying woman to secure justice for her son's supposed murderer; yet she shrank with a natural repugnance from meeting and listening to the reproaches of the accuser of Algernon

All this rushed through her mind ere her companion in the brief transit joined her. He was a middle-aged man, of sharp but not unwas a middle-aged man, of sharp but not un-pleasant countenance, and a somewhat abrupt way of speaking, and even moving, that was unpleasing and grating to the refined and sad-dened mood of Olivia. He rubbed his hands when fairly settled in the carriage, made some jocose remarks on the weather, the trains, and the journey they were taking in common to-gether.

"Wonderful invention is steam and electri-city, young lady," he said; "capital for honest folks, at any rate. Why, from all I hear, neither you nor I could have managed to reach my client in time if it had not been for this facility And, if I'm not deceived, there's enough de-pending on it to have made an express train

answer our purpose."

Olivia raised her eyes suddenly, and met the sharp gray orbs of the lawyer, fixed intently on

her.
"I am perfectly ignorant of all but the dan-"and that she wishes to make some arrange ments before she dies. Have you since she came down here?" she added, suddealy; a meaning expression in the lawyer's eyes awakening in her mind a suspicion as to the extent of his knowledge.

The suspense was becoming more distressing in these last moments of its duration. The darkness that surrounded her fate and history never seemed so thick and hopeless as when a ray of light was about to be thrown upon its mystery; and the gloom that hung deep and heavy over the night, as they drove rapidly to-ward their destination, was not more dense than the sadness in the foundling's thoughts. She had thrown herself back in a corner of the carriage as they drove along, and her companion had, after some vain efforts, refrained from attempting to disturb her. But her gloomy reverie was at last broken by the sudden stop-page at some massive iron gates, and a loud

peal at the lodge-bell that quickly gained them admittance. No questions were asked of the lodgekeeper, and the carriage rolled undisturbedly on, along a broad carriage-way, which Olivia knew full well must be the entrance to a

mansion of some importance.

The carriage-lamp flashed ever and anon on The carriage-lamp hashed ever and anon on the trees and winding paths that opened on the carriage-way, and they seemed strangely familiar to her eyes; but she concluded vaguely that there must be a general resemblance in the parks and entrance-ways of such lofty mansions, and smiled faintly at her own credults and access semiclose fendes. dulty and eager, suspicious fancies.

It was perhaps some ten minutes' drive ere

they arrived at the mansion to which this vast park belonged; and then, instead of driving up to the principal entrance, the carriage turned sharply into a large square court, and grated roughly over some stone pavement, till it reached a large, low doorway, where it stop-

ped, and the door opened.

"I must apologize, in Mrs. Mervyn's name, for bringing you to this back entrance," said the lawyer, who appeared well acquainted with the locality; "but there are reasons for so doing, which you will know presently. Always and the said of the which you will know presently. Allow me to

He handed Olivia from the carriage, and led her along dimly-lighted passages, which she could scarcely recognize, even if they had been known to her, in that imperfect light, till they reached a back staircase, up which he conducted her, preceded by a servant, who was waiting at its foot, till they reached the door of a suite of apartments, which stood partly alar, and which the servant threw open for their entrance.

The first room was an antechamber, which appeared to have been used recently, for there was a fire burning brightly, and lights, and a table with refreshments, and chairs placed ready for the guests who might partake of them. The

lawyer led Olivia to the side of the fire, and placed a chair between that and the table.
"Permit me to offer you some refreshments after your long drive," he said; "and in a few minutes Mrs. Mervyn will be ready to receive

Olivia accepted the courtesy, for she was faint and weary, and instinctively felt that there would be still more demands on her strength and energies during the night that was before them. She unloosed her cloak at the respectful request of the maid, and gave her bonnet into her keeping, while the lawyer poured out a glass of wine and assisted her to some cold chicken. He soon dispatched a plate of the more substantial viands himself, and then, at a signal from the servant, who had left the room for a few minutes, he rose and again offered his

arm to the young girl.
"All is ready," he said. "Are you pre-

Olivia's heart beat fast and hard, but she had ufficient control to master all outward emotion and to obey the summons with a calm, equable mien, that fairly bafiled even the sharp penetration of the lawyer.

The door opened into an inner room containing a large, low couch, on which lay the wasted, pale form of Helen Mervyn.

CHAPTER XLII.

SHORT as had been the interval since Olivia had last seen Helen Mervyn, there was a fearhad last seen Helen Mervyn, there was a fear-ful change in her appearance. Her large eyes were dilated and glittering to an unnatural size and brilliancy; her cheeks were wasted to an emaciation that displayed every bone and vein; her lips were nearly as colorless as the cheeks, and drawn tightly over the teeth, with a pain-ful expression of suffering; and the blue, leaden tint under her eyes and round her mouth was only more visible from the strong contrast of two crimson fever-spots in each cheek, which. two crimson fever-spots in each cheek, which, to an experienced eye, would have spoken of suppressed pain and mental excitement. She was supported by pillows carefully placed under her head and form, which made her position as commanding, and yet more easy, than sitting upright on the couch. Her look eagerly scanned her visitors as they entered.

"It is well," she said; "you have done well to obey my summons, Olivia. A few hours more, and it would have been too late. With me would have died the secret of your birth, and nothing but a miracle could have revealed to you the truth. But first-there-there, sit

She pointed faintly to a chair immediately near her own couch, and opposite to which, on the other side, Olivia noticed some other seats were placed.

"First," said Mrs. Mervyn, "tell me whether he—my son's murderer—is still safe—still under the ban which belongs to such guilt."

Olivia could not feel indignant at that poor, pale, wasted creature, just wavering on the edge of death's precipice; but yet it was fearful to hear such unforgiving revenge from one about to appear before her Maker.

"If you mean Algernon Dacre," she said, with gentle firmness." If you mean the unhappy victim of false judgments and appearances, then it is too true that for the present his fate remains in sad uncertainty; but it is in God's hands, and He will protect and vindicate the innocent."

"Enough, enough," said the woman, waving do not want a sermon. I have neither time nor taste for such fooleries. There, there, that is enough. Do you know for what I have summered were all the series of the seri moned you?

"To hear the secret that you have so long professed to know," replied Olivia, gently; "and if it please God to turn your heart to penitence, to forgiveness of your enemies, and trust and confidence in the innocence of those who are guiltless, then I should think my jour-

ey amply paid." Helen Mer/yn listened for a moment or two in apparent softened silence, for her eyes lost

"Is it true?" she said—"are you speaking

truth, child?"

truth, child?"

"As Heaven is my witness!" replied Olivia, solemnly. "If the choice lay between the knowledge of my true birth and the proof of the innocence of Algernon Dacre, and your own penitence and free pardon of those who have offended you, then I would willingly, joyfully give up all hope of ascertaining my true name and kindred till that time when all secrets will be made known. For your own sake. crets will be made known. For your own sake, and for the sake of justice, truth and innocence, I implore you to think rather of your own eter-nal safety and of the claims of the innocent, than of any earthly wrong, or even of my poor claims to confidence and enlightenment at your hands.

The dying woman closed her eyes for a few

"Can it be?" she murmured—"can it be! "Can it be?" she murmured—"can it be? Is there really a noble heart and truth and self-sacrifice left on earth?" Then turning her dim orbs again on the anxious face of the expectant girl, she said: "Once more, Olivia, could you give up all hope of Algernon Dacre's heart and hand to free his name from disgrace and his life from danger?"

"Yes—if I never saw him more, the sacrifice would not be too great!" replied Olivia, firmly. "It is enough—you shall be tried," again observed the sufferer, with a keen, questioning look, as if to read Olivia's very soul; but Olivia did not flinch under the scrutiny. Her face still wore the same pale, calm, resolved look that had distinguished it during the whole interview.

Helen Mervyn touched a bell that lay on the table close to her bedside, and in an instant the person who had conducted Olivia to the apart-

ment appeared.
"Do as I bade you but now," said the lady, faintly; and again the maid vanished, and there

was deep silence in the chamber. Helen lay with her eyes closed, and Olivia was too excited, in expectation of what was to follow, to move or speak. Every sense was engrossed in listening and in gazing at the door through which the servant had disappeared. It might be five minutes or more ere a single sound could be heard, even by her strained nerves. Then the noise of footsteps, the rustling of garments, came on the ear, and Helen Mervyn's eyes opened, with a faint flush on her face. The steps came nearer and nearer, till the door opened, and Sir Geoffrey Dacre and Lady Alice entered the room. They were fol-lowed at some little distance by the lawyer who had accompanied Olivia from the station; but he entered from another door, and the baronet and his wife were apparently unaware of his resence. There was a gloomy, flerce resolution in Geof-

frey Dacre's face, and a strong despair in Lady Alice's, that, even in that hour of extreme ex-citement, struck Olivia with painful surprise. It was so different from the bright, piquant face that had met the foundling's eyes some few years before, and which had perhaps excited a sharp pang of envy and sad compassion with the pale, sallow features that the mirror re-flected to Olivia's gaze.

"Time passes, and much change doth bring,"

was indeed verified in the aspect of those who stood face to face in that sick-chamber. "You here!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey, angrily, as his eyes fell on Olivia, "and without our knowledge or invitation? It is a strange liberty, methinks, for a dying woman to take up her abode at the Castle, and intrude her guests as well."

"Peace, peace," said Helen Mervyn. "There the to waste in idle bullyings. You have that here which will make all such brarado worse than folly. But there is little space left for explanation. Janet, give me that draught, and then see that Mrs. Ross is ready when I want her."

She ceased, and Olivia, scarcely conscious ander the exciting bewilderment of her posi-tion, looked steadily around her. She was in Compton Castle, in the home she had left so strangely years before, and to which she had so strangely returned. What would come next? Her eyes swam mistly, and her heart scarcely beat in the intense excitement and suspense of

The servant administered the cordial to her mistress, and then retired, unbidden. The lawyer placed himself at some distance from the remainder of the group, and then all was silence and stillness in the apartment. Helen

slightly raised herself on the pillows, and then began firmly, though in a low tone, to speak. "Listen," she said, "for my tale must be brief, and yet intelligible, and I may have to speak of more than one class of persons and events long gone by; but as God is my witness, before whom I shall in a few hours stand, every word will be solemn truth, and susceptible of

the most absolute and unwelcome proof.
"Long years since, Geoffrey Dacre, when I
was younger than even that foundling girl whose life has been hitherto so painful and so desolate, I was wooed and won by your father but not as his bride, not as his lawful wife. I had deceived me wickedly in the matter; for though I was perhaps no match for him in birth, I had yet gentle blood in my veins, and beauty and innocence, and love and intellect, to give, in return for the name and wealth he had to offer. But his professions had been fair as they were false. He deserted me and my unborn boy when all was at the very point of fulfillment, when I was pressing the accomplishment of what would secure the legitimacy of my child, and make him the heir to the name and estates of his father. Nav. more, I believe that he so timed the shock as to produce, if possible, the result that might have better suited his plans. But enough of that. It is facts I have to tell, only that I would prove to you how deeply I was wronged, and how amply my vengeance has been deserved. Sir Rupert Heaven to work out my designs.

some of the fierce brilliancy that had lighted | Dacre married, and as soon as I had strength and energy after the birth of my boy, I laid my plans, and swore at any cost to carry them out, of vengeance against the author of my misery and the unconscious rival who had usurped my and the unconscious rival who had usurped my place. Perhaps I half forgave her when I found how wretched she was; but then it galled me even more, that I should have been deprived of what only was despised and loathed by its reseasor. by its possessor.

"Sir Rupert's wife was a relative of the Comptons, a beautiful, portionless and high-born daughter of one whom the old earl (then born daughter of one whom the old earl (then living) hated as the possible heir to his estates. Ida Montford had, however, excited very different feelings in the heart of one of the Compton family. The younger son, Philin, had long loved her and won her heart, but in vain, for the earl would not hear of the union, and Ida's father was too proud to allow the marriage without the consent of the head of the house. Gentle and broken-hearted the girl gave her Gentle and broken-hearted the girl gave her hand to Sir Rupert Dacre, and Philip Compton remained desolate and forsaken. But Sir Rupert knew of the love of his young wife for her noble cousin, and a fierce jealousy existed in his heart from the very date of their marriage, that was most serviceable to my purpose. He watched and waited for some tangible proof of the truth of his suspicions, but for some years none that was positive and sure came, and you, Geoffrey Dacre, were born; and then after an interval your brother came into the

"It was perhaps from an idle fancy, or some suspicious circumstances that I need not detail now, but from the time of your brother's birth Sir Rupert conceived a fierce antipathy to the boy and supicions of his wife. Soon afterward Philip Compton went abroad, and the unhappy lady drooped more and more under the fierce tyranny of her lord, and the absence of every one who loved and trusted her, from her native land. And the more she pined and drooped, the more did Sir Rupert's anger and jealousy,

and, it might be, a yet more pardonable credulity, gain ground.

"Thus years went on, during which I watched and waited and planned, till my best and surest opportunity came. It was in this wise: Many a letter had passed between the divided lovers, but in feeling and expression pure and innocent as between a dear brother and sister, though to Sir Rupert's jaundiced eyes they bore a very different interpretation, and now and then one more sad and loving than usual found its way to his hands. But at the end of three years after Philip Compton had gone to India, he wrote word to Lady Dacre that he had at last sought consolation for Dacre that he had at last sought consolation for her loss in the love of a young and charming orphan girl, who, however different, and per-haps inferior to herself in beauty, was gentle and helplessly alone in the world, and well content to receive the wreck of his desolate

"This letter found its way to Lady Dacre alone, and from a timid fear of her husband, she did not share with him the tidings li brought; and I knew it, and bided my time. "About twelve months afterward another

and sadder letter came to the whilom love of Philip Compton. The young wife had become a mother. Her health had failed, and she and her babe were about to return to England, while Philip's duties took him on an expedition of more danger than he would willingly have confessed to the young invalid wife, and some present-ment of evil seems to have seized him, for he wrote by two different routes to the cousin who had been his beloved and trusted in former days. In one letter he informed her that his wife and child had sailed, and gave the name of their ship. In the other he gave a full account of the dress and belongings of these two cherished ones; and, mark me, Lady Alice, he describes not only that dress and a mark that the infant bore by nature, but also gave an account of the precautions he had taken for her identification if any mischance happened. One of these letters reached Lady Dacre, the other never met her eyes."

never met her eyes."

Olivia's color had filtted over her cheeks like the changing clouds on a summer sky as the last words met her ears, but Lady Alice remained cold and motionless as a statue, though a marble pallor came over her face. Helen Merryn watched both with a sharp, inquiring glance. Then she paused as if to dwell on and enjoy the suspense, and signed to Olivia to give her another draught of the cordial she had her another draught of the cordial she had before taken

"All this time," she then resumed, "I had "All this time," she then resumed, "I had enjoyed the misery that prevailed at Dacre Abbey—the flerce and gnawing jealousy of the husband, and the deep misery of the wife; and I had spies and agents who helped me in arranging and prolonging the torture that they both suffered, till the crisis came that I long looked for. Then I so managed that Sir Rupert found the letters that had passed, without those that were an interpretation thereof; and he giared and raced over the expressions of he glared and raged over the expressions of tenderness that the relative position of both now made innocent and lawful; and heart that had long been pining and sorrowing, till its very heart-strings were work to atten-uation, broke. The wife died, and Sir Rupert mourned her with a flerce grief, that at once proved its love and bitterness, and vented its hard, revengeful bitterness on the son, who, he chose to believe, was the child of his hated

"Thus my plans prospered. The wife dead - murdered, as it were, by her husband's hands; the child she had loved and clung to disowned and hated, and my false lover gloomy wretchedness; what more could I desire? But the end was not yet. I watched for the arrival of the vessel that contained Philip Compton's wife and child; and at last I read that it had been driven out of its course by stress of weather, and wrecked, while all on board had perished. Again the very Fates seemed to favor me, and the elements of

"Time went on. I introduced my son Rupert Dacre's son—as his father's confidential secretary and attendant. Yes, Geoffrey Dacre, you may start and shrink from the knowledge—but it is no less true. Mark Trenchard, or, rather, as his true name should have been, Frank Mervyn, was the son of your father, and therefore your own brother."

