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NAMELESS.

BY RICHARD REALF.

[From the Washington Chronicle.]

Judge, I plead guilty; he speaks truth;
I am what he says and what you see.
So old in a damned, unhallowed youth,
That your wrinkled years seem young to me,
Don't preach—don't lecture; I know it all—
The easy canting, the fluent words,
The solemn drivel of texts from Paul,
And a mangled phrase or two of the Lord's.

Moreover you err, if you suppose
That even a harlot, soaked in sin,
Slides down the darkness without some throes
Of the marred purities within.
O, sir! you wrong even our disgrace
To think that we never wail and cry
Out from the foulness with lifted face
To an awful something up in the sky.

Do you think I never dream of home?
Of a weary man with whitening hair;
Of a missing voice in a vacant room,
And the sods a-choke in a woman's prayer?
That nothing has ever prompted flight,
Swift as my hungry feet could fly,
Fatherward, motherward—that I might
Fall on their necks, break heart, and die?

My God! my God! when the masked brows must
Be clothed to a false, forged radiance, while
The bloom of the soul is baked to dust—
And straight through your fabricated smile
Dread ghosts of murdered innocence fling
Perpetual javelins from their eyes,
And a babe's bird-like chirruping
Scares like thunder out of the skies—

When the sweet sanctities set to guard
The inner whiteness from outer stain,
Tricked of their holy watch and ward,
Moan and madden in heart and brain;
And a howling fury hunts and hounds
Wherever a clean thought hides away,
And a dreadful voice of dooming sounds
Through the haunted chambers night and day—

And a something mocks you when you laugh,
And a something jeers you when you weep;
And hell-fire lurks in the wine you quaff,
And a fiend grins at you in your sleep,
And a coiling horror sinks you down
Through a black and bottomless abyss—
Judge, do you think your legal frown
Can augur punishment worse than this?

Bah! what an infinite fool am I
To talk like this to a man like you!
Some day the toughest of us must die—
And we shall be sifted through and through,
Sifted and sorted; Judge, have you thought
That possibly to the Sorter, then,
Something that now is may be naught—
When the coward's shrieks steams up from men!

THE WOUNDED VENUS.

A NEAPOLITAN LEGEND.

I had been six weeks in Naples recruiting my exhausted strength, after a winter of Roman life, which means a winter of solemn memories, imposing pageants, and sights and sounds of such varied and overpowering associations as strain the utmost capacity of man to understand and appreciate.

So I had run down to Naples for rest and relief, and had lounged away the time on the balcony of my little apartment in the "Santa Lucia" without the slightest desire to enter a picture gallery, or see even the outside of a church. There I would sit for hours watching the idlers on the beach, the boats coming in and going out, manned by men in very brilliant head coverings and little or no clothing to speak of, the children running to and fro, the women sellers of fruit and chestnuts talking and gesticulating in the most animated manner, the cobbler on his bench, the tailor on his stool, and over all the soft blue sky and changing hues which play around this enchanting region. And now, after six weeks of idling, I was weary of it all, surfeited with soft airs and violet skies, and I longed with a mighty longing for a stern and rock-bound shore, with the sea striking it like angry blows, and not with a long drawn-out and perpetually repeated caress.

So I summoned Antonio, my faithful valet and guide, whose life, since we had been in Naples, seemed to have been spent in touching his hat to the passers-by, and in chucking pretty fruit sellers under the chin, and demanded in an impatient tone when I could get away.

"Away?" repeated Antonio, opening wide his sleepy eyes. "Why, the Padrone has not yet seen Pompeii, nor made the ascent of Vesuvius, nor visited the Palazzo di Regii Studii. Surely the Padrone would not think of leaving without seeing all these places."

"Well, Antonio, let us begin at once then," I said, "this very hour: for in three days I start for Norway, or Russia, or Iceland, or the north pole—anywhere, in fact, where I can feel more like a man and less like a limp rag than I do here."

"Ebbene Signore," replied Antonio; "we go then to-day to the Palazzo—*vuol dire* the Museum; to morrow to Vesuvius; then one day for the Padrone to repose, and then to Pompeii."

So to the museum we went, and spent the remainder of the day wandering listlessly through mazes of pictures and statues, a wilderness of vases, and endless spoils and relics of Pompeii and Herculaneum, all interesting enough in themselves, but utterly powerless to rouse a spark of enthusiasm in my jaded spirit.

At last, wearied to death with fawns and nymphs, centaurs and bacchantes, I dropped down on a seat in the gallery of Flora, and declared that I would go no further.

"But the signore has not yet seen the Venus, the wounded Venus of Lorenzo d'Urbino," remonstrated Antonio. "It is only in the next room, signore, and as there are no visitors, I will tell the Padrone the story while he gazes upon its loveliness."

Somewhat appeased, like a spoiled and satiated child, by the promise of a story, I followed Antonio into a small room adjoining the main gallery, where, the central figure of what some one calls a little Congress of Venuses, hung a life-size painting of the parting of Venus and Adonis. The figure of Adonis and the adjuncts and surroundings of the picture were marked by no special skill or talent, but the figure of Venus was the most perfect type of female loveliness that my eye had ever rested on. She stands with one hand gathering up the light drapery which veils without concealing the exquisite outline of her limbs, and the other resting caressingly on the head of Adonis, who is kneeling at her feet. In every line and curve of the figure is the perfection of grace. And the face, around which clusters a halo of golden curls, combines the pure delicate outline of the antique with the inspired loveliness of a Madonna of a St. John.

I turned inquiringly to Antonio: "Why have I never heard of this before?" I said. "It is of the most unearthly beauty."

"But the signore is tired of the beautiful," replied Antonio, with a mocking smile. "The signore wishes only for the hard, the plan, the very rough and ugly. Shall I tell the padrone the story, the legend of this wonded Venus?"

"Yes, Antonio; tell me now—at once," I said, my eyes riveted on the wonderful face, whose eyes seemed to read my very soul. "Why is it called the wounded Venus?"

"The padrone will observe here on the left side," replied Antonio, "a shadow like a deep stain, it might be of blood, and lower down two little drops on the white drapery, as if they had trickled from the wounded side."

