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SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 28, 1868.

To the Sengerfest at Chicago.

The following is a translation of a poem, delivered by Mr. Emil Hoechster, at Turner Hall, before the torchlight procession, from the pen of one of the most able German poets now living, Mr. Emil Ritterhaus, who resides somewhere on the Rhine, at Coblenz, we believe, and who, when in this country, some years ago, was a contributor to the Deutsch-Amerikanische Monatshette (German-American Monthly Magazine,) edited and published by Mr. Caspar Butz, of Chicago:

Far o'er the sea I send my song,
Far o'er the sea my greeting words,
For the Sengerbund on the shore of the lake
The greeting from the bank of the Rhine.
The goblet's filled with the juice of the grape
That ripened here in the sun's warm ray,
And above me high in the azure sky
The lark is warbling its festive song.
The cuckoo cries; and from the bush
The wild rose sends its fragrance sweet,
And all is festive; all is gay,
Where e'er I send my wondering eye.
Like polished silver shines the stream,
The waves are murmuring soft and sweet,
As if they would the chorus sing
To the song of the beautiful singer's queen.
Here all is joy; and yet to-day
Aspiration spreads its wings.
Mine eyes are following yonder cloud,
Which swiftly glides toward the west.
Thy wings, oh Lark, that I could fly
Where all my heart is sure to be,
Where singers with the singers join,
The German with his countrymen.
There he would greet with rousing cheer
The singers in fair freedom's land,
And kiss each lip that sings a song,
And press each powerful sinewed hand—
The hands that grasped the glistening sword,
When liberty to battle called,
And with their blood have stamped the mark
Of noble thoughts upon their deeds.
These I would press, and say to you:
We, on the banks of Father Rhine,
And you, in free America—
Our hearts, our thoughts, our souls are one!
We all are one—and all of us,
That battle for the people's rights
Born on the old beloved soil,
The children of one mother all—
We all, who feel that in our veins
The German blood is pulsing high—
We all who in one language sing
Our nation's sweet and swelling songs,
With joyful pride we call ourselves
The faithful sons of Germany!
So would I speak to you to-day,
And, standing in your joyous throng,
Would hear how lively, clear and gay
My brethren sing the German song!
The German song! It swells to heaven,
Where proud the starry banner waves!
Alas! that to the spot is chained
The poet who for living craves!
He cannot stand amidst the feast,
Cannot the friendly faces greet.
So from the banks of Father Rhine,
Fly o'er the sea, my winged steed!

* * * * * * *

Hail to you all, who nurse and cheer
Far in the West the German song.
The German song! Can words convey
The deepest meaning of the thought?
We heard it at our cradle first,
When twilight soft was drawing nigh,
And when our mother's soothing voice
Did sweetly sing the lullaby.
It cheered our boyhood's lively years,
It strengthened all the joyous moods,
When we were strolling through the vale,
Or rambling through the May-green woods.
And from the deepest heart it rose,
And spoke of pain, and spoke of joys,
Where brightly burned love's purest flame.
And when we looked into *her* eyes,
And when we mourned a bitter loss,
Felt pangs of grief and sheer dismay,
We cheered us with a merry song,
And lo! we sung the grief away!
The German song! it will inspire
The warrior to his dying breath;
It calls him ever to his flag,
Calls him to liberty or death.
That is the spirit which it owns,
The spirit which is ever free.
And what thou art, America,
This spirit gave it unto thee!
Aye, he with all his mighty power,
With strong and never faltering hand,
Unrolled your starry spangled flag,
And led to victory your land.
These stars are his—kissed by the breeze,
The morning-stars of brighter days,
When on a world forever free,
The sun will shine its golden rays.