Sir Geoffrey did not reply, but a livid pallor overspread his whole features, and Lady Alice's slight form shivered as if a cold blast had swept over her. Helen Mervyn's lips parted with a half-mocking smile—ghastly enough, perhaps, but still bearing the impress of the bold spirit that had urged her on in her career for so many long years, and then she resumed her tale, somewhat more feebly than before:

"It was not till Rupert Dacre was on his death-bed, and the son he had discarded and disowned far away, that I went to reveal to him the truth, and to bid him mourn over and ent the wrong he had done to the dead and living. Still, it rather pleased me that the the living. Still, it rather pleased me that the son whom Ida Dacre had loved should continue under the ban of his father's curse; and I so contrived that any effort to alter it came too late. Into that I need not enter now. Geoffrey Dacre, you know that it was so, and that you stepped into the undisputed heritage of your

As she spoke her eyes were fixed meaningly on the ghastly face of the baronet.

"So far my plans had well prospered. My revenge had been sure and deadly. The son I idolized was in possession of the fortune that was at least his right; and the next and re-maining desire, was to conclude the misery of the sons of Ida and Rupert Dacre, and place the sons of Ida and Rupert Dacre, and place my own injured boy in a position equal to that of which he had been deprived. Here again chance favored my combinations; Algernon Dacre loved the heiress whom his brother also admired and coveted; and, mark me, Lady Allce, it was but by your own faithless distrust and pride that my plans were saved from frustration. Even at the very moment when fate hung in the balance, I discovered that the child of Philip Compton was in all probability still living, and a brief investigation and comparison left no doubt in my mind that such was the left no doubt in my mind that such was the case, albeit I could not at that time verify my belief by the sole proofs that would have made it absolute and certain.

"From that moment I resolved on my course of conduct. I arranged that you, Geoffrey Dacre, should marry the supposed heiress of the Comptons, and while Algernon Dacre should suffer the loss of her whom he truly loved, your more ambitious and proud nature should know the torture and disappointment of losing all that you prided yourself on having gained.

And my boy, my Frank, should snatch the real prize from the grasp of both his proud brothers.

"Now, do you see the workings of my schemes, and the puppets that you have been in my hands—puppets from your own evil or weak passions? The only one who resisted my purpers and my will was the only one who my purpose and my will was the only one who will reap the benefit of my plans. By your own violent passions she was thrown into my keeping. But when I would have won her for my son she fled, and threw herself on the wide world to rean the distinction by her gening. world to reap the distinction by her genius that she should have commanded from her birth. Yes, I can honor and respect truth and strength of purpose, even when it resists my will, and I am about to prove that I will give to it a fitting reward."

A sudden spasm seemed to seize the sufferer, see the carried at this point of her story.

as she arrived at this point of her story. Her features were convulsed, her eyes closed, and her teeth were rigidly set together, as if commanding rather than enduring the paroxysm of pain. She extended her hand again to the table where the cordial stood, and Olivia gently raised her head and poured some down her throat in obedience to the gesture. After a few moments' interval the dying woman rallied

Then there came the end of all," she continued, "the avenging hand, some would say, of Heaven—for my boy, my only hope, my only object in life, was cruelly murdered, and again by the hand of a Dacre. But there is consolation still; for ere I die, I can feel that both the sons of that hated name are crushed down to the year earth. One is no afelory prison to the very earth. One is in a feion's prison to the very earth. One is in a felon's prison and about to endure a felon's punishment, and the other—you, Geoffrey Dacre—will lose what you strove and sinned to gain. Your heiresswife, your countess-bride, is but Alice Dorville after all, while this poor foundling, who would in her disinterested love have sacrificed her dearest hopes for him to whom her heart is given, is the only and legitimate child of Philip Compton and Nina Alvaez his wife, and as such, Countess of Ashton and helress to all these wide domains. That gentleman," she said, pointing to the lawyer, "will furnish you with every legal proof."

She ceased, and Lady Alice's white face could scarcely have been more ghastly had she been lying dead on the couch before her, while her eyes were fixed on Helen Mervyn in a look of ick to the pale cheek, and a look, half-defiant, half-exulting, lit up the drooping eye as she glanced at her husband. His features, natu-rally of such strong and harsh though handsome mold, were distorted with the passion within, and the gray tint of the whole skin cast them into a bold and terribly striking relief. Well might Alice's eyes fix on his working face, though it was perhaps more difficult to read the expression that shone forth with such perplexing vividness from its depths.

olivia gazed from one to another, and then turned her glance on Helen Mervyn, with a doubting, pained, bewildered look. Her first impulse was of eager sympathy for her former benefactress, thus suddenly deprived of the rank and wealth for which she had sacrificed so much, and a gesture of gentle and even humble supplication, as if for pardon, spoke the generous feelings of her young heart. But met with no response from Alice, and

impulses that rushed like a flood into her mind

impulses that rushed like a flood into her mind—Sir Geoffrey had mastered the strong passion which shook him, and spoke with a scorn that was yet but a thin vail for his real feelings.

"This is a tale," said he, "very romantic and well put together, and much that may be true has been mixed skillfully with it; but I presume even a mad woman's brain could scareely entertain the hope that the name and estates of the Comptons could be yielded to estates of the Comptons could be yielded to such an absurd demand. As well expect the walls of the Castle to fall at the blast of a

"And perhaps such wonders may yet be wrought," replied the woman, calmly. "Dewrought," replied the woman, calmly. "De-pend on it, Geoffrey Dacre, I did not come hither to repeat idle tales that would not bear the test of the law. Mr. Lawson, be so good as

to do your part."
She leaned back wearly on her pillow, while the attorney stepped forward and touched the

the attorney stepped forward and touched the bell at the side of the invalid's bed.

"Before I enter on my proofs, Sir Geoffrey," he said, quietly, "I wish just to give you my solemn assurance that they are so indisputable, that, were you my own client, I should earnestly advise you not to attempt to contest them. Of course you have a perfect right to demand entire satisfaction, but I think you can scarcely doubt the truth when all is laid before

As he spoke the door opened, and Mrs. Ross came slowly into the room, with an unmistakable air of bewilderment and curiosity that would have said more plainly than any oath, how entirely unprepared and unprejudiced her evidence would be. She looked at Olivia with an absolute stare of utter perplexity. She scarcely recognized the young foundling-girl, who had so excited her sympathy, in that tall and distinguished-looking woman; and yet the eyes, the features, the expression, were the same as of old.

Mr. Lawson signed her to be seated. Then he took from a wardrobe a large packet of let-ters and a small, soft bundle, that he laid on the bed close by the invalid, whose eyes were fixed intently on his every movement. Then he opened the packet, and, taking from it some of the thickest of the letters it contained, he approached the housekeeper.
"Be so good, Mrs. Ross," said he, "as to tell

me if you recognize that writing.

She put on her spectacles with an air of the most unfeigned and absolute astonishment, and eagerly scanned the directions displayed to

"Do I know it?" she said, the tears rushing to her aged eyes. "Do I know it? Yes, if it were on my death-bed I should know that hand, I could swear to it. It is Mr. Philip's, my dear young master; I have seen it a hundred times, poor dear gentleman."
"You are positive?" said the lawyer.

"If it were my last breath," she replied,

firmly.
"Very well," said Mr. Lawson. mark me, Lady Ashton and Sir Geoffrey, the date of the letter which it most imports us to read and hear is the date of that same year when this young lady was saved from death by your brave brother; and the instructions and statements it contains, if they tally with what I am about to show to you, will, I believe, be sufficient proof that my client is correct in the statement she has made. First I will read you the letter:

"'My wife and child, under an assumed name of Greenwood, have sailed in the Queen of the Seas for England, and I have made the necessary arrangements for their residence there till I can join them. But as I have not yet even formally announced my marriage, though I gave my father a strong hint of the truth in a recent letter, I have taken the precaution to inclose a copy of my certificate of marriage and of my darling's birth, and also a duplicate of a letter to my father, relating the whole circumstances, in a manner that will effectually prevent their falling into improper and dangerous hands. They are carefully stitched inside a child's quilted silk mantle, becharged my wife and her nurse on no account to part with except to yourself, and, in case of some great emergency, to some lawyer of high standing, whom she might empower to open and examine its folds.

"'It is a strange measure, perhaps, for me to conceal such important documents; but you, dearest Ida, can understand how entirely the past has shaken my confidence in the future, and how anxious I feel for the safety and welfare of my sole treasures. And yet it seems a treachery to my poor Nina to speak thus, for she is as gentle and good as woman and wife can be. But, alas! I had no heart to bestow; and it was rather from sympathy and gratitude for her innocent love and unprotected state than from free choice that I made her my bride. May God bless her and my little darling, and grant them a happier destiny than has been your lot or mine, my poor cousin! For myself, a strong presentiment tells me I have not long to live, and that it is more than probable I shall see my native land no more. Your devoted cousin. "' PHILIP COMPTON.'"

As the lawyer ceased he opened the parcel that lay on the bed, and revealed the mantle that had been described by Phi ip Compton.

"Perhaps you can give me a pair of scissors, Mrs. Ross," he resumed, "and then we will test, for the first time, the truth of the statement made."

He took the scissors that Mrs. Ross at once produced from her capacious pocket, and began to tear open the article in question. His keen gray eyes scanned eagerly the faces of his audience, and a pleased, kindly look crossed his features as he noticed the tears that dimmed

before the foundling could even decide on what should be her next expression of sympathy—an offer of all the kindly and generous wishes and search amidst its folds, the rustle of hard it, lies near Sèvres, just west of Paris. papers spoke of the existence of the documents alluded to. One by one he drew them forth.
The first was the witnessed and legal certificate of the marriage of Philip Compton and of Nina Alvaez at Rio Janeiro. Then came the register of Olivia Nina Maud Compton's baptism at the British Consulate; and lastly, a thick letter addressed to the Earl of Ashton, Compton Castle, Durham, which was carefully sealed with the full coat-of-arms of the Comptons, as borne by the younger sons of that line.

Mr. Lawson displayed and read aloud each of these documents in turn to the group amilds.

these documents in turn to the group, amidst an almost deathlike stillness. Then came the rush of good Mrs. Ross's uncontrollable delight and affection. She burst into a flood of joyful tears, and, seizing Olivia's hand, kissed it with the reverence due to a queen, and the tender love of a mother to a child.

"I am content to die now," she said—"quite content to die, since I have seen the child of my dear, dear foster-son, Mr. Philip, and she the rightful heiress—the Countess of Ashton. I always felt it; I knew that all was not right, and that one day the truth would come out."

RELIEF FOR PARIS.

In a purely humane sense, the capitulation of Paris, on the 28th of January, was a fortunate circumstance for the residents of the besieged capital. Their stock of provisions had long previous become so reduced, that the plainest articles of food were distributed with the utmost caution against wanton waste. To the poor the siege was particularly trying, the apportion-ment of rations being extremely meagre, and communication with adjacent villages cut off by the strong cordon of the besiegers. To them, above all others, the advent of the German troops was most propitious, for with the helmeted veterans came long trains of army-wagons plentifully supplied with grain and other commodities. These trains passed through the eastern gates of the city from the German headquarters, and in spite of the feelings of chagrin on the part of the vanquished, were hailed with demonstrations such as privation and long fasting can alone command.

SUPPLIES FOR FRANCE.

THE reception of intelligence from the Tennessee dissipated great anxlety, and the atten-tion of the public was then concentrated on the collection of food and other needed materials for the French sufferers by the war. Mercantile associations having taken the matter in hand, the Navy Department generously proffered the use of two vessels to convey the relief to France, one ship, the Supply, to load at New York, and a frigate, the Worcester, at Boston. The frigate is classed as second-rate, and was designed for a battery of fifteen heavy guns. She is regis-tered at 2,000 tons, and has a storage capacity for freight estimated equal to 7,500 barrels. The cargo taken on board last week consisted of barrels of flour, beef, preserved meats, dried fruits, and other provisions, and cases of clothing and hospital supplies.

FRANCE.—NIGHT QUARTERS AT THIONVILLE.

AND such a night! The correspondent of the London journal, who faithfully remained in Thionville to gather the fullest particulars of the bombardment, no sooner found a nock that bespoke safety than a shell crashed through the roof of his retreat and admonished him to "move on." Driven from point to point, he at last came upon an humble dwelling, and craved a night's shelter. His low cot was truly wel-, and the district seemed to guarantee

He required rest and sleep; but then the public, he knew, cared little for his weariness or danger in its demands for intelligence. Before he could steal a little slumber from the noisy night, he must keep up his chronicle of the day's events. The candle burnt brightly, his boots stood at the foot of his cot, capped with his hat, while at one side lay the parapher-nalia of his profession. A portemonnaic and watch rested within reach, and an ink-bottle was suspended on the wall. In the midst of his enforced labors, a shell, no longer a strange enforced labors, a shell, no longer a strange visitor, fell through the ceiling, carrying away a corner of the house, and filling the room with a profusion of broken glass, splinters, pieces of masonry, and other débris.

Few who read the papers know aught of the dangers, privations, and weariness of the men

dangers, privations, and wearness of the men who supply the intelligence that either shocks or composes the mind of the great world. If the news is only complete, nothing is thought of the manner in which it is gathered. If it falls short the expectations of the public, then the ubliquitous correspondent is charged with either incapacity or indelence

incapacity or indolence.

Cardinal Richelieu tells us "the pen is mightier than the sword;" and he might have truly added, that they who use it are liable to as suffering and discomfort as they wield the means of self-preservation.

THE RUINS OF SAINT-CLOUD.

THE Château of Saint-Cloud, ruined by French hombardment in the determined effort to protect the Capital from the western side, presents to-day an appearance so melancholy, so contradictory of all its festive traditions, that the vail of moonlight is a graceful apology for its deformity. The world-famous gardens by Le Notre are a waste or a rabbit-warren, and the rooms occupied by Marie Antoinette and by the parvenu courts of the two Empires are swept out of existence with the dynasties they livia's eyes.

The task was soon completed. The lining, one, improved by Louis XVI. for his queen,

it, lies near Sèvres, just west of Paris.

NEWS BREVITIES.

NEW YORK received its fifth car-load of affalo meat, February 24th.

THE smallpox has become epidemic in

In 1869, 311 people were devoured by tigers in Madras.

Constantinople has 68,400 volumes in its

THE Sublime Porte has recognized the new French Government

Illinois now has four watch factories, and is to have one more

SHOCKS of earthquake were felt at Hayti on the 17th and 19th instants

TROCHU has retired into private life, at the special request of M. Thiers.

They have begun in Canada to cultivate bbits as an article of food.

A Scotchman has recently purchased 16,000 acres in Fiji for the sum of 6d.

THE proposed flag of the new German Empire is black, white, red and gold.

THERE are at the present time 110 daily newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland.

THE Berlin Royal Library is the only one in Europe possessing all the works of Mozart. ONE manufacturer in Danzic, Prussia, sent

76,000 shells to the besieging army around Paris

HEBRUARY 22d was a sort of occultation of Washington's Birthday" by "Ash Wednesday."

Dr. Pusey is founding a new community of Anglican nuns, who are to be clad entirely in white.

A MONUMENT to the memory of Samuel ver has been erected in St. Patrick's Cathedral,

AT an auction sale in Columbus, Ga., a day or two ago, \$1,755 of Confederate notes were sold for the sum of \$1.

THE students of the Quartier-Latin were ummoned to "make a last struggle, should the Prus-ians enter Paris."

STRANGE as it may seem, the first Spanish and Portuguese dictionary ever published has just appeared in Madrid.

THE cost of leeches sold in Europe exceeds \$10,000,000 per annum. The finest come from the Murray River, Australia.