I looked at the spot indicated by Antonio's stick, but it required a greater stretch of imagination than I was capable of at that moment to see blood in the dark shadow, which looked, to my experienced eyes, more like a blemish in the canvas very skillfully repaired than a wound to the lovely Venus.

I refrained from dampening Antonio's enthusiasm by expressing my opinion, however, and having seated myself where I could best drink in the light of the wondrous eyes, I motioned Antonio to proceed.

"The story goes, Signor," replied the valet, removing his wide sombrero and standing in a thoughtful attitude before the picture as he spoke, "that the artist, Lorenzo d'Urbino, loved a young and very beautiful Neapolitan named Lucia Buonarotti. Lucia was so beautiful that all the artists in Italy came to see and to paint her; but Lucia was of a surpassing modesty, and though they offered her a thousand scudi a day, would never be tempted to sit as a model to any of them. So they gazed at her only from a distance, and were almost consumed with rage and envy that they were not permitted to transfer her charms to their canvas. Heaven had been very bountiful to Lucia; it had given her, in addition to her wonderful beauty, the voice of an archangel. She was a pupil of the Conservatorio, and the old maestro would often pat her on the head and say the world had never heard such music as would burst upon it when Lucia made her *debut* at San Carlo.

"But Lucia cared only for Lorenzo, and declared she would never make her *debut* as a *prima donna* unless Lorenzo had first gained fame and fortune by his pictures. So Lorenzo worked hard, and painted several heads, which attracted not a little attention among the cognoscenti and dilettanti, for whom every one looked out the magic eyes of Lucia.

"At last fortune seemed to smile upon the youthful pair, for an order came from the Gran Duca for a life size Venus, to be painted by Lorenzo d'Urbino, and Lorenzo d'Urbino alone. For the fame of Lucia's marvelous beauty had traveled all over Italy by this time, and it had come to be pretty well understood that only Lorenzo would have the privilege of transferring it to canvas.

"Lorenzo and Lucia were beside themselves with joy when the order came; and that evening Lorenzo spent his last 'tari' for a boat, in which they sailed on the crystal waters of the bay, now shining and shimmering in the moon's pale light, and indulged in dreams of future happiness and prosperity, mingled with vows of eternal fidelity and many a passionate caress.

The studio of Lorenzo was now a busy scene. Day after day he worked hard at the Venus, Lucia sitting opposite to him for hours, until sometimes she would fall asleep from weariness. Then Lorenzo would awake her with a kiss, and she would toss back her golden tresses, and gaze into his eyes with an expression of such seraphic tenderness that Lorenzo would rush frantically to his easel, and strive to transfer that very look to the canvas. Another time they would chat innocently and gayly of their future *menage*, and Lucia's laugh would ring through the old building as she pictured to Lorenzo the countless luxuries and indulgences which the price of that picture was to bring them.

Then Lorenzo would cry, 'Surely thou art more beautiful now than I have ever seen thee, Lucia. One moment, carissima—let me paint that smile upon thy lips, it is so ravishingly sweet.' Then he would paint earnestly for a few moments, then push the canvas from him with a gesture of despair.

"It is useless, Lucia," he would exclaim, throwing himself in a despondent attitude at her feet; "I have attempted more than I can do. I shall never be able to portray the unearthly beauty of thy face."

"Nay, caro mio," she would reply, as she wound her arms around his neck, and drew his head down upon her shoulder; "thou canst never paint the picture if thou art always gazing upon my face, and never at the canvas. I will come no more to the studio it thou dost not attend better to thy work."

And then she would help Lorenzo to put aside his brushes and his colors, and they would wander out upon the shore, and watch the sails gleaming over the sea, and drink in the enchanting loveliness of the scene, which, combined with the living romance in their own hearts, made the shores of the Mediterranean a paradise to them.

The next morning, when Lucia came to the studio, she was dismayed to find the face of the Venus entirely obliterated.

"Oh, Lorenzo!" she exclaimed, while the large tears gathered in her eyes, "how couldst thou blot out the result of so much labor and so many hours of precious time? Already the maestro reproaches me for spending all my days in thy studio and neglecting him. A lifetime will be consumed in painting thy Venus, and we shall be old and weary of life before it really begins for us."

And she threw herself despondently on a low couch, and looked up sadly into her lover's face.

"Stay, Lucia, I will take a new canvas and sketch thee thus," he exclaimed. "It will be better to begin all anew."

"It will be better to get a new model, then, Lorenzo," replied the girl. "These sittings have worn upon my strength, and I am no longer able to give thee so many hours each day."

"Wilt thou then desert me, Lucia, just as fame and fortune are dawning for me?" said her lover, with a slight tinge of asperity in his tone. "Perhaps some richer artist has invited thee to sit to him."

"I will not condescend to reply to such an accusation," replied Lucia, rising and throwing her little mantle over her shoulders. "When thou art in a better frame of mind, Lorenzo, thou canst send for me; I will stay no longer to-day." And, without turning her head, Lucia ran lightly down the steps of the studio, and, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, wended her way to the Conservatory of Music.

That evening Lorenzo wandered on the shore alone. He was unhappy and ill at ease. In vain the rosy hues of sunset tinged sea and mountain with magic light; in vain the rising moon flooded the waters with her silvery beams. There was no sunlight or moonlight for Lorenzo without his Lucia.

And Lucia had been equally miserable. She had sung badly at the Conservatorio, made false notes and vexed the old maestro, who taunted her with neglecting the divine art and despising the noble gifts of God for the love of a mere man.

So Lucia wept, and could sing no more, and went home really ill, and was reproached by her mother for her indolence and listlessness in much the same terms as she had been by the maestro. All that night she wept and grieved, and the next morning rose at the very earliest dawn of day, and after bathing and adorning herself until she looked, indeed, like Venus just rising from the sea, wended her way toward Lorenzo's studio.

As she approached the outer doorway she saw a young and very beautiful girl pass out and walk very rapidly away in an opposite direction. All the wild blood in Lucia's Southern nature rushed up to her face and neck as she thought, "Lorenzo has then taken me at my word, and has found another model." And the bitter tears gathered thickly in Lucia's eyes. Dashing them away with a trembling hand, she rushed impetuously up to Lorenzo's studio and found him sitting calmly at his easel.

