New Orleans Daily Crescent.

[Written for the New Orleans Crescent.]

MY CARD BASKET.

BY MARY ASHLEY.

NUMBER V.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Dale.
Miss Fanny Grover.

I sigh as I lift this little card; its clear type, its untarnished gilding, even the white wedding-favor which bound it round, untarnished. Yet how like it is to the pale tombstone, rearing its white, unfading tribute to the form long since "dust to dust" beneath it. I cannot realize that wedding-bells ever rang out their music for these people; that prancing steeds and snowy plumes, and flowers and gayly attired friends, a white veil, a priest and vows, and the blissful moment when the lover is the bridegroom and the maiden a bride, was ever connected with Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Dale.

Fanny was a very pretty girl, and graduated with the highest honors; but though well taught and well learned, she was not possessed of that moral firmness, that quick perception between right and wrong, amounting to instinct in the female character, and without which a woman's life is a ship without a rudder. She was motherless, poor girl; and with a nature ardent and genial, a temper hasty and impulsive, she was placed by her father at an early age at school, and left it with but little knowledge of the world, which received her bright beauty and fascinating presence as a new and beautiful jewel for its rough setting.

Harvey Dale was a man much sought for in society, combining with great elegance of person the most winning and captivating manners. The only wonder was that he should have reached the age of thirty-five without having found a bride for the beautiful home of which he was owner, and where he lived his bachelor life, surrounded only by hired menials and friends of his own sex.

It was whispered among the circles in which Col. Dale moved, that when he built his house he expected to occupy it as a married man; that his bride elect and mother-in-law assisted in the purchase of all the furniture, and that one week before the marriage was to have taken place his chosen one fell ill of a malignant fever and died. That the new house was closed and its owner went away to foreign lands and remained away for years; and when he did return and reopen the doors which were to have shut in for him an elysium on earth, that his face was not seen again for many days. When the world knew him again, he wore the aspect of a man who had passed through a fearful struggle; and marriage and conjugal joys were topics dropped by common consent among his acquaintances in his presence. It was believed that he would never marry, and that his heart lay under the same tombstone which recorded the death and name of his early love.

When, however, the fashionable world proclaimed a new star, Harvey Dale was among the first to look upon its rare beauty and to be dazzled by its brilliancy. Fanny seemed equally well pleased with him; for though many years her senior, she felt more flattered by the attentions and preference of one such man as Col. Dale, than those of twenty younger suitors, who had yet to gain such a station as his wealth and fine presence commanded. When, after a brief courtship—so brief that it excited surprise among all his friends—he proposed to Fanny's father for her hand, he was readily accepted, and received from the daughter a quiet, but satisfactory assurance that her affections were his.

The marriage took place as soon as possible after the engagement became known, and never were more style, wealth, wit and wisdom displayed at any wedding than congregated to witness the nuptials of Col. Dale. The pair started at once upon a bridal tour, and during their absence the house was painted, papered and refurnished throughout, with the exception of one room. This was a private cabinet devoted to Col. Dale's exclusive use. There he had received the news of that death which had so nearly blighted his own life, and there he still treasured with a clinging hope, which his new ties could not lessen, a miniature, a lock of hair, packets of letters, and other little trifles sacred to those by-gone dreams. He left orders that this chamber should not be invaded, and, to insure the fulfillment of them, carried the key away with him.

Among his hosts of friends, Col. Dale was not destitute of enemies. During his former absence in Europe his business was left in the hands of an agent, who, though a man of strict integrity, proved himself a harsh landlord, without lenity or forbearance to the debtor who could not pay his dues. Col. Dale had a certain tenant house which year after year had been occupied by a man and his wife of the name of Fisher. They had one son, who was picking up a sort of education while he "hired out" away from home. These people, honest and industrious, had always been treated with marked kindness by Col. Dale, and upon his departure he recommended them to the care and generosity of his agent. The latter, however, either forgot the admonition, or proud of being "dressed in a little brief authority," desired to exert it to the utmost. The old man Fisher fell ill. Through all the best months of the farmer's year he was confined to his bed. His wife struggled hard to make her two hands do the work of four; but when at last her husband died, and the expenses of even his simple funeral swallowed up nearly all her savings, she gave herself up to her accumulated burden of sorrow, and when called upon by the agent to "square accounts," only shook her head mournfully, begging him to wait till Benjamin, her son, could come.

When the young man arrived, and it was shown that his presence could not mend matters save by his taking his father's vacant place and settling up by degrees, as fortune and his landlord favored him, the agent waxed exceeding wroth, and young Benjamin and his old mother were turned out homeless and penniless. In spite of his youth and strength, his ability and his desire to labor, the son could not at once find employment and was obliged to shelter his mother for a time in the poor-house. This was a bitter sore in Benjamin's heart, for the poor are proud. It roused all the vindictive ire of his half educated nature, and he swore to wreak vengeance on Col. Dale, by whose authority he believed the agent acted. When at last his mother died, before he was able to remove her from the paupers' home, he stood over her deal coffin and looking down into her dead face vowed to devote his life to avenging her death; cursing at the same moment Col. Dale as the author of all his misfortunes. For a year after his mother's burial he lingered in the neighborhood. Col. Dale did not return, and at last young Fisher disappeared and no one knew of his whereabouts.

CHAPTER II.

"That is my den," Harvey Dale said, as he pointed out a low, dark door which he did not open as he showed his young bride over her new home.

"And am I to beard the lion then?" asked Fanny playfully.

"Not unless you have a particular penchant for cigar smoke, for chairs which have a habit of tipping back on two legs, for old slippers which a man likes as he does the companionship of intimate friends, because he feels easy with them—for books tumbled about in reckless disorder. Unless your womanly courage and housewifely eye could bear all this and more, you must not come. I have been a bachelor so long you know," he added, bending down to kiss her brow, "I *must* keep one place in which to hang my old habits."

"So that you shut me out of no portion of your heart," Fanny answered, "I shall be satisfied," and she was speaking sincerely, for she felt in these happy, honeymoon hours as though in her husband she had a treasure rarely found by woman. So she had, if she had only known how to cherish it!

