New Orleans Daily Crescent.

NEW LAW BOOK.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Bloomfield and Steel, a new Law Book, just out of press, entitled "A Treatise on the Criminal Jurisprudence of Louisiana, embracing the Criminal Statutes of the Territory of Orleans and of the State of Louisiana, from the year 1805 to the year 1858 inclusively, and having copious references to the Decisions of the late Court of Errors and Appeals, and of the present Supreme Court, up to the thirteenth volume of Louisiana Annual Reports, inclusively—By Albert Voorhies, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana."

In this work Judge Voorhies has covered the whole ground of the Criminal Jurisprudence of the State. He has laboriously collected everything in any way appertaining to the subject, and explained it with a clear, lucid and intelligible comment.

The work is divided into two volumes, and these are subdivided into chapters. The first volume treats of Criminal Laws generally, of Courts of Criminal Jurisdiction and of crimes and offenses of all grades, specifying each one separately, with the penalty attached, and citing various decisions of the Courts. The second volume relates to the practice in the Criminal Courts of the State, embracing everything that can possibly bear upon the subject, from Arrest to Execution. The laws and the practice in regard to slaves are also given with minute particularity, the whole concluding with a Digest of Decisions by the Court of Errors and Appeals, and the Supreme Court, with a reference to corresponding Acts of the Legislature.

A book of this sort, compiled and written with the care and accuracy which Judge Voorhies has displayed, must be not only indispensable to the practitioner, but of great utility to all officers of the Courts, and even to private citizens. The book is printed in handsome style, on good paper and in clear, legible type. For sale by Bloomfield & Steel, and, we suppose, by booksellers generally.

The British Lion Rampant.

The English residents in the metropolis of the United States are always upon the defensive. According to their point of view, the reputation of the British Lion is in their particular and personal charge. They seem to believe the American Eagle is continually engaged in the pleasant operation of worrying the old Lion, and that it behooves the followers of the latter to be continually on guard. So, when the Crimean war was going on, and a few practical jokers suggested, lightly enough, that Sebastopol never would be taken by the English, our resident British population got into a high state of indignation, and proved beyond any possible doubt that the Grenadier Guards would walk into the Malakoff as easily as Hyde Park. The result was not quite what might have been expected; still, the city was taken, and if the French took the glory to themselves, it was only on account of the national characteristic of the Gaul to take anything he can get, fairly or unfairly.

There were some discussions as to the Indian rebellion, but the next really grand conflict was apropos to the fight for the championship. It was held, on the one side, that the manner in which Sayers had been petted, after being pretty thoroughly whipped, was more characteristic of England in the ninth than the nineteenth century, with its schools and colleges, and manufactures and telegraphs, and railways and all sorts of progressive things, and that the British Lion had behaved altogether in a mean and despicable way. As this view of the matter could not be well controverted, the old Lion hung his head and went up Broadway with his tail between his legs, until the Great Eastern arrived. Then he resumed his old majestic port. Then his mane and tail were as erect as ever; then he roared right lustily. Then he was proud of his big ship, and said to Jonathan: "Behold Britannia—doesn't she rule the waves? Where are your great clippers and steamships alongside of the leviathan? Look at that triumph of British artificers, and let the Eagle hide his diminished head!"

The Lion is right. The Great Eastern is one of the wonders of the world. And the real truth of the matter is, that so exquisite are the perceptions of our people, and so ready are we to accept and appreciate any improvements in, or extension of, naval architecture, we have received the big ship with even more enthusiasm than she has created on the other side. We are not a bit jealous. One of these days, however, we intend to send to Liverpool or Southampton a vessel which shall rival, if not surpass, the Great Eastern. So the old Lion must keep a sharp lookout for his laurels.

[New York Herald.

ANECDOTE OF SCHWARTZ.—Sanerant relates the following anecdote of Christopher Schwartz, a famous German painter, which, if true, redounds more to his ingenuity than credit. Having been engaged to paint the ceiling of the Town Hall, at Munich by the day, his love of dissipation induced him to neglect his work, so that the magistrates and overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out at the tavern. As he could no longer drink in quiet, he stuffed an image of himself, left the legs hanging down between the staging where he was accustomed to work, and sent one of his boon companions to move the image two or three times a day, and to take it away at noon and night. By means of this deception he drank, without the least disturbance, a whole fortnight together, the inn-keeper being aware of the plot. The officers came round twice a day to look after him, and seeing the well-known stockings which he was accustomed to wear, suspected nothing wrong, and went their way, greatly extolling their own convert as the most industrious and conscientious painter in the world.

MILITARY SUICIDE IN AUSTRIA.—In the year 1848, two hundred and seventy-four Austrian soldiers destroyed themselves. Impatient of life, or sick of bearing present ills, the chance of destruction by the sword seemed too remote or uncertain. Of this number one hundred and seventy-two, or sixty per cent., shot themselves, a number bearing a strict relation to the proportion of other years and the observed results among soldiers. Seventeen per cent. of military autochonici hang themselves, a method of voluntary death more popular among civilians than soldiers. Among the suicides by fire-arms, soldiers use the musket sixty times in the hundred, and the pistol forty times. In 1842, an Austrian artillerist, nineteen years old, placed himself before a cannon and discharged it. His body was severed just above the hips. In a period of eighteen years four per cent. of the suicides were nineteen years old; eight, twenty-one; thirteen, twenty-three; eight, twenty-four; fifteen, twenty-five; four, twenty-six; six, twenty-seven; seven, twenty-eight; two, twenty-nine; four, thirty-one; two, thirty-two; three, thirty-four. The usual causes were fear of punishment, home sickness, gambling, wounded honor, and bodily suffering. Sixty per cent. shot themselves through the head; forty per cent. aimed at the heart, (all did not hit it) and two in the abdomen. Some of the suicides loaded their guns with water and some with brandy. A fluid discharged near at hand causes an ugly wound; the parts are destroyed in an irregular form, and the features blown to pieces beyond recognition. A blank cartridge received directly from the muzzle of the fire-arm has the same effect. Unlike the Japanese, soldiers rarely effect the "happy dispatch" by the sword. Among the Mongolians the correct place is the abdomen.

TRUE ECONOMY.—Why will one generation profit so little [illegible] the experience of previous ones? Why must each person learn personally the lessons that the wisdom of age could impart in [illegible] words? Thus we see crowds hurrying every day to buy the cheap trash of slop-shops, without reflecting that the men [illegible] whom they deal make perhaps a greater per centage on their [illegible] invested than those well-known establishments where genuine articles are sold at genuine prices. Can they suppose that [illegible] will really save anything by so short-sighted a policy? [illegible] at once at such a place as the mammoth establishment [illegible] Lyons & Co., corner St. Charles and Common streets, where you will be sure of getting articles of which you will [illegible] ashamed, and which will last.