In a transport of delight at seeing her again, Lorenzo caught Lucia in his arms and nearly suffocated her with caresses.

"Release me, Lorenzo, release me," she exclaimed. "Let me see if thou hast worked at the Venus since I left thee."

"Yes, Lucia," he replied, "and I work better from memory than when thou art before me. The sight of thy enchanting loveliness bewilders and confuses my mind."

"But these eyes are not my eyes, Lorenzo," replied the girl, in whose heart the demon of jealousy was already beginning to rage and swell. "Thou hast had another model, amico, mio."

"None but the sweet image of thee which ever reigneth in my heart, beloved," said the artist, taking his hand tenderly in both his own. "Let me now place the in thy old position, and in a few more sittings I shall have finished the figure."

But Lucia was restless and uneasy. The seeds of jealousy once sown in the heart of an Italian are not easily eradicated; and she brooded over the vision of the morning until her heart was full of distrust.

Still the picture progressed more rapidly that day than it had at any previous sitting. There was a feverish brilliancy in Lucia's eyes and a crimson flush on her cheek, which Lorenzo was better able to portray than the ever changing loveliness which accompanied her playful or her pensive moods, and when the sitting was over he stood almost spell-bound before the work of his own hands.

"Lorenzo has no caress for me to-day," thought the jealous girl, as she watched her lover's abstracted manner. "He is thinking of his new model. Addio, amico," she said aloud, "the maestro is wating. I have not a moment to lose."

"But wilt thou not sail or walk to-night with me, Lucia? It were a sin to lose these glorious evenings."

"Not to-night, grazie," replied the maiden coldly. "To-morrow at the usual hour I will be here." And gathering up her music as she spoke, Lucia was gone before her lover could utter any further remonstrance.

The next morning Lorenzo was at his easel betimes, and impatiently awaiting his betrothed, who, however, did not appear at the appointed time. Hour after hour went by, and Lorenzo strove in vain to while away the tediousness of waiting by unusual assiduity at his work; he painted mechanically at the background of the picture, with his thoughts far away on the absent one, whose presence alone gave life and beauty to his labors.

Twelve o'clock struck—one—two—and three—and no Lucia. Then in a frenzy of impatience Lorenzo seized his hat, locked the door of the studio, and strode away in the direction of the humble dwelling where Lucia lived. At the door he was met by her mother, a middle-aged woman, who, like most of her class and her country, looked twenty years older than she really was.

"What hast thou been saying to Lucia, Lorenzo?" she asked, in a querulous tone. "She came home last evening with fever raging in her veins. All night her mind has wandered. Since her childhood I have never seen her so ill as she is now."

"Ill!" exclaimed Lorenzo; "Lucia ill! She was as well as usual yesterday."

And then the recollection of Lucia's excited manner on the previous day, of the flush on her cheek and the unnatural lustre of her eye came over him, and he added: "Nay, she was not well. I remember now how flushed and weary she looked, and like a brute I kept her standing while I painted on the Venus. I have killed her, madre Buonarotti. I have killed the darling of my heart—the very sunlight of my life. Oh! let me go to her; let me bring her back to life." And in an excess of despair Lorenzo strove to put outside the old woman and obtain admittance to Lucia's apartment.

"Nay, nay, Lorenzo," she said, planting her bulky form directly in the doorway, "thou canst not see the signorina to-day. She is suffering too much, and the signor dottore, who was here this morning, has forbidden all excitement and disturbance until the fever abates. Lucia was always of a restless, feverish temperament from a child. Besides, she is troubled with distressing fancies about thee, and raves incessantly of thy coldness and inconstancy. Days must pass by, amico, before thou canst see her again."

And days—long, dreary and desolate days—did pass over Lorenzo's head before he gazed into Lucia's eyes, or sat by her side again. Days in which the beloved one hovered between life and death, and Lorenzo did nought but hang about the door of her dwelling listening to the low moans and incoherent ravings which issued from that upper chamber, or, on his knees before the altar of the Madonna, supplicated heaven to spare the life of his betrothed.

At length the fever spent itself, and there came a night of watching and suspense—a night in which the silence of death reigned in the low-roofed dwelling, when every window was wide open to catch the air, and when the soul of the beautiful Neapolitan vibrated for hours between earth and heaven.

During all that night Lorenzo sat in the gloomy chamber, his eyes fixed on the beloved face, whose delicate features seemed already to have assumed the sharp chiseling of the grave, and his fingers on the pulse whose faint throbs were at times quite imperceptible to his touch.

"It will be life or death before morning," said the old doctor, as he forced a few drops of a cordial between her lips. "Give this from time to time, and may the Blessed Virgin take her into her holy keeping. She was always of too rare a beauty for this world." And placing the phial on the mantel-shelf, the old man softly closed the door upon the pale watchers and their almost lifeless charge.

"Keep a stout heart, Lorenzo," said Lucia's mother as Lorenzo fell on his knees at the bedside and buried his face in Lucia's pillow. "Keep up thy courage, figlio mio. Lucia will live. She can not die with such a mighty love as thine to draw her back to earth. See! even now her eyelids quiver; the blood is coursing more freely through her veins. In a few hour she will be saved."

And the madre Buonarotti was right. All night they watched in silence, but at the dawn of day a delicate flush spread over Lucia's features, her large eyes opened, and unutterable tenderness shone out from their violet depths as they rested upon Lorenzo's face.

"Is the picture finished, carissimo?" were the first words she uttered as Lorenzo clasped her rapturously to his heart.

The next moment he was seized by the shoulders and coolly deposited on the outside of the front door, while the madre Buonarotti laughed and shook her fist at him from the window.

Very lovely and gentle was Lucia during the weeks of her convalescence—the very Lucia whom he had first loved, undisturbed by any of the jealous doubts which had marred of late the perfection of their intercourse.

Lorenzo spent the half of every day at her side; the other half he worked diligently at his picture, which was beginning now to approach completion, and, as he fondly hoped, perfection.