"Let this be your reward," Harvey said, "for leaving me my remnant of a bachelor's hall unmolested."

He threw open, as he spoke, the door of a room evidently fitted up for a lady's boudoir. Her slightest taste had been remembered and gratified, even to the selection of a little antique vase filled with her favorite flowers. Here could she practise those accomplishments she so delighted in, as her chosen instruments awaited her touch; and the soft, shadowy light stealing in through the windows of stained glass, seemed to fall like a benediction upon those two beings, standing with clasped hands upon the threshold.

Touched by this evidence of her husband's love and care, Fanny threw her arms about his neck, and hiding her face in his bosom, wept for very happiness.

"I am blest," she murmured, "beyond my deserts. May I always render you as happy, as thus far you have rendered me."

"Perfect trust in one another, Fanny, is all that is necessary to ensure happiness to a married pair," said Col. Dale, drawing his young wife closer to him. "I have always observed that the first secret between man and wife was the door through which the serpent crept into their Eden. The most trivial confidences, seemingly of no importance whatever, are to matrimony what the hair-spring is to the watch. Unnoticed they do their important work, and keep the wheels of wedded love in order. I would say to you, as a mother might say to a child, listen to nothing, do nothing that you could not frankly inform me of. I will also bear in mind the lesson I would have you learn; but come, love, the carriage is waiting, and we shall be too late for our drive."

In that moment of early and earnest intercourse with his wife, when her heart was open to no handwriting but his, and its fresh leaves were laid beneath his touch, delicate and pure as the petals of a lily, did he remember that *he* had a secret already from his bride? That the low dark door, whose threshold she had crossed, shut her out from one place in his heart? Did he see no serpent's head rearing itself over that grave of the past, whose dead he had not buried out of his sight? Could he not have crushed that serpent's head beneath the heel of early confidence had he then chosen? Alas! the moment went by, and the low dark door of *what* he had named his bachelor's hall was not opened.

It was not strange, in the brief courtship and the hurried hours of preparation for marriage, that Fanny had heard nothing of Colonel Dale's early trials. It was a subject rarely touched upon now-a-days, and his friends were too happy to see him about to bury the old love under the new, to run the risk of reopening a dangerous wound by probing it with allusions to it. Fanny believed herself to be her husband's first love. It had always been a hope of her's to stand second to none in the affections of the man she might marry. All she had heard of the deeper depth of second love, had failed to convince her that it was a greater prize to win than a heart's first bloom. "First love," she often said, "must be a memory always, and a dangerous memory for a heart to cherish which had given itself in marriage." It was Fanny's weak point, this little matter, and as she had given to her husband the first love she had ever felt for man, so did she believe herself the winner of his. Had he told her all in that sweet day when he made her mistress of his home, her womanly sympathy would have overcome her womanly spirit of exaction, and she would have accepted the second love as a holy talisman with which to heal a fond heart bruised and wounded by the first.

"Oh stop, Harvey!" Fanny cried, as during their drive they reached a green and shadowy cemetery where the pale monuments reared themselves among the soft verdure, giving the whole the appearance of a vast park filled with graceful statuary, instead of that silent city where the loved and lost lie waiting for the final trump. "Let us go in a moment," she said. "I love to read the names on those white doors and muse upon the sleeping tenants of those narrow homes. I am just in the mood for it now—don't drive by."

"I have a horror of graveyards," Harvey answered, but drawing rein in obedience to the gentle hand upon his arm. "Tombstones are books I never like to read. They are family records which are only filled in the column devoted to death. Among all the cheerful scenes the world affords, it is a wonder to me how people can fancy such places as this for walking and musing."

"Come with me!" Fanny said, with playful authority, "or I shall believe you are afraid of ghosts."

Harvey sprang to her side, and they entered the gateway. They were soon forgetful of the graves among which they had walked, and had fallen into those low tones of tender converse the young and loving prize, when at a turn in the path Fanny uttered an exclamation and paused before a newly built tomb surmounted by a piece of exquisite statuary, representing a young girl stretched in an attitude of graceful repose upon a bed of lilies and roses—one hand supporting her head, the other grasping the stem of a flower she had fallen asleep in the act of plucking. The face was beautiful, and the whole figure was redolent of that charming grace which characterizes the human blossom refined and perfected by careful cultivation. "MADALINE LYLE," Fanny read from the inscription, then glancing at her husband's face started at its deadly paleness, the stony expression of the eye, the chill damp upon his forehead.

"What ails you, Harvey?" she cried, a keen pang shooting through her heart.

He did not answer for an instant, then with a shudder she did not fail to notice, strove to shake off his apathy, and answered in a voice, the husky emotion of which he could not conceal, "My mother's name was Madaline."

Fanny felt instinctively the deception of the answer. She glanced keenly at her husband, but his cheek had resumed its color, his lip its calmness.

"The monument is new, is it not?"

"I know nothing of its erection until we came upon it," he answered.

"It must be the same I heard Mrs. Latimer speaking of the other day, she said, 'the face and figure bore an exact resemblance to the original.'"

Harvey was silent. Too keenly had he felt that 'perfect resemblance,' and he could have cursed himself for its effect upon his heart, just plighted to another; even as he walked, he was praying that this cup might pass from him—that this shaft from the wing of the bygone might not wound again—that he might forever tear from his breast the memory of a passion he owned it a sin to cherish.

Oh! that fatal door of secrecy, of which he had so lately warned his wife! Why did he not open it to her now—implore her to shut out by her presence the head of that fatal serpent rearing itself on the very threshold of their love?