It is stated that Philadelphia has more ouses than New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City ombined, or 120,000 in all.

It is believed that the principal preservative substance used in embalming the mummies of Egypt was carbolic acid in the crude state.

THE sugar crop in Jamaica this year will be unusually large. The probable yield is estimated at 40,000 hogsheads. Last year it was only 80,000 hogs-

THE London "Times" for December 1st, 1870, had for its leader an article ten columns in length, containing 13,000 words, mostly about the French war. THE Wisconsin Academy of Arts. Sciences

and Letters, which was organized about a year ago, has just held its first annual meeting at the State Capitol in Madison.

THERE is considerable feeling about the cutting down of one of the elm trees on Temple street, New Haven. It mutilates the famous arch of trees on Temple street.

THE tornado in Arkansas toward the close of the week before last did a great deal of damage, particularly at Helena, Ark., where the loss in prop-erty is estimated at \$250,000.

WORTH, the world-renowned Parisian dressmaker, has located himself at Brussels, and has a large corps of assistants at work upon trousseaux for English and American ladies.

While on her way to open Parliament. Queen Victoria was loudy hissed by the crowd in the streets of London, and she is said to be still very unpopular with the mass of the English people.

Within the last month 500 colored persons have applied to the American Colonization Society for aid to go to Liberia. More negroes are now practically attracted to the colony than ever before.

THE Manitoba correspondents who, a little while ago, poisoned Reil to death, now assert that he is alive and hearty, but very poor, and dependent upon a party of French half-breeds for supplies. New York suffers from a "coal famine.

There were, on February 23d, but 50,000 tons on han one week's supply—and the splators are trying in every way to put up the price. The "Engineering Magazine" says; "We are on the brink of a new era in rallways—the era of the narrow gauge rallway—an era of renewed activity, when every village, almost farmstead, may have its railway."

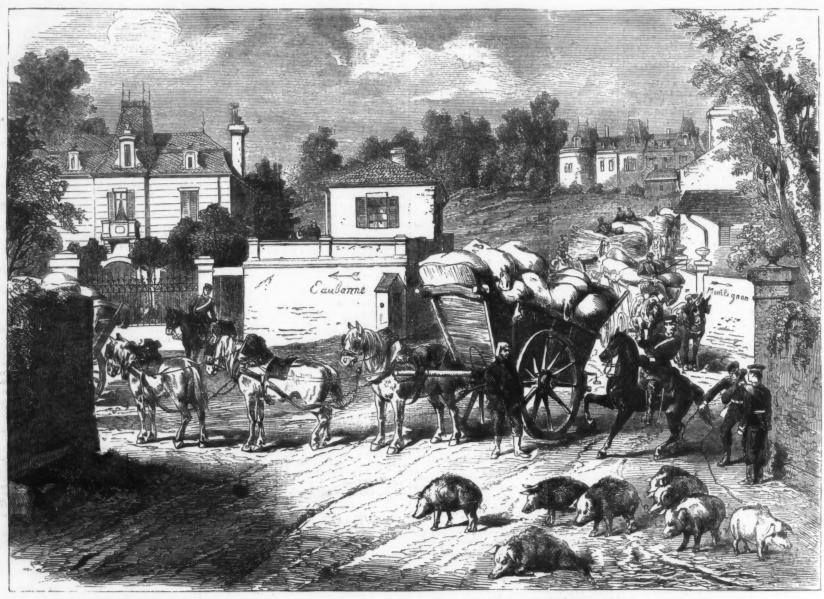
It is reported by the way of Sacramento that Frederick Coombs, proprietor of the great fruit farm in Napa Valley, shot his wife and then shot himself, recently, in consequence of domestic difficulties. They are both dead.

PAPER made of sponge, a French novelty. is said to have all the peculiarities of sponge, absorb-ing water readily, and remaining moist a long time, It has been used as a dressing for wounds with considerable advantage.

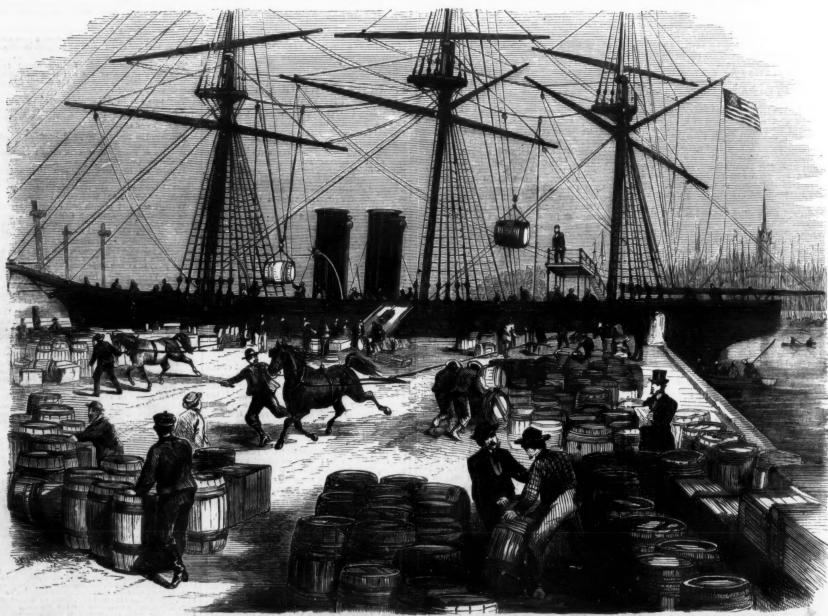
This is the way "pure Orange County milk" is prepared: The dealers receive forty cans of milk a day, twenty-seven or twenty-eight cans of which they skim, and then mix the whole together. This they color with a sort of tasteless refuse from the sugar refning, which gives the mixture a thick, creamy appearance.

THE Japanese students of Rutgers College risted Paterson, N. J., on Tuesday afternoon, February 21st, and were escorted through the silk mills. When they saw the packages of silk, fraudulently mixed with inferior qualities by Japanese exporters, they were much shocked, and promised to send home such accounts as would force the dishonest dealers to commit hari-kari.

THE African diamond-fields are attracting THE African diamond-fields are attracting some emigrants from New York. Isaac Taylor, a trader and merchant of twenty-five years' standing in the South African trade, dispatched from this city on Monday week the bark Lyttleton, direct to Algoa Bay. In forty days hence the bark C. F. Perry will leave here with about 200 passengers for the Diamond Diggings. The price of passage is \$200 currency to Algoa Bay; thence to the Diggings the fare is \$8 ss., each passenger finding his own supplies, or £12 12s. and found. The country is represented as healths and abounding in game.



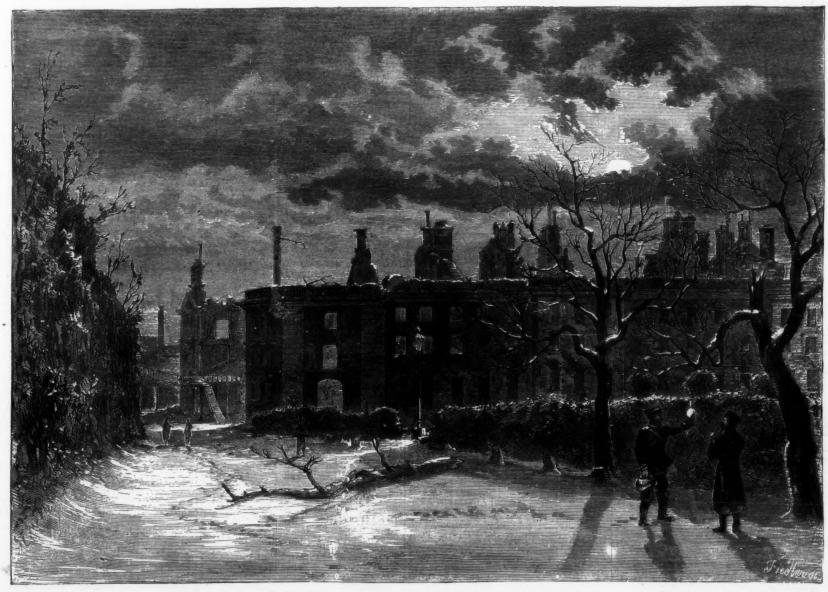
RELIEF FOR PARIS.—LOADS OF GRAIN, DROVES OF SWINE, ETC., PASSING THE BANLIEUES, UNDER THE CONDUCT OF PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



RELIEF FOR FRANCE.—LOADING THE U. S. FRIGATE "WORGESTER," AT BOSTON, WITH FLOUR, MEDICAL STORES, CLOTHING, ETC., FOR THE SUFFERERS IN FRANCE.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



france.—Night quarters at thionville.—A striking incident of the bombardment.—See page 431.



FRANCE.—PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CHATEAU OF SAINT-CLOUD.—SEE PAGE 431.

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No. 806-Vol. XXXI.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 11, 1871.

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The safety of the Tennessee being assured, it may be certain that the second part of the great farce of sending a Commission to examine the Dominican part of Santo Domingo will shortly be played. Everybody knows, beforehand, what the report of the Commission will be. From the time of Joshua and Caleb down to the latest prospectus of mineral oil companies, such reports are alike in their essential features. It would be indeed too much to expect that, after having had a glorious yachting excursion at the expense of Uncle Sam, the Commission would be injudicious enough to come to the conclusion that, on striking a balance between advantages and disadvantages, Dominica is not worth our having.

having.

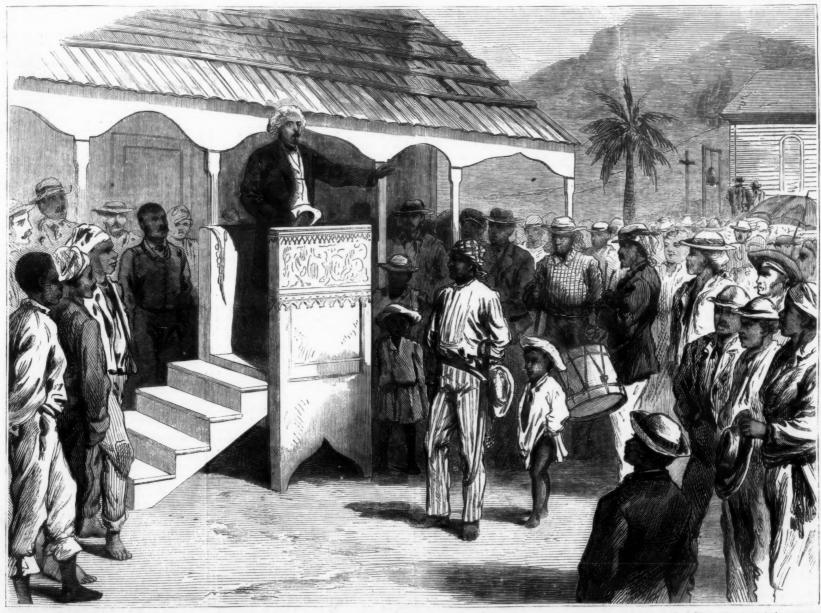
It is, however, a pity that the opinions of the clergy of Trinity Church could not have been heard before the Tennessee sailed. The question of the desirableness of annexation might have been settled without any further investigation. For Dr. Vinton, in a letter recently published, and flated from the "Clergyroom, Trinity Church," and which therefore may be presumed to bear an official character, gives some new, and to his admirers, probably conclusive reasons, for "securing Santo Domingo." We do not believe that the Commission will, on its return, be able to accign any higher class of reasons to support



THE DOMINICAN AND HIS STEED.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

its foregone conclusions than those brought forward by Dr. Vinton, although enjoying this advantage over the clergyman—that they have had an opportunity of informing themselves upon the subject of which they write. As a specimen, therefore, of the class of reasons for which the annexation of Dominica—Dr. Vinton, be it observed, does not stick at trifles, and writes of Santo Domingo—is urged, we think it may be worth while to examine those to which the attention of the public has been invited by Trinity Church. By his own account, Dr. Vinton has been visiting Nassau, and, finding the climate suitable for an invalid of his own family, arrived at the conclusion that another place nearly a thousand miles off Nassau—Santo Domingo, to wit—ought to be "acquired" as a "sanitarium" for the United States. And he adds, that the "universal wish of the Americans at Nassau was for such an establishment in the West Indies, under the American flag." The inference might be drawn that the Americans at Nassau wished their invalid countrymen would go somewhere else than to Nassau, and, knowing no more of tropical climates than Dr. Vinton appears to do, thought Santo Domingo would be as suitable as any other island.

We may grant for a moment that Dominica has the healthiest climate in the world, that no fever lurks in its jungles, that no one dies there except of extreme old age, that physicians can find no employment, and that American hotels under the Stars and Stripes would



THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.—ADDRESS BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS TO THE NEGRO COLONIZERS FROM THE UNITED STATES, IN THE CITY PLAZA OF SAMANA, BEFORE THE ALCALDE'S OFFICE JANUARY 28TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOB, OUR SPECIAL ABUIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

make the whole island an earthly Paradise. And this being so, let us try Dr. Vinton's argument by a familiar illustration. Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, is probably the healthiest spot on this continent for children during our summer heats. Dr. Vinton being at Kingston, let us suppose, hears the uniat Angston, let us suppose, nears the un-versally-expressed wish of Americans there that Tadousac could be "secured" as a "sani-tarium" for children. The conclusion is ob-vious. General Grant's efforts to secure Tadousac must secure Dr. Vinton's applause

Again, Dr. Vinton has conversed "with her British (quære-Britannic?) Majesty's Governor (Walker) at Nassau," and he expressed to Dr. Vinton the "earnest hope that the United States would secure the island (sic) of Santo Domingo for the twofold reason that our civilization and culture would redeem the society of the West Indies, and, second, that its acquisition would enrich our country beyond any cost its acquisition would demand." On which we would remark, that the United States are at present seeking to acquire Dominica, and not the island, and as to the fudge of our culture redeeming Jamsica, Trinidad and Nassau itself, "(Walker)" was probably laughing at Dr. Vinton.

There is something very ludicrous in the idea of "the intelligent sea-captain with his charts, soundings, etc.," convincing Dr. Vinton that when the ship-canal is cut through the isthmus of Panama, Santo Domingo must become an entrepôt between Europe and Asia, which may or may not be true; but, as every-body of any intelligence knows that such a canal never can nor will be made, it is unworthy of the reverend gentleman's reputation to justify a political blunder, or party job, by an argument based on an impossible future

We cannot congratulate the Administration on its new ally, who only furnishes another instance of the mischief done by misdirected zeal. Dr. Vinton wishes that Mr. Sumner could "see the matter with the eyes which have revealed to me the immense importance of obtaining Santo Domingo." There is something novel in such a revelation. What a pity that "(Walker)" and that sea-captain could not have a chance of converting Mr. Sumner, as they have Dr. Vinton! Did another reve-lation never suggest itself to Dr. Vinton in this connection? May we humbly suggest to a minister of the gospel that there is a commandment against coveting his neighbor's house, and a commentary on the same in the story of Naboth and his vineyard?

SANTO DOMINGO: THE VISIT OF THE UNITED STATES COMMISSION.

THE arrival at New York, on the 20th of February, of the steamship North America, from Rio Janeiro, bringing dispatches from the Santo Domingo Commissioners, was an event most timely and agreeable. The grave fears that had been entertained of the safety of the Tennessee were suddenly relieved, and, as soon as the telegraph could bear the welcome news, and compositors set the particulars in reading shape, the whole country sought, with remark-able eagerness, to obtain the entire story of the Commissioners' trip from New York, and their official labors in the Dominican Republic.

From our special artist, Mr. James E. Taylor, who accompanied the expedition as its sole arreporter, we have received an abundance of material, a selection from which possesses great value at the present time.

THE VOYAGE.