* * * * * * * * *

Who loveth not the dear old spot,
Where he hath dreamt the childhood's dream?
Where he was nursed by tender care,
Warmed by the sunlight's golden beam?
Who does not love the old oak tree
And passing, breaks a holy leaf,
Because he sat in times gone by
There with his love and knew no grief?
Who passes not the churchyard's walls
Wherein they dug the father's grave?
The hut, wherein our mother lived,
For that dear cot who does not crave?
O God! the poorest, littliest thing
Of childhood is a piece of heart,
And it would grieve us evermore
If with remembrance we must part,
What we have cheered and known so well,
A toy, a plaything of some kind,
It speaks to us of youth and home,
And deeply moves the inner mind.
And yet I tell you, here or there,
Where'er you go, and whence you come,
Not on the spot, not on the soil—
Deep in the heart, there is your home!
The mother tongue, oh! keep it well.
With tender care be on your guard.
It is the mother, who will cling
Fast to the heart, the German heart!
Woe! if the child his mother leaves,
And seeks a strange, unloving wife,
The guide is lost; the heart is lost—
He leads a miserable life.
A menial is he in the house,
Not honored as a scion there—
A hireling, whom the stranger sneers
And laughs at, always, everywhere!
And if you hear a swelling tune,
A soul-aspiring, mighty song,
You hear the powerful German words
And the melodious German tongue.
The German tongue! That always spoke
For people's liberty and right,
That called to battle nations in
The middle-age's darkest night!
That raised the armies to combat
Against the priests and tyrants bold,
When from the Wartburg Luther's word
Was hurled down like a thunderbolt!
Be faithful to that mother-tongue,
Be faithful even till you die,
It strengthens us, it makes us one,
Unites by an unyielding tie.
Be faithful to that mother-tongue.
Guard it with all your heart and hand,
And where you speak it, you're at home,
And there you have a fatherland!
These are my words! I say to you,
The German poet far apart,
Hail to each truly German soul,
Curse him who leaves his mother's heart!
Far o'er the sea I send my song,
Far o'er the sea my greeting word—
The richest blessing to your feast,
A blessing for each singing bard!
My hand shall press each brother's hand,
My lip salute each brother fond.
Though far away, there beats with you
My heart! oh! German Sengerbund!

MEETING OF ENGLISH LIBERALS.—A meeting was called by the Liberals in London on the 22d, at Guild Hall, to consider the Irish and church question. The hall was crowded. The lord mayor presided, but it soon became evident that a majority of those present were Tories. As soon as the proceedings commenced a great disturbance was created, and mingled cheers and hisses rendered the voices of the speakers on the platform inaudible to all except the reporters. Mr. Lubbeck offered resolutions declaring that the Irish church should cease to exist, and opposing any amendment of the suspensory bill now pending before the House of Lords. A general uproar followed the reading of the resolution. Fights took place in various parts of the hall and the disturbance threatened to become serious. At this juncture the lord mayor retired from the chair, and, with a number of other gentlemen who were on the platform, left the hall. The Tories then rushed upon the platform and held it for a short time. They addressed the audience in an excited manner, declaring that the bulk of the English people were opposed to the suspensory bill. After comparative quiet had been restored, speeches were made in support of the bill by A. W. Crawford, M. P., Mr. Goschen, M. P., William Lawrence, M. P., and Mr. Harcourt. They were repeatedly interrupted, and were unable to proceed with the reading of other resolutions. The meeting ended in disorder, without taking any vote on the resolutions.

Written for the Sunday Crescent.

BARTRELLE.

CHAPTER XXVI—CONTINUED.

On the last day of the fight, Warren Hayes was struck by a musket ball in the hip while making a charge. The wound was inevitably mortal—amputation could not save him. In his own words, as Richard Bartrelle raised him from the ground, "I am shot all to pieces." It was true! Death had clutched its victim. Tenderly raising his fallen enemy from the field, he had him removed to the quarters he now occupied, and from that hour forth he had tended him with unwearied assiduity. He saw that the wound was mortal—no power on earth could save him; and the brave heart in his bosom prompted him by every means in his power to ease his sufferings. Had it been otherwise, Bartrelle would not have so readily ministered to his fallen foe. But the ghastly spectacle of that crushed and writhing form drove from his breast the hostility which until now he had cherished with vindictive animosity.