"Hast thou worked at all upon the Venus during my illness, Lorenzo?" inquired Lucia one day.

"During thy illness, amica mio, I could not touch a pencil," replied the artist, a look of pain flitting across his features as he recalled those days and nights of agony; "but since thy convalescence I have painted a part of each day from memory, and I flatter myself, Lucia, I have caught the seraphic expression which thy face wears now. It is as if thou hadst gone a little way with the angels, cara mio, and had received the stamp of angelic tenderness and compassion which belongs to the dwellers in heavenly spheres. Thou art more beautiful than ever since thy return to earth, Lucia, and my only fear is that my Venus will wear a look which belongs rather to the blessed Madonna than to the heathen goddess."

"Well, Lorenzo, in a few days I shall be well enough to resume my sittings, and then I trust there will be no more delay in finishing the picture."

"Two more sittings will make it perfect, Carissima, and then how gladly will I part with my Venus, since I shall never again be required to part with my Lucia."

Three days after this conversation Lucia announced to her mother her intention of once more seeking Lorenzo's studio.

"Nay, figlia mio, thou art yet too weak. The way is long; the delirium might return. Be persuaded, Lucia, and wait yet a few days before thou goest," said the madre Buonarotti in a pleading tone, as Lucia tied her mantle and drew her hood over her head.

"I can wait no longer, madre mio," replied the impetuous girl. "Two more sittings will complete the picture, and then Lorenzo's fortune will be made. What wilt thou do without thy Lucia to torment thee?" she added, throwing her arms round the good madre's neck, and then tripping lightly away.

But Lucia soon found that she had overrated her own strength, and long before she reached Lorenzo's studio her head was turning and her limbs aching with fever and fatigue. On she staggered, however, knowing well that she would find rest and tender care when she reached the end of her journey, and was just turning into the narrow street which led to the studio when once more she encountered the fair unknown, whom she had met on that very spot so many weeks before.

The blood seemed to turn to fire in Lucia's veins as she seized the girl by the wrist, and in a hoarse voice demanded, "Whence comest thou? Whose studio hast thou been visiting?"

"I come from Lorenzo's studio," replied the maiden, with a mocking smile; "release me, Lucia. Can no one be allowed to visit Lorenzo but thy fair self?"

"Not while I live!" almost shrieked Lucia, as she pushed past the girl and bounded up the staircase to Lorenzo's room.

He was standing before his easel contemplating, with folded arms, the work which he fondly believed was to bring him happiness in this life and immortality forever, when the door burst open and Lucia, whom he had not expected to see for several days, rushed in upon him.

"Liar! traitor! villain!" exclaimed the frantic girl, seizing a small stilletto which lay upon Lorenzo's table. "Thy Venus shall die, and so shall thy miserable Lucia," and before Lorenzo could seize her hand she plunged the dagger through the figure of Venus and then into her own bosom.

* * * * * *

"And did she die, then and there, in her lover's arms?" I inquired, as Antonio paused a moment in his narrative.

"Signor, no," replied the man. "The wound was mortal, but she lived long enough to learn how causeless her jealousy had been, and bitterly regret the rash act which separated her from her faithful lover."

The girl whom she had met was a professional model who had been sitting to another artist in the same building with Lorenzo. She was as light and false of character as she was beautiful in person, and had often solicited Lorenzo to sketch her, and been coldly repulsed by him. On that very day she had entered Lorenzo's studio and placed her time and her beauty at his disposal if he would accept them from her. But Lorenzo had indignantly refused, and had driven her from his room with a stern injunction never to return to it again.

"It was then that she met Lucia, and, prompted by her own bad heart, had uttered the false and mocking words which had roused the mad demon of jealousy in Lucia's breast. It is a sad tale, signor, and true as it is sad."

"It is indeed," I answered musingly, my eyes still fixed upon the face whose marvelous beauty I had never seen equaled in art or nature. "But the artist, Antonio, what became of him? where can I find his later works?"

"He never put brush to canvas again, signor," replied Antonio. "For ten years after Lucia's death he wandered, a broken, blighted man, about the streets of Naples, sometimes sitting for hours on the shore watching the waves in a weary way, and sometimes drifting about the bay in a small boat, but rarely speaking and never smiling. At last, one moonlight night, he was seen to push off in his little skiff, and from that time was never seen or heard of more."

But the night is closing in, and they are waiting to close the gallery, Signor. Will the Padrone return home, or will he like better to take a sail on the bay? It is a most heavenly evening."

But I have no heart for any more pleasure-seeking that day. The story of the misguided Lucia, and the haunting beauty of her face, remained with me for days; and although years have gone by since I looked upon the wounded Venus of Lorenzo d'Urbino, the memory of her loveliness has followed me like an inspiration through many a waking and dreaming hour.

Flize.

I hate a fli.
A fli has got no manners.
He ain't no gentleman.

He's an introoder; don't send in no kard, nor ax an interduckshun, nor don't knok at the front door, and nuver, nuver thinx ov takin uff his hat.

Fust you kno he is in bed with you and up your noze—tho what he wants there iz a mistery; and he invites hisself to breakfast and sits doun in your butter thout brushin his pants.

He helps hisself to sugar and merlasses, and bred and perserves, and vinegy—anything, and don't wait for no invitation. He's got a good appetite, and jist as sun eat one thing az anuther.

'Taint no use to challenge him for takin liberties; he keaps up a hostile korrespondence with you whether you like it or not, and shoots hisself at you like a bullit, and he nuvur misses, nuver.

He'll kiss your wife twenty times a day, and zizz zo, and ridikule you if you say a word, and he'd rather you'd slap at him than not box; he's a dodger of the dodginist kine. Every time you slap you don't slap him, but slap yourself, and he zizzez and pints the hind leg of scorn at you, till he aggravates you to distrackshun.

He glories in lightin every pop on the ixacdt spot whar you druv him from, which proves the intention to teeze you. Don't tell me he ain't got no mind, he knows what he is after; he's got sense, and too much ov it, tho he never went to skool a day in his life, except in a supe dish.

He's a mean, malignant, owdashus, premeditated cuss.