Their ride home was silent—one pained by a memory and one harassed with a doubt. As they paused at the gateway leading to their own grounds, they were attracted by the voice of one of those wandering preachers, who, belonging to a sect doubted and scorned by the good among men, still continue to win converts to their faith and swell their numbers as, like their brethren, the red men, they are driven and flee toward the setting sun. The young preacher was possessed of a thrilling voice, graceful gesticulation, and eyes of that peculiar magnetic black which one dislikes to encounter, but which, once met, fixes the gaze of the beholder. As Fanny turned, to better catch his tones, the orator's glance fell upon Col. Dale. A swift flush shot up in either cheek, his eyes lighted with a quick flame; then hastily announcing that he would preach again in the evening in the grove at the foot of the Clover Hill, he turned abruptly away, followed by a great portion of the crowd.

"Suppose we go and hear him," Col. Dale said, breaking the long silence. "It is amusing, sometimes, to hear the arguments of these men, and Clover Hill is but a step, as it were, from home."

"I would like it," Fanny replied, and after taking tea, they repaired to the spot.

It was with a strange eloquence the young preacher swayed the crowd, which from different motives had gathered to hear him; and he closed with a glowing picture of the land of peace from whence he came—of the cordial brotherhood and union of those who dwelt there—of its resemblance to that heaven where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage. Of the calm life of woman, yielding her heart singly to one other, and piously content to see that other's love shared with the many—going forth like sunbeams, not to shine upon one tiny violet, or to hide in the heart of one lily, but to revivify and bless and brighten all within its reach. How far better this than that fatal bond, went on that wily tongue, which deprives women of all freedom—deceiving her with vows of truth to her alone, which sooner or later she wakes to find are secretly but constantly broken, leaving her no redress, no balm of healing, no equivalent for the fires of jealousy such fuel kindles in a woman's breast, transferring her whole nature into one of doubt and distrust, and leaving her but a desolated temple burned down by the very lamp she placed upon its altar to illumine it.

"He is a dangerous man," Col. Dale said, as he proceeded homeward with his wife. "There are many simple hearts such a preacher might move to destruction. He has the gift of natural eloquence, without the softening touch of education. Words strung upon straws, instead of clear and capable judgment; but none the less calculated to pervert those who mistake words for thoughts. I shall take steps to have his preaching stopped in this district."

He did make the attempt; but there was foothold enough for one, the preacher said at his next meeting, who asked of man no builded chapels or carpeted aisles in which to explain the True Word. Like his people, he trusted to a mightier architect than man for shelter; and on every hill-top and every vale he found the trees bidding him trembling welcome to their shades, and the green turf bidding him with a thousand tongues to go forth into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature. "And to preach THE GOSPEL," he said, "just such temples as these did God erect—not hemmed in by walls or barred by doors, but open to every creature within hearing of the speaker's voice."

During his presence in the neighborhood Col. Dale was unexpectedly called away from home. He expected to be gone several weeks, and after reaching an adjacent town telegraphed home to have his case of pistols forwarded him at once, as he did not deem it safe to travel through that part of the country where lay his projected route, unarmed. "They are in my room," the dispatch said, "upon the table."

"My room," to Fanny, meant but one chamber, the threshold of which she never yet had crossed. Had the dispatch read *our* room, her hand had never touched the forbidden lock. As it was, eager to obey her husband's order, she flew up stairs, paused a moment at the little dark door, found it unlocked and entered. Instead of the confusion she had been led to anticipate, everything was in perfect order. All was plain, to be sure, as the furniture of a hermit's cell, and there was a an anchoritish air about it which struck one as the odor of sanctity. Fanny's foot *fell* lighter as she approached the table and opened what she supposed to be the case containing the pistols. Instead, it proved to be a small escritoire.

Her first glance fell on the miniature of a beautiful girl—far surpassing herself in loveliness—and which did not need the words in raised text on its frame to show it was Madeline Lyle—the same face which, devoid of color, slept on her marble bed in the cemetery. There was a tress of dark curling hair, a tiny gold ring, a withered rose, and numerous packets of letters. With these lay some lines in her husband's handwriting; dated, it was true, some months before his marriage with her, but breathing of devotion death could not quench, and of first love as the lamp which goeth not out by night or by day, but lights the mortal up to the homes of the immortal.

Dispatching a servant to look elsewhere for the pistols, she sat down and examined these trifles one by one. Then she rose and looked at the books. Volumes evidently every one of which had been read at the same time by two. The margins were filled with pencelings by her husband and by some other more delicate hand. Then comes a portfolio of drawings, each signed with the initials M. L.

"Here then does my husband come," thought Fanny, "shutting me out from his presence and his heart, while he yields himself up to that first love which, had I but known he had experienced, would have left him free from such an incumbrance as myself. Alas! that my first love went out to one who had already given his to another. Am I a wife, when I do not wholly possess my husband's affections?" Bitterly she wept. Then came fits of jealous anger, succeeded by a sense of having been deceived—of being a dupe to a man who, unable to give again any depth of affection, had craved for his selfish nature the sacrifice of another's. Every fit of abstraction, every moment of absence, was now accounted for; and, giving herself up to the demon of jealousy which was struggling to gain possession of her, Fanny went out through that door, and closed it upon the last moment of happiness, of home, of true womanhood she was ever to know again in this world.

CHAPTER III.

It was evening as Col. Dale rode slowly up the avenue toward his house. No lights shone in the windows—no gentle voice bade him welcome. The porter who opened the gate looked sadly at him, and the very flowers, with their closed petals, seemed to greet him with covered faces.

"What has happened?" he asked of one of the servants. "Where is your mistress?"

"She went away sir."

"Where?"

"There's a letter in the library—maybe that will tell sir—it came some days after she went away."

With the slow step of one who walks in the dark and dreads at every advancing pace to strike against some suspected object, Col. Dale took the lamp from his servant's hand and proceeded to the library alone.

There was a letter, but its superscription proved it was not from his wife—he did not open it, but went from room to room, searching for the expected missive. At last he stood at the door of his private cabinet. Slowly he crossed its threshold. In his absence he had not struggled in vain. He had torn out the old love root and branch from his soul, and had come home feeling he could look upon the marble face in the cemetery, the miniature in his escritoire without a pang. For the first time he felt he could clasp his wife to his heart—tell her all his sufferings and assure her she was now sole possessor of the truest and best love of his life, the love of his matured manhood. As he stood a moment in the door of the room where so many times he had indulged his memories and his griefs, his eye caught sight of a little note, sealed and folded on his table. "Ah!" he said, "she left it here, where I might find it among these bachelor comforts I used to extoll to her. She has no doubt wondered what could charm me in this barren chamber."