The Commissioners sailed from New York January 17th, and enjoyed charming weather during the two following days, after which they began to experience the discomforts of sea travel. Using generally both steam and sails, they made a moderately quick passage. had been out of sight of land six days half, when, on the morning of the 24th, they heard from the lookout in the maintop the wel-come cry of "Land ho!" and all rushed upon deck. Thick clouds hung heavily over a dark line about two points off the starboard bow, hardly discernible at first; but as the voyagers came nearer, they gradually traced the outline of the mountain-range which stretched westward to the mainland from Cape Cabron at the ex-tremity of the Peninsula of Samana. Behind this mountain-barrier, and opening to the east, lay the bay to which they were bound. The morning was the hottest they had yet felt. A burning sun blistered the deck. The brasswork of the frigate glowed like fire, and the waters glittered like burnished metal under the heavens. There was hardly a breath of air, and as the vessel steamed through the calm not until they had rounded Cape and entered the mouth of the bay, that the dingy aspect of the landscape changed, and they realized something of that tropical luxuriance and freshness on which travelers have In the distance they descried, loved to dilate. peeping above the horizon, the roofs of

SANTA BARBARA DE SAMANA,

and, little by little, the whole scene broke upon them in its delicious beauty. Waving palms framed it in front and rear; blooming hills shel-tered it from the winds, and close by was a huge ragged rock, against which the lazy surf beat perpetual music. This perfect picture was succeeded by views of commodious houses, with patches of cleared land and groves of cocoanuts and bazanas. There was a little settlement

whose porgers reached to the shore, green and fertile to the very edge of the sea, while the palms drooped their broad leaves, tipped with golden yellow, above the houses; and in the background, forests of the most beautiful and varied foliage stretched away further than the

NEAR VIEW OF SAMANA CITY AND BAY.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of January 24th the vessel dropped anchor in the outer harbor, about two miles from the village of Santa Barbara de Samana. This city was founded in 1756 by the then Spanish Governor of Santo Domingo. It is situated on the north side of the Bay of Samana, and is almost landlocked. The scenery reminds one somewhat of that around West Point in summer, only that it is much more beautiful. The range of hills and mountains which form the peninsula bend into a half-circle at this point, leaving at their bases a sort of strand, on which the village is bullt, down to the water's edge. The deepest and widest woodland covers the mountain-sides, which seem, as it were, planed and cut down to the shore in a long and gentle swell. There are eighty or ninety buildings all told, consisting for the most part of a light frame-work of scantlings, brought from the States, and clapboarded with bamboos split in half and pressed flat by piling stones upon them while wet. The rude planking made in this primitive manner is from four to six inches wide, and half a quarter of an inch thick. Paint is almost unknown, but most of the huts are whitewashed. The rooting is of cocca-leaves bound together with vines. The flooring, when there is any, which is not often, consists of rough-hewn wood, or bark, or boughs, or the same leaves that are used for thatch. None of the houses have more than one story; few have more than one, or perhaps two rooms. Doors and windows are luxuries which the majority of the people have learned to do without; but there are two or three houses in the village roofed with shingles and supplied with all such modern conveniences as plank floors, partitions, and doors and win-

Our sketch of the city was taken from the Dominican fort, Santa Barbara, which is furnished with a couple of antique cannon mounted on modern wooden wheels. The soldiers on guard carry an old-fashioned weapon resembling a cavalry-sword, called the manchete cabo.
In the centre of the city is seen the Plaza, on which the Alcalde's office and the Catholic church are situated. The Stars and Stripes are kept waving over the residence of a patriotic American, while on either hand are the standards of Great Britain and the Dominican Republic. In the background is seen the shell of a church now being constructed for a Metho-dist congregation, and not far removed is the burying-ground. Samana City is made an island by a river called Gran Estero. of which the peninsula is said to be full, is as yet undeveloped. A little island in Samana Bay, called Carrenero, is used as a station for

After spending several days in examining the place the voyage was resumed, and on the 1st of February the Tennessee reached Santo Domingo City. The vessel had hardly let go her anchor before the American Consul, Dr. Ames, came on board to pay his respects to the Com-mission, and soon afterward a committee was sent ashore to arrange the ceremonies of reception. On the following day the *Tennessee* saluted the Dominican flag with twenty-one guns. The salute was answered from the ancient and feeble guns of the fort.

OFFICIAL PRESENTATION AT SANTO DOMINGO.

President Baez and his three chief Ministers came to the National Palace about half-past ten o'clock the same day, with the expectation of receiving the Commissioners at eleven; but owing to some unlucky mismanagement the Commissioners, who had been ready to move for some time, did not set out from their lodging until after eleven. A tedious three-quarters of an hour was endured by the Dominican ing until after eleven. A tedious three-quarters of an hour was endured by the Dominican dignitaries in chat with newspaper correspondents and the other guests who, as followers in the suite of the Commission, occupied many of the rooms of the Palace. It was halfpast eleven o'clock when the three Commissioners—accompanied by Mr. Frederick Douglass, General Sigel, Mr. Burton, and a few others— entered the principal splendid apartment of the Palace, which was set apart on this day as a reception-room, its lofty celling resounding to the tramp of every foot on the floor of tesselated marble, and the ceremonial figures of the two parties—Baez and his Cabinet, and Mr. Wade and his coadjutors—multiplied by the immense mirrors upon all the walls, seemed a throng as numerous as the court which in ancient days was brought to the palaces of Santo Demirror by Don Piego Columbus.

Domingo by Don Diego Columbus.

Each Commissioner in turn was presented to President Baez, whose manner throughout the interview was affable and polished. Mr. Wade then read a conciliatory address, and submitted an autograph letter from President Grant to President Baez, introducing the Commission.

The response was made in Spanish, and offered the fullest opportunities for the investigation, after which the group took seats at the north end of the room—at first in a stiff and formal row, according to rank, but soon breaking up into little groups of three or four, who engaged in animated conversation. On one side Mr. Delmonte, Minister of Justice and Education, and Mr. Gautier, Secretary of State, engaged with Dr. Howe, General Sigel Mr. Douglass; on the other, President Baez and Mr. Wade, President White and others. Baez spoke in French, fluently and accurately. President White was interpreter between him and Mr. Wade.

In our illustration, President Baez stands in the centre of the group, listening to Commissioner Wade's address. On his right are Messrs. White, Howe, Burton, General Sigel, Frederick Douglass and Dr. Blake. To the left stands President Baez's Secretary of the Inte-

rior; the General-in-Chief of the Army, Caminero; Felix Delmonte, Minister of Justice and Education; C. C. Gautler, Secretary of State and Dr. Ames, the American Consul.

Señor Curiel, Secretary of the Treasury, stands, in our picture, to the right of Baez
—that is, on his left hand. Curiel is a Spanish mulatto, forty-five years old, well educated, speaks Spanish, French, and a little English. He is an excellent man of business.

Delmonte, Minister of Justice and Education is a Spaniard of pure strain, fifty-six years of age, well educated in old Spain, a lawyer by profession, with some European reputation fluent in Spanish, French and English. He is seen in profile, next to the right of Curiel.

Gautier, standing next, with hands clasped behind, is considered the man of Santo Domingo. He is Secretary of State and the Interior. A large man, of robust frame; a pure Spanlard, of education and accomplishments; the leading mind of the Cabinet.

EXECUTIVE MANSION.

The Executive Mansion, formerly the "Palace in which the first interview between President Baez and the Commissioners was held, is situated near the Cathedral—a building of massive proportions: outside, a dilapidated-looking structure; inside, a mass of gaudy paint and gilding, and innumerable altars and chapels, near one of which is the tomb of Columbus The Executive Mansion is exceedingly plain, and by no means the most elegant house in the city. It is two stories high; built like all the other houses, of brick and cement. The floor was made of tiles or brick, on which there was neither mat nor carpet. The palace stands close by the old Jesuit College, now used as a theatre, and distinguishable by its dome in our picture. Ascending the stairs, the first large door leads into the chamber where the inter-view was held. A guard of native soldiers was stationed in the hall-way. In front of the Palace is a perpendicular bank descending to the Ozama River, and covered with underbrush. A lace-work of ivy is spread over the wall, and palm-trees are to be seen at every turn of the eye.

DOUGLASS AND THE U. S. COLONY.

While many live on the luscious fruits which grow wild here in such abundance in the woods, on the peniasula there are several small farms. Near Samana are the American settlements of about three hundred negroes from thements of about three nundred negroes from the "States," as our country is called here, the result of the colony sent by the American Colo-nization Society in 1825. At that time Santo Domingo was under the control of Hayti, and President Boyer allotted about three cares (or nine acres) to each family. They are satisfied, of course, with a country yielding so much with so little exertion; but complain of the frequency of war and destruction of property, and of being the heaviest sufferers. A company of the Commissioners' suite visited some of their ranches on the mountains, and were very cor-dially entertained and treated to oranges and cocoanuts. They live in the same wretched manner as the natives. There were those among them who had not seen a white face for many years. These colored residents invited Mr. Frederick Douglass to make them an address, which he did, enforcing it by taking up and turning over to them a practical contribuand turning over to them a practical contribu-tion in aid of their eminently respectable ef-forts to help themselves. The address was delivered on the Plaza to an audience of nearly two hundred people. General Acosta, Military Governor of Samana, supported Doug-lass on the right. General Sigel followed with a few remarks. None of the Commissioners assisted at this scene. There is one circum-stance connected with this gathering worthy of notice. The padre sent his pulpit, with all the sacred emblems on it, out of the Catholic church (seen, with its bell, on the right of our church (seen, with its bell, on the right of our picture facing the Plaza', as a rostrum for Douglass. It was known, too, that Douglass was not a Catholic, and that his audience would be composed mostly of the colony of negro Methodists who came here from Philadelphia many years ago. This showed a liberality on the part of the old priest rarely witnessed in any country, while at the same time it indi-cated the tolerance and kindly feeling existing among the people of different religious views

Very few, if any, wheeled vehicles are to be found on the peninsula. There are some small horses and bulls on the island which are remarkably swift and sure-footed. The horses are generally ridden without saddles, but a wicker saddle is used on the bulls, to which are attached long leathern or cordage paniers hanging down on either side, in which is carried merchandise from the town and produce to the market. Commissioner Howe, of Boston, the well-known philanthropist, for the nonce forgot well-known philanthropist, for the notice lorger the mute and blind and poor, for whom he has so long and faithfully labored, and actually conde-scended, or, rather, ascended, to ride a live bull through the city. He assured his companions that the animal's gait was all that could be desired. One of the staff of correspondents, thinking he would steal a march on his comrades, and secure some particularly original observations, chartered one of these animals, and struck out, But, owing to his inexperience in live-stock, his steed became unmanageable, and started off on an exciting bull-run up the mountains.

THE COALING STATION.

The United States Naval Coaling Station is upon Carrenero Island, in Samana Harbor, and is located in the midst of the most beautiful scenery. Our view is taken looking seaward, and shows the United States steamer Nantasket taking in coal. The Tennessee is seen in the distance on the right, close by Levantados Cayo, or reef, while to the left is Balandra

Our sketches, drawn on the spot by one of our trusted art-correspondents during the war

—Mr. J. E. Taylor—are reliable in every respect. The portraits are from the most recent photographs, transmitted by him. Our readers have certainly an uncommon advantage in examining these first fruits of Santo Domingo, and receiving so graphic an art-report, quito unlone in this country. unique in this country.

AN ADVENTURE AT PALENQUE.

WE have received from Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, Publishers, the advance sheets of what promises to be one or the most interesting books of the season, entitled "Travels in Central America: Including accounts of some Regions Unexplored since the Conquest. From the French of the Chevaller Arthur Morelet, by Mrs. M. F. Squier; with Introduction, Notes. Maps and Illustrations." M. Morelet penetrated those vast regions of Campechey, Chiapas, Tobasco and Itza, which Mr. Stephens longed to visit, and in which tradition places the descendants of the builders of Palenque, Ocosingo, Chichen, etc. - those Palmyras of the New World—and his instructive and interesting narrative is rendered by Mrs. Squier with all the vivacity and spirit of the original. Perhaps, among the multitude of passages we have marked, we cannot do better than reproduce M. Morelet's account of an incident or adventure that befell him at Palenque:

"We passed a fortnight in the solitudes of Palenque, the remembrance of which will never be effaced from my memory. We hunted, we spread snares for wild animals, we collected plants, shells and butterflies, of which there were infinite varieties, without ever becoming weary of admiring the beauties of nature, or of wandering among the ruins which have kept the secret of their origin so well. Morin, whose the secret of their origin so well. Morin, whose intelligence was undeveloped, here began to perceive new worlds opening before him, and to take great interest in the study of natural history. He carefully put by a store of coccuyos, or fireflies, which he determined to take with him to France, imagining that the phosphorescent eyes of these insects would always continue bright!

"The mornings here were delightful. Hum-ming-birds carted among the vines which twined themselves around the walls of the old palace, while green and purple dragon-flics darted about in rapid and capricious flight. The gnats, at the same time, emerged in clouds from the depths of the undergrowth; the wood-pecker commenced his ringing stroke on the trunks of decaying trees, and the whole forest became full of the sights and sounds of life and motion. But at midday everything became motion. But at midday everything became again silent and motionless; all animation seemed suspended beneath the ardor of the solar rays, notwithstanding the impenetrable mass of verdure which arched over all; and only the monotonous murmur of the river, which flows at the foot of the ruins, broke the death-like silence.
"When night fell, however, the ruins ap-

peared to be enchanted, and I can well con-ceive that the superstitious terrors of the Indians would prevent their remaining here in the darkness. They imagine that the place is haunted by the spirits of its early occupants; that by moonlight the bas-reliefs become in-vested with life, and that the warriors ten out. vested with life, and that the warriors step out of their stone frames and stalk through the sombre galleries. . . . For my own part, although without fear of these nocturnal visitors, there were times when I could not avoid some little superstitious emotion. Tiny, winged lamps seemed floating in the atmosphere, first with the brilliancy of a spark, then with a fugitive brightness which lost itself in a train of light; at the same time undefinable sounds seemed to proceed from all parts of the woods, not terrific, like those which startled me on the banks of the Usumasinta, but soft and sweet like the music of birds, and as mysterious as the accents of an unknown tongue. I seemed the accents of an unknown tongue. I seemed to detect life in all things around me; the plants, the trees, the old walls themselves, appeared imbued with its spirit, and to speak a language of their own. My ears listened with rapt attention to this strange harmony, and my eyes questioned the darkness, but in vain, to discover the beings who thus manifested their existence. Now it was like the silvery tinkle of a little bell, or a plantive voice calling in the a little bell, or a plaintive voice calling in the distance, then a rustling sound, and next a sob from the interior of the ruins. Again, it was like a thousand gentle whispers, a thousand lit-tle cadences, cciebrating, in a universal concert, the coolness and magnificence of the night. one time I surprised a frog on the staircase, whose croakings had mystified us, from its resemblance to the barking of a dog. Even Fida had been equally deceived with ourselves, and, during our first night in the ruins, had kept up a resprecal chorus with this inhabitant of the

stream.
"Our mode of life was very regular. As social as daylight began to disappear, we lighted a great fire under the peristyle. Morin then pre-pared supper, and we did not retire until sleep weighed down our evelids. Seated on the ruined staircase, we enjoyed to the fullest extent the cool evening air, fragrant from the forest, thinking over, the while, the events of the day, or contemplating silently the evolutions of phosphorescent insects. Sometimes a sudden breath of wind would cause the tail trees to tremble, and make our fire blaze up more brightly. The shadows would move about as if endowed with life; our dog would drowsily raise her head, and we would listen and wait, full of that kind of nervous suspense which accompanies the expectation of something to come, one knows not what. And when, at a later hour, we left the gallery for our subter-ranean bedchamber, the dying embers of our fire would cast a red glare down the steep stairway leading to the forest, and ca the neighboring vegetation, causing the darkness beyond to appear all the more profound, and to throw out in greater distinctness the little insect lights which glittered like stars on its ebon bosom. Altogether, the place was one of solemn beauty, heightened by the solitude of seclusion, and appealing with double force to the educated mind from its mysterious associations.