CARPETS—*Very cheap*.—Messrs. Watkins & Homan, [illegible] Camp street, offer at manufacturers' prices a lot of velvet, [illegible] and three-ply carpeting just received on consignment. [illegible] anticipate the fall season by two or three months [illegible] while such great bargains can be had.

SEWING MACHINE WITH No. 1 GUARANTEE.—The Finkle [illegible] Sewing Machine comes before the public in our advertising columns this morning, under the auspicious circumstance [illegible] enough guarantee from Messrs. Alfred Munroe & Co. of [illegible] superiority in all respects over every other sewing machine [illegible] ranging from $55 to $125. The advertisement is no [illegible]

WHITE SULPHUR WATER.—The agents, Messrs. Wilson [illegible] & Co., are just now receiving their first cargo of this be[illegible] water. See advertisement.

HARDWARE.—Messrs. Rice, Brothers & Co. give notice [illegible] columns of the fact that the books, papers, etc., of their [illegible] establishment on Tchoupitoulas street, burnt down [illegible] Saturday, have been removed to their house on Maga[illegible], near the market. Their patrons are notified that at [illegible] store they will always find a complete assortment of [illegible] hardware, cooking stoves, etc.

CONSIGNMENT.—We call the attention of the trade to the [illegible] boots and shoes, clothing, white shirts, etc., to take place [illegible] day at 10 o'clock, at G. Leaumont, Blache & Co.'s [illegible] Commission, No. [illegible] Chartres street. Terms at sale.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.—This article is the best preparation [illegible] have ever used for the purpose of repairing splintered [illegible] furniture, etc., where glue is required, and is so cheap [illegible] prepared as to be always ready for use.

[illegible]

Local Intelligence.

FIRE.—There was quite a destructive fire, on Saturday, in the Fourth District. It first caught in a coffeehouse on the corner of Adele and Levee streets, and before it could be subdued, all the buildings on square bounded by Adele, St. Andrew, Levee and New Levee streets, were consumed, as were also those on the sides opposite. The loss is estimated at about $28,000. As the wind was high, water scarce, and the sun intensely hot, it took almost superhuman efforts on the part of the firemen to prevent the fire spreading all over that section of the city. An idea can be formed of the labors of the firemen, from the fact that eight or ten persons, residents of the burning houses, were sunstruck; and one fireman had his leg broken by the falling of a brick wall, while on duty. We have heard no particulars of those accidents further than that the man whose leg was broken was named Peter Saunders. He was First Assistant of Engine Company No. 21.

An alarm of fire was sounded last night at about a quarter past ten, and the whole force of firemen promptly turned out; but the majority had a long run for nothing, as the fire, which was only the burning of a mosquito bar and some bedding in a house on the corner of Apollo and Calliope streets, was put out before more than two engines could get to the spot. It was rather a hot night for a long run for naught, and we felt a great deal of sympathy for more than one of the boys who had come all the way from the Third District in hot haste, only to find that their labors were not needed.

AN EXCITING LITTLE RACE.—On Saturday night, between 9 and 10 o'clock, the habitués of a certain popular restaurant on Common street were no little startled in the midst of their quiet enjoyments by the sudden apparition of a well-known merchant of this city, whose excited countenance and breathless haste denoted something extraordinary. He disappeared almost as quickly as he came; but before the persons present had time to ask each other a question, or even to recover from their astonishment, they were stupefied by the equally rapid appearance and departure of a feminine, who took the same route as that taken by the merchant. Up stairs into the garret, down stairs into the kitchen, out into the bar-room, out of the bar-room into Theater Alley, up the alley to Gravier street, went this exciting chase, followed by "all hands and the cook," who, by this time, had both use of their senses and legs. Our merchant, unencumbered as he was by the dry goods which impeded the progress of his pursuer, soon left her behind, and got to Baronne street, just as the car was passing on an upward trip. He jumped on without waiting for it to stop, and was soon borne far out of the reach of his relentless pursuer. She did not let the matter rest here, however; for back to his store she went, and watched the whole night long, swearing vengeance if she laid hands on him. Of course, we were too discreet to ask questions about such a delicate affair; but we could not help hearing her ejaculate, as she kept her vigil before the door, something about unrequited love, desertion, etc., etc.

P. S.—The public will, no doubt, rejoice with us when we state that we have it from good authority that a compromise has been effected, and that there is no likelihood of another race, this week at least.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—Lieut. Creven last night reported that a man named Spencer attempted to commit suicide yesterday afternoon, in a house on Villere street, by cutting his throat. He was sent to the Charity Hospital.

SANGUINARY FIGHT.—*Two Men Severely Cut.*—Yesterday morning, between 9 and 10 o'clock, a fight occurred in a coffeehouse on the corner of Gravier and St. Paul streets, between Bob Johnson and Sam Wheeler, in which Johnson was stabbed in the left side of the abdomen and Wheeler in the right breast, near the collar bone. The particulars of the affair, as near as we could learn them, are these. Johnson and Wheeler had been out on a stroll through Poydras Market and the neighboring coffeehouses, and both were under the influence of liquor. They got into an argument at the coffeehouse above mentioned; Johnson became incensed at something said by Wheeler and cursed him and threatened to whip him. Wheeler knowing that he was no match for Johnson, declined the combat, but was knocked down and beaten by Johnson. In the scuffle Wheeler's knife fell out of its sheath on to the floor, and Wheeler seized it and stabbed Johnson, although he made an effort to prevent him. Johnson then took the knife away from him, cutting Wheeler's hand very severely as he drew it from his grasp, and in his turn used it upon Wheeler as mentioned above. Johnson's wound is said to be a very dangerous one, his bowels protruding from the gash. He was taken to his residence, which is in that quarter of the city, and now lies in a critical situation. Wheeler also went home; his wounds, though ugly, are not considered dangerous. The above particulars we obtained principally from Wheeler himself, whom we visited yesterday afternoon.

BLOODY AFFRAY AT PROCTORVILLE—*Three Men Killed.*—A horrible tragedy was enacted at Proctorville, the Lake Borgne terminus of the Mexican Gulf Railroad, on Saturday evening. The particulars have been kindly furnished us by a gentleman of this city, who happened to be down there on a fishing excursion, and was an eye-witness to the whole affair. It seems that there has been for some time a feud existing between the Spanish and Chinese fishermen who live down there; but nothing serious had resulted from it until Saturday afternoon, when the barkeeper of the hotel and a Chinese fisherman got into a dispute about some bread purchased at different times by the latter. After abusing each other for some time, the Chinese struck the barkeeper in the face, when a general fight began; the barkeeper assisted by some half dozen Spanish fishermen, who were loitering near by at the beginning of the quarrel, and the Chinese by a companion who came there with him.