He lifted the note, sat down his lamp, and read:

"Harvey, you have never loved me. Why did you not tell me your heart, like the apple of Sodom, was but fair to the sight, ashes to the taste. I might have forgiven once, and still loved on; but—

'The grief that will not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break.'

The care with which you guarded your secret proves how precious it was to you. I cannot share your divided heart; cannot exchange my lavish love for the pittance you have to give in return. I feel that I am no longer your wife. Doubt has divorced us. I leave you forever. May you live to forget that the hand which pens these words, ever belonged to one, once all Your own."

Harvey sat a moment like one petrified; then with hasty hand he tore open the letter he had found in the library, which ran thus:

"Col. Dale may perhaps have forgotten the family who, as his tenants, during his absence in Europe some years since, suffered every indignity at the hands of his agent: and, after manifold trials, one member of which died in the poor-house. That disgrace, I swore over her dead body to avenge. Time had nearly thwarted me, but I have found satisfaction at last. I have prevented all concealment on your part of what I now disclose to you, by forwarding statements of the fact to the public journals. Your wife, through my persuasions, has joined the Mormons! When you receive this, she will be far beyond your pursuit.

BENJAMIN FISHER."

Only those who can appreciate such a nature as Harvey Dale's, can realize the weight of the blow he thus received. He could have better borne her death than this fearful shock to his faith in the purity of woman—this sense of his connection with one, who, in a moment of jealous frenzy, could thus sink herself in a life of infamy. Life had lost all the brightness it held for him a little while before; he could not go forth again to face a pitying world. His manhood was disgraced, his affections blighted, his heart broken.

"Do you hear nothing of Col. Dale yet," said the housekeeper to one of the under servants, as she glanced at the single cover on the once cheerful board, and readjusted the empty chair. "Go, there is no trace of him about the house?"

"Only," said the other, with a frightened voice and blanched cheek, "only a little pool of blood that trickles out from under the door of his cabinet, and Davis said he heard a pistol discharged in that very room ten minutes ago!"

LA PALLIDA.

Come, pale one! let my sheltering arm enfold thee,
Pillow thy gentle head upon my breast;
How often, dear one! have I fondly told thee
That here was rest?
How often, gazing through that sunny cloud
Of golden hair that floats across thy brow,
Have I low whispered—dreaming half aloud,
Up to this time my life has been a shroud:
'Tis bursting now!

Pale, paler than the vapors that ascend
In spirals round the mysteries of night;
Pale as that hue in which all colors blend
To form the white;
Pale as the cavern flowers that see no light,
Or cloistered nuns that ever earthward bend—
Thus does thy beauty gleam;
Thus dost thou ever seem
Like the sweet ghost of some voluptuous dream!

What shall I do to make those pale cheeks glow?
Say, shall I dip them in the urn of dawn,
Until that spectral pallor shall have gone,
And roses blow?
Shall it be so?
Ah, no! ah, no!
Who cares to paint the hawthorn's wreath with pink,
Or what dull fool would think
To sanguinate the snow?

They say that thou art dying;
They are fools!
I sicken at the scientific lying,
The half-asserting and the half-denying
Of men that frequent schools.
Love that is Life, to live requires no rules;
Itself it teaches and is self-supplying;
Then why discourse of dying?

My love shall trace round thee a ring enchanted,
A charmed hedge,
By angel-birds and spirit-blossoms haunted;
While, drinking his own breath,
The spectre Death,
Shall shiver baffled at the edge!

Then, pale one, let my longing arms enfold thee,
Sink like a falling blossom on my breast;
How often, dear one, have I fondly told thee
That here was rest!

The Prince of Wales in Halifax.

HALIFAX, July 13, 1860.—The Prince rode out in plain costume yesterday afternoon, and received a drenching before he returned, but he sat on his horse as coolly in the rain as at starting.

At half-past seven he dined at the Government House, with Lord Mulgrave, and a party of forty-six ladies and gentlemen.

This morning, at 11 o'clock, the Prince left the Government House in the uniform in which he landed, and, in company with all the members of his suite, rode to the Common to review the troops in the garrison and the volunteers. He was received on all sides with enthusiastic cheers from the immense concourse of people collected round the field.

The troops consisted of the Sixty-second and Sixty-third regiments, a company of engineers, and five volunteer companies of infantry and one of artillery.

When these had formed into line he rode past with his staff, and reviewed them admirably, receiving the most hearty cheers from the multitudes the whole way, which he acknowledged by repeatedly lifting his cocked hat and bowing.

He then returned to where the royal standard hung from a staff, and the troops filed past with beautiful precision.

He subsequently rode between the lines, appearing to enjoy the whole amazingly.

He was continually smiling and chatting with the officers near him, and he evidently likes being lionized.

At twenty minutes to 2 he left the field amid a salute from the volunteer artillery, which was the only firing that took place.

He next inspected the citadel, and returned to the Government House to luncheon, after which he returned to the Common to witness the rustic sports, which were composed of the following races:

1. Flat race, 500 yards, open to Nova Scotians only.
2. Flat race, 500 yards, open to all.
3. Flat race, 300 yards—boys not over 18 or under 16 years of age.
4. Hurdle race, 200 yards—eight hurdles, three feet six inches—open to all.
5. Champion race, open to winners of the above.
6. Running high jump.
7. Running wide jump.
8. Vaulting.
9. Running hop, skip and jump.
10. Climbing greased pole.
11. Sack races.
12. Putting shot twenty-four pounds, open to all.
13. Throwing sledge.
14. Rolls and treacle.
15. Wheelbarrow blindfold.

INDIAN SPORTS.

16. Flat race for Indians, 500 yards; the winner can also run in the champion race.
17. Bows and arrows.
18. Grand Indian war dance.
19. Greased pig race.