"One day I heard in the neighborhood some

once day I neard in the neighborhood some notes which arrested my attention; they were clear, limpid, and full of cadence, such as those produced by a musical-box. As singing birds are rare in this part of the country, I concluded that these sounds proceeded from a wonderful variety of which the Indians had spoken to me, and which according to their traditions is variety of which the Indians had spoken to me, and which, according to their traditions, is only to be found in places where there are ruins. I shouldered my gun with the liveliest satisfaction and started in pursuit of the unseen musician. After listening a few moments, I found that the aerial voice proceeded from the banks of the stream. I slid down the embankment toward it with the greatest precaution; but the bird had already changed his position, and was singing on a neighboring hill, which I ascended without feeling in the least discouraged. From the hill, as the note seemed to recede, I went down into the valley beyond, paying little attention to the new scenery which surrounded me. I left behind me the tumuli paying little attention to the new scenery which surrounded me. I left behind me the tumuli and débris which usually served us as land-marks, following from thicket to thicket, from glade to glade, the object of my ardent wishes. Frequently his notes seemed just above my head, sounding distinct and loud like a song of triumph. I gradually became imbued with that feverish anxiety so common to hunters, and still more so among naturalists. I searched that feverish anxlety so common to hunters, and still more so among naturalists. I searched for the bird on every branch, and frequently believed myself so close to him that my piece was raised to fire, when his note, sounding far away, would confound but not discourage me. Finally his song seemed to recede further and further, until only a feeble echo reached my ear. At last even this ceased, leaving me alone and bewildered in the dense forest. At first I experienced no feeling of apprehension; I remained quiet, and listened for some time, until I found there was no longer any hope, and that I found there was no longer any hope, and that the provoking bird with his siren song had indeed disappeared. Then I mechanically retraced my steps, wending my way, as I supposed, in the direction whence I had come. I continued on my course for a while without anxiety, diverted as I was by the varieties of plants and on my course for a while without anxiety, diverted as I was by the varieties of plants and insects which I encountered in my path. After a while, however, I observed that the path was altogether strange and unfamiliar. The forest was free from undergrowth, the ground broken, and immense trees, with pyramidal trunks and wide-spreading arms, shadowed over a multitude of dwarf palms of the height of our fern trees. I became alarmed, and hurdedly ascended a high point of ground near by, and looked anxiously in all directions; but I saw nothing except the foliage of the great forest, and heard nothing but the beating of my own heart. With sudden energy and in alarm, I made an effort to climb to the top of a tree. Alas! after I had succeeded in doing so, I was Alas! after I had succeeded in doing so, I was terrified in the extreme to find only an ocean of verdure before my eyes, which appeared to extend to the very horizon, and seemed

"I descended and shouted for my companion. "I descended and shouted for my companion. But finding this unavailing, I seated myself at the foot of a tree, and, pressing my hands against my head, endeavored to devise some means of escape from my dreadful situation; but I could not concentrate my thoughts. All my faculties seemed paralyzed, the blood appeared to rush to my head, and I was morally incapable of a single effort. The position of a man lost in a wilderness is cruelly dramatic, and can only be appreciated by one who has himself endured the agony of mind which it entails. I know not how long my mental faculties continued prostrated; but after a time I rose full of the worst forebodings, yet with a I rose full of the worst forebodings, yet with a fixed pian of action. There was no fear of darkness overtaking me for several hours, which would afford ample time for me to rewhich would afford ample time for me to re-trace my steps. This I set about doing in the following manner: I selected the spot where I was standing as a point of departure, and de-termined, happen what might, never to lose sight of it for a moment. A colossal tree, the bark of which I whitened, and some stones which I piled up at its base, marked the spot and rendered it visible at a distance. My pur-pose was now to walk in a right line in every direction from this central point, until I en-countered some sign of the ancient city. "Persuaded as I was that I had strayed to

countered some sign of the ancient city.

"Persuaded as I was that I had strayed to the eastward of the ruins, I walked, as I supposed, in that direction, marking as I went certain trees, and breaking down the branches around me, to indicate my course. After several attempts to fix my direction, I reached a piece of swampy ground covered with arums scitaminea. There were no longer any ligneous plants to be seen, and fancying that I had reached the confines of the wood, I crossed the marsh, where the broken stalks preserved the lraces of my footsteps. I now beheld with my footsteps. now beheld with pleasure the azure roof of the firmament, which seemed to smile on me while affording me free air and light. But I advanced in vain no change was perceptible in the surrounding objects; there was only the same waving vegetation, the same lustrous leaves, large as those of the banana tree, filling up the space with their wild luxuriance, and shutting the horizon from view. Finding here nothing that I refrom view. Finding here nothing that I remembered having seen before, I thought it useless to proceed in this direction, and sadly retraced my steps. As I reached the outskirts of the forest, a clear, musical, and sonorous note rang through its depths, like the ironical voice of an evil spirit. My feelings, on hearing this unexpected call, I can never forget. I know not what superstitious idea crossed my mind, and caused the blood to rush purriedly. mind, and caused the blood to rush hurriedly through my veins; but I determined not to be misled a second time, but continued my course without even thinking of using my gun against

SANTO DOMINGO -PANORAMIC SEA OF CITY AND BY Excavate I by the 2 East bank of the Ozama, the Ancient City of Santo Mouth of Ozama the invisible bird which seemed to make a trial of its power over me by awakening, at differ-ent points, the echoes of its delusive melody.

of its power over me by awakening, at different points, the echoes of its delusive melody. "With some difficulty I regained my starting point. Far from being discouraged by the want of success attending my first effort, I found myself more calm and collected than before. Reflection had strengthened my courage, by giving me confidence in the success of the plan which I had adopted. The ruins could not possibly be very far distant, and I should certainly reach them in the morning, if I failed in doing so to-day. Animated by new hopes of success, I directed my steps toward the north, not forgetting, however, to take the proper precaution for insuring my return, if necessary. The forest in this direction was on rising ground, thickly covered with dead leaves. I successively traversed several hills separated by narrow valleys, in which reigned the profoundest silence. The undergrowth soon commenced, and rapidly became more and more dense. I was only able to make my way with the greatest effort through the maze of branches and vines which obstructed my progress. of branches and vines which obstructed my progress. My brow was wet with perspiration, my face and hands were covered with blood, my face and hands were covered with blood, but no obstacle could turn me from my course. A single thought absorbed my faculties, and my only fear was that of losing the thread which was to guide me. At last I succeeded in escaping from this almost impenetrable thicket, and saw before me a steep hill less thickly covered with vegetation. In ascending this I made a misstep and suffered a fall. At the moment I paid but little attention to this accident, but it subsequently appeared that a sharp point of rock had penetrated my right knee, reaching to the bone, and bruising it in knee, reaching to the bone, and bruising it in such a manner as afterward to occasion me the greatest pain and annoyance.

"From the high point which I now succeeded in reaching, I could see nothing around me which wore a familiar look. Daylight was beginning to fade; there was nothing left for me to do but to retrace my steps, and make up my to do but to retrace my steps, and make up my mind to remain at my station patiently until morning. My courage, however, was beginning to flag. The rapidly increasing darkness, the prospects of a night of anxiety, an intolerable thirst, the silence of these woods, the disappointment which had thus far attended my efforts—all these contributed to sadden and discourage me. After I had repassed the thickets which obstructed the valley, I found, to my consternation, that, either from want of care or absence of mind, I was again lost! A deathlike shudder passed over me; the perspicare or absence of mind, I was again lost! A deathlike shudder passed over me; the perspiration started from every pore, and my very breath seemed suspended. These painful sensations, however, did not at all resemble the feeling of stupor which overwhelmed me when, for the first time, I became conscious of my terrible situation. I still retained my presence of mind, and was able to deliberate on the course which I should pursue.

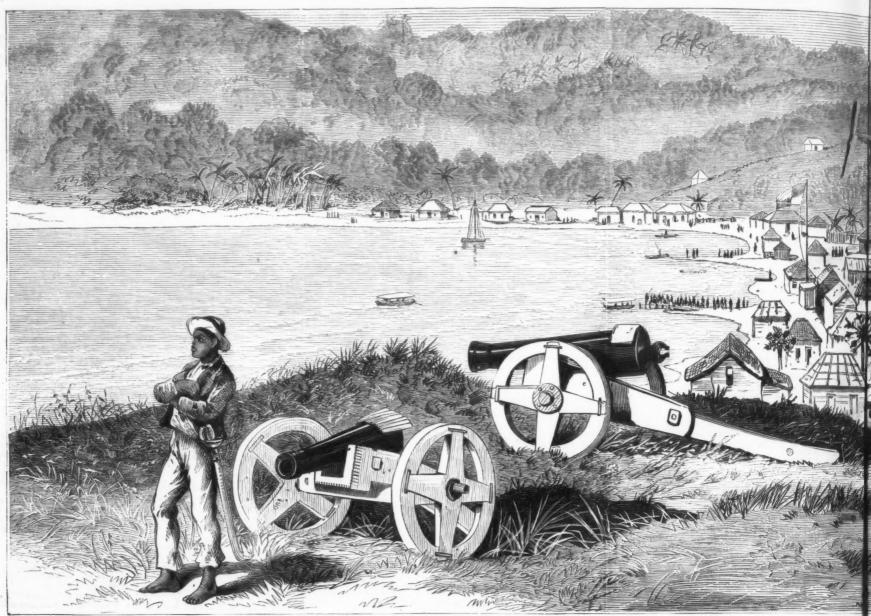
"It was unsafe to stay in the thicket.

"It was unsafe to stay in the thicket, on account of the reptiles and wild beasts which infested it, and I therefore ascended the hill which I had just left, but in another direction, when I discovered through the trees another eminence, which, by its isolated situation and conical shape, particularly arrested my attention. I advanced to-ward it, and found that the stones scattered around its foot seemed to bear the traces of human industry, although defaced by age. They had evidently formed part of some an-cient structure which time had leveled to the ground. I will not attempt to describe the surprise, the joy and the gratitude which swelled my heart at this unexpected discovery. I fell upon my knees, and from the depths of my soul thanked God for lending me his protecting aid, at the very moment when I began to doubt his clemency! This done, I proceeded on my way.

"Great caution was necessary. The tumulus before me was probably connected with other ruins, but nevertheless it was unfamiliar to my ruins, but nevertheless it was unfamiliar to my eyes. I resolved, therefore, to pursue the plan I had previously adopted—that is to say, to explore the country around, but always adopting some point as a centre. I had advanced but a short distance, when new remains encouraged me to keep on in the same direction. I soon came to another small hillock, the top of which was covered with ruins. Their shape and style were becoming insensibly familiar to me, and without exactly taking in their details, which the darkness was rapidly vailing, I instinctively felt that they were not strangers. It was thus link by link, that I succeeded in reuniting the chain which I had so imprudently broken. By the time the last ray of daylight had faded, I the time the last ray of daylight had faded, I reached the southern front of the Palace, worn out with fatigue, bruised and bleeding—but I had acquired valuable experience for the future. Morin, in his anxiety for me, had forgotten to prepare supper, and, as a crowning misfortune, Fida, disgusted with so long a fast, devoured greedily the collection of birds and insects, which had cost me so dear.

I have described this adventure in order to convey an impression of the dangers which a stranger incurs in traversing the forests of the New World. As to the wonderful bird, the immediate cause of my misfortune, I never heard its note again; I have even forgotten the tradition concerning it which was told me on the banks of the Usumasinta. On the following morning I made some amends for my ill success in hunting it, by killing a superb hocco (crax alector), the first large specimen of the galline which we had thus far seen. Birds of this species under the tropics take the place of the turkor, which the pretize of colder silmes." the turkey, which is a native of colder climes.'

THOMAS GARRETT, the celebrated Abolitionist, and station-master of the Underground Railroad at Wilmington, Del., in the days of slavery, died there recently, aged eighty-two. Ruined at the age of sixty by law-suits with slave-owners, he found time to make another competency before he died.

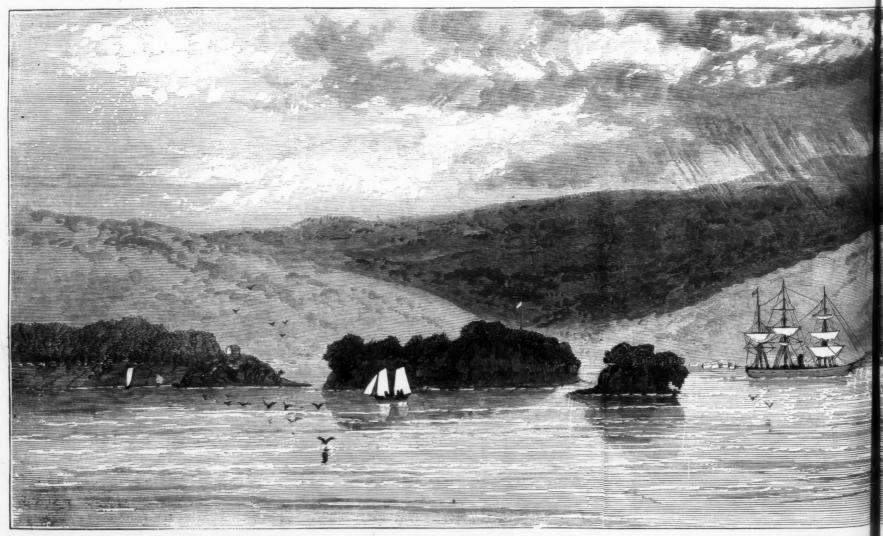


Dominican Soldier on Guard, wearing the Manchete Cabo.

Antique Cannon, on Modern Carriages.

Dominican Flag, flying from the Guard Re

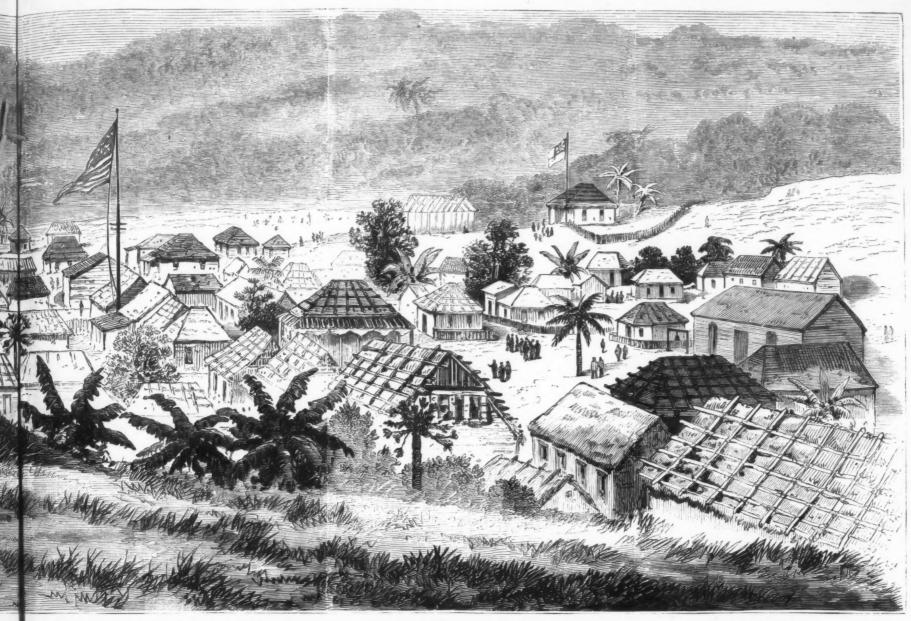
THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION .- PANORAMIC VIEW OF SAMANA CITY, TAKEN FROM FORT SA A BA



Fabens's Residence.

Island used by United States as a Coaling Station.

United States Man-of-War Nantasket.