His mother never paddled him with a slipper.

His morals was neglected, and he lax a good dele of humanity miteily. He ain't bashful a bit, and I doubt if he blushes ofting.

In fackt, he was never fetched up a tall.

He was born full grown; he don't git old. Uther things gits old, but he never gits old; and he is imperdent and mischievous to the day of his deth.

He droopz in cold wether, and you kan mash him on a window pain, and you've jest put your finger in it. He comes agin next yeer, and a heep more with him. 'Taint no use.

One fli to a family might do for amuzement, but the good of so menny flize I be dogon ef I kin zee, kin you?

I has thort much about flize, and I has notist how ofting they stop in their devilry to comb thar heads and skratch thar noze with thar fourlegs, and gouge thar armpits under thar wings, and the tops of thar wings with thar legs.

And my kandid opiynin ar, that flize is lowsy; they eaches all the time, is misserbul, and that makes 'em bad tempered, and want to make uther peepil misserbul too.

Ef that aint the flossify of flize I give up.

Altho a fli don't send in his kard he always leaves one, and I don't like it. 'Tain't pritty if 'tis round; he kan't make a cross-mark, only a dot, and he is always dotting whar thar ain't no i's. Thar's no end to his periods, but he nuver comes to a full stop. Sich handriting is disagreeabil.

He's an artist, but his fresco an his wall paperin I don't admire. Thar's too much sameness in his patterns. His specs is the only specs that don't help the eyes. You kan't see throo um, and you don't want to.

I hate a fli.
Darn a fli.—*Josh Billings.*

A New Departure.

[From the St. Louis Republican.]

NEW YORK, September 20.—I hear this evening from good authority that there is, in a very few days, to be a new departure among the Tammany leaders. The house is falling about their ears, and they want to get out before being crushed. The revelations made to-day that three millions more vouchers besides those stolen last week have been missing more than six months ago, and that their disappearance was known to Connolly, has placed the affairs of the controller's department in a horrible light. Mayor Hall can not possibly allow Connolly to go on, and Connolly will not go out alone.

It has therefore been decided at a caucus, at which S. J. Tilden presided, that the whole ring shall resign. Mayor Hall, Controller Connolly, William M. Tweed and Peter B. Sweeney. The Governor will then order a special election for mayor, to be held along with the general November election, and a man like Havemeyer will be elected almost without a contestant. Green is to remain controller with the new officers, who will assume their duties the first of January, when the Legislature will at once set to work and give the city a new charter. This wholesale resignation has been decided upon at the instance of the Democratic State committee, who do not see how they can save the State with the ring men in office. The ring have taken that advice, as they are anxious to wash their hands of everything, and let by-gones be by-gones. Still, the revelations yet to be made in regard to Connolly may compel his punishment, as it becomes clearer every hour that he is the most guilty of all, and the disappearance of so many vouchers, over which his son, J. Townsend Connolly, now in Europe, had the control, make it almost impossible to let him off scot free.

This is a special to the Cincinnati *Gazette*:

NEW YORK, September 19.—There is no change in the Tammany situation this evening. It is understood that Mayor Hall will recognize Connolly as controller, and make no opposition to the existing state of things. Garvey, Ingersoll, and other so-called partners of Tweed, are said to be putting their property out of their hands to avoid its seizure on behalf of the taxpayers.

It is ascertained, by a dispatch from Washington to the *Tribune*, that the half a million dollars in bonds, reported as transferred by Mrs. R. B. Connolly to her son-in-law, were in Connolly's own name, and were transferred by him. Mrs. Connolly still holds three hundred and seventy thousand dollars' worth in her own name. Fithian, her son-in-law, has been making transfers daily to other parties. Everything is quiet around the City Hall to-night.

Collector Murphy sends to the *Tribune* a defense of his position, and denying the charges made in a long editorial this morning. The *Tribune* will publish his defense, and also reply, taking up all the points he makes, and proving their fallacy

Mr. Nast puts his ideas of the situation of the Tammany leaders into very forcible pictures last week. His main cartoon, "A Group of Vultures Waiting for the Storm to Blow Over—'Let us Pray,'" is one of his most telling works, and in "What the German Democrats Have Done About It" he shows in a form that everybody will understand the fact that they have pitched the Four overboard.

TWO.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

Last night I dreamed that there were two
Lithe, golden-haired girls like you—
And loved them both. What could I do?

They both had just this wavy hair,
This pretty dress, looped here and there,
Your tone of voice, laugh, gesture, air.

One drew me with your modest eyes,
The other with your sweet replies;
And both were full of sorceries.

And so alike I could not guess,
When one had gone, which loveliness
Lingered to deepen my distress.

But her I loved, and nothing loth
Whichever one! and pledged by troth:
And so was true and false to both.

Awaking, it was well to find
Nature had not, howe'er inclined,
Made two of your distracting kind!
—Atlantic Monthly for October.

SHAKES.

[From the September Overland.]

Everybody in and around Norway Flat was acquainted with Shakes. Shakes was every one's favorite, and every one's laughing stock. What his real name was no one on the Flat, except the postmaster, knew or seemed at all anxious to ascertain. In outward appearance he was a specimen of debased humanity. Debauchery was indelibly stamped upon every feature. It was deemed a rare sight to see him with a clean face. Streaks of gray forced themselves through the accumulations that clung to his long matted locks and untrimmed beard. A coarse, blue woolen undershirt, with tattered sleeves, covered his back, from whence many doubted whether it had been removed since the day he first put it on, in Griffin's store, twelve months ago. His duck pants had completely lost their original whiteness, and were tucked into a well worn, much patched pair of gum boots. The veritable felt hat, worn by him in '52, still maintained its usual position on the side of his head. The only change it had apparently undergone since then was that a piece of an old rubber coat now constituted the crown.