The Indians in their sports all wore their national costume, and attracted much attention. The tribe of Micmacs performed a war dance before him.

Seven thousand people were assembled around him at this time. He laughed heartily at the ludicrous games and scenes, and appeared very much interested in the foot racing.

He dined at half-past seven, with fifty guests, at the Government House.

The whole town and the fleet in the harbor are brilliantly illuminated. The weather last evening was very wet, and the illuminations in consequence were not general.

The ball in his honor at the Province Building is the grand event to-night, and three thousand guests are expected to be present. The ball and supper rooms are magnificent, and the lighting very brilliant.

Yesterday and to-day have been kept as general holidays, and no newspapers have been printed since Saturday.

The Prince arrived at the ball, accompanied by all the members of his suite and Lord Mulgrave, at a few minutes before 10 he appeared in his uniform, and looked remarkably well and good humored. He gave a reception to all present in the ball-room and they passed him in single file. He danced afterwards with Miss Young, niece of the Premier, and the daughter of Mr. Pitsbury, United States Consul. He is a capital waltzer and a very entertaining partner.

The ball is a great success, and Albert Edward is in his glory. He evidently likes being lionized, and is fond of gayety and excitement. It is amusing to observe the eyes of the ladies in the room and gallery watching his every movement and gesture, and casting envious glances at his fortunate partners. I heard more than one whisper, "What a beautiful dancer," as he glided in the waltz. He rests his partner frequently, and fills up the interval with cheerful conversation and remarks upon the company. His finest feature is his nose, which is becomingly prominent and nearly a Roman.

The weather is beautifully fine and all Halifax is one grand carnival.

THE EXCURSION OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—A dispatch of the 31st ult, from Cape May says:

The steamship Great Eastern arrived here at 8 o'clock this morning. She has 2087 passengers. One steamboat accompanied her to the bar last evening. She got over the bar safely at 12 minutes after 7 P. M., high tide, and had two feet to spare. She then started at full speed, the band playing.

At Sandy Hook the eighty ton anchor was secured with great difficulty, the loop of the cast block having broken. It was replaced, when the capstan was found to be too small for the cable, the slack of which was pulled out by the weight of the anchor. This jarred the bow of the vessel tremendously, a dozen times.

The sea was very smooth and light, and the vessel made a graceful roll of three degrees. Land was lost sight of at 8½ P. M. At this time the Highland lights were last seen, and there was a slight haze on the water, but a splendid moonlight overhead.

Among the passengers there was much grumbling, in consequence of the scarcity of water. This was caused by the cock of a compartment having been left open, flooding the ice-house and store-rooms. A considerable quantity of produce and provisions was injured by this disaster, and food consequently became scarce.

At night, five hundred persons slept on the deck, which was rendered very unpleasant by a thick rain of cinders. The accommodations were very meager. Not more than one hundred women were on board. On the voyage, water was sold at ten cents a glass.

An indignation meeting was held on board, and resolutions were passed censuring the Directors for the singular conduct of the officers toward the passengers.

The Great Eastern sails for New York at 6 o'clock to-night, and will reach there at 6 o'clock in the morning.

A gentleman met another in the street who was ill of consumption, and accosted him thus—"Ah! my friend, you walk exceedingly slow." "Yes," replied the sick man, "but I am *going very fast!*"

ALEXANDER II

—AND—

MARY OF HESSEN-DARMSTADT,

Emperor and Empress of Russia.

EXPOSÉ OF THE GENERAL POLICY OF THE EAST.

BY SEBASTIAN SEILER,

Late Editor of the German Daily Gazette, New Orleans.

CHAPTER X.

Alexander's Journey to Siberia—His Promises of Freedom to the Exiled—Their Disappointment—Entrusted with the Management of State Affairs—Birth of a Second Son—Alexander's Endeavors to obtain Popularity—Rebellion of the Students at Helsingfors—Alexander is Dispatched by the Emperor to quell the Disturbance—His Address to the Students—Restores Tranquility before his Return—His Visit to the Crimea—Created Knight of the Order of Vlademir—Ukase Proclaiming him the Emperor's Representative—Constantine's Anxiety to Supplant Alexander—Birth of a Third Son—Effect of the French Revolution of 1848 in Russia—Alexander's Recommendation of Non-Interference in the Western Struggles—He Advocates the Suppression of Hungarian Independence.

Future sovereigns require popularity; and Alexander having already shown great affability in traveling through Austria, Italy, Germany, the Lower Countries, and Great Britain; having, by repeated visits to Poland, even displayed some anxiety—in a pro-Russian sense—for the welfare of that unfortunate country, Nicholas thought it beneficial to the high position of his son that he should possess a perfect knowledge of the more remote parts of the Empire. He, therefore, directed Alexander's attention towards Siberia, and ordered him, in the year 1845, to visit that land of misery and despair.

The news of the crown-prince's arrival was received with raptures by the unfortunate political prisoners, whose numbers exceeded several thousands. Many of the victims, before their punishment, having witnessed repeated acts of generosity from Alexander, hailed his appearance as the conclusion of all their tortures and sufferings.

He entered into familiar conversation with many of whom he had previous knowledge, and assured them that his intercessions with the Emperor Nicholas should obtain their release.

But the promises of princes are not to be depended on, and Alexander on his return found his time occupied with matters of a more important and weighty nature.

On the 10th of March, 1845, the Grand Duchess Mary gave birth to another son, who was named Alexander Alexandrowitsch. This event tended still more to increase his affection for his wife. His popularity with the citizens of St. Petersburg also increased. He took every opportunity of making himself familiar with all classes, and repeatedly on his promenades, unattended by any followers, he made the acquaintance of the poor, presenting them with donations, or in other ways winning their adoration.

Public attention was at this time attracted to the University of Helsingfors in Finland. The Grand Duke Alexander, as Chancellor, did not give the students much uneasiness from his tutorial interference, but the Vice-Chancellor, the old general, who regarded them as nothing more than a regiment of soldiers, severely taxed their patience. They submitted to the rigorous discipline imposed upon them for some time with good grace, but as these measures increased, they secretly determined to revolt against their superior.