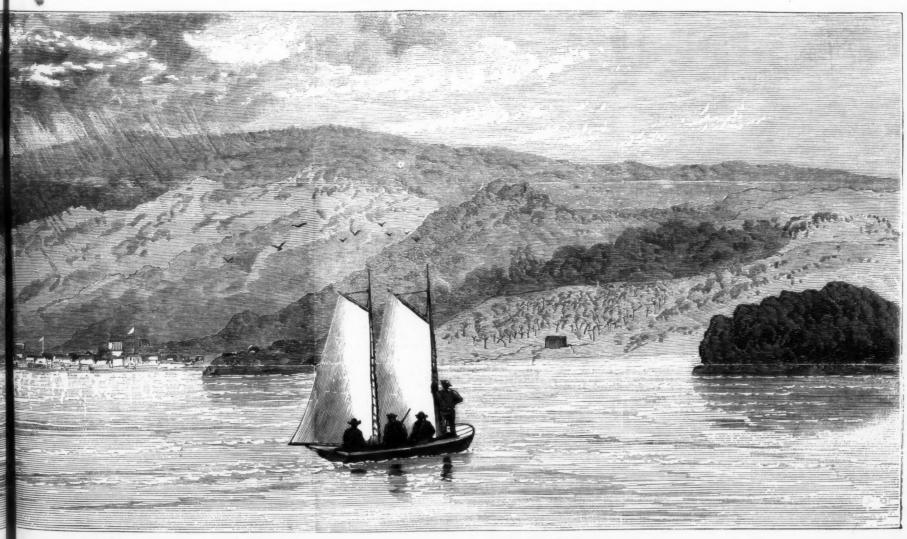
d House Flag flown by a Patriotic American Citizen.

Burial Ground (in distance.) Frame of Protestant Church, now constructing. British Flag.

Alcalde's Office (four square thatched roof.)

Catholic Church

FORT SI A BARBARA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 438.



Samana City.

ntasket.

Fort Santa Barbara.

Burr's Residence and Plantation.

NG THE AT RAINY SEASON.—FROM A SECTOR BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEC PAGE 438.

FAIRIES.

WHEN _reezes sleep In the purple folds of the murmuring deep, And the silver kiss

Of the high moon plays on the glen's abyss, And bright-tracked stars Suddenly shoot from their ebon cars

To the Nymphs that dance pavement of glass in the sea's expanse When the soft Night doth seem

Sound in the arms of Silence to dream,
Then Fairies rove
By the solemn hills through field and grove, To the moonbeam glide, Or upward and down on the swell's smooth

tide.

Or print the green;
Till sceptred Aurora, the Northern Queen,
To watch them play,
On her rosed and lightning plumes will stay,
and their mazes, light
As the Iris that flies from the foam-cloud

Such harmony win

From whispering trees, and sedge-grown inn,
And sighing cave,
That Sorrow doth listen, and ccase to rave.

HOW THE UHLANS TOOK MOUSSEUX-LES-CAVES.

"To think," said Kellermann, a lancer of the Uhlans, to his superior officer, Lieutenant Sabel-schlag, "while we shiver here, wet and supper-less, that hill to the left is honeycombed with old Longbouchon's cellars, a million and a half of bottles of premières crus—most ausgezeichneter wein. I half fancy I can see a light in his châ-

teau now."
"Yes," said the other, after a moment's silence; "if we could find the key of his cellars, we might make requisition on his basse cour, and keep ourselves pretty comfortable tili morning. So you say you came from Mous-seux-les-Caves to volunteer at Frankfort? H'm! why, we might perhaps learn something of what we want to know before the people in Mousseux-les-Caves are afoot."

A rapid tête-à-:ête council of war, and the visit to M. Longbouchon's was decided on. "Forward, Fritz, and keep those cat's eyes of yours open." Ten minutes more and the lieutenant and his little party were moving up the broad gravel drive from the iron portals in brown and gold to the green vine-trellised veranda. The bell and the knocker clamored emulously. The next moment there fell on their ears a soft scuffling footfall, as of some one moving in slip-pers several sizes too big for him; then came a faint gleam through a jalousied window au pre-mier, and a light crack as of some one tamper-ing with the wooden bars of the Persian.

When minutes were precious, and nine lives hung upon them, the lieutenant's temper was of the shortest. "Dispatch, there, will you, imbécule "he exclaimed, in clear, low tones and the shortest." cile!" he exclaimed, in clear, low tones and excellent French. "Dispatch, or sacre nom do mille de champs

Either the Gallic oath reassured the lamp-bearer as it was meant to do, or his imagination fearfully finished the sentence. At all events, in a second or so, bolt was drawn and bar let down; the door moved slowly back, and as the breeze rushed in, the light blew out. The lieutenant sprang after the wind through the opening, revolver in hand.

Just then a shout from below came to guide

Longbouchon, Herr Lieutenant!" exclaimed Kellermann, triumphantly. sworn he was in the house."

sworn he was in the house."

And he was right. Wakened from his beautysleep to a dim sense of the situation, M. Longbouchon had rapidly put on a pair of pantaloons, his slippers, and robe-de-chambre, seized
an umbrella, and set himself to escape by the
back of his premises. M. Longbouchon believed in nothing worse than a domiciliary visit
by Franch light house, but he had a previous by French light horse; but he had a nervous by French light horse, but the horse of the army in any shape, and greatly preferred being inverviewed by them at second-hand, in the person of his attached domestic. His back door opened on a vast courtyard. surrounded by stables, packing-houses, etc. Alas! all was deserted now in the presence of the war: it had become impossible to keep even the few hands who should do what wa even the few hands who should do what was insolutely necessary. The great doors from the courtyard "gave" again upon a road that zigzagged down to the town by the hill behind. The stealthy fugitive silenced the first sharp bark of his superannuated bouledoque Pluton,

whom he had tripped over, and began working back the rusty bolt with agitated fingers. Not a sound but the grinding of the iron in the hasp, and, breathing again, he stepped silently out upon the leveled lance of a grim Uhlan. One piercing sbrick, an involuntary tribute to na-ture, and the next moment the Uhlan had him in strict embrace, whispering words of guttural menace, that were eloquently intelligible, al-

"So, M. Longbouchon, it gives me sincere pleasure to renew our acquaintance!" exclaimed Kellermann, who had hurried down. "Allow me to present you to my traveling companion and commander, Herr Lieutenant Sabelschlag. I could never think of going on to Paris without stopping for news of you. We have brought a small suite with us, but I am sure you have welcome for us all."

"Forgive me, if I hardly know——" began the horrified and mystified old gentleman, star-ing open-eyed on the intruders. "Whom you have the pleasure of address-

ing," exclaimed the lieutenant. "I see I must become master of the ceremonies, and intro-duce you to M. Kellermann of Frankfort-on-

"Ancient apprentice to the commerce of sparkling wines with Siller," & Cie., of Mous-

seux-les-Caves," interposed Kellermann, paren-

"And you see he has not forgot his friends here, or the roads to their houses," continued the lieutenant. "I assure you, M. Longbouchon, he brought us on in the rain and the dark

at a hand-gallop."
M. Longbouchon groaned.
"But, pardon me," proceeded the other, "if
I waive ceremony and go on to business, for time presses. I must have quarters for my men till day-break -you sympathize with the exigencies of my position; forage for their horses; food for ourselves, and what information you can fur-nish as to the strength of the enemy."

"You are masters here," returned M. Long-bouchon, recovering himself, "and of course may command anything my premises afford. For the information, permit me to remind you, your enemies are my friends."

Kellermann nodded significantly to his suerior. Lieutenant Sabelschlag bowed, and went on

'Your establishment consists

"For the moment, of a single servant, Pierre. The rest of my people are in my house in Mousseux-les-Caves."

"Well, M. Longbouchon, for the moment your communications are cut with the town chance de la guerre. I shall detail one of my men to mount guard over your domestic, who will provide us a soldier's supper, at which I trust we may be honored with your com-

M. Longbouchon bowed again with indifferent grace. He saw, in the Uhlan's manner, it was no sort of use declining the hospitable invita-

While Pierra bustled over his preparations with apparent good-will, closely followed by his armed shadow, Kellermann was in conversation apart with his leader. "We shall have the supper and the informa-

tion, too, believe me. I know M. Longbou-chon, his vanity in the excellence of his wines, and the strength of his head. He will drink against the Germans for the glory of France, and then in vino verities."

The first constraint over, it was a pleasant supper. Sabelschiag sunk the conqueror in the guest, and Longbouchon fell instinctively into the rôle of host. With Kellermann and another volunteer, they formed a jovial quartet at the upper end of the table; three of the men seated themselves modestly below the salt at the lower. For obvious reasons, their leader preferred they should refresh themselves under his immediate eye. The remaining three were on patrol duty, two of them without, at back and front of the house; the third was Pierre's moving prison, and grim enough the prison looked. With "Longbouchon" of the first growth in moderation, pâté de foie gras,

nrst growth in moderation, pate de foie gras, grilled canard de Rouen, and poular le de Bresse, ad libitum, the sentinels supported with tolerable equanimity the corvée imposed on them.

The banquet went on: Sabelschlag was a bon vivant, and Kellermann, a son of the celebrated wine-house of Zell, a professional critic. Recognizing their discriminative appreciation. cognizing their discriminative appreciation, Longbouchon sent Pierre on special missions to historical bins. As each fragrant flask was unwired, his guests insisted on his doing them reason. Nothing loth, he accepted each friendly challenge, and time after time they trinqued and emptied their glasses, as the pale topaz flashed and sparkled to the wax-lights. The three Teutons were sandbeds, and very dry ones: the very men to be trusted to éclairen the champagne-country and keep their heads The Gaul began to sparkle like his wine: he saw the beaming faces around his board through a golden grape haze. They were guests, they a goiden grape naze. They were guests, they were friends, they were brothers: he tossed them the key of his heart as he offered them the run of his cellar. The lieutenant had a tinge of remorse. He felt like a spy and a traitor: It was seething the kid in its mother's milk to flood his free-handed host's sense of honor in his own generous wine. But duty was duty.

was duty.
"Pity, M. Longbouchon, wine like this should "rly, m. Longooucaon, whee his this should be made prize of war: have to answer requisitions from men who can't tell it from ordinaire piquette; who would like black beer better. I almost wish, for your sake, Mousseux-les-Caues was held strongly enough to make us respect it and pass on. Yes, it's a pity, I say, but you have no carrison and no fortifications." have no garrison and no fortifications."
"No garrison and no fortifications."

Dieu, monsieur, pardon me, but you know nothing of it. For fortifications, there they are, and of the strongest. It is true the guns they are to send us have not arrived, but we look for them daily, and ammunition. Meantime there are two field-pieces lying before the sous-préfecture waiting their carriages. And for

More talk of the sort, and the conversation flagged. The Germans had no need to apologize to their host for cutting their conviviality short on the score of early rising, for already he was nodding, and his head subsiding on his

chest.
"Here, Schmidt, Zimmermann," ordered the room there; he may sleep quietly till morning. Give yourself the pains to step in there with your master, M. Pierre," he continued; and Pierre obeyed.

The apartment in question was the tasting and business room, opening out of the salle-a-manger—fitted with vast cupboards garnished with bottles and glasses and boxes of cigars; a massive oaken table in the middle; a co massive oaken table in the middle; a couple of patent fireproof safes, and strong iron bars to the windows. A ready-made prison, in short, and the only access to it was by the dining-room where the Uhlans bivouacked.

Next morning, when Sabelschlag roused and shook himself, he found it later than he had supposed. The day should have dawned long before, but all was darkness still. Gray wreaths of fog wrapped everything in their heavy folds. It was of the less consequence, their being some-

was no possibility of seeing anything with their own eyes, worse luck, and the best to be done was to have breakfast comfortably, and then, if the day gave no signs of clearing, go quietly back with Longbouchon's informa ion. The lieutenant kicked the door open. Here, M. Pierre, bestir yourself. Coffee forth-

with, and something to eat."

No answer except the heavy snoring of Longbouchon. Ho strode up to the mattress that had been tumbled in for Pierre's accommodaand stirred the blankets with his foot. Nothing. and quickly." The blankets indeed were empty, and Pierre gone. A rapid glance around showed the door of a huge armoire standing ajar. The floor was a trap-door; the heavy bar was lifted and the ponderous padlock un-fastened. M. Pierro had vanished by the stair-

case that led down into the cellars.

Kellermann shook his head in answer to his chief's mute appeal to his local knowledge and

"No use following him, none whatever;

there are other outlets, rely on it, and plenty Sabelschlag bit his lip and turned quietly to

sapersoning bit his in and turned quietly to give the needful order to his men. Ten minutes after the party had assembled in the court-yard, and taking French leave of the slumbering M. Longbouchon, had skirted the corner of the buildings and joined the Uhlan on duty by the iron gates in front. Then they all treated on by the read that wayned the country in the country of the same of the same treated and the same treated the sa trotted on by the road that wound through the "I don't like it, Fritz," remarked Sabel-

schlag, as he dismissed Kellermann to his old post in advance. "We treated that old rascal post in advance. "We treated that old rascal too well to make it worth his while to hide away from us. He must have carried news of us to the town. However, apparently, nothing is stirring as yet, and if M. Bobbinet comes he will find his birds are flown."

Kellermann rode forward, his ear on the alert; he could almost fancy he heard a faint murmur of many voices, but he distrusted himself. It was natural fancy should be busy

in the fog.
"Qui vive?" There was no mistake about that. The challenge came from not fifty yards in advance. He pulled up sharp and turned his bridle to canter back, as a rifle went off in the mist, and the ping of a bullet whistled past over his head. As if the shot had been the signal for a grand feu d'artifice and general small-arm salute, an irregular line of breaking light blazed up through the darkness in a rude semicircle, some five hundred yards away from them. The party were girdled in fire and noise; and they could hear the balls whistling through the air and rattling on the window

panes of the château behind.
"The deuce! hail in September; how the vines will suffer!" exclaimed Kellermann, as, stooping involuntarily in his saddle, he galloped back to make the very unnecessary report—"The enemy in front."

"The enemy in front."

"Bobbinet in force, apparently, and well provided with cartridges, to judge by that few d'enfer he keeps up on nothing particular," returned Sabelschlag, coolly; for, once fairly set agoing, the beleaguering troops continued to turn on their chassepots like mitrailleuses with no check-spring. The fifful flashes were picturesque enough, while there were enough of bullets pattering among the vine-leaves to give the spectacle all the dignity of danger.

"Heaven be praised for the fog!" ejaculated Sabelschlag. "Pilot us down the hill at the back, Fritz; we must pull up short of the town, turn their flank somehow, and leave them to have it out with the empty château."

Fritz obeyed. But as they retraced their

Fritz obeyed. But as they retraced their way under the windows, a stray ball grazed one of the horses. He reared, came down on his fore-feet again, plunged forward in a cloud of sparks, and fell heavily with his rider. The of sparks, and fell heavily with his rider. The next moment he was up again, tearing madly down the road to the town, while the trooper picked himself up, little the worse, to be roundly abused by his commander for letting go the bridle. It did not signify, as it turned out—was very fortunate, on the contrary. A volley illuminated the valley, giving rude welcome to the riderless steed, who, allowing for the steepness of the hill, came back to his master even faster than he had left him.

"Encore de Bobbinet!" exclaimed Kellermann. The lieutenant answered sharply, "Silence in the ranks there." It was past jesting.

hann. The letterlant answered sharply, 'slence in the ranks there." It was past jesting. The lives of his party, risked by his audacity, could only be saved by his coolness. He executed a retreat to the courtyard; had the great gates shut and barred, and the defenses

of the first-floor windows hastily seen to. He looked for Longbouchon. Longbouchon half awake, and wringing his hands in bitter an guish of spirit, was looking for him.

"Ah, M. le Capitaine, what means this atroclous vacarme? Is it the entire army of

the Prussians ?" "No, M. Longbouchon, it is only Bobbinet and his Nationals and Mobiots, brought upon us by that servant of yours. Your life is for-feited; if you desire to redeem it, you will

guide us through your cellars by the road he escaped by?"