The Chinamen were soon forced to take to flight, and they made for their boat, the Spaniards in pursuit—one of the number, however, stopping to get and load a gun. On arriving at the end of the wharf, the Chinese found several of their countrymen, who interposed themselves between the fugitives and their pursuers until they got into their boat and made off. The man with the gun was particularly active in attempting to get within shooting range, but the Chinamen held him until they thought their friends were far enough off, and then they too fled. When released, the man with the gun waded out into the water for some distance and attempted to shoot, but the gun did not go off. While he was doing this, the rest of his party began the real tragedy, to which all this had been only the mere prelude. Being disappointed at not being able to wreak their vengeance upon those they were after in the first place, they looked around and saw a Chinaman standing a little distance off, apparently to see what was going on. They attacked him immediately and a desperate struggle ensued. The Chinaman, a very powerful man, soon shook off his assailants, five in number, and drawing a long knife from his belt, awaited another onset. It came, and he drove his knife to the hilt in the breast of the foremost man, who fell dead without a groan; the second that came up was cut terribly on the arms.

After this the Chinaman ran into the water, thinking, no doubt, to make his escape to his friends, who had taken to the boats; but the Spaniards got into a boat and followed him, and soon came within a short distance, and the man with the gun took deliberate aim at the Chinaman, who, finding that there was no escape, held up his arms over his head and, turning his breast full in view, told him to shoot, which he did, and the Chinaman fell and sunk beneath the waves.

During the night the Deputy Coroner of St. Bernard parish was sent for and came over to Proctorville, held an inquest upon the body of the dead Spaniard, and rendered a verdict of "Killed by some person unknown." The man who was cut on the arms was sent to the city on the yesterday morning's train, but died on the way. The body of the Chinaman was seen lying in the mud by our informant yesterday morning, but no effort had been made to recover it or hold an inquest upon it, and although our informant remained on the spot twenty-four hours after the bloody affair, and was thoroughly conversant with all the particulars—to the knowledge of the Coroner—yet he was not summoned to give any testimony, nor were any steps taken, as far as he could learn, by which a true knowledge of the affair could be elicited by the proper officers.

YACHT WRECKED.—There was a rumor in town yesterday to the effect that the yacht Kate was lost at Crab Island during the storm on Friday night. We could not get the particulars.

INQUESTS.—The Coroner held the following inquests on Saturday: On Mrs. Elizabeth Perfect, an Irishwoman, aged 38 years, who died at No. 17 Casacalvo street—apoplexy. On Thomas Honey, an Irishman, aged 32 years, who died at the corner of New Levee and Notre Dame streets—congestion of the brain. On Charles de Baday, a Frenchman, aged 33 years, who died at his residence on the corner of Main and Derbigny streets, from the effects of sunstroke.

SUICIDE.—A man named Thomas McGovern jumped into the river from the Fourth District ferry landing, yesterday, about 12 M., and was drowned. We have been unable to learn the cause of this rash act on the part of the unfortunate man.

FREE NEGROES IN QUOD.—Eleven free negroes, the crew of the brig George Green, were arrested on Saturday and locked up in the Parish Prison, for being in the State in contravention of the Free Negro Law.

THE HEATHEN.—Olivier Breton was arrested on Saturday at the instance of his spouse Caroline, who complains that he amused himself by pitching her down two flights of stairs, after having given her a pretty severe drubbing. Recorder Emerson sent Olivier to prison, to rest from his labors until the 24th inst., when this little domestic drama will be enquired into.

SLEEPING IN CONTRAVENTION.—John Welsh was jugged on Saturday on a charge of having been caught napping in a new building. John, no doubt, will be careful hereafter about enquiring the age of buildings before going to sleep in them.

A FAST DRAYMAN.—The danger of being too fast was exemplified on Saturday by the arrest of James Bolton, a jolly young drayman, for driving through the streets at a greater degree of speed than the wise provisions of a certain ordinance considers safe. Bolton ransomed himself with ten pieces of silver.

FALSE PRETENCES.—Francisco Botto, agent for John Botto, 211 Old Levee street, had Giovanni B. Fralessi arrested on Saturday on a charge of having bought fifty-three dollars worth of groceries on credit, pretending that he was the agent of the Lake Borgne Hotel, which representation Botto has since learned was false in every particular. Fralessi was sent down to the First District Court to make proper explanation before Judge Hunt.

RATHER MIXED.—Hugh Carlin was arrested on Saturday evening for having sold a lot of silver table ware, under suspicious circumstances, to a dealer in such articles on Tchoupitoulas street. From present appearances the case looks rather bad for all parties concerned; it will be inquired into by Recorder Emerson to-day.

VIEW OF THE PYRAMIDS.—These, as the earliest, the loftiest, the largest, the most stupendous of the works of man, deserve in this connection, a passing notice. High on the ramparts of the Lybeian Desert, overhanging the meadows of the Nile, they rest like the perpetual hills in settled tranquility on the basis. In sterile and gloomy grandeur they have survived the waste of ages, while cities have risen, flourished, and fallen on the plain below, and will survive all the ravages of time on their mountain masses, until the mountains themselves shall depart and the hill be removed. They extend from the great Pyramid of Gizeh to Dashour, a distance of twenty miles. Between these extreme groups, at unequal distances, are those of Abusir and Sahara, near Memphis. In utter dispair of giving the reader any just impression of the vast dimensions of the great pyramid of Cheops, we must content ourselves with the usual statics, and leave him in imagination to gaze and wonder at the enormous pile. The foundations are 722 feet square, and cover little less than thirteen acres of ground. From the base the pyramid rises to the hight of 474 feet, originally it was about 30 feet higher, and sheathed in a casing formed of horizontal blocks of granite, hewn down to a uniform and polished surface, on every side, from the apex to the base. The king's chamber, the sepulchral center, where the builders vainly thought to find a sure retreat for his last repose, is 34 feet in length, 19 in hight, and 17 in breadth, enclosed in walls of polished granite. This venerable pile had stood for several generations when Abraham went down into Egypt. While enjoying the favor of the King of Memphis, he gazed habitually upon this stupendous monument of human power, if he did not scale its awful hights. But from its summit now what a spectacle! East, West, North and South, the Great Desert, in frightful desolation, unmitigated by a single shrub or leaf, and below the majestic and mysterious Nile, pouring through this wide sea of death, its flood of living, life-giving water, and spreading out on either side, up to the very brow of the desert, a broad margin of verdure, "green, unutterably green," and evoking indescribable fertility out of the most hopeless, hideous barrenness—a contrast without a parallel in the wide world.

