

The Cairo Bulletin.

CAIRO, ILLINOIS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1872.

JOHN H. OBERLY, PUBLISHER

OUR CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN—First Street. Preaching, Sabbath at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school, 9 a. m. A. M. Laiden, superintendent. REV. H. THAYER, Pastor.

METHODIST—Cor. Eighth and Walnut Sts. Preaching, Sabbath at 10 a. m., and 7 p. m. Praying meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m. Sabbath school, 9 a. m. L. W. Stillwell, Superintendent. REV. F. L. THOMPSON, Pastor.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER—(Episcopal). Morning prayers, Sabbath 10 a. m. Evening prayers, 7 p. m. Sabbath school, 9 a. m. REV. E. COAN, Rector.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH—10th and Washington Avenue. Public service, Sabbath 8:30 and 10 a. m. Vespers, 7 p. m. Sabbath school, 9 a. m. Service every day, 8 a. m. REV. P. J. O'HALLORAN, Priest.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH—(German). Corner of Walnut and Cross streets. Mass every Sabbath at 10 o'clock a. m. Vespers, 7 p. m. Mass during week days, 8 o'clock a. m. REV. C. HOFFMAN, Priest.

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH—14th street between Washington Avenue and Walnut street. Preaching Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Sabbath school at 9 o'clock p. m. H. C. Thiedecke, Superintendent.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—Regular meeting second Monday each month at 7 o'clock p. m. over Rockwell & Co's book store, Commercial avenue. Weekly Prayer meeting, Friday, 7 p. m. at the room.

SECOND MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH—Corner Sycamore and Forty-first streets. Preaching Sabbath at 11 o'clock a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school, 9 o'clock a. m. The church is connected with the Illinois Association, by the First Missionary Baptist church of Cairo.

EPISCOPAL METHODIST—Fourteenth, between Walnut and Cedar. Services, Sabbath, 11 a. m. Sabbath school, 9 a. m. REV. R. T. HELBIG, Pastor.

SECOND FREE WILL BAPTIST—Fifteenth street, between Walnut and Cedar. Services, Sabbath, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath school, 9 a. m. REV. N. HICKS, Pastor.

FREE WILL BAPTIST HOME MISSIONS—SABATH SCHOOL—Corner Walnut and Cedar streets. Sabbath, 9 a. m. REV. J. J. SMOKES, Pastor.

FIRST FREE WILL BAPTIST CHURCH—Corner of Third and Walnut streets. Services, Sabbath, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. REV. W. M. KELLEY, Pastor.

FIRST MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH—Cedar, between Ninth and Tenth sts. Preaching, Sabbath, 10 a. m. and 7 p. m. Praying meeting, Wednesday evening. Sabbath school, 9 a. m. John VanBaxter and Mary Stephens, Joint Pastors.

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH—Fourteenth street, between Cedar and Walnut. The only Baptist church recognized by the Association. Services, Sabbath, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. REV. JACOB BRADLEY, Elder.

SECRET ORDERS.

ALHO COME TO THE MASON'S—Assembly at the Asylum Masonic Hall, first and third Saturdays in each month.

ALHO COLONIAL, No. 24—Regular Convocation at Masonic Hall, the second Friday in each month.

CAIRO LODGE, No. 27 F. & A. M.—Regular Convocation at Masonic Hall, on the third Tuesday of each month.

THE ODD-FELLOWS—Assembly at Odd-Fellows' Hall, in Art's building, every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—John M. Palmer.
Lieutenant-governor—John Dougherty.
Secretary of State—Edmund Hamilton.
Auditor of State—E. Lippincott.
State Treasurer—E. N. Bates.
Supt. Public Instruction—Newton Bateman.

CONGRESSMEN.
Senators—Lyman Trumbull and John A. Logan.
Representatives for the state—Lodge—S. L. Beveridge.
Representative Thirtieth District—John M. Greb.

MEMBERS GENERAL ASSEMBLY.
Senators, First District—T. A. E. Holcomb, of Union, and S. K. Gibson, of Gallatin.
Representative, First District—H. Watson Webb.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Circuit Court.
Judge—D. J. Hayes, Alexander.
Prosecuting Attorney—J. F. McCartney, of Massie.
Sheriff—A. H. Irwin.
Wm. Martin—Assessor and Treasurer.