"But, Monsieur, after all Bobbinet is a

Frenchman, and—"
"And is going to force us to stand a siege among your vines and in your cellars; whereas,

we evacuate the place—"
"You have conquered, monsieur. I am a man of peace before all, and ask nothing better than to save bloodshed.

But a difficulty arose. The Uhlans distinctly But a difficulty arose. The Unians distinctly declined to abandon their horses; for Kellermann assured them that they would find a bridle-road as well as a footway through the wine-caverns. Longbouchon remonstrated that went mounted they must leave the shelter of the courtyard to reach the portals in the rock without, but his masters were inex-orable. The hoofs were carefully muffled, and the movement carried out in absolute silence what belated, How éclairer in such light as that? and with perfect success. The enemy still kept

up an irregular fire on vacancy; and it seemed likely, if they decided finally to close in, the casualties in their own ranks must be serious. But although a stray bullet or two came to throw Longbouchon into a cold perspiration and thoroughly sober him, it was clear such shots were merely happy coinci-

To the open sesame of the master's key the band disappeared in the cellars, leaving behind as little sign of their ingress as Ali Baba and his thieves. Leading their horses, they fol-lowed the tramway that burrowed into the mountain. They threaded to their right and left long black caverned vistas of bottle-racks; flashed their lights at arms'-length on close-packed bins, that even in their extremity the jovial Uhlans regarded amorously. Now and again a crack was heard like a pistol-shot, that again a crack was heard like a pistol-shot, that made the Germans start until they became used to it, and M. Longbouchon groan and shudder. It was the bottles flying in the overheated air; for, alas! they shared the common wreck, and in those days of war-panic, there were no careful attendants to regulate the temperature or turn on the draft from the ice-houses. They traversed the centre the ice-houses. They traversed the centre chamber, the sanctum sanctorum of the cellars, where stood the twin gigantic barrels, each of a capacity of fifty thousand bottles, bought when the nation had put up for sale the effects of the Citizen King, gorgeous with the Orléans arms, and molded and arabesqued with infant Receives. arms, and moded and arabsequed with inant Bacchuses swinging themselves among the vine-tendrils. M. Longbouchon heaved a sight that woke the echoes of his wine-vaults. The glory was departing; the hoof of the war was set upon his brittle treasures, while Uhlans profaned the sanctuary. It was the beginning of the end.

At last the troop was halted in front of a beetle-browed door. It opened into a passage grooved in the chalk-hill that led to the outer There the fog hung thicker than above. and the outlet debouched upon a private road that ran straight to the left out of the line of danger. "It gives upon the Chalons road,"

danger. "It gives upon the Chalons road," observed M. Longbouchon.
There was very brief leave-taking. The Uhlans mounted, and melted into the fog. On they went, deliberately picking their way, and setting their faces as best they could toward setting their races as best they could toward the south by a labyrinth of winding lanes, striv-ing to increase their distance from the heavy firing in their rear. Kellermann shook his head in answer to his chief's inquiries. He had become quite as puzzied as the rest. Of a sudden he gave a suppressed shout of satisfaction. At last he had stumbled out upon the high road. He stooped over a kilomètre-stone. "'Mous-seux-les-Caves, ½ kilomètre. Chalons, 27 kilomètres.' A near thing, indeed, Herr Lieutenant," he ejaculated, as he read it off. "We are at the very gates of the place, and had the fog been lighter—"

are at the very gates of the place, and had the fog been lighter—"
Sabelschlag sat meditatively in his saddle. Kellermann looked uneasily at his usually decided leader. Could it be the fumes of the champagne of overnight? Seconds counted for lives; and by this time they might have been a score of horses' lengths toward the German outposts. Suddenly Sabelschlag spoke.
"Men. where I choose to go, it is your pusi-

man outposts. Suddenly Sabelschlag spoke.

"Men, where I choose to go, it is your business to follow; but we ask volunteers when we go on forlorn-hopes. Here at our elbow is Mousseux-les-Caves. There is its garrison firing into each other on that hill behind. There are nine of us, and as many more as the fog and French fear shall multiply us to. Tell me, shall we take the place in the name of the army behind, or shall we sneak back again through the fog, as we came?"

The men reflected a moment, for Germans, even when Uhlans, are more the creatures of thought than impulse. They looked into each other's faces—they could just see them through the mist—and, in fact, they held a mute council of war. The meeting was unanimous and enthusiastic, and voted the advance in a harmonious shout of "Vorwärts, Lieutenant—verwärts!"

"Forward be it, men ; follow me !"

The council of defense of Mousseux-les-Caves The council of defense of Mousseux-les-Caves was assembled in the salle of the Hôtel de Ville: Blancbecque the sous-préfet, Grostonneau the maire, Grognard the colonel en retraite, half-a-dozen of others waiting in conclave for the latest news from the seat of the war, by the Château Longbouchon. A Rembrandt-like group they seemed in the ghastly light and shade of the gas mingling with the gloom. Old Pierre was seated in the ante-chamber, trembling for his master. Suddenly from the streets without arose shouts of surprise and shrieks of terror. A rush and patter of feet, and a Babel of sounds echoed from the place below. A cry arose—"Les Prussiens! les Prussiens!" The door was flung open, and a lanky, sabotless figure, his blouse tucked up, all fiery-flushed with speed, burst unceremoniously into the august assembly. "Yes, Monsieur Llancbecque—yes, Monsieur Grostonneau—the Prussians, the Prussians! Save-yourselves—for God's sake, save yourselves! They put all to fire and sword, they sack, they pillage and rayish as they come!" as assembled in the salle of the Hôtel de

sack, they pillage and ravish as they come!'
The sour-prefet, the maire, and the council of defense looked each other in the face. wanted but little of voting a harmonious stam-But the man who hesitates is lost, and while they waited for an example the moment was gone. A tramp of horse dominated the movement of the crowd; it drew nearer amid deepening silence. There was a ring of steel at the very door, and all escape was barred. M. the sous-préfet made an effort on himself. He resumed his seat and attempted to resume his dignity, although his paling face and quivering lips belied the effort. The maire strove to imitate him, so did the others as best they could. Grognard growled and strode toward the window. "A thousand thunders—the Uhlans!" and he stormed out a volley of grosjurons that hurtled harmless over the intruders'

A heavy step mounted the stone staircase, traversed the creaking boards of the ante-room, and Lieutenant Sabelschlag stood on the threshold, while the figures of a couple of his lancers kept themselves in the twilight, a for-

midable background to the apparition.

"The commandant of the place?" queried the officer, saluting courteously.

"The council of defense of Mousseux-les-Caves, sitting in absence of Colonel Bobbinet," responded the sous-préfet, with tremulous ac

cents.

"And with authority, I presume, to treat?
So much the better. I have the honor to announce the occupation of the town by the Germans, and to demand its formal surrender." "Colonel Bobbinet commands, monsieur, and

"Colonel Bobbinet commands, monsieur, and Colonel Bobbinet—"
"Is cut off by my forces, and warmly engaged. You must have heard the noise of the action raging by the Château Longbouchon, although the colon raging by the château Longbouchon raging by the château though you appear to be left in Ignorance of the results. Permit me to enlighten you: we repulsed your forces in a desperate attempt to carry the key of our position, and their futile efforts to resist our advance have ended, as you see, in our cutting their communication with the fortress. But affairs are urgent gentlemen. the fortress. But affairs are urgent, gentlemen. I need hardly remind a military council that if you persist in useless defense, it will be my

you persist in useless defense, it will be my painful duty to give over your town to the sack, and its rash defenders to the sword."

"We require an hour to consider your demand," interposed Grognard.

"I concede three minutes, gentlemen, in my carnest anxiety to spare life and property. Should your answer be unfavorable, the blood and misery rest on your heads. Not that you will survive to suffer from the stings of remorse. Permit, me, for your own sakes, to advise that will survive to suffer from the stings of remorse. Permit me, for your own sakes, to advise that prudence shall temper patriotism. And remember well I embody in my person the might of armed Germany;" and the lieutenant drew limself to his full height, and smiled sternly. "Cochon d'un Prusse!" exclaimed the old colonel, and he shook his fists as the door closed on the Uhlan. "That imbecile of a Bobbinet, to let himself be cut off!"
"Only three mightes remember!" quavered.

"Only three minutes, remember!" quavered Grostonneau. "We surrender; of course we surrender."

"What ever will the Government say?" burst in M. Blancbecque. "My precise instructions were to see that the inhabitants were smothered in the ashes of their own homes before we yielded the place.'

"That for the Government!" exclaimed M. Frelon, editor of the *Drapeau Rouge* of Mousseux-les-Caves, snapping his fingers with eloquent significance, "and that for the Government officials."

"And your article of yesterday, when you implored the citizens by the glories of their country and the graves of their fathers, to fight to the last man, certain that France would crown the living with laurel-leaves and the dead with immortelles?"

"Necessity has its responsibilities, monsieur, and when patriots are rare, it is their duty to reserve themselves for martyrdom," replied the

editor with dignity.

The door opened again, and again inexorable Destiny stood on the threshold. A moment's

"Divided councils, gentlemen? Well, so be it. I wave my handkerchief from this window, and the fate of the negotiation and of Mous-seux-les-Caves is scaled."

"Accepted, accepted!" vociferated the

council.
"Poules mouillées," muttered old Grognard In his gray mustaches. "I am de trop here, I see; if M. le Prussien will excuse me, I go." Monsieur the Prussian looked hard at the old

Monsieur the Prussian looked hard at the old soldier, and saluted him respectfully.

"The presence alone of a man of your honor and courage might imperil the peace of the place and the safety of my men; believe me it is the highest tribute I can offer when I beg you to remain on your parole in one of the rooms of the mairie."

He turned with a very different manner to the civillans.

the civilians.

"The surrender is, of course, unconditional, gentlemen; meantime, may I request your signature to an intimation that the town is given over entirely, subject to our discretion. I do not stand upon formalities, you observe; I am content to trust my superiors to give full effect to the spirit of our agreement."
"Impossible! unheard of! insolent!"—dull

mutterings came growling around. The lieutenant drew out his handkerchief negligently, and strolled carelessly toward the window.

"An instant, monsieur!" exclaimed M. Tre-buchet. "France knows how to stoop with dignity before the inevitable."

He scribbled a hasty line or two, and passed the paper to the sous-prefet to sign. M. Blanc-becque signed, so did M. Grostonneau, so did the rest. Lieutenant Sabelschlag read it, nodded, folded it, and placed it in his pocket symbolical possession-and Mousseux-les-Caves

had passed into the hands of the Germans.
Some of the members of the council were lavish of their attention to the conquering heroes; others set to salving their wounded dignity, and sulked. Kellermann approached his superior while they were waiting the de-jeuner they had "required."

"What wonderful good fortune, as the king said in his earliest bulletin. Open gates, civil people, and no questions asked us, till these heroes accepted the capitulation. But what of Bobbinet and his braves? They will be here when the colonel drives them in, if not sooner -and then?

"Embarrassing, I confess. But when half a score of horse take a fortified town in the rear of fifteen hundred more, they must trust a good deal to Providence. We are in a vein of luck,"

Fresh shrieks answered him from the street. Intense excitement below. The Germans and the war council rushed promisenously to the windows. The attention of the crowd of women and children, of lads and old men, had been distracted from the half-dozen of Uhlans en factionnaire, to an omnibus-diligence that had pulled up in the piace. A dozen willing arms were helping out a couple of crippled arms

men.

"It is the voiture de Chaumont," exclaimed the maire. "Whom have you there, Père Jacques?" he called out to the driver.

Pere Jacques removed his otter-skin cap—
"Some of the wounded from the action of Longbouchon, M. le Maire. But here is M. de Joinville, only touched in the arm, to speak for himself."

M. de Joinville dashed off the situation with vigor worthy of his ancestor the Seneschal. The Franc-tireurs posted on the road to Long-bouchon had been charged early in the mornrepulsed with heavy loss. M. de la Tabatière had led them on to the assault of the ridge, which they had carried finally in face of a heavy fire. Three times the enemy had advanced, three times they had been driven back into the for and vineyaris, with treenendous. into the fog and vineyards with tremendous slaughter. At length, De la Tabatière had effected his junction with Bobbinet, who, for his part, had held successful head against over-powering numbers on the other side of the château. For the moment, the enemy had withdrawn; but, doubtless, they were massing themselves in immense strength. At least the chivalrous defenders of Mousseux-les-Caves only waited the clearing of the fog to be mas-sacred to a man in their positions. Death was inevitable, but, as Longbouchon was the key of the town, why, "vive la Patrie!" The council of defense wept hot tears.

The Uhlan leader advanced to the sous

"Believe me, monsieur, I profoundly sympa-"Believe me, monsieur, I profoundly sympathize with your emotion, and know how to reverence a gallant enemy. The position of M. Bobbinet and M. de la Tabatière is become desperate. Confess it. A whole army corps in their front; I and my troops in their rear. In the interests of humanity, I would not drive brave men to extremity. Strict duty whispers me to offer the ultimatum—'Come in, and surrender at discretion, or perish to the last man? me to offer the ultimatum—'Come in, and surrender at discretion, or perish to the last man.'But, as I am strong, I would wish to be merciful.' Quick, before the situation changes, before cowardice becomes clamorous or duty gets the upper hand. Go to Bobbinet, and tell him, as from yourself, The road to Chalons is open. Enough. No word of thanks. Dispatch, or Bobbinet may be lost. Nay, more; Herr Kelermann shall accompany you with an orderly, in case of your stumbling upon any of our patrols."

He whispered rapidly with Kellermann.

He whispered rapidly with Kellermann.
"When you see Bobbinet file fairly off toward
Chalons, send back the maire to relieve my mind. I am on tenter-hooks till I knowwhether my six men are garrison or prisoners of war. And if all goes well, push on to the colonel, and kill your horse, if need be. By this time he must be within three leagues of us at most. Tell him he will find Mousseux-les-Caves ready to his hand, and covers for twenty laid in the Hôtel de Ville. That ought to hasten his movements, if anything does, and the sooner I give over the place to him the better I shall be

pleased."
That evening at nightfall, Bobbinet, De la Tabatière, and their war-worn column were bivouacking, begrimed with powder-smoke, ten kilomètres away on the Chalons road. By midnight a couple of squadrons of Uhlans had drawn rein on the Place Impériale of Mousseux-les-Caves, and only when it was too late, the maire, the sous-préfet, and the council of defense had learned the strength of the forces who, in alliance with the fog, had won the battle of Longbouchon and mastered the fortications of Vauban. But, as Lieutenant Sabelcations of Vauban. But, as Lieutenant Sabel-schlagg observed to his patriotic friend M. Longbouchon, in whose town mansion he was billeted, the odds had been greater at Rheima and Nancy: so the defenders of Mousseux-les-Caves had no reason whatever to be ashamed of themselves.

CAMELS.

THE "meek and gentle, the patient" Camel, is quite a different animal from what is generally supposed. Vide what an English writer, who "knows him," says of his "ways that are dark":

him," says of his "ways that are dark":

"His delight is to slip his girthing, and scatter his load along the sands; and though the footprints usually enable the owner to recover his merchandise, the bales are often sand-scorched, and the loss of time incalculable. When mounted, the camel's pace and movements are mostly insupportable. To keep his seat the native rider himself is compelled to sit with vigilance. To all others the exercise is one of painful need or of pure English bravado. When the animal is at full speed or kept at an artificial trot, not aniways attainable, there is some alleviation, but otherwise the movement resembles that of a rocking-horse tilted from tip to tip, and balked incessanity with eccentric shocks. The effect on the beginner is to induce sea-sickness, with this difference, that instead of the long and helpless misery of a steamboat convalescence, your recovery is here secured at once by a surprising and most unsettling remedy. The camel has been watching his opportunity, and judging it come, from the languld resistance you begin to oppose to him, suddenly whisks his stomach bottom upward, spills you violently, tramples you into the sand, bites your ribs, flees off the track to right or

pose to him, suddenly whisks his stomach bottom upward, spills you violently, tramples you into the sand, blies your ribs, flies off the track to right or left, and leaves you bruised and blistered to be rejoined at leisure by the caravan.