Shakes' history, outside of the precincts of Norway Flat was wrapped in complete mystery. Even the time of his arrival in the camp was unknown. Brown, the proprietor of the "Occidental"—Norway Flat's principal hotel, drinking and dancing saloon—and also one of the pioneers of the place asserted. "Shakes bummed around here when I fust 'rived, in '52." It was generally believed that he hailed from the temperance State of Maine. Shakes, however, was no temperance man himself; to the contrary, he had earned the unenviable reputation of being an inveterate "whisky bummer." No one had ever known him to pass a single night on the Flat "out of his cups." It is true that these constant imbibings had so enfeebled his system as to cause him to readily succumb to its influence.

A lonely log cabin stood on the hill-side. Shakes owned, and professed to be its occupant, but seldom, if ever, crossed its threshold. The barroom of some one or other of the numerous drinking hells was his home; the floor, a bench or a faro table was his bed.

Although a slave to his appetite for intoxicating liquor, none of its vendors on Norway Flat were much the richer for having Shakes as their customer. It was seldom that a coin passed from his hands to the barkeeper's drawer; but drink he must have, and somehow or other he always managed to obtain it. The manner in which it was obtained was but a secondary consideration to him. Nothing was too humiliating or too degrading for him to do for it. When begging failed, strategy was immediately resorted to, and in this he was invariably successful. He would enter the saloon, with thumb and forefinger inserted in his pocket, and address the barkeeper thus:

"I say, barkeeper, hurry up; give me a brandy straight."

The barkeeper would first cast a glance at the position of the hand, and then tender the bottle to Shakes, who would unconcernedly drink, "Here's luck," and retire from the counter without paying.

"Ho, Shakes!"

"Eh?"

"Come and see me."

"No, thankee; don't feel like it now; just had un."

And the barkeeper learned that he was duped once more, but dared not attempt to punish his deceiver. The indignation of the entire camp would most assuredly fall upon the individual who dared to abuse Shakes. He was Norway Flat's "privileged character." "Likes his whisky, I know; but he's a harmless, good natured old devil for all that," was the sentiment universally expressed by the members of that little mining community.

Inebriate as he was, Shakes was not indolent. He was always, in sunshine or rain, engaged in chopping cord wood, or in riving shakes—long shingles, from which latter occupation he received his nickname. The sun rose on Shakes entering the woods; it set upon him making a "bee line" for the "Pony saloon." Firewood was worth six dollars a cord and shakes sixteen dollars a thousand in those days on Norway Flat. Shakes always chopped from two to three cords per day. Three dollars a cord he paid "Billy, the boatman," for hauling it, which of course considerably diminished his earnings; still there was a good margin left. How it came to pass that he should always be poor could never be satisfactorily explained. His condition of being what he termed "flat broke" was patent to all, and was considered another of the mysteries of his peculiar life that no one cared to solve, and accepted unquestioned.

Norway Flat, since the time of its discovery, in 1852, had continued to be a prosperous mining camp. The fabulous yield of many of its many claims had been reported in the columns of leading newspapers of the civilized world. Numerous opportunities had been offered Shakes to become the possessor of ground of a promising character, subsequently proving rich. Mining, however, possessed no attractions for him. There existed no affinity between his nature and the excitement of the average gold miner's life. He never owned a foot of mining ground, "and didn't intend to," he was accustomed to say, "I go for the sure thing." Even when the Wake-up Jake company struck a two ounces-to-the-pan prospect, Shake's declined staking off the adjoining ground, then vacant, and upon which he was at that time chopping wood. That same piece of ground afterward proved the richest spot on the whole flat, nearly twelve hundred ounces being obtained from it as the proceeds of one day's washing. This lack of enterprise—this disinclination to venture—was supposed to be the morbid offspring of his dissipated career. The only things for which he appeared to have any care were his ax, cross-cut saw and frower. These constituted his entire stock in trade, and for these he cherished something bordering upon affection.

Shakes was viewed as one of Norway Flat's fixtures. It had been settled long ago in the minds of its inhabitants that his bones would decay in the little cemetery on the knoll overlooking the Flat. The idea of his removing was never for a moment entertained by any one in that secluded community. Shakes and Norway Flat had grown up with one another. Norway Flat was Shakes' home. If he possessed a home elsewhere he had never been heard to speak of it.

The winter of 1859 had set in. It was about the middle of November. The ground was covered with several inches of snow. The tinkling of sleigh bells was heard in the distance, and the little town on the flat was instantly thrown into a commotion. It was all occasioned by the arrival of "Barnard's Monthly Express." The arrival of the express was an important event in the otherwise monotonous routine of every day life at Norway Flat; for be it remembered that the era of wagon roads and railways had not been inaugurated, and communication between that mountain retreat and civilization was, at best, infrequent and uncertain. Among the anxious faces, awaiting the opening of the little wicket of the postoffice and the distribution of letters, appeared that of Shakes. Shortly afterward, he was observed intently perusing a letter.

"Dam'd if I don't make tracks for hum," he suddenly exclaimed, and as suddenly bade farewell to Norway Flat and its surroundings.

That evening Shakes was missed from his usual haunts, and it soon became generally known that he had left the Flat. This was an unprecedented episode in Norway Flat's history. Nothing had ever occurred before to disturb its uniform equanimity, excepting the shooting of Red Alick by Russian Bill in a moment of frenzied excitement, produced in the heat of a discussion as to the merits of the parties then engaged in the Crimean war. His departure was the universal topic of conversation around every fireside and in every barroom in the camp. The speculations as to the cause were as varied as they were improbable.

The thermometer at Brown's that evening indicated fifteen degrees below zero, but no fears were harbored in the minds of any one as to the safety of the one who had so unceremoniously left the camp "homeward bound."

Weeks passed on, and nothing had been seen or heard of Shakes since the departure. Norway Flat had almost forgotten him. Brown, the landlord of the "Occidental," was standing in his doorway, gazing abstractedly at the windings of the "down country" trail. It was only the previous day that a prospecting party had passed along that way from the Flat, bound for the deserted mining camp of Diggers' Delight, situated about ten miles distant. His thoughts naturally turned to their departure and prospects. Suddenly his quick eye detected in the distance a group of men slowly trudging toward the Flat, and was somewhat astonished to recognize in them the prospectors of Diggers' Delight returning, bearing with them a heavy burden. The news soon spread that Shakes had been found dead at Diggers' Delight. It was evident that night had overtaken him there, and that he had determined to spend it in one of the deserted shanties. The fire-place had been filled by him with wood, ready for the match; but it remained unkindled. Why, no one could answer. The verdict of all who heard the story was that he had fallen a victim to the severity of the weather on the evening of the day he left the Flat, or, as they expressed it, "friz dead."