He had telegraphed his father of his son's condition, and until he should arrive he determined to devote himself to his care with unremitting attention. At first young Hayes received these attentions with suspicion and distrust; but when he saw how earnest, watchful and tender Bartrelle was, his conscience was smitten, and lifting his eyes to the face of his nurse, he said:

"Bartrelle, I have been your bitter and unrelenting enemy, but magnanimity such as this I never dreamed of; my heart is too heavy for words—forgive me! It is the first time Warren Hayes ever said as much; but, God knows, I wish what is past was undone."

"Don't think of it now, Warren—let it go."

"But you forgive me? say that you do."

"I do sincerely—against you now I entertain no enmity whatever—nothing but kindness!"

"I thank you, Dick; lay my evil deeds up against me no longer; think only of our boyhood—we were friends then; God knows, I wish we had always remained so; but it was fated not to be; had it been, I would not now be tortured by remorse!" came feebly from the pallid lips.

"Think no more of it, Warren—do not let it give you any more trouble. I do not think of it at all."

"You are very kind to me, Dick—more than kind, but I cannot so easily forgive myself."

"Again, let me entreat you, Warren, to let all that pass. You are in no condition to discuss these matters now. I have said that I forgive any injury you may have ever done me or mine, and I mean it fully; so do not discompose yourself any further about it. Now let me apply this cloth to your wound," and Bartrelle adjusted the cooling cloth to the shattered hip. As he spoke to Hayes, a mild, clear light shone from his eyes—the light of peace—and when he addressed him, it was with a softened tone, and his voice vibrated with a strange tenderness hitherto unknown to that fierce, intractible nature.

But for Warren Hayes, he could not be quiet. The awful sense of approaching death was upon him. The heart-rending pang which accompanied the thought that this world was no more for him—that he was leaving it with all his sins upon his head, was more than he could endure in silence. Now that this overwhelming sense of mortality was upon him, he felt that he must be at peace with the world before he died, or his accusing conscience would proclaim his misdeeds at the throne on high. For the time then, and under the pressure of the terrible chill that was freezing all his faculties, he felt that he could better trust in man's forgiveness than in that of his offended maker. Poor man, his sins were great, and his awful destiny new to his thoughts. Brave at the sight of physical danger, he trembled now—trembled as his feet trod the crumbling brink of the great river, and its chilling waves dashed beneath him.

Thus the days and nights passed on until the evening when we introduced them to our reader. The greatest anxiety of the dying man was the fear that he would not be able to see his father and obtain his blessing. Now, when the world was fading from around him he knew his worth. He did honor to his kingly nature, and that wayward heart was stirred by memories that swelled it almost to bursting—memories that swept down the aisle of time, picturing his youth, his boyhood, and the bright promise that ushered in his man's estate; but bringing with them the accusing wail of hopes unfulfilled and opportunities forever wrecked.

"It is almost time they were here, if they are coming, don't you think so, Dick?"

"Be patient, yet a little while, Warren, they will come!"

"Oh! I hope so, Dick, I hope so!" and the feeble voice had a plaintive thrill that made the heart of his companion stir with emotions kinder and more thrilling than any he had yet experienced. For it could not be surprising, that, although he had forgiven him the injuries he had inflicted, he might not fully sympathize in his sufferings. But his heart would have been adamant to have withstood that sorrowful cry. He bent above him then, with a new light in his eye, and a softened tenderness in his touch, as he smoothed back from the temples the damp and matted clusters of hair.

His face had grown very thin, but it still retained the same proud contour of features, the same winning charm of look that had made Warren Hayes, in the days of his strength and vigor, so charming a companion, so much a favorite in society.

