

Spanish Pictures.

While Juan sang, all round the tavern court gathered a constellation of black eyes. Fat Lola leaned upon the balcony. With arms that might have pilloved Hercules...

We see the company, above their heads. The braided hair and small Semitic nose. Stretched in a curve, a strip of grapes. Elsewhere rolled back to greet the color sky...

The daylight still, but now the golden cross. Uplifted by the angel on the dome. Stands rayless in calm color clear-defined.

Entombed within, feed fall the hardy flesh. Of cactus green and blue, broad-swarded aloes. The cyprus soaring black above the lines.

The winged life that pausing sees a gem. Cunningly carven on the dark-green leaf. The face of man with hues supremely blent.

A Royal Yacht.

DESCRIPTION OF THE YACHT ON WHICH THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES CROSSED TO IRELAND.

The Victoria and Albert is a singular specimen of the perfection of naval architecture and evidences the utmost taste in the construction of her interior.

Her majesty's yacht, the Victoria and Albert, was built at Portsmouth, from the designs of the surveyor of the navy, in the month of July, 1851.

The saloon or pavilion is lit, hung with fluted cream-colored chintz, and beautifully furnished. The carpeting with the richest Brussels crimson.

A pretty staircase, with the same carpeting, and painted in a similar style, leads from the pavilion to the royal cabin. The principal apartment at the stern of the vessel is named the breakfast-room.

The officers' ward-room is handsomely arranged, and accommodations are very fine. Going down the stairs to the lower deck, we come into the ladies' waiting, which can be reached by this passage.

The Victoria and Albert has on board one hundred and twenty officers and twenty officers' wives. She carries no guns except two small brass six-pounders, for ornament.

Written for the Sunday Crescent.

BARTRELLE.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Who's that that rings the bell? Diabolus, ho! The town will rise [Othello, Act II, Scene 3.]

It was late in the month of September—the night clear and beautiful—that wild rumors began to fly through the city, followed by the tolling of the alarm bells and a general consternation, which spread doubt and dismay on every hand.

In the meantime, the alarm perceivable in every countenance had penetrated to the remotest corners of the city. The windows of every house disclosed the pale, anxious visages of inmates under the influence of some prevailing dread.

The residence of Col. Taylor, like his neighbor's, had caught the general infection. The whole household were at the windows and doors. Laura, Zera, and the old colonel, now released from confinement and restored to his family, occupied the flight of marble steps which ascended to the front door of the mansion.

"My friend," said Col. Taylor, addressing an eager citizen hurrying by, "what is the occasion of this alarm?"

"Lexington has fallen!" was the reply. "What! capitulated?"

"Yes. All the garrison are prisoners!" "Is it possible! When did this occur?"

"Yesterday. They are now receiving the dispatches."

"Quick, Laura, run and tell the coachman to bring around the carriage! I'll go down and hear all about it."

"Let us go with you, father. We can remain in the carriage."

"Well, run and tell the coachman, and then get on your things; but do not keep me waiting."

By the time the carriage was brought around to the door the ladies were ready, and hastily taking their seats, they were driven to the Planters', the nearest telegraph station. Here the street was blocked from Chestnut to Pine with a dense throng of expectant people.

The low inquiry, "What is it?" And the not less low rejoinder: "Lexington has fallen!"

Suddenly, in front of the hotel, a man appears with a long paper in his hand. It is a transcript of the dispatches! Like the ocean when its waves break and dash upon the sands, the dense throng swayed and wavered towards the man who read.

But we all know what followed—the siege—the capture. And now the crowd began to grow less. One by one the dense mass began to disperse. No shout broke upon the air—no signs of rejoicing; it would have been dangerous!

"Let us go home, father, I am sick at heart," and the pale face of the young girl was raised piteously to her father.

"As you please, my child!" and orders were given to return to their home.

"Oh! what if he should be among the slain—what, if even now he were dying?" sighed Laura, as the splendid horses whirled the luxurious carriage on its way.

"What does your own religion teach you, my child?"

"Free agency, and—Fate!"