An opportunity soon offered itself for them to give expression publicly to their sentiments. At a customary entertainment given by the Vice-Chancellor to the principal inhabitants of Helsingfors, the students were invited to attend. But to the dismay of the ladies and the chagrin of the old General, not one of them made his appearance. The Vice-Chancellor, in a furious despatch which he forwarded that evening to St. Petersburg, represented this occurrence as an open act of rebellion, and desired instructions how to proceed. Nicholas at first thought of razing the University to the ground, but adopted the more moderate step of commissioning Alexander to personally assuage the outbreak. On his arrival he respectfully listened to all the complaints of the students, and after having admonished them for the course they had adopted instead of appealing to him for redress, he pardoned all and entertained them at a banquet.

Before his departure he still more severely censured the Vice-Chancellor, whom he desired for the future to adopt more liberal measures in the management of the Institution. Thus Alexander, in his partiality for the Fins, saved from destruction the oasis of their country.

The Emperor Nicholas highly approved of the pacific manner in which his son had arranged the differences at Helsingfors. It further convinced him that Alexander was possessed of that diplomatic tact in which he himself excelled.

On the 20th of September, 1845, the Emperor took with him his sons Alexander and Constantine on a tour of inspection to Odessa, whence they embarked for the Crimea, visiting Sebastopol and other important places.

In order that he might derive increased experience in the management of the Empire, he insisted on his presence at all the meetings of the Senate.

In January, 1846, he was created Knight of the order of Vlademir and by an ukase of September, 1847, the Emperor ordained that Alexander was on all occasions, in his absence, to act as his Representative.

Alexander, as he became more intimately acquainted with the intricacies and difficulties of ruling an Empire, on one occasion, in the presence of his younger brother Constantine, who always evinced a more warlike and despotic disposition, expressed his fears that, should he ever be called to the throne, his courage would not be sufficient to cope with all the responsibilities of his position. Constantine, who devoutly wished his brother would renounce his claims, assured him that "if he feared to encounter so heavy a task, he would willingly undertake his labors for him." This hope has always been fostered by the old Muscovite party, who found in Constantine a more ready medium for developing their tyrannical supremacy, and on the recent death of the Emperor Nicholas it was confidently expected that some demonstration would have been made to exclude Alexander from succeeding his father.

On the 22d of April, 1847, the Grand Duke Alexander was blessed with a third son, Vlademir Alexandrowitsch.

The news of the French revolution in February of the following year, which drove Louis Philippe from the throne of France, created great dismay in the minds of the Imperial family. Nicholas, always anxious to repress any revolutionary spirit, and more passionate than prudent, openly declared his intention of interfering in the Western struggles. But Alexander, retrospecting the disastrous and ineffectual wars against the first French revolution, counselled the Emperor, before risking the fate of his armies, to abide until the internal struggles of France had weakened her resources. Nicholas yielded to the advice of his son, who, from this, proved himself no unworthy disciple of the school of Nesselrode, his father's Prime Minister.

With equal shrewdness, he was instrumental in suppressing the Hungarian revolution of 1849, under Kossuth.

CHAPTER XI.

Birth of a Fourth Son—Alexander's want of Military Reputation—Is entrusted with an Expedition to the Caucasus—His Arrival at Pultava—Inspection of Sebastopol—Tiflis—His Demonstration of Filial Devotion—Flattering Letter from Nicholas on his Government of the Military Schools—Imaginary Bloodshed of the Mountaineers of the Caucasus—Official Report of General Woronzoff to the Emperor—Eulogistic Description of the Bravery of Alexander.

Alexis Alexandrowitsch, the fourth son of Alexander, was born on the 14th of January, 1850. Nothing now remained to complete the glory of the future Czar but a military prestige.

Extremely popular with the so-called German party, whose principles are of a peaceful nature, he at the same time was regarded with a great amount of prejudice by the old Muscovites, whose faith is entirely based upon the strength and importance of the army.

The jealousy existing between him and Constantine tended still more to increase their dislike. Anxious, by some display of military knowledge, to gain the esteem and favor of his opponents, he seized upon the continual insurrections of the mountaineers of the Caucasus against the Russian yoke, to furnish him with a pretext for carrying out his desires. And as military laurels are indispensable for a Russian sovereign, his father entered fully into his views, and gave him the command of an expedition for that purpose.

In the beginning of September, 1850, he departed from St. Petersburg; passed through Pultava, visited a second time Sebastopol, where he inspected the dock yards and fortifications, and then proceeded to the Trans-Caucasian provinces. On the 6th of October he arrived at Tiflis. There he met with a splendid reception, prepared for him by the Governor-General, Prince Woronzoff. Before entering the town, he profited by a previous incident to win the affections of the inhabitants in an ostentatious act of devotion. In the year 1837 the Emperor Nicholas, while traveling in this district, was thrown from his carriage, and narrowly escaped with his life. On the spot where the accident occurred a cross had been erected. When Alexander arrived at this monumental record, he alighted, and kneeling down before the cross, he prayed fervently. The people who witnessed his exhibition of filial affection and of religious sentiment, appeared highly impressed. At Tiflis he remained nine days, and then proceeded to Akhalzik and Erivan. Whilst staying at the latter place he was created by his father Colonel of the regiment of Erivan Carabineers. At the same time he received an autograph letter, in which Nicholas congratulated him for the solicitude he had shown towards the military schools confided to his care.

This letter, published in an ordre du jour of the Cesarewitsch, read thus:

"When, after the death of my much beloved brother, the Grand-Duke Michel Paulowitsch, of blessed memory, I confided to you the high direction of the military schools of the Empire, I was fully persuaded that you would follow the same rules of conduct which had been adopted by your predecessor and immortal relative. * * * You have fulfilled all my hopes. Having examined the reports concerning the state of the military schools in 1849, which you have addressed to me, I perceive with great pleasure that your efforts made with a view of educating the young in the military arts and sciences have been combined with the development of their minds and a sound knowledge of the principles of morality—inspiring them also with the sentiments of loyalty and honor, together with pure devotion for the throne of their fatherland. I thank your Imperial Highness for the paternal care you have taken in educating the youth confided to you in a Christian, and truly Russian spirit."