"Oh! if he would come, if he would come!" the pale lips repeated, in a constant murmur of distress. So it had been all day long. Every time the door opened, at the sound of every footfall in the hall, the clear hazle eyes, now remarkably bright and shining, would turn in eager expectancy to be veiled by the drooping lids in sad disappointment when he met not the face he sought—and the lips would tremble and the eyes be heavy with unshed tears as his head sunk back on the pillow.

"It is time—it is time," he murmured.

But hark! The sound of approaching wheels comes in through the window. It may be them! Yes, the carriage stops at the gate! Bartrelle hurries from the room with a light, noiseless tread. He does not know that it is the eagerly expected, long waited for, father; and it is best not to awaken hopes that may be disappointed. In the hall he meets his host!

"Captain Bartelle, two gentlemen and a lady are inquiring for you at the gate."

Bartrelle hurries out to meet his uncle, Maj. Hayes and Mildred.

"Thank God," he said, as he shook each by the hand, "you have come at last!"

"But Warren, my brother?" eagerly inquired Mildred.

"My son—how is he?" echoed the old man.

"He lives," replied Bartrelle; "but, I grieve to say, is sinking rapidly. His impatience to see his father, for whom he is constantly inquiring, is wearing upon him. I am so glad you have come. Come into the house, while I go and acquaint him with your arrival. It is best that he see you at once," said Bartelle, leading the way into the house.

"But is there no hope?" faltered Mildred.

"Bartrelle looked as if he was receiving his death sentence. How could he tell that fair young sister that her brother's hours were numbered? But it must be done. With a face as white as marble, and eagerly questioning eyes that looked as if they would penetrate his soul, she awaited his answer. Her father, too, had stopped, and with suspended breath, as we have seen those look who were watching for the first clod to fall upon the coffin, listened for the reply.

"There is none," fell in low, tremulous accents upon their ears.

"Oh, my poor brother—oh, Warren, Warren, must you die?" wailed the poor girl, as the heavy sobs shook her frame. Mute, as if stricken with palsy, stood her father; his frame was motionless, and his eyes glared out from immovable lids like those of a statue, so instantly had his hard features and strong limbs been arrested into rigidity by the doom which had overtaken his first born—his only son. And in the next second he would have fallen but for the outstretched arms of Col. Taylor, who caught him and supported him on his feet.

"God help thee, old friend—but look up, be a man!"

"Ah! old comrade," he said with a wintry smile, "it is a time like this that tells us we *are* men."

"But for Warren's sake compose yourself—you have not seen him yet," urged his friend.

"True, I have not; go on Dick, and let him know that we have come, and I will put constraint upon my feelings."

"You must try to do so, sir, for it will not do to agitate him—he could not survive it an hour." and Bartrelle re-entered the room, where the dying man, his attention attracted by the murmur of voices in the hall, was waiting impatiently for his appearance. The fever of momentary excitement had given to his exhausted frame some little strength, and with his head slightly elevated by the pressure of his elbow on the couch, he was expecting every moment to see his father enter. It was with a cry of disappointment, therefore, that he saw Bartrelle enter alone.

"They haven't come, Dick, they haven't come! and I was so sure I heard them in the hall."

"Be quiet, Warren! yes, they have come; your father and sister are here—and if you will promise not to grow excited, I will bring them in at once; but only on your promise of perfect composure!"

"Yes, yes, Dick, I promise—father and sister, too—I am so glad, so glad!"

Bartrelle stepped to the door, and waving back his uncle so that the sight of him just now might not disturb the wounded man, led the father and sister into the presence of their son and brother. Not a word was said by either as they stood silently around the bed, and each grasping a wan attenuated hand, gazed into the face on which death had put his signet.

His father's hand was smoothing the damp locks back from his brow—his sister stooped and pressed a burning kiss on his lips; and from every eye save the wounded man's, the tears fell fast and blendingly.

"Father, father, forgive your boy—bless him, he is dying—let him hear his father say forgive!"

"God knows I do, my son! my Warren!"

"And you, too, sister; you, too?"

