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[From the Atlantic, for October.]

Pandora.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Italy, loved of the sun,
Wooed of the sweet winds and wed by the sea,
When, since the nations begun,
Was other inheritance like unto thee?

Splendors of sunshine and snows
Flash from thy peaks to thy bath in the brine;
Thine are the daisy and rose,
The grace of the palm and the strength of the pine;

Orchard and harvested plain;
Lakes, by the touch of the tempest unstirred;
Dells where the Dryades remain,
And mountains that rise to a music unheard!

Generous gods, at thy birth,
Heaped on thy cradle with prodigal hand
Gifts, and the darling of earth
Art thou, and wast ever, O ravishing land!

Strength from the thunderer came,
Pride from the goddess that governs his board;
While, in his forges of flame,
Pephæstus attempered thine armor and sword.

Lo! Aphrodite her zone,
Winning all love to thy loveliness, gave;
Leaving her Paphian throne
To breathe on thy mountains and brighten they wave.

Bacchus the urns of his wine
Gave, and the festivals crowning thy toil;
Ceres, the mother divine,
Bestowed on thee bounties of corn and of oil.

Phœbus the songs that inspire,
Caught from the airs of Olympus, conferred;
Hermes, the sweetness and fire
That pierce in the charm of the eloquent word.

So were thy graces complete;
Yea, and, though ruined, they fascinate now;
Beautiful still are thy feet,
And girt with the gold of lost lordship thy brow.

Ah! but the gods, the malign,
Cruel in bounty and blessing to smite,
Mixed with thy dowries divine
The gifts that dethrone and the beauties that blight.

Thine was the marvelous box,
Filled with the evils let loose in the past;
Thine is the charm that unlocks
The spirits that flatter and cheat us at last.

Life, from the symmetry fed,
Shrinks from encounter that makes it supreme;
Gropes in the dust of thy dead
Till faith is a Legend and Freedom a dream!

Mysteries flow from thy lips,
Subtle to fetter the soul and betray;
Lieth the world in eclipse
Of thy shadow, and not in the light of thy day.

Thou, that assumest to lead,
Holding the truth and the keys of the skies,
Art the usurpress indeed,
And rulest thy sons with a scepter of lies.

Spirit of beauty and woe,
Clad with delusions more lovely than truth,
In thy decrepitude show
The ills that were hid in thy splendor of youth.

Teach us thy charms to resist,
Siren, so potent to blind and control;
Stain not the lips thou hast kissed,
But let us enjoy thee in freedom of soul!

Let us accept what thou hast—
Sovereign beauty and phantoms of fame—
Choose from thy present and past
The noblest and purest, nor share in thy shame.

Thus shall we yield and o'ercome;
Conquer while loving thee—love, but withstand;
Then, though thy children be dumb,
Our songs shall remember thee, ravishing lands!

Death of a Mysterious Character in Paris.

A Paris correspondent says:

A sphinx of Paris has disappeared from our eyes. The Persian, who was a living point of interrogation which continually roused our curiosity, has disappeared almost as mysteriously as he came. His servant entered his chamber the other morning and found him dead. There was no premonitory symptom; death was heralded by no physician, no bolus, no jalep (its wonted van couriers). He died of congestion of the brain; the doctor might have said of weight of years, for he was eighty-three. He lived for the last twenty years in the Hotel Wagram, in the Rue de Rivoli. He could not have chosen a better residence: wherever the sun shone he was sure to have the best part of its rays. The Tuileries garden was under his window. The hotel supplied his meals in his room, and spared him all trouble of housekeeping, even including the engagement and discharge of servants. His life must have been the Oriental's beau ideal of happiness. I was his neighbor for several years, and although I cannot tell you (I believe nobody in Paris knows) how he spent his mornings, at 2 o'clock his brougham would take him to the Bois de Boulogne, where he would drive till 6 o'clock in summer, till dark in winter. He would dine, and after dinner go to the Italian or Grand Opera, or if neither was open, to the Opera Comique. He spent every night at some opera house—every night except Good Friday and Holy Saturday. I wonder how he killed time those nights, when every theater in Paris is closed. He had his seat at each of these opera houses, but he subscribed to none of them, and bothered himself with no ticket. He would hold out a handful of gold, which the ticket-seller would take, count, and enter on his book. When it was nearly exhausted he would notify the Persian, who would hold out a second handful to him. He never spoke to a human being in the theater; paid no attention to the actresses (women seemed to have no charms for him) or to the audience, but would sit, I should say, like a statue, had not his face been rippled occasionally with something like a smile when the music particularly pleased him. Between the acts he would take an ice, eating with a golden spoon he carried in his pocket, and which, the ice ended, he would carefully wipe and replace in its morocco case. Who he was, where he came from, what freak of fortune tossed him here so far away from Asia's table lands before war or steam had taught all nations geography, no one seemed to know. The accredited story ran that he was a devoted agent of England at the Persian court. During the Anglo-Persian war he was suspected by his native government of treason, and orders were given for his arrest and execution. A friend gave him warning of the impending measures, and he fled. He reached, after narrow escapes from death, the Anglo Indian frontier. The English government made him amends for his confiscated property, and rewarded his fidelity by settling a considerable life annuity on him. He first appeared in Paris in 1840. The Persian embassy attended his funeral.