COUNTY COURT.
Judge—F. J. Ross.
Associates—J. E. McCrite and S. Marchant.
Clerk—Jacob G. Lynch.
Coroner—John H. Gosman.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.
Mayor—John M. Lansden.
Treasurer—R. A. Cunningham.
Comptroller—E. A. Burnett.
Clerk—Michael Harvey.
Marshal—Andrew Cain.
Attorney—P. H. Pope.
Police Magistrate—F. Bross and B. Slanecy.

SELECT COUNCIL.
Mayor—John M. Lansden.
First Ward—J. H. Schell.
Second Ward—C. R. Woodward.
Third Ward—Jno. Wood.
Fourth Ward—St. Straits Taylor.
City at Large—W. P. Halliday and D. Hurd.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN.
First Ward—James Barden, A. B. Safford, Isaac Walker.
Second Ward—H. H. Cunningham, E. Butler, G. Staniel, James Swaney.
Third Ward—Wm. Stratton, J. B. Phillips.
Fourth Ward—Jno. H. Robinson, G. H. Sease, J. H. Metcalf.

PHYSICIANS.
R. S. BRIGHAM, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office 126 Commercial avenue. Residence on Tenth street, three doors west of C. R. Woodward. 10-25-2m.

DR. B. C. TABER,
Will resume the practice of his profession with special reference to the electric treatment of diseases in all the new and improved methods of application.
In all cases of female complaints a lady will be attended in the most delicate manner.
Office, 126 Commercial avenue, up stairs.

WILLIAM R. SMITH, M. D.,
RESIDENCE—No. 21 Thirtieth street, between Washington avenue and Walnut street. Office—12 Commercial avenue, up stairs.

C. W. DUNNING, M. D.,
RESIDENCE—corner Ninth and Walnut sts. Office—corner Ninth street and Ohio levee. Office hours—from 6 a. m. to 12 m. and 2 p. m.

H. WARDNER, M. D.,
RESIDENCE—Corner Nineteenth street and Washington avenue, near court house. Office over Art's & Co's store. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 12 m. and from 2 to 4 p. m.

DR. R. BLUM,
Surgeon and Mechanic

DENTIST!
Office, Commercial Avenue between Ninth and Tenth streets.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

(From "Keel and Saddle," by Gen. W. R. New.)

Arriving at New Orleans, in 1852, I was soon on my way up the Mississippi and Ohio. Among my fellow passengers on the steamer was Lieut. Thomas J. Jackson, of the United States army, who seemed, at first, a remarkably quiet, reserved, although very intelligent officer, and with whom I soon became acquainted; for there is everywhere a sort of camaraderie among the officers of the two services which attract them to each other in a crowd of strangers. For several days the inland voyage continued; and our nights were partly spent upon the hurricane-deck of the steamer, engaged in conversation. One of these conversations was so peculiar that he fixed itself in my memory; and subsequent events proved itself worthy of record, although I confess I hesitate to put in writing anything which borders so nearly on the marvelous.

One clear, starlight night, as we glided along the clear river, our conversation turned upon the firmament and its countless orbs that looked down upon us. Jackson asked me if I had ever been induced to take a flight from the study of nautical astronomy, practiced by all naval officers, into the realms of astrology. I replied that I had always been interested more or less in those mathematical studies required in nautical calculations, and that from the exact rules demanded for working the various problems of the ephemeris, I had sometimes, to amuse the idle hours of a sea-life, worked out the nautics of my shipmates. I had even taken Zedekiel's almanac, and used his rules, but without believing in the science of judicial astrology. Jackson, however, was not so incredulous; although it was evident that he had not then decided fully within himself as to the truth or falsehood of this exploded science.

Before we parted at Pittsburg, a day or two after this conversation, I had given Jack on the necessary data for calculating a horoscope; and, in the course of a few months, I received from him a letter, which I preserved, inclosing a scheme of nativity. As any one who may have calculated these schemes by the rules must know, a horoscope may be interpreted in various, even contradictory terms, by different persons; and this was no exception to the rule. The only reason I had for remembering it at all was, that our destinies seemed to run in parallel lines; and, so far, it was remarkable. It was this peculiarity that caused Jackson to communicate with me, and the reason why I laid it carefully aside for a re-examination.