"Oh! brother, brother, my heart will break!" and wrapping her arms around her brother's neck, she cried with passionate abandonment of grief.

"Dear Milly—little sister, don't cry so—it is not much—not hard! not hard to die now;" but still the tears fell faster, and the passionate sobs grew louder. "My pet—dear Milly, do not cry—do not cry?" said the dying man in a voice so plaintive, sad and sorrowful, that they hushed their very breath who heard its anguished cadence.

Stooping down, Bartrelle unlocked the clinging arms and raised the distracted sister. She had lost all control of herself—her self-possession and composure were utterly gone.

"Milly, for your brother's sake be composed, this excitement is killing him," whispered Bartrelle as he lifted her from the bed; and Milly, forcing back her tears, struggled hard for composure.

"Our old friend, Colonel Taylor, has come to see you, too, Warren!" said his father, "don't you want to see him?"

"Yes, yes, I should like to!"

And Bartrelle led his uncle forward into the light.

"How are you, my boy? I am sorry to see you thus," said the old man, bending above the bed to catch the low words of the dying man.

"You are very kind to come and see me, colonel, but I haven't deserved it!"

"Say no more about that, my boy—don't think of it."

"And Dick has been like a brother to me—more devoted in his invariable kindness and attention than any brother could have been, he has never left me night or day. You can't conceive, father, how tender, how unremitting his care for me has been. If I should not get well, you will never forget Dick, will you, father? We had some unkindness once, but I was the cause; but he wiped it all from his memory and has been to me in my extremity all that the dearest on earth could have been. And now, father—"

"Come Warren, you must talk no more. I will drive them all from the room if you don't lie silent," and Bartrell pretended he was very stern as he tried to enforce the quiet he saw was necessary to his patient's life. But it was no use. He would talk—would make his sister and father sit by him that he might caress their hands and see their faces, whilst he uttered all the time his sorrow for past misdeeds, and his wish to live that he might in some measure atone for them. His voice had grown weaker as the night drew on, and when day-light flashed through the curtains into the darkened room it had sunk to a whisper.

Nor was this all. The few hours preceding the dawn had wrought a great change in his appearance. The pinched and drawn features showed that the hour so long delayed had arrived at last. The messenger was even now upon the threshold, ready to bear away the spirit that had struggled so fiercely in its tenement of clay.

The words that he now addressed to his weeping friends were so low and broken that they could scarcely learn their meaning. But they bent their heads down close to the chilling lips, to catch the flutter of the last sigh and low-breathed aspiration. In this last hour his brilliant eyes retained their animation and spirit until the lifeless lids sunk above them. On his sister's face they lingered longest, forcing her eyes to meet his own by that strange magnetic emotion which the dying ever have over the living. O! what a world of passionate regret that last look contained! But the chilling waves of the invisible were slowly rising around him—a shudder crept through his frame—the eyes suddenly lost their look of intelligence—a scarce perceptible moan from the stiffened lips, and Warren Hayes was dead!

Of the father's grief, of the young sister's despair, we may not tell! Let time, the great medicine in affliction, mitigate their woe—man may not rend the vail which shadows the grief-stricken heart, and expose its misery!

CHAPTER XXIX—CONCLUSION.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me;
Though woman, thou didst not forsake.
[Byron.

The end of our narration now carries us forward to a period several years later than the events last recorded. During the time we pass over, the war assumed grander proportions, and finally grew to such dimensions that the area of nearly eleven States became the theater of its actual extent. The whole continent became the interested participants in a conflict which had exhibited hostile armies and fleets and navies, guided and controlled by a consummate strategy, upon a scale so gigantic that the history of the world cannot find its parallel.

But now this stupendous struggle was drawing to a close—not in consequence of diminished numbers of combattants—not because the theater of hostilities had become more contracted, or the courage of the opposing sections less intense; but because the exhausted land had lifted up its voice and cried for peace.