EDUCATION IN FRANCE.—According to reports sent to the French government by the prefects of the departments, 293,214 conscripts have been called for in 1868. Out of these 60,266 can neither read nor write; 7079 can only read; 219,087 can both read and write; no information was gathered as to 6862. A. M. Manier is busy tracing a series of maps, of which five are published, showing by a scale of colors the various degrees of instruction in certain portions of the country. The highest degree of education is indicated by yellow, and total ignorance by black, the intermediate tints being green, red and violet. One of the sheets comprises the whole of Europe, and, strange to say, France occupies only the thirteenth rank as regards public instruction. Saxony, Switzerland, the small States of Northern Germany, Denmark, Prussia, Sweden, Baden, Wurtemberg, Holland, Norway, Bavaria and even Iceland are more advanced in comparison than we are. They are all tinted yellow. England, France and Belgium, tinted orange, belong to the second class; Italy, Austria and Greece, tinted red, form the third. Lastly, huge black patches cover the Papal States, Spain, Portugal, Moldavia and Wallachia, Russia and Turkey. The series is not yet complete. It is curious to observe how public instruction has fluctuated in some places. For instance, one department, being first in rank in 1866, was only sixth in 1861, fifth in 1851 and ninth in 1831. The reverse occurs for others; the Seine, for instance, after having been fourth in 1831, declined to fourteenth in 1866.

The steamship United States, Capt. Norton, sailed last evening for New York direct, with a full freight and the following passengers:

S. S. Ricker and child, Charles Sagat, W. H. Reynolds, F. W. Henderson, H. P. Seymour, and 6 in the steerage.

The steamship Cortes, Capt. Nelson, sailed last evening for New York direct, with a full freight and a number of passengers.

WARRIORS AT WIMBLEDON.

A SUMMER SKETCH, IN SEVERAL SCENES.

[From London Society.]

PROLOGUE.—THE SQUATTERS.

A very celebrated squatting story is told of an old woman at Westminster. Success seems to come from squatting, and the history of how it brought fortune to an ancient vendor of apples within a stone's throw of the Houses of Paliament is certainly worth the telling.

Once upon a time—and I am sure that in this way all genuine stories begin—there was an old woman who kept a little apple-stall on the borders of a bit of waste ground in Westminster. The hot sun dried up this little old woman's complexion, and the pitiless rain hardly agreed with the constitution of her fruit; so, in order to protect herself from the attacks of our proverbially inconstant climate, she adopted the not very novel proceeding of holding a huge umbrella over her head, under which she was able to smoke her pipe and await her customers in peace and comfort.

Fortune did not turn her back upon the little old woman. With the slender capital she had acquired by apples she invested in literature. It soon happened that frequenters of Westminster knew where to buy their papers as well as their nuts. Papers brought more capital, and the little old woman got so proud that she snubbed her Gampish umbrella altogether. A happy thought struck her. Why not erect a shade? She did this, with the aid of a few sticks and a piece of tarpaulin. Further success suggested larger improvements. Kind goddess Fortune, as if with a fairy wand, turned the tarpaulin shed into a real shed with a real little cosey parlor at the back, the kind of cosey back parlor to a thriving shop, with a bell, and constant customers, which at some time or other must have made us all envious.

I believe in back parlors to a shop, and am still of opinion that they constitute true happiness; but this is a fad of my own, and is entirely by the way. Suddenly came another tap of fairy Fortune's wand. A first floor was added to the shop; then a second; then a third; and then the "oldest inhabitant" might have been surprised to see a real house standing steady and erect upon this plot of no man's land. But wait a minute. My story is not yet over. Years rolled on, and the little old woman died. No man's land had been built upon, every inch of it, when suddenly comes some mighty railway or gigantic hotel, threatening to pull down the shop built by the little old woman upon the waste plot of ground in Westminster.

"Compensation, of course," say the descendants of the little old woman.