FIELD SPORTS.—As in everything else, so in field sports, cricket, base-ball, etc., experience is the best teacher of what is appropriate. Thus it is much better to rely upon well established custom for the uniforms or clothing to be worn by clubs in the prosecution of their games, than to the crude ideas of inexperience and caprice. We therefore counsel our young friends constituting such clubs here, to at least consult the house of Morris, Maull & Co., corner Camp and Common streets, on the subject. Their main house, at Philadelphia, is in the habit of furnishing such suits to the clubs there, and, of course, can be depended on for the best and most convenient modes of outfit.

THE IRON PALACE.—This splendid specimen of architecture is one of the greatest ornaments of our city in its line, as the magnificent establishment of Messrs. Alfred Munroe & Co., in its first story, is one of the marvels of our metropolis in that department. Gentlemen wishing to see the working of a first class clothing house, can just step in there from Camp or Common streets, and amuse themselves pleasantly for some time.

FATUITY.—Why will people continue to be molested by armies of rats and other vermin, when Wilson's Exterminator can be had by applying to Messrs. J. Wright & Co., 21 and 151 Chartres street? Messrs. J. Wright & Co. advertise specially several articles to-day.

LIGHT AND ELEGANT.—What can excel spring cashmere for lightness and elegance in a gentleman's costume? It is the very thing to get, and the very place to get it, at cost, is Mr. Robert Gribble's, corner Camp and Gravier streets.

GENIUS.—We contend that genius can be displayed in advertising as well as in anything else. In proof thereof we refer to Moody's latest effort. He has taken advantage of the public necessity for instruction in the new system of fire alarm telegraph, has had a handsome little book struck off, giving full information on the subject, and has advertised these books to be given away at the telegraph office, City Hall, and at the "Shirt" office, corner of Royal and Canal. Of course the first thing you see on the back of the book is the well-known motto of New Orleans, "Get Your Shirts at Moody's."

TASTE.—None know as well as the ladies the agreeable effect produced by the proper arrangement and display of "trimmings" about a dress. These should always be selected, in the first place, at some reliable establishment; for, unless the stock is well chosen, how can the individual selection be satisfactory? We, therefore, commend the house of Messrs. F. & L. Piffet to the attention of our friends—No. 133 Canal street. See their advertisement.

HOUSE FOR SALE.—A house and lot on Canal street, between Franklin and Treme streets, is advertised for sale by Messrs. F. & L. Piffet, No. 133 Canal street.

FANS.—This weather is certainly suggestive of the subject above proposed, and so is a perusal of Messrs. Lion & Andrée's advertisement elsewhere published. If people must fan themselves, they might as well do it with the best grace, and that would probably be with one of the beautiful fans just brought from Paris by these gentlemen.

SOME LEFT YET.—Mr. John Todd, Nos. 12 and 14 Chartres street, still advertises a quantity of white goods for sale, on consignment, at very low rates. These rates are marked in the advertisement. He is also offering, at an immense reduction, his plain and figured black silks. Ladies having any spare money to invest, would do well to give this establishment a call now, or they may have to give high prices for the same goods in the fall, if the trouble and expense of packing them up is gone through.

JEWELRY, ETC., AT COST.—Persons desirous of purchasing articles of this nature are informed by the advertisement of Mr. W. A. Wilson, 95 Canal street, that they can be supplied at his establishment at cost prices. This opportunity arises from the fact of Mr. Wilson's being desirous of quitting the business, and we are credibly informed that his promises of selling cheaply are faithfully redeemed.

WINDOW GLASS.—Mr. C. Holland, No. 138 Common street, advertises French, English and American glass, plain and fancy, for sale.

MAKE HASTE.—Read Mr. Braselman's advertisement. He is determined to close out his present stock before moving, and will dispose of everything at still lower rates in order to effect his object. Better stop in and try him. These chances don't occur [illegible].

[Written for the New Orleans Crescent.]

ATHENAIS.

BY ELLIS AMMONETTE.

CHAPTER I.

In that far off time when Christianity first began to throw its steady beams of light across the world, human beings lived and loved, and sorrowed and died, even as they do in the rush and tumult of our own day and hour.

Where the white walls of Athens reared themselves to shelter a population which comprised the greater part of the talent and lore of the then known world, Leontius made his home, passed his life 'mid the elegance of inherited wealth, won for himself the reputation of sophist, and died a pagan.

Three children had been born to him—two sons and a daughter—and these, without distinction because of sex, he instructed in all the branches of learning that years of study had made him so competent to impart.

As his offspring grew in beauty and intelligence, he could but perceive that though all were fair and bright, his daughter Athenais far surpassed her brothers in every natural gift of mind and temperament, and as his years advanced he came to dote on her with the intensest fervor of parental love. Notwithstanding this, his last act towards her was one of apparent injustice, for dying, he bequeathed his vast wealth to his sons Arcadius and Claudian, leaving her but an hundred pieces of money, "because her learning and beauty, which raised her above her sex, were in themselves a sufficient fortune."

It was spring in that delightful clime.

It was evening. The sun hanging on the horizon's western verge, bathed the world in a purple and golden splendor, while the winds that had lain hushed all day waked to new wanderings, bringing coolness from the wave, bearing odorous incense from the flowers, and imparting refreshment to all animated nature.

It swept through a court where fountains and exotic plants, and brilliant plumaged birds united their charms to create a place of enchantment, into a spacious chamber where lay the dead Leontius, his body wrapped in the simple white cerements of the sepulchre.

He was unwatched save by the eyes of filial love. Athenais, jealous of the few remaining hours that his features would be granted to her sight, refused to leave him, and exercised the dear privilege of guarding him alone.

The deep hush which marks the presence of death prevailed unbroken, save at intervals by the quivering sobs that came deep from the orphaned heart of the young girl, as she bent to press kisses on the cold and irresponsive lips, or by the monotonous trail of the golden selvedge of her neglected robe, as she wandered slowly to and fro the length of the marble-paved room.

As she paused and gazed in tearful contemplation on the placid face, words parted the curved portals of her mouth.