"And mine—Faith!"

"Well! my friend, it matters not what form of worship we pursue so that it teaches us brotherhood and human kindness," said Zera, laughing.

"No, my child," the old colonel replied, true charity and love are the mainspring of religion; but we will say no more on this theme lest we each try to proselyte the other—and then we might grow too earnest in our arguments and too fierce in our zeal."

"I know it father. It is for them I weep, whoever they may be."

"Why is it, Col. Taylor," inquired Zera, "that in civil war so little magnanimity is shown? It is rarely that you hear one side speak in any other terms than those of reproach of the other."

of their antagonists. It is wrong, but it is the way of the world. In the battle which has just been fought, the contestants have been mainly Missourians. I have many friends on both sides—men of high honor and stern integrity, whose positions have been taken by the force of conviction honestly entertained.

"I should love to know the man," said Zera, with a sigh of regret. Everything generous and noble appealed to the heart of the young girl with quick vital sympathy.

"I wish you did, my dear; there breathes no truer gentleman," and the old colonel fell back in his seat and surrendered his mind to thoughts of friends and country.

To a mind like his, this civil war was full of gravest apprehensions. No matter which side triumphed, the seeds of death were sown over the land; and it might, nay would, so he thought, wipe from the face of the continent the heritage of unrestricted liberty that the revolution gave us.

While indulging in these reflections, the carriage reached the door. Dismissing the domestics, who had crowded around them for news, with the intelligence that nothing definite was known as yet, they entered the house.

"Everything seems to be going in favor of the Confederates, colonel; don't you think so?" Zera ventured to inquire.

"Yes, my dear, it looks so now. They are fighting gallantly for their independence. I wish they may get it."

"And don't you think they will?"

"It is difficult to tell. The war is assuming proportions now which no one ever dreamed it could possibly attain when it commenced. It is difficult to speak confidently of the result until this campaign is over and that of next year has commenced."

"And even then it may be doubtful."

"Certainly! no one can tell with any degree of assurance; these things are wisely hid in futurity; man, in his puny strength, cannot penetrate or overrule the designs of the Creator! God works these things out. His ends are not infrequently accomplished through the passions and struggles of His creatures. It is true that in such contests as that which now desolates our country, we all have our preferences—this side or that we pray may be triumphant—this is human nature, and it is right, but God alone turns the scales, as He rules the destinies of nations."

"But do you believe that God does turn the scales in favor of one or the other side?"

"Assuredly, my child!"

"Then, why does He not indicate His will before so much desolation is wrought?"

"That we cannot tell; we must rest satisfied in the assurance that He doeth all things well; and that He has some wise purpose to accomplish in every event that affects our lives. He will manifest His pleasure at the proper time."

"What teaches you this, Colonel Taylor—science, faith, religion or what?"

"All of these combined, my child, teach obedience to God's law and trust in His purposes; but there is another principle that influences my faith in this doctrine, and above these, or rather which, by the aid of natural science, enables me to place my trust in this belief."

"And that is—?"

"Reason! The sense of a first cause, and a process of natural ratiocination."

"I believe I understand you; and yet I cannot conceive how, unaided by what you term revelation, you can acquire sufficient premises to base your reasoning upon."

"It is not difficult, my child; but your religion and mine are different. You believe in a first cause; so do I; but here the Calvinistic and the Magian theory widely diverge. The doctrine of Zoroaster finds in the subtleties of our weak and crooked understanding avenues which please the fancy and impose awe; but his hieroglyphical imagery—even his sacred fire, which you worship as the symbol of the creator, to my mind, furnishes no example of that broad Christian principle which to be right must be reasonable. God has given us understandings, and aside from revelation, we ought to be able to trace the footprints of the Deity. In our religion I think we can. I believe we can discover by reason only that He controls all things for good. He leaves to His finite subjects free-will and free-agency; but He so shapes the affairs of men that good will come of them."

"If I could only believe so, sir, I should be much happier; but when you tell me that a Good Being controls human events, and I see the worse triumphant evil prevailing our righteousness, what am I to think?"

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