"Compensation? Yes, anything you like to ask," says the mighty railway or the gigantic hotel, whichever you like. And the descendants of the queer little apple-woman pocketed their compensation, and, I trust, determined to live happily ever afterwards.

Now it strikes me that this is a very pretty little story. The moral of it is obvious. Squat wherever and whenever you can.

But what has all this to do with the warriors at Wimbledon? I hear somebody asking. I answer with all politeness, a very great deal, because if it had not been for the estimable system of squatting, the warriors would never have been at Wimbledon at all.

Well, once upon a time, again, there was a warrior in every sense of the word, because he belonged to a celebrated volunteer corps which had existed as a volunteer corps long before such a thing as a "movement" was born or thought of; long before country gentlemen and rustic bumpkins squabbled about uniforms, and came up to London to kiss her majesty's hands, and tread on one another's toes at an orgie facetiously called a ball, at the Floral Hall; and besides belonging to the Victoria Rifles, he had left England to fight under Garibaldi—a circumstance which, in my opinion, goes far to prove that he must have been very fond of fighting indeed. On the principle, I suppose, that a man must eat a peck of dirt before he dies, he came back from Garibaldi just as good a fellow as he was before, and with the experience gained from some rough campaigning.

He knew how to cook. That was a great feather in his cap. He had also invented a cooking apparatus, which suggested a trial. The trial suggested Wimbledon, and Wimbledon suggested squatting. Accordingly, the Victorias pitched their tents, gypsy-fashion, on a corner of the common; and as they behaved themselves pretty, and did not meditate disturbing the hen-roosts of the neighborhood, Lord Spencer allowed them to remain on his domain, and did not bring them up before the nearest magistrate and charge them with the heinous offense of sleeping in the open air!

Gypsy-like again, the gallant Victorias were magnificently hospitable. They had shared their bit and sup with all comers. They roasted many a carcase in the celebrated cooking apparatus invented by the celebrated Victorian Volunteer, and they passed round many a pannikin filled with the "best as is." Round the carcases and the pannikins came the eagles. The hospitality of the Victorias became proverbial, and I may here remark that it has remained so to this day; and equally proverbial became the jollity of the first camp out.

Then were the days of the original and never-to-be-forgotten camp fires; and the days when Lords Elcho and Spencer, and all the nobilities, male and female, of the Association, sat round the fire, and listened to the fervid strains of the vocal policeman, and were amused with the—at that time—novel account of the eccentricities of a certain "mermaid" who was married to a sailor "at the bottom of the deep blue sea."

When this celebrated Victorian hospitality was noised about, it became infectious. Englishmen—and notably Englishmen who are Volunteers—do not care to be outdone in hospitality, and to this generous and laudable feeling I am inclined to ascribe the great success of the camping-out feature of the Wimbledon Meeting.

Why, only this year, in the South Middlesex camp—composed of somewhat modern but not a bit the less earnest squatters—I heard the same opinion in different forms over and over again expressed. "I had no idea it was so jolly! I shall certainly come myself next year." And thus I expect it will come to pass that not only the Volunteers who have qualms of conscience at receiving so much kindness at the hands of their brethren in arms, but the visitors who are not Volunteers and receive just the same hearty welcome, will all put their shoulders to the wheel, and then in years to come, during a certain fortnight in July, London will be deserted, and we shall all find ourselves under canvas.

SCENE I.—WIMBLEDON AS IT IS.

A great many years are supposed to have elapsed. I have spoken of Wimbledon as it was. What a change is seen in Wimbledon as it is!

The excitement of a Derby day or an Oxford and Cambridge boat race holds the wretched station over Waterloo Bridge in its iron grip for more than a fortnight. Train after train laden with volunteers who shoot, and volunteers who merely camp; volunteers who must be in town for a few hours in the middle of the day; friends who come down to cook and spoil the broth; friends who can cook, and are not above washing up the dishes; kindly mothers and affectionate sisters, anxious to see what they can do for patriotic husbands and brothers; dainty diaphonous damsels, ever ready to flirt over strawberries and cream and claret cup—trains weighted with such mixed elements as these speed along to Putney Station every ten minutes.

And what has poor innocent Putney done thus to be frightened out of her propriety? The pleasant resort of clerkdom is literally besieged with cabs.

"Go, call a cab, and let a cab be called,
And let the man that calleth be the caller;
And in his calling let him nothing call
But cab! cab! cab! oh! for a cab, ye gods!"