"Oh, dearest father, no thought of unkindness filled thy tender heart when thou conceived the idea of denying me a share in thy inheritance—it was to mark more plainly to the world thy faith in the merits with which thy fond imagination had seen fit to adorn me. But, alas! I am a woman. I cling to the fond associations of home, and would fain shelter me here where every object is a token of love from thee. Already, though I am an alien, Arcadius and Claudian greet me but coldly, and their wives look askance, as if wondering when they should be rid of the intruder."

Utterance was lost in tears, as a fresh sense of isolation pressed upon her, and she threw her fair form on the cold, unyielding marble, in an abandonment of grief and desolation.

As she lay thus overwhelmed, the drapery suspended at the arched doorway was put aside, and her brothers and their wives, clad in all the trappings of woe, entered with noiseless steps. The forced exterior of sadness worn by Arcadius and Claudian gave way to glances of contemptuous disapproval when they discovered Athenais, and it was with no gentle grasp or tone that the elder brother urged her to rise.

"Athenais, why this affectation of exaggerated woe? The loss we have sustained is but in the order of nature; when we have paid a tribute to the virtues of the departed, it becomes us to submit to the irrevocable."

"The privacy of thine own apartments were most seemly, in the present state of thy disordered attire," spoke out the wife of Claudian, with angry quickness.

The impetuous flow of grief stilled by the cold, harsh words that fell upon her ear. Athenais lifted her beautiful head, put aside the dishevelled locks of tawny gold, and rested her tear-dimmed eyes of heavenly blue on the faces of those who had not yet spoken, the wife of Arcadius and Claudian himself.

No ray of sympathy met her prayerful gaze, and she turned away to bury her face in the hangings of the bier, as she yielded to another convulsive agony of grief. When it passed away, she rose to her knees and addressed herself to Arcadius.

"Dear brother! thou who hast taken the place of our father, look not upon me so unkindly. Be thine a continuance of his protection. Grant me a shelter under this our natal roof; the simplest apparel and the plainest food will suffice for me, if they but come garnished and seasoned by love!"

"Thy home will be here, most certainly, until those superior resources that have been vaunted for thee shall have provided a better," was the sneering answer.

"But, remember, thou art no longer mistress," added his wife with a taunt of triumph.

"Oh, my father! the refuge of thy tenderness is lost!" cried the wounded girl. "Claudian," she plead, rising to her feet, and advancing towards him with supplicating hands, "thou art the nearest to me in birth, thou nearest the lineaments of our mother, whose gentleness and goodness is our earliest memory; we have often recalled how her hands have rested on our heads at the same moment in love and blessing; grant thou a home to her child; I cannot accept that which Arcadius yields so grudgingly."

Claudian's coldness wavered at this appeal; but Zoe, his wife, answered for him.

"Thy father did not so demand in his last testament, and Claudian's substance will not yield support for others than his family."

Athenais' head sank, her breast heaved, and her breath came gaspingly; but after a moment she forced herself to something like composure, raised her eyes and looked upon the group, not unkindly, and then replied gently and with simple dignity:

"Be it even as you desire," pressed a long clinging kiss to the lips of the dead Leontius, and turning slowly left the room, alone and unsupported.

CHAPTER II.

It was that period of the Grecian Empire when the splendors of its capital were centered in Constantinople, and presided over by that admirable being, Aelia Pulcheria Augusta, so justly called "Virgin, Empress and Saint."

Raised by the voice of the people to an equal power with her brother, Theodosius Second, she ruled the kingdom with precocious wisdom, and held it but in trust for him. Fearful of contending factions rending the country, she would never marry, but in the earliest flower of her youth vowed herself to God, having embraced the Christian faith with a fervor singular for that time. The hours of leisure remaining from affairs of State she gave to superintending the education of her much-loved brother, religious devotion and deeds of charity.

The fame of the good Empress extended to the remotest bounds of her kingdom, and all in distress turned to her as to a natural mother.

Athenais, when thus cast off by those from whom protection seemed her right, whilst meditating where to turn for succor, resolved to go to the capital and throw herself on the kindness of the amiable Pulcheria. Using her father's last bequest to provide herself a safe and suitable escort, she left her brothers' home, unquestioned by them as to future purpose or movement. Arrived at Constantinople she applied at the palace for audience with the royal mistress, and had it granted with unexpected facility.

Accustomed to all the elegance of private wealth, she here found new mines of admiration as her eyes were alternately gratified by glimpses of sculptured forms of unsurpassed beauty, and triumphs of science and art, or overpowered by the gorgeous magnificence of the corridors and halls of state she traversed, while following an officer of the palace.

Having crossed a latticed gallery which served as a connecting link between two buildings, the very atmosphere seemed changed. No more intoxicating odors from the burning of aromatic pastilles, but the cool, pure air of nature; no more draped and decorated walls, but stones of simplest white; no more sumptuous carpets that sank luxurious beneath the feet, but the bare floor resounded to the tread; and here, when a signal for admission was made, she found the great Empress in an apartment of austere plainness, in company with her two sisters, and surrounded by a band of young girls who had devoted themselves to the service of the Lord.

"My Empress, I seek thy protection," said Athenais, as she clasped the kindly extended hand and fell at her feet.

"Rise, my child," was the answer given with benignity by the young Empress, who seemed scarcely so old as her supplicant. "Whence are you come?"

"From Athens, royal mistress. I am Athenais, the daughter of your once loyal subject Leontius, the Sophist. He is dead, alas! and I have no home."

The plea was sufficient. Pulcheria pressed a kiss of sisterly love on Athenais' white brow, and noted with admiration the pure Greek contour of her beautiful face.

She placed her among her maiden band, provided her with suitable occupations, instructed her in the tenets of Christianity, and had the joy, in the course of time, to see her a convert to the faith.

Athenais' inclinations did not lead her, nor did Pulcheria influence her to vow herself a bride of the Lord. She encouraged her in the pursuit of science and literature, decorated her rare form with beautiful robes, yet preserved her safe from the snares of the court in the privacy of the royal apartments, and treated her in every respect as a cherished daughter.

Theodosius, then in the dawn of early manhood, blessed with a disposition of great amiability and a believer in the Christian religion, resolved to celebrate his assumption of the reins of government by his marriage, if a suitable alliance could be procured. Like his sister, he deprecated the contentions that might follow the taking a spouse from a foreign nation, and already, for many months, his friend Paulinas had traversed the kingdom, visiting the daughters of the noblest families without success in finding the desired object.

Theodosius was restless and dissatisfied.

Desirous of avoiding the lascivious and enervating customs of his country, his ardent and youthful heart nevertheless wearied itself with longings for happiness and the endearments of reciprocated love, though he turned with disgust from the thought of aught that did not fill his ideal.