Richmond had fallen! The stronghold of the South had been captured. The armies of Northern Virginia and the Mississippi had surrendered; the question of Southern independence had been decided; and the decision was irrevocable. The triumph of the North was no longer questionable, but a fact determined. Henceforth the Union was inseparable.

And now those who had been so long separated from their homes and families was being again reunited. One by one the volunteers returned. Night after night some family circle was made glad—the vacant chair was filled.

Around the family hearth, at our old friend Col. Taylor's, the group was complete. And old friends had gathered in to welcome the wanderer back—the fine old drawing-room was full of genial warm-hearted men and women. They had come to hear the story of his battles from his own lips, and express the sympathy each one felt in the disappointment which had made all his sufferings *nought!*

Here, too, was our old friend Major Hartwell, come to greet the friends he had not seen for years.

"Is it not time that Zera were here, Richard? She said she would come," said Laura Taylor to her cousin.

"Yes, she ought to be here by this time!" he replied.

"And who is this mythical person whom you call Zera, and about whom I have heard Laura speak so much during the last four years?" inquired old Major Hayes, who sat close enough to Laura and Bartrelle to hear the question and reply.

This abrupt inquiry centered all eyes upon Laura, and, coloring with embarrassment, she hardly knew what to say; but her father came to her relief.

"I will answer that question, my child, and—"

"No, do not, I pray you, if, as I suppose, you have some reason for preferring to keep the matter to yourselves," hastily rejoined the old gentleman. "My question was certainly very impertinent. Pray, forgive me." And he seemed greatly embarrassed that he should have committed so great an impropriety.

"Not so," said Col. Taylor; "the explanation ought to be made, and to this group of friends I would certainly prefer to make it. Here are those who have known me for a lifetime, and others whom I have known since their infancy; there are none here but friends—and no more fitting opportunity could be had." As the old colonel made this preface, surprise, astonishment and curiosity were visible on every face in the crowded room; but the company were too polite to make any observations. "My friends," he continued, "some of you will remember my brother-in-law, Richard's father. He was a man of strange and wayward destiny, of brilliant intellect, but of tastes too indolent to direct his mind to the accomplishment of any great purpose in life. He married my only sister; but in less than two years afterward she died, leaving an only child, Richard, whom she intrusted to the care of my wife, then living. After the death of his wife Mr. Bartrelle seemed utterly tired of life; he lost interest in everything, and wandered about from place to place in an aimless and dissatisfied way, which finally awakened the serious apprehensions of his friends for the safety of his reason. Physicians advised foreign travel; and at last we persuaded him to visit the Old World, and spend a few years in visiting the most remarkable points of interest on the Continent. For the first two years of his absence he kept us well advised of his movements. At that time—the time he wrote to us last—he was in Yezd, an ancient city in the interior of Persia, and, what was surprising to us, he had been there for over a year—never leaving it—never satisfying our curiosity as to the cause of his remaining in one place so long; and then, suddenly, his correspondence ceased altogether. Conjecture, hope, finally died in our minds, and we gave him up for dead. But our most direful forebodings never pictured to us a destiny as horrible as that which he really met. Seven years ago we ascertained his fate. Richard, who was then traveling in Persia, visited in his wanderings the city from whence his father was last heard from. The day of his arrival was the annual fast for the death of the Emir Al Raschid, satrap of Yezd, and also of the induction of his grandchild, a daughter and princess of his line, into the sovereignty of his province. Attracted by the magnificence of the celebration and the singular display of Eastern grandeur, Richard visited the palace, which formed a scene of such oriental splendor as the inhabitant of our western hemisphere could never imagine. Of course, on an occasion of this sort, it was necessary to first obtain the good offices of some person high in power before admission could be gained to the sacred precincts of an emir's palace. Richard was fortunate in this, since the kindness of a distinguished French savant, a resident there, supplied him with an introduction, which was all sufficient.