The further progress of Alexander in the Caucasus presents no features of interest. Every town and village through which he passed, received him with homage and enthusiasm. Unfortunately, he arrived with his army at a period of the season when the natives confine themselves to the mountains and their fortified places. And, as will be perceived from the following report of Prince Woronzoff, Governor-General of that district, the military rumor of the Grand-Duke was not of the most superlative degree.

"REPORT OF PRINCE WORONZOFF TO THE EMPEROR. Yesterday we left the fortress of Wasowithens Kaja, with an escort consisting of one regiment of light infantry, of six sotnias of Cossacks of the line, of one sotnia of Cossacks from the Danube, of 2 sotnias of Cossacks of the Don, of a numerous body of local militia, and of some Tchetshenzes.

"According to his custom, the Grand-Duke Heir rode on horseback at the head of the vanguard. When arriving between the rivers Roshnia and Valerisz, his Imperial Highness perceived a troop of mountaineers just before the chain of our skirmishers. He immediately rushed forward, followed by some staff officers and the body of Cossacks and militia. He approached so near the enemy that shots could be fired at him. They were soon put to flight and vigorously pursued by the Cossacks and Tchetschenzes. The chief of the mountaineers was killed before the eyes of his Imperial Highness. His body was left on the field, his Imperial Highness having taken possession of his military accoutrements. I must confess I felt great anxiety when I saw his Imperial Highness advancing so boldly beyond the chain of our skirmishers, far distancing his suite and galloping towards the enemy on a very spirited horse, with which I knew no other horse of the escort could keep pace. The fight occurred at the last moment of our journey, and it took me quite by surprise. Suffering from a violent attack of cold, I had just got into my private carriage. Hearing of the presence of the enemy, I remounted my horse quickly, but the affair had already terminated, and his Imperial Highness was returning with his escort. At his appearance my anxiety changed into a lively feeling of joy, because the Prince had been permitted to take part in an action, of small importance, it is true, but nevertheless a real action, of which the result was entirely to our advantage. The Prince had an opportunity of witnessing the intrepidity and valor not only of our own troops, but also of the Tchetschenzes, our devoted allies. What renders this affair still more important is, that besides the regular troops of the detachment, a numerous body of native militia, who a short time ago were fighting in the ranks of our adversaries, have been able to appreciate the warlike spirit by which the heir of the Russian throne is animated.

"This unexpected victory terminated the happy journey of His Imperial Highness in the Caucasus, a journey the memory of which will never be effaced from the hearts of the faithful subjects of your Majesty who inhabit these parts. Informing your Majesty of the courage displayed on this occasion by His Imperial Highness, I am bold enough to hope that your Majesty will not refuse to the army of the Caucasus in general, and to me in particular, the happiness of securing the "Order of the Brave," glittering on the breast of His Imperial Highness. Such a favor would only be justice. Therefore I beg your Majesty not to refuse my request. The St. George Cross of the fourth class will not only be a well merited reward of His Imperial Highness, but also a precious proof of your Majesty's approval of the services of the army of the Caucasus.

"(Signed) WORONZOFF.

"FORT ATSHIA, Nov. 81, 1850."

This report was published in the Gazette of St. Petersburg and the other Russian papers, and the Grand Duke Alexander received the Order of St. George.

[*To be Continued.*]

PRENTICIANA.—A Locofoco editor in Mississippi says that he has "no objection to a little mill with the Louisville Journal." In any such mill we shall be the miller, and he the grist.

A very old man died in Harding county last Thursday. Although a Locofoco almost to the last, he died a Christian.

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat whom he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to heaven, my son; I have been on the way there for eighteen years." "Well, good bye, old fellow, if you have been travelling toward heaven eighteen years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

"The animal with long ears, after having drunk," says an Italian proverb, "gives a kick to the bucket." Jack, the little Giant Killer, is no Jackass, but he certainly has given the Democratic bucket a kick, after having taken a tremendous swig.

He has kicked the Democratic bucket, and the prevailing opinion is that he kicked his own at the same time.

A Washington letter writer says that the editor of the President's Washington organ deserves a coat of tar and feathers. We hope his tar and feather coat, if he gets one, will stick to him. According to an old adage, he will, if well stuck to, be as good as the truth.

The Cincinnati Enquirer says that the Hon. John Stevenson crept through a gimlet-hole the other day. He must have had so much spare room in performing the operation that he was lucky in not losing his way.

A Breckinridge letter writer says pathetically that the place which now knows Mr. Buchanan will soon know him no more. We can't say whether his place knows him or not, but certainly he has never appeared to know his place.

A Virginia Locofoco editor complains that other editors, when they copy from his paper, don't credit it. He certainly should'nt expect anybody to have credulity enough to credit him.

"I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea!" roared a bad singer. "You're not," cried a musical punster in company, "you would be on the C if you sung in tune; but you're on the B flat, confound you!"

TRAVELING CORRESPONDENCE.

The Drought in Western Texas—Water and Corn Imported in Indianola—Stock Raising the Means of a Sure Independence—Wine from Texas Grapes—Improvements Visible Everywhere—Politics—Slavery Secession—The Camels, etc.

[Special to the New Orleans Crescent.]

INDIANOLA, TEXAS, July 28, 1860.

Mr. Editor—A trip from Indianola to Austin City, in the present condition of the country, is one of the most disagreeable, probably, which a Texan can be called upon to take. The whole face of the earth seems to be perishing for want of rain, and the entire people seem given over to the most gloomy anticipations. In Indianola the cisterns have given out long since, and now water is imported from New Orleans, or is hauled from springs at a great distance. A barrel of water for washing purposes, unfit to drink, is sold at fifty cents, and the article scarce at that. At the same time that water is being imported, so also is corn—an article which ought to be exported from this State. The stage company from Indianola into the interior bring their corn from New Orleans and send it up to their stables, either in the stage or on wagons. The United States is also largely engaged in importing corn for the Quarter-Master's and Cavalry Departments, and I suppose Uncle Sam now has 10,000 bushels of corn stored in Indianola.