While in this frame of mind, he one day wandered away from the noble young companions who shared his hours of leisure, to the solitude and coolness of a garden, the pleasures of which were enjoyed mutually by himself and his sister, to muse without interruption on the fair vision of his desires.

As he walked the shaded labarynths of the pleasure ground, absorbed in meditation, a female voice, clear and penetrating and of singular sweetness, singing a plaintive love song, swelled upon the air, and mingled in without disturbing his reverie.

He paused, turned his eyes to heaven, clasped his hands in rapt fervor, and ejaculated the prayer of his being: "Heavenly Father grant her to my sight."

A turn in the walk and his petition was answered, his ideal realized.

In a breezy nook, where creeping vines had been trained to give their graceful shelter, he saw through the interstices a woman of chaste and perfect loveliness. She was without companionship save the jewel studded manuscript now idly clasped in her slender fingers. Half reclining on a mat spread upon the grass, which constituted her simple place of repose, she gazed afar upon the smiling surface of a sheet of water, the bare mention of which brings to us at this day visions of wavelets glisting in the sunbeams, and bearing on their breast the fleet white-sailed, bird-like caiques—the beautiful, the famed Bosphorus.

Theodosius gazed breathless, not daring to betray his presence, which might put to flight that which perchance would never greet his eyes again—and eagerly studied every detail of face, form and decoration and fascinations of her beauty and intelligence, nor did she long remain uninfluenced by the masculine accomplishments and graces of her companion.

She found a new harmony in the music he shared, a deeper spell in the page jointly perused, a purer aspiration in the devotions performed at the same altar, and at last learned to count his coming and his going as the epochs that marked her days.

One evening, when the golden splendor of an oriental moonlight lay upon sea and land, they stood on the simple balcony opening into the garden, where Theodosius had first seen her. He was oppressed by the overwhelming passion that filled his breast, and to which no expression had ever been given save by those unrestrainable messages which the eyes will send. Clasping her white hand in his, Theodosius said in accents low, and trembling with feeling:

"Come, Athenais, and wander with me to the shore; a strange unrest I find to-night within me."

Slowly down the marble-steps passed the youthful pair, and out into the radiance of the night—slowly they advanced, lost in the delirium of ecstacy that came to each from the companionship of the other, until they neared the spot made sacred to Theodosius by the dawn of his first love.

There he told the same tale that countless maidens have blushed, and trembled, and gladdened to hear, through all the long years that have passed since Athenais found other pillow for her dainty head than the manly breast of Theodosius.

They were married according to the rites of the Christian Church, without ostentation, and with Athenais still ignorant of her royal lover's rank.

Her dress he took as a type of herself—the purity of her soul and the richness of her mind.

The robe was a fine fabric of snowy white, clasped with a bandelet of alternate links of sapphires and pearls, suggesting the delicious contrast of the summer clouds and their blue home.

The same precious stones wrapped the heavy locks of her hair, which made them a golden setting of nature's workmanship, and the rounded arm, supporting the graceful head, bore suspended from a black band a sapphire and a pearl, each as large and shaped like unto the treasures of a wood bird's nest.

Theodosius was entranced nor moved from the spot of fascination, except to shrink deeper into the concealing shrubs, as the young occupant passed out and followed the path leading to Pulcheria's portion of the palace.

The spell once broken, he flew to his sister, to ask what stray visitant from celestial spheres found shelter in her walls.

Smiling at his enthusiasm, Pulcheria quickly divined who it must be, and informed him that her name was Athenais; that she was a Greek maiden of "modest bearing and pure morals," and had sought her protection.

Royal suitors are generally quickly sped; but Theodosius, with the romance of youth, asked his sister to favor his wooing Athenais, while she remained in ignorance of his quality and station. She acceded to his request, and ere many days he was introduced to the presence of the object of his admiration!

Unconscious that she stood before the master of the kingdom, Athenais was seen, in all the charms. In a short, blissful time, he called her wife, without drawing on them the intrusive adulation and congratulations of the Court.

When the good Pulcheria bade her array herself in robes of costliness to do honor to a festal day, and brought her radiantly fair to the chamber of the throne, she found her husband was its master, as he graciously raised her to his side and crowned her Empress Eudocia Augusta.

Her father's name was mingled in the prayer of thanksgiving she offered for the great fortune heaven had guided her to.

When the mandate spread afar that all the people of the kingdom should rejoice, because of the exceeding happiness their sovereign found in his marriage, none were more zealous in giving evidence of their loyal satisfaction than Arcadius and Claudian, of Athens.

When a messenger placed in their hands a summons to the capital, visions of emolument and advancement danced before them—imagine their consternation, when admitted to the royal presence, at finding their Empress and their sister one.

The only revenge her noble disposition would permit her to take, was to lavish on them every token of favor, and raise them to the rank of Prefects and Consuls.

HYMN.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

[Written for the Bi-Centennial Celebration of the Settlement of Marlboro, Mass., June 13, 1860.]

Two hundred times has June renewed
  Her roses, since the day
When here, amid the lonely wood,
  Our fathers met to pray.

Beside this gentle stream that strayed
  Through pathless woodlands then,
The calm, heroic woman prayed,
  And grave, undaunted men.

Hymns on the ancient silence broke,
  From hearts that faltered not,
And undissembling lips that spoke
  The free and guileless thought.

They prayed and thanked the Mighty One,
  Who made their hearts so strong,
And led them towards the setting sun,
  Beyond the reach of wrong.

For them he made that desert place
  A pleasant heritage—
The cradle of a free-born race
  From peaceful age to age.

The plant they set—a little vine—
  Hath stretched its boughs afar,
To distant hills and streams that shine
  Beneath the evening star.

Ours are their fields—these fields that smile
  With summer's early flowers;
O, let their fearless scorn of guile,
  And love of truth be ours!

THE SHADOWS.

Last winter I was in the habit of going every Wednesday evening to a reunion in the "Marais," over which a lady, belonging to an old legal family, presided with exquisite grace. I had consulted rather my tastes and quiet habits, than my age, in seeking an introduction amongst the grave spirits and solemn characters which composed this society. You met there very few young people of the world; rarely any females who had not accomplished their forty years. If accident brought thither one of less certain date, they never returned a second time. They carried away with them the recollection of long yellow candles, shedding a yellow light over yellow figures; of sofas, on the backs of which the hands of Justice were embroidered in black and white silks; of tapestry of "Aubusson," apple-green, and upon which might be distinguished, in faintly-marked squares, first: the fatal duel of the Baron de Bouterville with the Marquis de Bouveron, in the center of the Place Royale. Further on, you saw the Baron de Bouterville arrested by the Provost and his officers at Vitry-le-Brule. Further still, upon a square which marked a door, you assisted at the Baron's execution upon the Place de Greve.