Cabs did I say? The vehicles of Putney are not even to be dignified with that opprobrious epithet. Where do these ramshackle vehicles, with their raw-boned horses, come from? Hidden from the public gaze for months and months, on a sudden emergency like the Derby Day, or Hampton races, or Wimbledon, out they come, ready to jolt one's inside out most mercilessly. The shaking may be good for the constitution, but I have had the pleasure of sitting three on the box-seat, and of course the outside rail fell to my lot. My poor bones ache with the memory of that ride. But never mind the jolting ride, which cost one sixpence; a sea of bunting is before us. The camp is in sight. How the sun glares on the bright white tents! I can tell where my friends are from the flags. There is the scarlet lion of the Scotchmen; the Irish harp; the Association Banners; the St. George and Dragon; the South Middlesex portcullis; a wierd device of death's-heads and cross-bones; far away in the corner a gaudily striped Pekin flag, which reminds me of old boating days and many victories, under whose shadow I shall soon see the tanned and bearded captain of a once famous club, now one of the victorious English Eight of 1868.

On we plunge through the Sahara of dust which encircles the encampment, pay a shilling at the wicket, and in we go.

Let us take a walk up the High street of Camp Town first of all. Real shops, on my word! Here is Mr. Gibbs, of Bristol, and the magazine of every inventor of every rifle under heaven. Here we can buy hat and cap coverings of Indian texture and picturesque effect. Here waterproof sheets, for linen or calico is unheard of in Camp Town. Here stools and rests and telescopes. Here camp furniture. Here ammunition and rifles for the inner man. There is no need to go to town to buy anything, for London shops have marched up to Wimbledon and intend to live under canvas. But what is the matter with the Windmill which protects as usual the cottage where the lords of the Association dwell? The Windmill looks somewhat smarter than of old. It is a regular pantomime trick. Some harlequin has been here in the night, and one tap of his wand has sent the solitary clock right up into the Windmill.

There is much hard work before us. I have a proposition to make. Suppose we refresh ourselves with a glass of Jennison's celebrated iced claret-cup, and then, as it is insufferably hot, let us rest a while.

SCENE II.—THE UMBRELLA TENT.

By no means a bad notion. This is surely the place to rest. This is the lounge; the rendezvous; the reading-room, as far as daily papers and light literature are concerned; the gossip-shop; the dirting establishment; the siesta-ground; the anything you like calm and pleasant. The umbrella tent is a great feature at Wimbledon. What the Pump-Room is to Bath, the pantiles are to Tunbridge Wells, the band-house is to Scarborough, the pier-head is to Brighton, the Hall by the sea is to Margate, the Library is to Ramsgate, the Row is to London, that is the umbrella tent to Wimbledon. Hither come shooting Volunteers waiting for their turn to fire; hither come non-shooting Volunteers when they have made their beds and put their tents in order and set the dinner going; hither come white-turbaned warriors, bronzed and handsome, to bask in the smiles of the fair haired girls who have come down from London to admire everything and every one at Wimbledon. There is a suspicion of naughtiness in the whole thing. I mean the peeping into the men's tents and spying out all their little domestic arrangements, which tickles the women; and there is a suspicion of self-sacrifice,—though in truth they are the most indulgent fellows in the world,—and pluck and manliness in sleeping out all night, which tickles the men; and so both sexes are in high feather for flirting. They lose no time about it, and go at it with a will, especially the women.

I fancy that celebrated and most ungallant epigram anent women must have been composed at a sort of Roman Wimbledon meeting; a meeting in the good old days in which, as now, feathers and dust and wind—perhaps more of it than blew at Wimbledon this year—and women were happily commingled.

Here is the epigram. It was suggested by the sight I saw in the umbrella tent.

"Quid calamo levius? pulvis—quid solvere? ventus
Quid vento? mulier—quid muliere? *Nihil!*"

I am afraid to annex a translation, knowing well the power which is contained in the grip of female fingers trained to pinch. I leave the translation to those who are less afraid than I am of the dreadful effects of female vengeance.

SCENE III—FIRING POINT—THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS MATCH.

It is very jolly, I know, among the sirens with the Japanese parasols and the Marie Antoinette muslin capes. It is jolly to be tapped with the ends of the said parasols and whisked with the ends of the said Marie Antoinette capes. But this kind of thing is certainly not business. Up, then, Mr. Samson, from the feet of Miss Delilah. Good-by, old gipsy woman; our fortune has been told a hundred times, and upon my honor it is not wise to trust the fickle goddess far in that captivating siesta tent.

The slow, deliberate volleys from those soft, blue, dreamy eyes are most decidedly dangerous, so let us seek safer quarters at Firing Point.