The several planets were placed in their respective houses, above and below the horizon, and Saturn being near the meridian, and approaching a square with the moon, great danger was to be apprehended by the native at the period when the aspect became complete. Mars also bore a threatening aspect, while Jupiter was below the horizon, and semi-sextile, which was not altogether unfavorable. There was no trine, and the sextile was weak. Altogether from the evil aspect of the square of Saturn, which threatened an opposition; that most dreaded of all the evil aspects of the heavens—the scheme was not dangerous and malign. The precise time and nature of the threatened danger, requiring a second calculation, accompanied the scheme, prognosticating the culmination of the malign aspect within some ten years, or during the first days of May, 1863, at which time the native ran great risk of life and fortunes, but, in case he survived the peril, the ominous period would never again recur.

In his letter Jackson says: "I have gone over these calculations several times, as their result is almost an exact reproduction of my own. * * * It is clear to me that we shall both be exposed to a common danger at the time indicated." Having but little faith in the almost forgotten and altogether-repudiated science of astrology, I took little heed of either his scheme of nativity on his letter, regarding the former as ingenious, but as merely a proof of an ardent and somewhat enthusiastic temperament; while I little imagined, at that time, that the rather unpolished and rugged exterior of Lieut. Jackson concealed a character destined to become famous among his countrymen.

I served in the army in 1861-'2-'3 until after the battle of Chancellorsville, participating in all its important engagements, and the greater part of the time commanding a brigade. At the battle above named I was an involuntary witness of an event which had an important bearing on the issues of the war, and which had been the subject of prolonged controversy. I refer to the death of Stonewall Jackson. The circumstances under which I acquired the right to give testimony in the matter were somewhat remarkable; and I here give a full statement of them: The left of my brigade lay near the plank road at Chancellorsville; and, after night had fallen, I rode forward, according to my invariable habit, to inspect my picket-line. The moon had risen, and partially illuminated the woods. I began my inspection on the right of the picket-line, progressing gradually to the left, where I stopped to rectify the post of a sentinel not far from the plank road. While thus engaged I heard the sound of hoofs from the direction of the enemy's line, and paused to listen. Soon a cavalcade appeared approaching us. The foremost horseman detached himself from the main body, which halted not far from us, and, riding cautiously nearer, seemed to try to pierce the gloom. He was so close to us that the soldier nearest me leveled his rifle for a shot

clatter of hoofs soon ceased to be audible, and the silence of the night was unbroken, save by the melancholy cries of the whippoorwill, which were heard in one continued wail, like spirit-voices; when the horizon was lighted up by a sudden flash in the direction of the enemy, succeeded by the well-known rattle of a volley of musketry from at least a battalion. A second volley quickly followed the first, and I heard cries in the direction. Fearing that some of our troops might be in that locality, and that there was danger of our firing upon friends, I left my orderly and rode toward the confederate lines. A riderless horse dashed past me toward our lines; and I reigned up in presence of a group of several persons gathered around a man lying on the ground, apparently badly wounded. I saw at once these were confederate officers, and visions of the Libby began to flit through my mind, but reflecting that I was well armed and mounted, and that I had on the great coat of a private soldier, such as was worn by both parties I sat still regarding the group in silence, but prepared to use either my spurs or my sword, as occasion might demand. The silence was broken by one of the confederates, who appeared to regard me with astonishment; then, speaking in a tone of authority, he ordered me to "ride up there and see what troops there were," indicating the rebel position. I instantly made a gesture of assent and rode slowly in the direction indicated, until out of sight of the group, then made a circuit round it and returned within my own lines. Just as I had answered the challenge of our picket, the section of our artillery posted on the plank road began firing, and I could plainly hear the grape crushing through the trees near the spot occupied by the group of confederate officers.