No one could ever forget the high gray windows; the pictures, out of all proportion, from which frowned fearfully the dark portraits of judges, and "Presidents a Mortier," all surmounted by wigs of a size which gave them the appearance of black lions growling beneath their mighty manes.

After a few months, however, you began to grow familiar with the terrors. Gradually I dared to look upon the portraits of the great ancestor of the family, standing upright in his frame, which was at least a foot thick, and dressed in the costume of a judge of the "Chambe Ardente." I even dared to touch it.

The mistress of the mansion had described to me the characters and habits of the few persons who made up her Wednesday evenings. They were the remains of old families, who were unreproached by even the slightest condescension towards the Empire, with all its seductions, and who demanded of the restoration nothing more than the innocent privilege of resuming their early habits.

Madame de Hacquerville permitted me to come early, in order to introduce me one by one to the persons who honored her mansion with their presence.

One evening, as usual, I took my place near the flames, lighting up the back, displayed a figure of Louis XII, metamorphosed into a Pluto.

Pointing to the clock, she showed the exact minute at which each of the habitues of her saloon made their appearance.

"At three minutes after 9 o'clock," said she, "you will see M. de Guemerec make his appearance. He is a descendant of that magistrate who, forced by his father and the traditions of his family, to assume the robe, for which he had the most profound distaste, vowed to decide always against his conscience. Faithful to his tacit engagement, he dismissed three times, an accusation against three men whose guilt was proved to him, and whose crime carried with it the punishment of death. Six years after, the innocence of the three was fully established. M. de Guemerec had been right in violating as a judge both his reason and his conscience. The father of the young magistrate insisted no longer, and the place was sold."

Three minutes past nine! M. de Guemerec entered.

"At twenty minutes past nine we will push up the fauteuil for M. the Baron de Grigoelles," continued Madame de Hacquerville.

She was right. With the same exactitude she indicated the precise moment at which Madame Casa Bianca, the President de Page, and indeed each one of her guests would appear.

I noticed that Madame Casa Bianca constantly concealed her right hand. Madame de Hacquerville was speaking of her in very warm terms.

"Ah! Madame Casa Bianca's heart is full of noble qualities," said she. "I counsel you to appreciate them."

"But why does she always conceal her right hand—do you know?"

"I do not, nor have I ever asked. Since she has not forstalled my curiosity upon the point, it is probable that it would have wounded her; and I prefer rather to keep a friend than to learn a secret, which, after all, might but little interest me."

"Excuse my indiscretion," I replied, "but you have told me so much that was valuable concerning your friends here, that I was emboldened to ask the explanation of a fact which struck me so much."

Madame de Hacquerville leaning good humoredly upon my shoulder, here rose to welcome Madame Casa Bianca—the lady of the hidden hand. Whilst she was thus occupied in welcoming her, the habitues of the reunion were entering, group after group. The card tables were set out, and the players shuffled and dealt like phantoms playing upon the borders of the Styx.

Everybody played except Madame Casa Bianca and Madame de Hacqueville. The right hand of the former was hidden as usual; the left hand might be seen covered with a white glove, and must have once been beautiful. The same remark might be made of Madame Casa Bianca's foot and figure. She appeared now to be about fifty year's old, although in reality much older; but a naturally strong constitution, and an adventurous life, following the fortunes of her husband, a soldier of the Republic and the Empire, had firmly tempered, so to speak, the features of Madame Casa Bianca. There are generations of women, as of men, energetic as the times they are called to live in. Under the Empire, the women who, amidst cannon, drums and banners, followed the army, the "grand army," took from their associations a singular original and military tone. Without losing the graces of womanhood, they gained much of the strength and energy of the manly character.

During those evenings, it was the custom for each of the "convives" to relate some incident of his life.

Directly it was the turn of the President de Page to relate. He related well, and a silence almost mournful fell upon the old room and the strange guests as he told his story.

"We will go back," said he, "to the days of Louis XVI. I was one of the king's judges. But before that I was a scholar at the University. My road was not smooth. I had many trials. But I had a counsellor. Francois, my foster sister, came not once but often, from far away in the provinces, to comfort and cheer me. I loved her as if she had been a sister of my blood. During her last visit a terrible circumstance occurred. I lost a valuable diamond snuff-box. I spoke loudly of my loss, and every place was searched.

"The diamond snuff-box was found.

"One of the people of the Court discovered it hidden in the pailasse of the bed in which Francoise, my foster-sister, slept."

A general movement of interest showed itself in the saloon of Madame de Hacqueville.

The President de Page paused. The recital evidently pained him.

"Francoise, my foster sister, the fresh cheeked peasant of Manteran; she who had trudged wearily through frost and snow, to come and throw herself upon my neck upon the steps of the Sorbonne; Francoise, whose skin was soft as velvet, and her eyes so tender and loving."

The Marquis took a pinch of snuff, but I saw the [illegible] upon the ground.

"They dragged her before the judges. I wished to excuse myself, but they forced me to preside. They pretended ironically to repose the highest confidence in my natural impartiality. My enemies rejoiced, and the populace threatened to stone me when it was known that I had ordered."

Here M. De Page was silent. You could hear nothing but the crackling of the fire, and the oscillations of the pendulum. The pictures upon the walls were noisier than the guests at that moment.

M. De Page resumed:

"That I had ordered the *rack!* For Francoise denied everything; the theft—the circumstances of the theft—all; constantly reminding me of Montereau, of her mother, of the days of our childhood, of our relationship.

"I had ordered the question!

"The robe of Francois was taken off.

"Oh! the cry of a young girl brought naked before her judges. God spare you from ever hearing that cry. The torture was applied. Her cries grew weaker. But Francoise turned her eyes upon me. Gentlemen, I have had a sword thrust through my body to the hilt. That look stabbed more keenly.

"They put her knee in the leaden boot.

"Her cries grew weaker."

At this part of the recital of the President a thrill of horror ran through us all.

"They put the fire to the pit of her stomach.

"Francoise was silent; she had ceased to shriek.

"Gentlemen, Francoise was innocent! I knew it. It was I who had hidden the diamond box in her bed, in order that she might be tried, condemned, executed."

The ladies covered their faces. If I had had a knife in my hand I would have stuck it into the old President's heart.

But the President closed his eyes, collected himself for a moment, and said:

"They crushed her right hand, every finger, every joint, like that—"

He made a gesture. My nerves jarked spasmodically in imitation of it.

"A cloud of blood passed before my eyes, and the terrible scene vanished.