Most of the rivers and all of the creeks have dried up, and only hold water here and there in stagnant pools. The prairies are cracked open in many places to the width of five inches and to the depth of three feet. The grass is withered and dry, and even oak trees have died under the fearful visitation of the drought. Cattle are dying for want of water in many parts of the State; and if there is no rain soon, the most overwhelming losses will overtake the stock raisers. The people do not seem to apprehend any such calamity, however, for by driving cattle into the river bottoms, water in sufficient quantities can be had, but the grass will be scarce. In many places, too, the farmers have commenced working wells that will furnish water for a long time.

However, in the midst of this general and apparent distress, the people seem as self-reliant and hopeful as ever. They contend that they are blessed with such a soil and such a country that they can afford to be visited with a drouth once in three years, and then raise enough to do them, more profusely than other sections can with annual crops. More than that, they say that farming is not the speciality of Western Texas, but stock raising, and so long as their cattle do not die, they still make more money and live easier than any other set of men in the world. With a start of five hundred dollars in Western Texas, a man who puts his money into cattle and attends to them properly, is bound to become independent in ten years, for, independent of expenses, the original investment will double itself annually; that is, in ten years the investment will pay all expenses and turn out five thousand dollars worth of cattle. This is a very moderate calculation, for the probabilities are that the stock will increase four fold.

An important element in the wealth of Texas is just now being developed in the manufacture of wine from the wild grape, commonly known as the "mustang grape." This fruit grows in the greatest abundance in all the valleys of Texas, and thousands of barrels of wine can be made annually if the experiments now making develop the fact that a good table wine can be made from the wild grape. The Germans, I believe, were the first to try the experiment, and many judges have pronounced the new article much superior to the best brands of claret now imported into the United States. As an evidence of the importance of this enterprise, it is stated that there are at least four millions of acres of this grape now growing wild in Texas, and the vines produce with a profusion altogether unknown to any other grape.

The prospects of Western Texas were never better in despite of all the discouragements of the two last years of dry weather, for improvements are being projected in all quarters where I have traveled. Austin, Gonzales, Victoria, Concrete, Lavaca, Indianola, and the entire country between is advancing slowly, it is true, but still advancing. The lines of railroad to connect the interior with the seaboard are creeping along with a healthy growth, and in time must make a complete change in the face of affairs. The iron horse is actively at work at Lavaca in the direction of Victoria, the grade is almost completed, and I hope before long to hear that the road is finished for thirty-five miles at least, to the pleasant little town of Victoria.

In political matters Texas does not seem to take any special interest. The general voice, wherever I have gone, has been in favor of Breckinridge and Lane, and I doubt if there is any other electoral ticket put upon the track. Gen. Hamilton is working away for Douglas, but he receives more compassion than support, as the people of Texas are bitterly opposed to all squatter sovereignty doctrines. In fact, I think, from what I heard among the general mass of people with whom I came in contact, that Texas will soon be committed to the doctrine of secession and the African slave trade. Many a man of quiet tongue and unobtrusive demeanor is working for the latter cause, and before the public is aware of the fact, cant and humbug will find themselves astonished at the sale of newly imported Africans on the auction stands of the Crescent City. No man of good sense who looks at the question of labor in its proper light can fail to perceive that the South is at present laboring under great disadvantages, owing to the want of help. We *must have it*, too, and there is no other place and way to procure it except through the slave trade. Sensible people are waking up, and in the contest between Houston and Runnels, Texas only rejected it, if she did at all, by about 8000 votes. In two more years the vote will be the other way in its majority.

Next to the negro comes the proposal for secession, and most Texans think we can get along quite as well outside as inside of the Union. We do not feel disposed to yield up our rights to Northern sentiment any further, considering first that the North is mixing herself up in what does not concern her; and secondly, that if any party must give way, it is better to make the meddler keep quiet than that white folks should be despoiled of their legal rights. In fact, we consider the North as an over-grown bully, and the best way to treat such people is to meet them at once and set a limit to their insolence. No man ever succeeded by compromising with a bully.

The camel fever seems to have died out, for I notice that the herd of camels which were imported for sale are all here, still undisposed of. They belong to a widow lady of this place, and are variously held at from $800 to $1300 apiece.

THE ESCAPE OF THE ROCHESTER REFUGE BOYS.—The facts of the flight of boys from the Western House of Refuge, as given by us yesterday, though hastily prepared, were substantially correct. The number escaping was 93, of which all but 11 had been returned before noon to-day.

The escape took place at about 12½ o'clock, when Mr. Wood, the Superintendent, was in this city. Mr. Fisher, the Deputy, was in charge. The alarm was given, and pursuit was made by the police of the city and others.

In a short time the boys began to be brought in, in parties of one, two and three, and before midnight 63 had been captured and returned to their old quarters. Since midnight, and up to this noon, 19 more had been returned, and there were then only 11 absent of the 93 who had escaped. This has been a fortunate recapture. The party who escaped were mostly of the smaller class of boys confined there.

Some were taken ten miles from the city, in Spencerport. Others were found in Chili, and five are known to be in a piece of woods in the latter town, from which they cannot easily escape, as the place is so closely watched.

The escape caused considerable talk, and very naturally leads to inquiry as to the cause of the frequent occurrences of this sort.

Rochester Union, July 26.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—*New York, August 2.*—A shocking accident occurred in Brooklyn yesterday morning. A young lady named Graham, residing in Lagnur street, was so shockingly burned, by her clothes taking fire from a match left carelessly on a stoop, from which she was observing the Great Eastern, that she died last night, after horrible suffering.

We heard of a man once who was so mean that he would, if it were possible to collect the amount, charge his stomach with storage for victuals he eat!

Pin money—the receipts of a bowling alley.