"Another disgusting thing about the camel is his odor. The emanations of the male, at all times most offensive, are literally asphyxiating during the season of the rut. The Arab himself—perhaps the least sensitive of organized beings—averts his nostrils with an impatient whirf, gravely informing the camel that his ancestor was a putrid hog.

"No less repulsive is the once famous sanguineous bubble. Nothing can be more truly horrible than to see the animal protrude from its mouth, and as often suck in again, what appears to be a blood-streaked and dripping bubble, but is in reality a red and membraneous bladder, veinous and inflated when blown out of the mouth, and shrinking to a mere film when withdrawn by inspiration. This extraordinary organ is proper to the adult male, and is without assignable utility as far as science has as yet been able to discover.

"A third phenomenon is of a still more odious

cover.

"A third phenomenon is of a still more odious character, and has cost the camel the friendship and protection of most of his European apologists. We

allude to his unaccountable habit of collecting his liquid secretions with the brush of his tail, and of

allude to his unaccountable habit of collecting his liquid secretions with the brush of his tail, and of showering them on those around him. To those who have witnessed the obscene propensities of the tame hippopotamus, so fithy an instinct on the part of the camel will appear by no means incredible. The fact has in any case its claim to be recorded, if only to contradict the uncandid optimist, who asserts that there is nothing in nature inherently unclean. There are indeed things created with designs inscrutable, but it is not for the philosopher to reject the truth. "It would be scarcely fair, after relating of the camel so much that is unamiable, to omit to notice a redeeming feature which is proper to the entire family. This feature is the exemplary maternal tenderness of the næedje or camel mother. The camel calf is a downy little creature, lively, comic, and comperatively charming. From the day of its birth it trots by the side of its mother, who constantly encourages it with a loving murnur. When two nursing camels meet, the young make friends on the spot, tumbling and frisking together like infant bears. The parents look on in admiration, keeping up a kind of loud purring, and calling anxiously to the little ones when they stray too far. Each sister parent respects the other's progeny, but there is no community of motherhood. The mother allows her master and acquaintances to fondle her offspring, but there would be risk in strangers following their example. In case of imminent danger, her timidity merges in her love, and she becomes a desperate and imprudent assailant. A nursing camel has been known to put to dight a loopard; another is said to have fallen a victim to her devotedness, having been ripped by an Italian bull, whom she had suspected and provoked to combat."

A WIFE'S PICTURE TO A FRIEND.

I know not where to seek and find
True fitting words to tell my mind,
What swelling thoughts my soul impress
Of Love and Truth and Happiness—
Of Woman's love and Manhood's truth,
Unchilled by age, in glow of Youth.
In lowly cot the twain reside,
Afar from pomp and worldly pride;
In forest depths, 'mid springtide balm,
And softest shade and deepest calm,
Are ever found—and peace and rest
From weary toil—and heart opprest
With earthly care! so, softly glide
Time's passing hours, as side by side,
And hand in hand, one heart, one soul,
Their steps through life their course control.
Oh! happy pair, such bliss is found,
Put selder here converted ground. A WIFE'S PICTURE TO A FRIEND. Oh! happy pair, such bliss is found,
But seldom here on earthly ground;
More seldom still to mortals given
To know such foretaste of God's Heav'n. Live happier no mortal can, No purer bliss could come to man. A lowly cot in sheltered dell. Where sweet Content doth ever Gwell, Life's quiet round of duties clear, So pass the days from year to year. True friendship helps to lighten toil, And trust in God doth earth's turmoil To quiet turn-Affection's care Removes all tasks, or helps to bear With patient hope, till toil be past, And Home and Rest be gain'd at last.

"Oh! is it not bliss thus to wander at will, As Nature reposes so soft and so still?

The sun sinks to rest 'mid golden-hued light,
And slowly advances the starry-robed night; Day's toils are all over, now cometh our rest, And sweet shall I sleep, love, clasp'd close

to thy breast. I care not f r riches, my wealth is thy love; I heed not false Fortune, she cannot remove My heart from its stronghold in God and in

My lot and my life, love, both fair as can be.

She sang, and looked with beaming eyes, In which few tears had ever dwelt; He answered her in loving wise, As lowly at her feet he knelt:

"Oh! softer than the summer breath, And fairer far than flowers be, And stronger than the might of death, My darling, is MY love for THEE.

The summer's breath may turn to storm, The flowers quickly wilt and flee, And death may take away thy form, But cannot take MY love for THEE.

"Oh! soft the dews of balmy sleep, That fall on sad and tired eyes, And sweet the strains that gently steep The soul entranc'd in ecstasies.

"But softer far the thoughts that swell My heart—where resting thou dost lie, And sweeter far thy words, which tell Thy love for MC can never die."

He ceased, and rising, with fond caress, Lip joined lip, and heart met heart— "Be ours, O God! the happiness, That naught in life our souls may part."

So prayed they both as home they went, Their hearts both full of sweet content, Their lot on Earth a lowly one, Their hope in Death a holy one.

An only daughter, young and fair, With dove-like eyes and auburn hair, Cheeks florid with the bloom of health, A true, kind heart her only wealth;

Her dower, a virgin modesty, Her actions, simple, plain, and free, A household angel, pure and bright, Her voice like music, soft and light.

No discord harsh e'er jarred her tongue, Quick to discern 'twixt right and wrong, A heart with Charity ave mov'd. A creature not too pure or good

For homely use—and yet a mind, Wisdom and intellect combin'd For highest ends-such sweet accord Ruled in each action and each word.

A heart not swift to give away,
Or love, or trust; but when once giv'n,
Not apt to change—as true its stay,
As fix'd, as polar star in Heaven.

May't be, dear friend, thy lot in life To meet with such an one for thine, To call her by the name of Wife, And live on Earth a life divine.

R. D. CARTER.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

COURT-PLASTER—Kisses.

Female charms-\$, \$, \$. A SOLDIER of the line-A railway guard.

"THE Pacific Mails"—Quiet husbands.

DEAD see fruit.—The apple of a blind eye. THE cards which the slanderer plays-Trey-

Can a man who worships money be called a

TWENTY quires make a ream; one Ream akes a statue.

Is the man who believes in suppers neces-arily sup(p)erstitious?

Morto for a fancy dry-goods dealer-" Now

Why is it unkind to feed people perpetually on oatmeal porridge? Because such conduct is evidently the height of gruel-ty!

"ARRAH, now, wull yez tell me why that foine old gentieman, Abraham, was the first miscegenist?—Becase he fell in love wid an 'Agar!" Some sinner has stolen the thermometer from the Fond du Lac Reporter office. That paper informs the thief that it will be no use to him where he is going, as it does not work higher than 313 degrees.

ARISTOCRATIC collector of articles of vertu to unsophisticated though wealthy parvenu: "Mrs. Fig. gins, this is a remarkably fine bust of Marcus Aurelius." Mrs. F.: "Is that the present Marquis, my lord, or 'is father?"

"Do you think people would sit through these concerts if they did not understand music?" said Jones. "Do you think they could if they did?" said Brown. (We have not the slightest idea what concerts are meant—ED.)

A GENTLEMAN was driving his servant in a cab, and said to him, half jocularly, half in anger, "If the gallows had its due, you rascal, where would you be now?" "Faith, then, your hone," was the reply, "it's riding in this cab I'd be all alone by myself, may be."

THE Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table gives THE AULOCIAL OI LIB BYCAKHAST-IBDIC gives the following splendld type of innocence: "One of my friends had a little marble statuette of Cupid in the parlor of his country-house—bow, arrow, wings, and all complete. A visitor indigenous to the region, looking pensively at the figure, asked the lady of the house, "If that was a statoo of her deceased infant?"

Some curious definitions of book-fanciers are quoted by D'Israeli from the Abbé Rive. A bibliognoste, he says, is one knowing in mechanical minutiæ; a bibliographe, a describer of books and ilbraries; a bibliomane, an indiscriminate accumulator; a bibliophile, one who reads books for his own pleasure; a bibliotaphe, one who "buries his books.in glass cases."

A Well-known Senator in Washington is noted for taking two cocktails in succession before breakfast. One morning, while the Senator was practicing at the Metropolitan bar, a friend put to him the pertinent question: "Senator, why do you take two cocktails as a custom? Won't one tone you?" The Senator drew himself up—"I will tell you why I take two cocktails. When I have taken one, it makes me feel like another man. Well, you see, I'm bound by common courtesy to treat that man, so I take a second." cond."

LOAFING AS A FINE ART.

My friend, my chum, my trusty crony!
We were designed, it seems to me,
To be two happy lazaroni,
Or sunshine fed and macaroni,
Far off by some Sicilian sea.

From dawn to eve in the happy land, No duty on us but to lie— Straw-hatted on the shining sand, With bronzing chest, and arm and hand— Beneath the blue Italian sky.

There, with the mountains idly glassing
Their purple splendors in the sea,
To watch the white-winged vessels passing
(Fortunes for busier fools amassing),
This were a heaven for you and me.

This were a heaven for you and me.
Our meerschaums coloring idly brown.
Two young girls coloring with a blush,
The blue waves with a silver crown,
The mountain-shadows peeping down.
And al the air in perfect hush.
Thus should we lie in the happy land,
Nor fame, nor power, nor fortune miss;
Straw-hatted on the shinling sand,
With bronzing cheest, and arm and hand,
Two loafers couched in perfect bliss!

A PHYSICIAN, who was something of a wag, called on a colored Baptist minister, and propounded a few puzzling questions. "Why is it," said he, "that you are not able to do the same miracles that the apostles did? They were protected against poisons and all kinds of perils. How is it that you are not so protected in the same way?" The colored brother responded promptly: "Don't know about that, doctor. I spees I is. I have tooken a mighty sight of strong medicines from you, doctor, and I is alive yet."

alive yet."

A MICHIGAN "poet" thus backs a letter to Jack Johnson, of Kalamazoo:

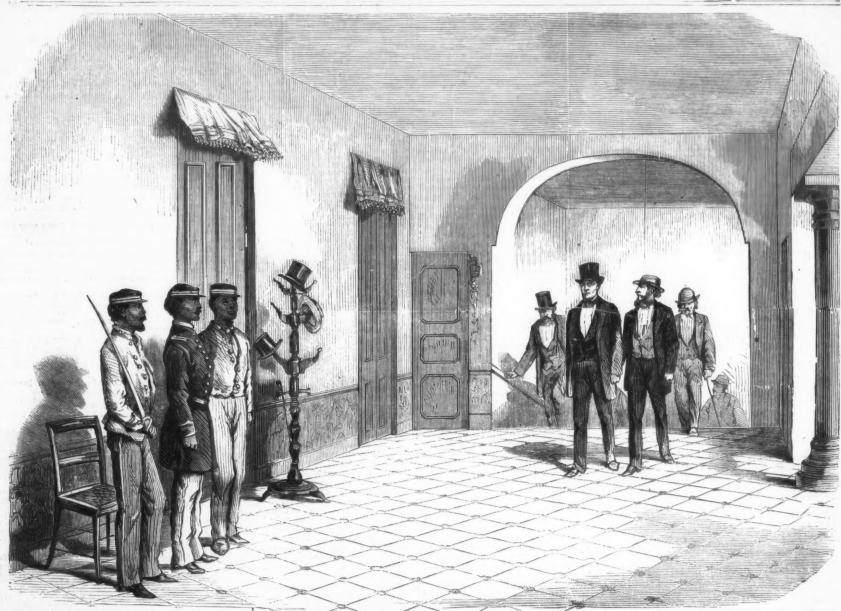
"Mr. P. M., you will please send this through To one Jack Johnson, at Kalamazoo. You'll twig the old cock in less than a minute—A full-blown John Bull, With his jacket stuffed full Of roast-beef and plum-pudding, with lager mixed in it;

A man who, from constantly carrying himself With so much provision away from his shelf, Has worn out one leg—the more is the pity—And they call him 'old Dot and Go One' in this city. He can't talk very plaim—says 'vorses' and 'hass,' And cuts stone for the men who have gone under the grass, Long may he wave, for the like of this man Can't be found outside of all Michigan."

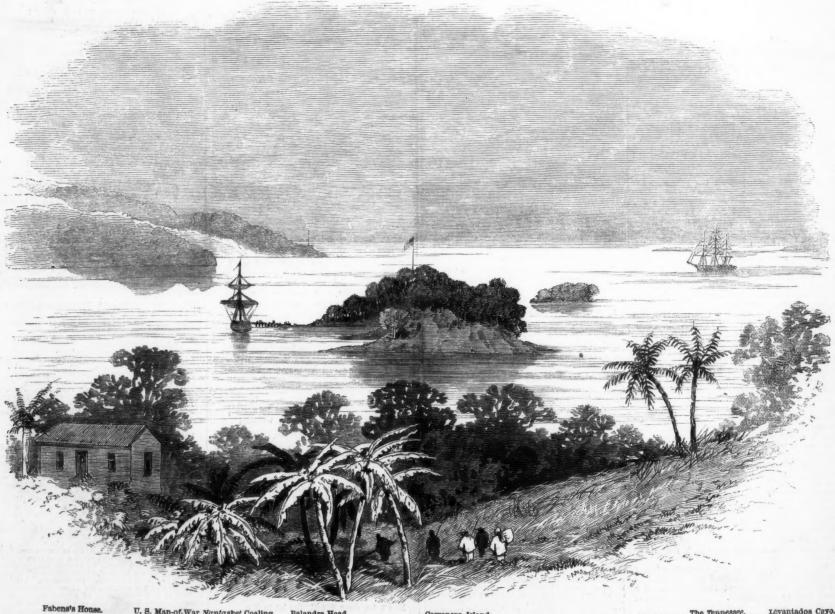
The people up yonder have now convinced

Long may he wave, for the like of this man Can't be found outside of all Michigan."

The people up yonder have now convinced themselves that Dickens was a Bostonian. The proofs are as follows: In the first place, how could the "Charles Dickens Edition" have come to be published there otherwise? Why, the novelist's own autograph may be seen on the covers! and that is a proof. Then Dickens read there; and that is a proof. Then Fechter was puffed by Dickens in the Boston Atlantic, and to Boston Fechter came, he saw, he quarreled; and that is a proof. Then Kate Field, who lectures on Dickens, is purely a Boston excitement; and that is a proof. Then Miss Collins has got up a "Boffin's Bower" in Boston; and that is irrefragable. Then, in the novel where "Boffin's Bower" is described, there is an evident portrait of da Lewis, in the girl who rows a boat about; and that is a collateral proof. To be sure, Ida generally lives in Newport; but that, in the Bostonian logic, is perhaps the most convincing proof of all. A large proportion of the citizens, we know, have already yielded to this aggregation of arguments, and are convinced that Dickens was, and always had been, one of them; while, for the mere design of convincing posterity, the cumulative evidence that Charles Dickens was born and wrote in Boston is considered by the best statisticians more than ample. Boston has tucked Dickens, and Dickens's pets, right under her clow.



THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.—RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT BAEZ: THE COMMISSIONERS AND SUITE PASSING TO THE RECEPTION-ROOM, THEOUGH THE MARBLE HALL-WAY, IN THE GOVERNMENT MANSION, SANTO DOMINGO CITY, FEBRUARY 2ND.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 438.



Fadens's House.

U. S. Man-of-War Nantasket Coaling.

Balandra Head.

Carrenero Island.

Carrenero Island.

The Tennessee.

Levantados Cayo.

THE SANTO DOMINGO COMMISSION.—VIEW OF THE ISLAND USED BY THE UNITED STATES AS A COALING STATION, IN SAMANA BAY.—FROM A SKETCH, TAKEN PROM MR. FABENS'S RESIDENCE,

BY JAMES E. TAYLOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.—SEE PAGE 438.