Firing Point is interesting at all times, and round it at every hour of the day there are crowds of volunteers and visitors. Many an exciting scene takes place at Firing Point. Perhaps it is near the close of the competition for the queen's prize. The winter must be "chaired," "cheered," and "serenaded" by a regimental band.

Poor Mr. Peake! How that "chairing" and "cheering" must have gone against the grain with him! The papers told us how he deprecated any fuss, and implored to be left alone. It has struck me since that he must have had some inkling of the future. But, anyhow, that speech of the Victoria Rifle Band, waiting there to serenade a competitor in whom they took special interest, but who did not happen to be declared the winner, was generous and good. "Well, let us play in the best man; whoever he may be."

Firing Point is exciting also during the tussle for the international challenge shield; for at Wimbledon love of country comes out strong, and many a little pleasant war is waged on the relative merits of England, Ireland and Scotland, each of whom claims the merit of Wimbledon and its prowess in shooting as its own. *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.* The Oxford and Cambridge match, and the lords and commons match, both bring many ladies down to the camp and to Firing Point; but I am inclined to think that of all the interesting and exciting struggles which take place there none exceeds the public schools match in excitement and interest. On this great occasion carriages and horsemen, and old boys and present boys, and volunteers of every shade of feeling and politics, congregate at Firing Point. The boys look better drilled, better disciplined, smarter and more workmanlike than the ordinary run of volunteers, and it is a treat to see the youngsters bending to their work, never flinching in the least. "Floreat Etona" of course. She had a splendid team, and well deserved the double prize she carried away to the old school on the banks of the Thames; but bravo! very much bravo! young and very plucky Marlborough, the second on the list this year, far ahead of Harrow, the traditional victors, and Winchester and Rugby and the rest of them. Marlborough has been creeping up year after year. I for one should not be sorry to see the silver shield hanging for a year in a certain hall which always welcomes hospitably any traveler who happens to lose his way over the desolate downs of Wiltshire.

SCENE IV.—AN INTERVAL FOR CLARET-CUP.

Firing Point is all very well in its way, but a baking under a July 1868 tropical sun is so seriously damaging to the constitution, that instant remedies are called into requisition. I found that I was suffering from a severe attack of dipsomania consequent on the excessive heat after a broiling afternoon at Firing Point. I discovered also that my charming little friend, Belle Carruthers, the wife of Carruthers the poet, or verse-maker, as he modestly prefers to be called,—they married only the other day after a flirtation which turned serious at Wimbledon last year,—was in a precisely similar condition. We determined that we would sally forth and forage. We were seriously ill and we required medical advice. Mrs. Carruthers at once suggested the artists' encampment. She knew them all, and thought that artists were "so nice," a ridiculously feminine epithet, on a par with "angelic ices," or "divine melons," or anything else incongruous and essentially feminine, from which even good and sensible women of the Carruthers type are not entirely free.

I put a veto on Mrs. Carruthers's proposition instantly. Artists *are* "so nice," and are very good fellows in their way, but as a rule they are not orderly men. Suppose we had attacked the artists' encampment! What member of it would have had ready at a moment's notice claret, ice, soda water, cucumber, green curacoa and a cork-screw? Not one, I'll venture to affirm. They would have had every bit of the intention, but the reality, not one.

Mrs. Carruthers sighed and yielded her point. Then it was that I attacked her in a base and unmanly manner. "Is it claret cup," I asked, "that you want, or artists? Are you sighing after the fleshpots, or a refreshing beverage?"

She felt that she was in my power, and she gave in like a sensible woman.

"You know what I want—something to drink."

Mark the reserve. She would not say claret-cup.

In three minutes' time I was fairly on the scent. I made for the tent of as honest and modest a fellow as ever breathed. He adored women, but he dared not to speak to one to save his life.

My strategem was completely successful. There was nothing in the world he desired more than to show his courtesy, his hospitality and his chivalric bearing toward the other sex, and to welcome a lady within his tent.

He was the kind of a man who would consecrate the chair on which Mrs. Carruthers sat—if he knew, as he did know, that she was a pure and noble woman—and allow no man to sit on it forevermore.

Claret-cup! We might have bathed in it in John Denman's tent!

SCENE V.—THE RUNNING DEER.

I suppose called so on the celebrated, and, by the by, too often quoted *lucus a non lucendo* principle; for anything less like a deer, either in appearance or action, it has never been my lot to see. It reminds me more than anything else of one of those toy horses of one's childhood, having all the outward appearance of a horse, but disgraced to all eternity for being compelled to move upon a tray furnished with wheels.