About a fortnight afterward, I saw a Richmond newspaper at the camp at Falmouth, in which were detailed the circumstances of the death of Stonewall Jackson. These left no doubt in my mind that the person I had seen lying on the ground was that officer, and that his singular prediction—mentioned previously—had been verified. The following is an extract from the newspaper account: "Gen. Jackson, having gone some distance in front of his line on Saturday evening, was returning about 8 o'clock, attended by his staff. The cavalcade was, in the darkness, mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry, and fired on by a regiment of his own corps." Then after detailing what took place after the general fell from his horse, the account proceeds: "The turpitude was utterly deserted with the exception of Capt. Wilbour and Wynn; but, in the skirting of the thicket on the left, some person was observed by the side of the wood, sitting on his horse motionless and silent. The unknown individual was clad in a dark dress, which strongly resembled the federal uniform; but it seemed impossible that he could have penetrated to that spot without being discovered, and what followed seemed to prove that he directed to the confederates. Capt. Wilbour directed him to ride up there and see what troops there were, the men who fired on Jackson, and the stranger rode slowly in the direction pointed out, but never returned with any answer. Who this silent personage was is left to posterity." &c.

A LIKENESS OF DAVY CROCKETT.

There is to be seen at the rooms of the Historical Society, Second avenue, corner of Eleventh street, an original portrait of exceptional interest, a likeness from life of the celebrated Davy Crockett of Kentucky, painted by A. L. DeRose, and subsequently engraved by A. B. Durand. It is in water color, and is done with wonderful boldness and spirit, and is one of those pictures in which the beholder feels sure he sees the faithful image of the person represented. This is Davy Crockett, beyond all peradventure; every lineament is his, the whole man is before us and for its accuracy of portraiture we do not need the autograph authentication of it which the cartoon bears—

"Leave this rule for others when I am dead—
Be always sure you're right, then go ahead."

But undoubtedly the famous distich and apothegm of Crockett in his own handwriting gives a great additional value to this powerful presentation of the man, and for a genuine American interest we know of no other picture extant which is of greater value than this. The thought interposes, however, that it is not in its right place in the New York Historical Society, hospitable as Mr. Moore certainly is, and honorable custody as he gives to the many treasures of the Historical Society Building. The work, indeed, does not belong to the Society and is only left in its rooms temporarily. The proper owner of this picture is the state of Kentucky, and the place where it should be kept is in the Capitol at Frankfort. Kentucky has a very ardent state pride (she took it naturally from her mother Virginia), and does herself credit in honoring her distinguished sons, and Kentucky never had a son more distinctly American, of a more original type of character, than Davy Crockett. He was a rough-hewn specimen; but he was fearless, honest, warm-hearted, clear-headed, who acted on his motto and adhered to principle, while he contemned the exactions of etiquette. The only harm he did in life was to grammar, but he respected truth while he outraged conventionality, and his picture should be hung up in the Kentucky Capitol as a precious treasure.

FRENCH ROLLS OR TWIST.—One quart of luke-warm milk, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of yeast, and

ILLINOIS.

OFFICIAL RETURNS OF THE VOTE IN THE CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.

SPRINGFIELD, November 19.—The following are the official returns of the vote for congressmen in this state, and may be relied upon as correct. The full returns on president, Governor and state officers are not yet received, and consequently all who are interested in the exact result must wait a day or two longer:

FIRST DISTRICT.
J. B. Rice, L. B. Olds.
Cook county, 11,282 6,401
Du Page, 1,588 870

Total, 12,870 7,271
Rice's, Rad, majority, 5,599.

SECOND DISTRICT.
J. D. Ward, C. H. Harrison.
Cook, 12,193 8,873
Ward's, Rad, majority, 3,310.

THIRD DISTRICT.
C. B. Farwell, J. V. LeMoine.
Cook, 6,448 4,067
Lake, 2,254 895

Total, 8,702 4,963
Farwell's, Rad, majority, 4,240.

FOURTH DISTRICT.
S. A. Hurlbut, S. G. Bronson.
Kane, 4,541 1,740
DeKalb, 2,943 680
McHenry, 2,872 1,131
Boone, 1,650 279
Winnebago, 3,516 1,304

Total, 15,522 5,134
Hurlbut's, Rad, majority, 10,388.

FIFTH DISTRICT.
H. C. Burchard, Jas. Dinwiddie.
Stephenson, 2,885 2,189
Jo Daviess, 2,712 2,041
Carroll, 1,982 674
Whiteside, 3,324 1,507
Ogle, 3,133 1,327

Total, 14,036 7,538
Burchard's, Rad, majority, 6,498.