"Francoise had fainted in confessing the theft. Yes, she had confessed it, proclaiming that I was her foster-brother, that she had come to Paris to see me; that to see me she had braved the ice and snow—braved everything—to hang once more upon her foster-brother's neck."

The President had scarcely finished this agonizing sentence, when I saw rise beside Madame de Hacqueville, like a phantom, a woman, who with difficulty and pain drawing off her glove, permitted to be seen a hand broken and crushed, which she placed upon the head of M. De Page.

Like one crushed, the old man raised his eyes in terror beneath that hand which weighed him down.

The other people were pale; I looked at myself in the glass; I was more than pale—I was green.

Tears and sobs from the eyes and mouths of these two, ruined by each other, mingled together; and M. de Page took that hand and carrying it to his lips kissed it as the dying man kisses the host, and he was pardoned as the dying man is pardoned.

For Madame Casa Bianca passed the arm which was free around the neck of M. de Page.

"That evening, continued the President, "there was a Court Ball. I appeared at it still clothed in my judicial robes, and bearing with me the death-warrant of Francoise. Bending my knee to earth, I said to the King Louis XVI:

"Sire, to-day the bones of my foster-sister have been broken on the rack. I was her accuser, Sire, and she has confessed all."

"Well?" said the king.

"Sire, I invented the story of the theft."

The king recoiled in terror.

"And wherefore, monsieur?"

"Because I wished to prove to France that with the torture the most frightful falsehood was believed, the holiest truth assassinated. Sire, to this proof I have sacrificed the thing dearest to me in the world. My opinion therefore cannot be doubted.

"Monsieur," said the king, "let the ball continue." Then turning to his Chancellor, "Messieurs, from this night the torture is abolished in France; let it be made known throughout the kingdom."

A Proclamation for the Encouragement of Piety and Virtue.

BY THE QUEEN.

[From the London Gazette June 13.]

Victoria R.—We, most seriously and religiously considering that it is our indispensable duty to be careful above all other things to preserve and advance the honor and service of Almighty God, and discourage and suppress all vice, profaneness, debauchery and immorality, which are so highly displeasing to God and so great a reproach to our religion and government; to the intent, therefore, that religion, piety and good manners may flourish and increase under our Administration and Government, we have thought fit, by the advice of our Privy Council, to issue this our royal proclamation, and do hereby declare our royal purpose and resolution to discountenance and punish all manner of vice, profaneness and immorality, in all persons of whatsoever degree or quality within this our realm; and we do expect and require that all persons of honor or in place of authority, will give good example by their own virtue and piety, and to their utmost contribute to the discountenancing persons of dissolute and immoral lives; and we do hereby strictly enjoin and prohibit all our loving subjects, of what degree or quality soever, from playing on the Lord's day, at dice, cards or any other game whatsoever, either in public or private houses, or other place or places whatsoever; and we do hereby require and command them and every of them, decently and reverently to attend the worship of God on every Lord's day.

Our further pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly charge and command all our judges, mayors, sheriffs, justices of the peace, and all other our officers and ministers, both ecclesiastical and civil, and all other our subjects whom it may concern, to be very vigilant and strict in the discovery and the effectual prosecution and punishment of all persons who shall be guilty of dissolute, immoral or disorderly practices; and that they take care also effectually to suppress all public gaming-houses and places, and lewd and other disorderly houses; and also to suppress and prevent all gaming whatsoever, in public or private houses, on the Lord's day; and likewise that they take effectual care to prevent all persons keeping taverns, or other public houses whatsoever, from selling wine, beer or other liquors, or receiving or permitting guests to be or remain in such their houses in the time of Divine service on the Lord's day.

And for the more effectual proceeding herein, we do hereby direct and command all our judges of assize and justices of the peace to give strict charges at their respective assizes and sessions for the due prosecution and punishment of all persons that shall presume to offend in any of the kinds aforesaid; and also of all persons that, contrary to their duty, shall be remiss or negligent in putting the said laws in execution; and that they do at their respective assizes and quarter sessions of the peace, cause this our royal proclamation to be publicly read in open court immediately before the charge is given.

Given at our Court at Buckingham Palace this 9th day of June, 1860. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The Imperial Palace, Jeddo.

[From the Illustrated London News, June 2.]

In the blue book lately published on Japan we find our Minister, Mr. Alcock, complaining that the recent destruction by fire of the Tacoon Palace was put forward by the Government as a plea for delaying the fulfilment of the treaty obligations. This celebrated palace was situated within the castle, which occupies the center of Jeddo. The castle is of an irregular figure, inclining to circular, and is five Japanese miles in circumference. It embraces two "fore castles," the innermost and third castle, which is properly the residence of the Emperor, and two other strong, well-fortified, but smaller castles, at the sides; also some large gardens behind the Imperial Palace. These castles are each surrounded by walls and ditches.

The palace itself had but one story, but of lofty hight. It occupied an extensive area, and had numerous long galleries and spacious rooms, which, by putting on or removing screens, might be enlarged or brought into a narrower compass, as occasion required, and were so contrived as to receive convenient and sufficient light. The chief apartments had each particular names, such as, for instance, the waiting room, where all persons admitted to an audience, either of the Emperor or of his Ministers of State, had to wait till they were introduced; the council chamber, where the Ministers of State and Privy Councillors met upon business; the hall of a thousand mats, where the Emperor received the homage and usual presents of the Princes of the Empire and Ambassadors of foreign powers; several halls of audience, the apartments of the Emperor's household and others. The structure of all these several apartments was exquisitely fine, according to the architectural notions of the Japanese. The ceilings, beams and pillars were of cedar or camphor, or generwood, the grain of which naturally ran into flowers and other curious figures, and was therefore in some apartments covered only with a thin, transparent layer of varnish in others japanned, or curiously carved with birds and branched work, neatly gilt. The floor was covered with the finest white mats, bordered with gold fringes or bands; and this was all the furniture to be seen in the palaces of the Emperor and Princes of the Empire.

"Come here, Pompy," said a darkey to a similar specimen of animated nature, the other day, "I wants to propose to you a question which hab dislocated my understanding. Suppose I marries a yaller gal, and lubs her bery much; and some day I gets sick, and dies, and goes to heaben, and arter a while anoder nigger comes 'long and marries my old woman, and lubs her too; now I wants to know, arter dey both die, and cum to heben, which of us is to hab my wench?" Pompy stood thoughtfully for a moment, then looked Snowball in the face, and reverendly shaking his head, replied, "My frien', if your wife and her man go to de good land, you need hab no fears, for you wo'nt be dar [illegible]."