When I first heard of the running deer I pictured to myself the semblance of such an animal suspended perhaps by his body, but swinging or bounding along as the deer is allowed to do at Cremorne and at nut-stalls in a fair. But instead of this I see a woodeny, most unacrobatic deer jolting his way along a little platform under an earth-bank. I own I was disappointed with the running deer. However, at sundown, some short time before gun-fire, I don't know a pleasanter spot than the running deer in all the camp. One sits among the bushes in the prettiest part of the common, and from start to finish it is possible to see here more interesting shooting than in other places. One sees something shot, at all events. A running deer, be he even so woodeny, is a more interesting target than a painted disc. Woe betide the inexperienced rifleman if he tries his luck with the deer and spoils the haunch! He will find, instead of winning a pool, that he has a somewhat heavy fine to pay. Scotchmen chiefly patronize the deer; and perhaps it is not bad practice to fire a round or so at this unfortunate-looking animal in order that they may get "their eyes in," as we used to say at cricket, for the more exciting sport with the real thing on the Highlands. When Wimbledon lionesses look bored they are invariably brought to the running deer, where they pick up their spirits, repose in very inviting arm chairs, get excited at the volunteers' toy, and prepare an appetite for dinner. Ah! I thought it was about the time. There's the signal for ceasing firing, and I am sure we are all ready for dinner by this time.

SCENE VI—A LITTLE DINNER IN CAMP.

We have now arrived at the jolliest part of the day at Wimbledon. I don't say this simply because it is dinner time, although I am greedy enough to own that uncommonly welcome meal may have something to do with the smile of satisfaction which creeps over our warriors' faces at eight o'clock or thereabouts. The work and bustle of the day is over. Grimy gunpowdered hands have been plunged into cold water; beards and moustaches have been relieved of dust. Tyro, of the Circumlocution office, who "doesn't want to waste his leave, you know," but still likes the novelty and excitement of camp life, has returned from town, and, as if by magic, has been transformed from a fashionable, frock-coated, neat, umbrellaed swell into an easy-going lounging gentleman of the Wimbledon period. The fierce sun has gone down, thank goodness, behind the gorse, leaving behind it a track of purple and golden glory, and tinting the dull green bushes with prismatic hues; but Tyro still wears his "puggery," "because they are the thing to wear, you know," and to be behindhand in any kind of fashion would be moral death to Tyro. There is a peaceful calm of expectancy reigning in camp. Ordinary loungers and lookers-on have taken their departure. All who are left mean serious business. It is dinner time.

In the matter of dinners Wimbledon has become somewhat famous. They call it—these hospitable warriors—"pot luck," but it is nothing of the kind. With luck and friends one can dine there as well as at the club. At a push one can get an excellent dinner at Jennison's for 3s. 6d. It is possible to dine, sitting on soft sofas, *triclinium* fashion, off French dishes served on china, and waited on by neat footmen or disabled commissionaires.

It is possible to partake of a humble chop and a welcome tankard of "Fuller, Smith & Turner." An honest invitation we happen to have received is, in the way of dinner, a happy medium between the Sybarites and Anchorites. We are to dine at a cosy little camp-mess; and as one spirited honorary member has sent down a magnificent salmon to-night from Gilson's, as another has deputed Christopher to provide some of his best sherry, and the colonel has asked the president of the mess to pass round two or three boxes of prime full-flavored Cabanas, the chances are that we shall have a jolly evening.

One turn round the little camp, please, before the bugle sounds for dinner. How neat and pretty it all looks! The heather round the tents was bright with blossom the other day, but the sun and transplanting do not seem to have agreed with it. However, the geraniums, the ferns and rose bushes make a fine show, and the center grass avenue is so neat that one could see a pin glitter on it. Look at the fanciful inscription at the door of each tent, and the quaint artistic decorations with which some of the canvas is adorned! "The churchwarden's pew!" That must be a sleepy tent, I should think; while I fancy I trace on that bell tent the handiwork of a well-known comic draftsman. The authorities will be somewhat puzzled when the articles are returned into store. That seems a merry party over there on the right-hand side. Girls' voices, by all that is charming! and because they do not laugh loud enough and are not sufficiently amused over their innocent tea, Johnson thinks it necessary to stumble over the bracing at the tent door and deluge the merry party with the contents of a steaming teapot.