"He was presented to the princess and his surprise was most intense when he discovered that she spoke the English tongue almost as fluently as he did himself; but when his name was mentioned in her presence she testified the most profound emotion, and reeled and would have fallen but for the intercession of her attendants. Her face had suddenly grown as pale as the dead, and her agitation was singular and profound. The most intense emotion had taken possession of her faculties, and destroyed for the moment her ability to speak. But when she did obtain a sufficient degree of self-possession, she ordered the young stranger to be shown at once to a room in the palace less exposed to observation. When Richard reached this apartment the young princess was already there. Waving away her attendants she questioned him of his name and birth-place, and learned from him all he knew of his father's history. When he had finished all he knew of his own and his father's life, she placed in his hands a package in his father's hand-writing, which disclosed his fate.

"I have not time to enter into the details of this history. Suffice it for my present purpose, to say, that it informed his relatives that he had wedded secretly the daughter of the reigning emir, a lovely, beautiful girl, who, on seeing the young American, had loved him, and despite the difference in birth and station had married him. The birth of an infant daughter, the fruit of this ill-omened union, disclosed to the old emir his child's mésalliance. He tore his daughter from the embrace of her husband, and plunged him into a dungeon where he lived and languished for fourteen years. Yes, for fourteen years—and was only relieved from this imprisonment to endure a most horrible death.

"At this time his wife died—and the old emir gratified his horrid animosity *by burying the living husband and the dead wife together in the same grave.*

"Before Mr. Bartrelle suffered this horrible torture, he was permitted to see his child. To her he narrated the incidents of his life and told her of a son—a half-brother, who lived beyond the sea. He enjoined upon her that when she came to rule in her grand father's dominions, that she would search out his family and make known his fate; and that she should love and cherish this brother if destiny ever threw him in her way.

"The next year the old emir died, and his grand-child became ruler in Yezd. At the breaking out of the war she came to this country to see her brother, and has remained in retirement here ever since; but on the next steamer she will return, accompanied by Richard and Laura, to her own country.

"The horrible fate of the father has bound the brother and sister by ties that can never be broken. Their devotion to each other is deep, abiding and intense, and the sister especially has testified her devoted love by a self-sacrifice and acts of heroism unexampled in the legends of romance."

As the old man concluded with evident emotion this strange family history, a profound silence fell upon his visitors. It was broken by the noise of an arrival. Col. Taylor left the room for an instant. When he re-entered, he led by the hand the lovely, dark-eyed Persian, whom he desired his friends to know. As they crowded around the pair, he introduced each in turn to the Princess Zera Al Hassan, of Yezd.

Our story is told!

In two weeks from Zera's introduction to the acquaintance of the friends of her brother, a joyous Bridal party set off on their far oriental tour; and to-day Zera strolls along the vales of Yemen recounting to the little Richard, whom she holds by the hand, the fairy tales of the orient.

THE END.

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FROM CITY.		FROM LAKE.	
4 o'clock A. M.,	Horse Car.	5½ o'clock A. M.	Steam Train.
6½ "	Steam Train.	7 "	"
7½ "	"	8½ "	"
9 "	"	9½ "	"
10½ "	"	11½ "	"
12 o'clock M.	"	1 o'clock P. M.	"
2 o'clock P. M.	"	2½ "	"
3 "	"	3½ "	"
4 "	"	4½ "	"
5 "	"	5½ "	"
6 "	"	6½ "	"
7 "	"	7½ "	"
8 "	"	9 "	"

SUNDAY ARRANGEMENT.—Steam Train from City, in lieu of Horse Car, Every SUNDAY MORNING, at 4 o'clock. An Extra Train will leave the City Every SUNDAY EVENING, at 1 o'clock. On and after April 5th the Trains will leave either end of the Road on Sundays EVERY HALF HOUR from 3 until 8 o'clock P. M.
FARE—To and from the Lake, same day, 25 cents. Passengers for Gentilly must notify the Conductor prior to departure of Train. Fare to Gentilly Station—Fifteen cents each way. GEO. PANDELY, General Sup't.

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