SIXTH DISTRICT.
J. B. Hawley, C. Truesdale.
Lee, 2,720 1,842
Bureau, 3,259 1,882
Putnam, 623 349
Henry, 3,689 1,674
Rock Island, 2,848 1,968

Total, 13,122 7,215
Hawley's, Rad, majority, 5,908.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.
P. Corwin, G. D. A. Parks.
LaSalle, 4,286 4,092
Grundy, 1,588 752
Kendall, 1,507 409
Winnebago, 3,923 3,136

Total, 12,404 8,293
Corwin's, Rad, majority, 4,111.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.
Greenbury L. Fort, Geo. O. Barnes.
Kankakee, 2,576 961
Rockford, 3,125 1,660
Livingston, 3,156 571
Ford, 3,158 2,111
Woodford, 1,618 1,802
Marshall, 1,693 1,959

Total, 13,402 8,304
Fort's, Rad, majority, 5,097.

NINTH DISTRICT.
G. Barriere, N. E. Worthington.
Stark, 1,210 677
Peoria, 2,573 4,253
Fulton, 3,384 3,840
Knox, 4,381 2,029

Total, 12,000 10,799
Barriere's, Rad, majority, 1,801.

TENTH DISTRICT.
W. H. Ray, W. H. Neece.
Mercer, 1,995 1,175
Henderson, 1,205 928
Warren, 2,488 1,712
Hancock, 3,110 3,620
McDonough, 2,720 1,435
Schuyler, 1,661 1,435

Total, 13,188 12,669
Ray's, Rad, majority, 1,519.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.
J. M. Knapp, A. C. Matthews, Darrab.
Adams, 5,271 4,380 82
Brown, 1,371 824 62
Pike, 2,840 2,729 105
Calhoun, 597 430
Greene, 2,246 1,685 70
Jersey, 1,484 1,191

Total, 13,818 10,939 265
Knapp's, Lib, majority over Matthews, Rad, 2,879.

TWELFTH DISTRICT.
M. H. Camberlin, J. C. Robinson.
Scott, 959 1,100
Morgan, 2,776 2,564
Cass, 1,962 1,149
Mena, 856 1,188
Sangamon, 4,167 4,519
Christian, 2,251 2,713

Total, 12,311 13,284
Robinson's, Lib, majority, 923.

THIRTEENTH DISTRICT.
J. McNulta, C. H. Moore, Leeds, Bou.
Mason, 1,403 1,659 1
Tazewell, 2,350 2,158 257
McLean, 5,799 3,463 34
Logan, 2,423 1,914 48
DeWitt, 1,915 1,956 4

Total, 13,490 10,850 344
McNulta's, Rad, majority, 2,640.

FOURTEENTH DISTRICT.
Jos. G. Cannon, W. E. Nelson.
Macon, 2,701 2,453
Pitt, 1,387 1,060
Champaign, 3,724 2,124
Douglas, 1,410 1,317
Coles, 2,835 2,497
Vermilion, 3,394 1,954

Total, 15,161 11,406
Cannon's, Rad, majority, 3,756.

FIFTEENTH DISTRICT.
George Hunt, John R. Eden.
Shelby, 1,909 2,784
Jasper, 919 1,118
Cumberland, 1,110 1,227
Edgar, 2,288 2,314
Effingham, 1,110 4,099
Crawford, 1,168 1,242
Washington, 1,719 1,844
Monticello, 1,060 1,299
Lawrence, 1,115 1,145

Total, 12,298 14,653
Eden's, Lib, majority, 2,355.

SIXTEENTH DISTRICT.
J. S. Martin, S. L. Bryan.
Montgomery, 2,247 2,605
Fayette, 1,733 1,832
Bond, 1,545 958
Clinton, 1,380 1,797
Washington, 1,784 1,288
Marion, 2,206 2,231
Clay, 1,616 1,847

Total, 12,266 12,016
Martin's, Rad, majority, 290.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S QUEENS.

(From "Keel and Saddle," by Gen. W. R. New.)