In an inside pocket of a vest worn underneath the ragged overshirt, a packet of letters was found, all of which were written in the same handwriting, and addressed to "James Wilkinson, Esq., Norway Flat." Sundry photographs were also discovered in the same pocket—one of an aged lady, another of a woman in the prime of life, and the rest of three beautiful girls of from ten to fifteen years of age. All the letters bore the same post-mark, "——, Me." Each envelop was indorsed in pencil, "Rec'd (date), J. W." One of them was indorsed, "Rec'd Nov. 17, 1859, J. W." That was the day that Shakes left Norway Flat. Its contents explained the mystery of his life and poverty and ruin, thus:

"——, Maine, August 30, 1859.

"MY DEAR JAMES—Your last remittance of $250 has been duly received, and the mortgage on the farm has now been paid. * * * Have you not impoverished yourself to keep us in comparative luxury? We have wanted for nothing. * * * * Mother is ailing and rapidly declining. Doctor says she can not possibly live through the coming winter. She longs to see you, James, before she dies. * * * * O, do come home at once; if not, I shall sell the place next spring, and come to Norway Flat myself. * * * * *

Your affectionate wife,
ELLEN WILKINSON."

The bright side of Shakes' character, which he had so carefully concealed from the sight of his fellow-men, was here revealed. And he had now gone to another home to receive his reward.

Thomas' Process for Preserving Wood.

[From the Bay St. Louis Gazette.]

We were shown and examined carefully some specimens of pine wood preserved by the patented process of N. H. Thomas, of New Orleans, which were put down about the beginning of June at the railroad drawbridge over the Bay St. Louis, with some specimens of common wood, not prepared in that manner, and the difference in the appearance of the two kinds of specimens was certainly striking enough to convince even the most skeptical that the Thomas process is all it claims to be. The preserved specimens, although covered by a thick growth of common barnacles, were as sound, or rather more so, than when put down into the water. Not a single worm had made its appearance in the substance of the wood, while the specimens of common pine wood, not prepared by the patented process, were literally eaten into a sponge-like substance, and fell apart almost by their own weight.

We consider this a conclusive test of the efficacy of Mr. N. H. Thomas' process, and hail it as one of the great inventions of the age, and one of the most important to commercial science. Mr. N. H. Thomas, whose office is at No. 32 Carondelet street, will soon commence the formation of a joint stock company, for the purpose of utilizing this important discovery, and we feel confident that many of our seashore citizens avail themselves of this opportunity to further a movement of such great public utility.

It has long been known that wall-papers of a bright green color were tinted with arsenic; but the amount of the noxious mineral has been supposed to be trifling, and few persons will be prepared to learn that it frequently reaches as high as "fourteen grains and upward to the square foot." Nor are the lighter shades of green always less poisonous; the same quantity of arsenic of copper being used, and the paler tint given by an admixture of white lead. A paper with green leaves on a white ground was found to contain no less than eight grains of arsenic to the square foot, and had caused serious illness in the family whose house it had decorated. The sufferings produced by inhalations of gaseous emanations from such papers, or of the impalpable dust given off from them, comprise not only obstinate cutaneous eruptions, but severe diarrhea and vomiting, and other symptoms resembling those of poisoning by irritant substances, bronchitis, congestion of the lungs or liver, spasmodic asthma, neuralgia, fevers and convulsions.

A Luxembourg paper relates that the King of Holland has just had a narrow escape from a terrible death. The king was approaching a level crossing on the Utrecht railway at the very moment when an express train was about to pass at great speed. The coachman, unaware of the danger, was driving up to the crossing, and inevitably both he and the king would have been smashed to pieces had not a bystander rushed forward and, at the peril of his life, pushed back the horses of the carriage. Scarcely had this been done when the train whirled past, and the king fell back almost unconscious at sight of the peril he had escaped. A few moments after the king asked to see the man to whom he owed his life, but the unknown benefactor had departed, leaving no trace behind, and not all the efforts of the grateful monarch had been yet able to bring him to light.

After inquiring of a neighbor whether it would be allowed, a worthy German lady in Sacramento accompanied her son to the polls on election day, he having just arrived at manhood, and she fearing that he might be influenced to vote the Democratic ticket. She grasped him with one hand, and, holding the ticket for Booth aloft in the other, proceeded to the inspector, who blandly informed that women were not allowed the right of suffrage yet; he was sorry, etc. She hastened to say that the ballot was her son's, and, his name being found on the poll-list, the vote was passed into the box.

The Springfield (Massachusetts) *Republican* states that the horticultural school at Newton has been going on with success the past summer. Eight young women studying there have spent from six to eight hours daily in the garden or greenhouse, doing all the work except the heaviest and coarsest, and have supplied the family of a dozen people with vegetable. Each has given thirty to forty minutes daily to recitations in botany, etc. Now one of them is about to start a greenhouse and garden at Jamaica Plain, and another at some other point near Boston.

The physique of the Chinaman is not robust or imposing, yet at the gold fields of Australia their muscular exploits are remarkable. Gangs of them are seen cheerily tramping from one mining district to another, each one bearing upon his shoulders two packages, embracing mining implements and camp appendages, weighing on an average about two hundred pounds. The Mangolian muscle is not capable of as great exertion as the Caucasian, yet in protracted endurance it will come out ahead.

MISSISSIPPI LEVEES.

Commissioners for the Construction of Levees Have a Meeting.

[From the Memphis Appeal.]