Just look at the old fellow who seems so anxious about the movements of the bugler. He is a character. An old soldier of a grand type, a model of propriety and a rigid disciplinarian—fancy his indignation the other night at his being put under arrest by a volunteer! He tells the story splendidly—how that he was going round in the middle of the night to see that all was safe in camp, and was pounced upon by the eager and somewhat too energetic guard of a neighboring encampment, and marched off as a suspicious character and an evident common loafer. He bore the humiliation like a man, but at any time of the day, when occupied with his daily work, you may hear him mutter to himself in a tone which somewhat resembles a sneer, "Fancy, after all these years and all my service, being put under arrest and my good conduct called in question by a volunteer! Beastly!"

But there goes the bugle at last, and we will go in to dinner.

A great success. Fish magnificent and done to a turn. Roasts and boils appetizing; stewed green-gages toothsome, and ah! such a glass of sherry to wash them all down!

There is much to be done and many friends to see to-night, but the party at the mess-table is so uncommonly convivial that we must wait for one of the colonel's cigars and a song after dinner. The little spare man over yonder "does not sing himself, but he has a friend with him who sings a very good song." The president instantly makes a thud with his fist on the table. Conversation ceases, and all eyes are directed towards the friend. A preliminary clearing of the throat prepares us for something sparkling. "Old *Si* mon, the cellarer, keeps a rare store," etc., etc. In for it again; just like our luck. However, it is of course unavoidable, so let us all look like humbugs, and pretend we don't know every half-note of the ditty. After this we have all our old friends. A very fat and jovial-looking man who should have trolled out "Old King Cole" gives us "The Last Rose of Summer," out of tune and with tedious expression. A very young man with plenty of confidence favors us with "So early in the morning," three keys too high, which is good practice for most of the company in vocal gymnastics. Then come in succession the "Death of Nelson," "Come in the garden, Maud," and "The Wolf," all without accompaniment and change of key at discretion, as they say in France. However, we are not quite lost, for a cheery little Wiltshire man bursts out with "Three jolly post-boys," "A beggarman laid down to sleep," and "The jolly shilling," songs with rattling choruses which certainly suit the occasion.

SCENE THE LAST—A VICTORIA SING SONG.

We have just time before we are turned out to peep for a moment into the Victoria camp. They are hard at it as usual. No matter what attractions are "on" elsewhere; whether the Moray Minstrels are warbling in the civil service tent or some wretched band of amateurs is playing in the theater, there will ever be "order for harmony" among the Victorias, who send round steaming pannikins of hot grog, and welcome the world.

Here nightly is held a Volunteer Eisteddfod. The Victoria camp is the headquarters of minstrelsy, from which camp songs proceed hot from the press and the brains of their prolific authors. Here is waged a battle of the bards, at which many volunteer and non-volunteer Tannhausers put in an appearance. Here are warbled old and favorite ditties, always welcome, and here new versions and impromptu verses are grafted on old stocks.

American songs—started in the late war—seem most popular here, and the various versions of "Johnny comes marching home again," "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave," "For a few days," and so on, are given with great effect. A retentive Victorian volunteer, who met some Americans in China, and primed himself with their songs, has given us, through this year's Wimbledon, a street song which will be as popular as any of the admirable tunes with which the late war made us familiar:

"Come and be a soldier!
Won't you be a soldier?
Come and be a soldier! Shoulder arms!
When the war is over,
Then we'll live in clover,
Won't you be a soldier? Shoulder arms!"

But this is the chorus, which is shouted out with magnificent effect:

"Look out dere—I'm gwine to shoot!
Stand clear! Don't ye understand?
Babylon is fallen! Babylon is fallen!
And we're gwine to occupy the land."

And so one might go on all night, for there is no lack of able and willing singers in the Victoria camp. But there goes the gun! We must be off, for the lights will be out directly, and Lord Colville will be going the "grand rounds," and lock us all up in the Windmill if we are not all off.

How shall we get back to town? that is the question. The ramshackle cabdrivers are getting extortionate as the night wears on, and there is more and more danger of our missing the train, which it seems very probable we shall do.

Look at the moon! I say, you fellows! let us walk! Agreed; and so we walk, singing the "Ark" at the top of our voices, and waking up the steady shooting volunteers who have turned in hours ago.

But stay! Are we walking through a land of weird spirits? Gustave Doré should be here with his sketch book. What are they. Look over there and on all sides—how can you account for those weird and ghostly shadows?

Listen! the awful ghost on the bell-tent is represented by a volunteer pulling his shirt over his head. Whisper low! the warriors are disrobing. Good-night!

OFFICIAL.

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Sept. 28, 1868.
[No. 1041—N. S.]

Resolved, That permission be and is hereby granted Mr. G. Vom Hofe, to erect a small steam engine on his premises on Magazine street, during pleasure of the Common Council, any ordinance to the contrary notwithstanding, and provided Mr. Vom Hofe be required to build a brick wall around the engine sufficient to guard the boiler, and to be approved by the city surveyor.

(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board of Aldermen.
(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
In force by virtue of law.
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. se29 5t

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, September 28, 1868.
[No. 1042—N. S.]

Resolved, That the adjudication by the controller of the contract for collecting the revenues of the Dryades Market to Louis Smith, security John Berthin, be and is hereby approved.

Resolved further, That the mayor be and he is hereby authorized to enter into contract before the city notary, in behalf of the city, with Louis Smith as principal and John Berthin as security, for the collection of the revenues of the Dryades Market until the 31st December, 1868, for and in consideration of three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars ($3750) per month.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved September 28, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. se29 5t

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, September 28, 1868.
[No. 1043—N. S.]

Resolved, That the adjudication by the controller of the contract for collecting the revenues of the Claiborne Market to Louis Smith, security John Berthin, be and it is hereby approved.

Resolved further, That the mayor be and he is hereby authorized to enter into contract before the city notary, in behalf of the city, with Louis Smith as principal and John Berthin as security, for the collection of the revenues of the Claiborne Market, until the 31st of December, 1868, for and in consideration of the sum of one thousand one hundred and ninety dollars ($1190) per month.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved September 28, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. se29 5t

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Sept. 29, 1868.
[No. 1044—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized to warrant on the treasurer in favor of W. R. Harrison for the sum of one hundred and one dollars and forty six cents, for his salary as policeman from 26th June to August 3d, 1868.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Sept. 29, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. se30 5t

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, September 29, 1868.
[No. 1045—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller warrant on the treasurer in favor of Randell Hunt for the sum of five hundred dollars ($500), for professional services rendered to Hon. John R. Conway, mayor.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Sept. 29, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. se30 5t

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, September 30, 1868.
[No. 1046—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized to sell, after five days' notice in the official journal, the contract for cleaning out all the draining canals, according to specifications in the surveyor's department.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Sept. 30, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. oc1 5t

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, September 30, 1868.
[No. 1047—N. S.]

Resolved, That the city attorney be and he is hereby authorized to employ additional counsel to assist him in defending the suits of Ascott vs. City of New Orleans, and Arrowsmith vs. City of New Orleans, provided the fees to be paid to said additional counsel shall not exceed one thousand five hundred dollars, ($1500.)

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved Sept. 30, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. oc1 5t

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, Sept. 30, 1868.
[No. 1048—N. S.]

Resolved, That the controller be and he is hereby authorized, after five days notice in the official journal, to adjudicate to the lowest bidder or bidders, contracts for cleaning of the paved and unpaved streets of the 7th, 8th and 9th wards of the city for two years, the work to be done in strict accordance with plans and specifications on file in the office of the street commissioner.

(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Alderman.
(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
Approved September 30, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. oc1 5t

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, October 3, 1868.
[No. 1049—N. S.]

Resolved, That the city surveyor be and he is hereby authorized to have paved the sidewalks in rear of St. Bernard Market; provided the cost of said work shall not exceed five hundred ($500) dollars.

(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
Approved October 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. oc1 5t

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, October 3, 1868.
[No. 1050—N. S.]

Resolved, That the mayor be and is hereby authorized to enter into contract with Joseph M. Howell, for the extension of Ninth Street Market, Fourth District, in accordance with plans and specifications of the city surveyor, and in accordance with the adjudication made by the city controller.

(Signed) THOMAS MARKEY,
President Board Aldermen.
(Signed) ALFRED KEARNY,
President Board Assistant Aldermen.
Approved October 3, 1868.
(Signed) JOHN R. CONWAY, Mayor.
A true copy:
JOHN W. OVERALL, Secretary. oct 5t

[No. 1031—N. S.]

SPECIFICATIONS FOR THE CONTRACT FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF A FOOT BRIDGE ACROSS THE NEW CANAL BASIN AT LIBERTY STREET.

The bridge, pier, bulkheads, abutments, etc., shall be constructed in all points in accordance with the plans, sections and profiles hereto annexed, and shall have the dimensions marked on the same.

PIER.

The pier supporting the turning portion of the bridge shall be built of best hard burnt lake bricks, laid in best hydraulic cement mortar, resting on a platform of 4 by 12 inch cypress planks projecting four feet outside of the masonry.

SUPERSTRUCTURE.

All the timbers and lumber shall be of Pearl river red cypress of the best quality, well framed and having the dimensions marked on the plans. All the timbers shall be planed, and shall receive a good tarring of half tar and half rosin or asphaltum on the edges and w