At the last session of the Mississippi Legislature, a law was passed providing for the construction of a levee, from Horn Lake to the southern bounds of Coahoma county, where the levee is to connect with one already under course of construction to the Yazoo river. The law which provides for the erection of these levees, has among its provisions one providing for the appointment of a commissioner for each of the counties concerned. These are to be elected by the board of supervisors of each county, and when so elected, are to form a body to be known as the board of levee commissioners, whose duty it is to see that the aforementioned work shall be done. The board at present consists of five members, as follows: Desoto county, F. S. Tate; Tunica county, John McCann; Panola county, W. W. Howe; Tallahatchie county, Hawkins; Coahoma county, A. S. Dowd. At the meeting, yesterday, Mr. Hawkins was not present, but the other four were. A. S. Dowd is president, and A. R. Howe, of Panola county, secretary and treasurer.

The proposed levee will be 120 miles in length, and, when finished, will protect about 1,600,000 acres of the finest land in the world from overflow. The drier it can be kept the better crop it yields. With such cultivation as is in other places bestowed on corn, it will produce from eighty to one hundred bushels of corn to the acre. Cattle may be taken out of the woods in winter and killed, they being in a better condition for the butcher's knife than those that are stall-fed all the winter. This land is in truth as rich as gold. Crops can be raised on it, even with the overflow, but they have this disadvantage, they have to be put in late—say in June—and it therefore becomes necessary for the hands to work through the heat of July and August before they are "laid by." This work, in the very hot weather, sickens the laborer; he can not do it with impunity. Beside this, the crops so put in are usually short, and are very late coming in. When the land is protected by a levee the crops may be put in during March, and laid by before the heats of June set in. They will ripen early and have a good yield, because the drier the ground is the better crops can be raised from it.

The law providing for these levees fixes an aggregate tax on those low lands of $125,000 per year, to pay for the work, to be raised every year for tweve years. The law also authorizes the sale of lands for non-payment of taxes, which sales have already been decided to be valid and the titles good. The commissioners are authorized to issue bonds to the amount of $1,000,000, but which are not to be negotiated for less than ninety-cents on the dollar. The interest on these bonds is secured by the tax of $125,000 per year levied upon the grounds which are to be benefitted by the levee, so that those bonds may be considered a lien on the lands that fail to pay this tax. Memphis has a deep interest in these lands. They are the richest cotton lands in the world, capable of marketing nearly a million bales of cotton in one year, if brought under proper cultivation. Memphis commands all the trade of this vast and luxurious section—a section that is destined at no distant day to swarm with a dense and rich population.

The board was principally occupied in considering a number of bids that were sent in for the proposed work, and in discussing the manner of disposing of the bonds, which are now being printed in New York. There was no decision arrived at in respect to letting out the work yet. The commissioners have decided to remain in the city until a chance shall have been afforded to all the contractors to investigate and consider the matter, and put in their bids. They will meet again to-day. They are elected for four years, so that the work may be completed while in their hands. One hundred and twenty miles of leveeing will afford considerable work to our laborers for some time. Only think of the amount of quinine and whisky that will be swallowed during the progress of the work.

"THAT'S WHAT THEY DO AT THE SPRINGS."

A Saratoga Scandal.

[From the New York Herald.]

The knowing ones among the guests still remaining at Saratoga are rolling a sweet morsel of scandal under their tongues, from which much juciness seems to have been extracted. The parties affected are the wife of a leading turfman, who has a large stable of horses at the Springs, and a young man who has been sporting it in Saratoga during the past summer. She is young, pretty and vivacious; he gay and handsome, and in New York, where he resides, is known as one of those "Broadway statues," whose only mission seems to be to lure unsuspecting victims to destruction. They met one morning at the spring; there was a look, a frisk of the handkerchief, an acquaintanceship formed, and in a little while a fallen woman and a dishonored husband. The gossips talked, and their words reached the ears of the wronged husband. He is a cool, determined, resolute man. He went straight to the "swell," charged him with his crime, and demanded a confession. The young man denied his guilt. "Tell me all," said the other, "or I will kill you on the spot." The guilty wretch saw in his look the determination of a man who meant what he said, and to save his worthless life he told the story of the crime which had undone the husband. The wife was next interviewed. She denied, protested, begged, entreated, but confessed at last. A lawyer was sent for, and property which had been presented to her by the husband was deeded back to him. They parted forever. The next step was an action for divorce, which is now pending before a referee in the village. It may be mentioned that one of the sad features of the case is the previous history of the husband and the effect this blight may have upon his life. Previous to marriage he was a dissipated, hardened wretch. Marriage reformed him; thoughts of his wife made him a prudent, careful, temperate man, though perhaps a too indulgent husband. He is said to be utterly overwhelmed with grief, and his friends fear that the disgrace of his wife may drive him back to his former intemperate course of life.

The Ocean Wave—Report of the Investigating Board.

[From the Mobile Tribune.]

The board of investigation have made their report to the Secretary of the Treasury, in relation to the cause or causes of the Ocean Wave explosion. After giving a history of the case, and referring to a patch on the boiler, the report says:

We are of the opinion that the immediate responsibility for this disaster rests with the parties, or party who caused that plate to be put over the leak in the bottom of that boiler. This lake came from a crack five or six inches in length in the thin portion above mentioned, and we have used all the means at our command to fix the responsibility of applying this patch or plate where it belongs. The evidence on this head is very conflicting. The parties pecuniarily interested in the boat swore positively that it was put on by a boiler-maker by the name of Hodgson, and under the direction of the United States boiler inspector at this port, Mr. Sprague, at the last annual inspection, while Hodgson and Sprague state, with equal positiveness, that they know nothing about it. We are inclined to the opinion that this plate has been applied since the annual inspection. Whether Mr. Sprague had any knowledge of its being there we are not able to say, but he is represented as having often been on board the boat, and he should have known something of the condition of the boiler.

In view of these conflicting statements and interests, we are of the opinion that all parties, owner, engineer, boilermaker and inspectors should share this responsibility. Mr. Sprague, if for no other cause than his failure to re-examine the repairs he ordered to be made on the boiler at the last annual inspection—on this point there is no conflict in the testimony. We also believe that had the annual inspection been conducted in a different manner, the true condition of the boiler would have been ascertained, whether any leak occurred at the time or not.

M. Thiers is going to visit Bismarck, and it shows a right neighborly spirit in him to do so. Bismarck came to see Thiers last winter, and brought his folks along to make a good visit. It is time that Thiers returned the call.