Glorious as the spectacle was, perhaps, however, it passed unobserved. Those eyes were watching all for another object, which now drew near. In an open space behind the Constable there was seen approaching "a white chariot," drawn by two palfries in white damask which swept the ground; a golden canopy borne above making music with silver bells; and in the chariot sat the observed of all observers, the beautiful occasion of all this glittering homage—fortune's plaything of the hour, the Queen of England—queen at last!—borne along upon the waves of this sea of glory, breathing the perfumed incense of greatness which she had risked her fair name, her delicacy, her honor, her self-respect, to win; and she had won it.

There she sat, dressed in white tissue robes, her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and her temples circled with a light coronet of gold and diamonds—most beautiful—loveliest—most favored, perhaps, as she seemed at that hour, of all England's daughters. Alas! within the hollow round of that coronet—

"Kept Death his court, and there the antique sat,
Scolding her state and grinning at her pomp
Allowing her a little breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks.
Infusing her with self and vain conceit,
As if the flesh which waited about her life
Were brass impregnable; and, humored thus,
Bored through her castle walls; and farrow-
well-Queen?"

Fatal gift of greatness! so dangerous ever! so more than dangerous in those tremendous times when the fountains are broken loose of the great depths of thought, and nations are in the throes of revolution; when ancient order and law and traditions are splitting in the social earthquake; and as the opposing forces wrestle to and fro, those unhappy ones stand out above the crowd become the symbols of the struggle, and fall the victims of its alternating fortunes. And what if instead of an unsteady heart and brain, intoxicated with splendor, the outward chaos should find its way, converting the poor silly soul into an image of the same confusion,—if conscience should be deposited from her high place, and the Pandora box be broken loose of passions and sensualities and follies; and at length there be nothing left of which man or woman ought to value, save hope of God's forgiveness.

Three short years have yet to pass, and again on a summer morning, Queen Anne Boleyn will leave the Tower of London, not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor wandering ghost, on a sad tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer, into a presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well—for all of us—and therefore for her.

But let us not cloud her short-lived sunshine with the shadow of the future. She went on in her loveliness, the peerless following in their carriages, with the royal guard in their rear. In Fenchurch street she was met by the children of the city schools; and at the corner of Gracechurch street a masterpiece had been prepared for the pseudo-classic art, then so fashionable, by the merchants of the Styliard. A Mount Parnassus had been constructed, and a Helicon fountain upon it playing into a basin with four jets of Rhishian wine. On the top of the fountain sat Apollo with Calliope at his feet, and on either side the remaining muses, holding lutes or harps, and singing, each of them some "posy" or epigram in praise of the Queen, which was presented, after it had been sung, written in letters of gold.

From Gracechurch street the procession passed to Leadenhall, where there was a spectacle in better taste of the old English kind, quaint perhaps and forced, but truly and even beautifully emblematic. There was a "little mountain" which was hung with red and white roses; a gold ring with a purple vine and scarlet berries, proclaimed him the King of the Autumn; Doomed as he is, deserted by his fleeing brethren, pressed by the advancing legions of gloomy Winter, he still looks "every inch a king!" He has gathered about him his vassals, who neither tremble with fear nor look pale at the portents around them, but every one has thrown down his leafy gauntlet and bent his branchy lance to await the coming storm!

Like the last King of Assyria, he has surrounded himself with all the luxurious garniture of nature and the voluptuous revelry of the season, and looks to his parent Sun to send down his fires to consume them all before he will surrender. Above and around him the winds sing a wailing song, and the bright plumage of the clouds glows with wired lustre as their winged flocks soar to the zenith or sweep majestically to rest upon the bosom of the horizon. Type of the regal month—symbol of the pending fate of November—around the golden couch of the setting sun the curtains of royal purple are drawn, and earth and sky are hushed and mute, lest a breath should disturb his sleep, while stars that spangle the measureless dome above sing lowly and softly their lullaby. So will November sink to repose after a life of majesty and of strong action to the mellow cadences of the Indian Summer, amid the blazonry of the golden maple, the gorgeous crimson of the forests, and the bright scarlet of the razing vines which girt his study guard of monarch oaks. Who then can assent to the poet's idea that with November, "the melancholy days have come the saddest of the year?" Now we! There is no sadness in any work of God's

ONE OF ENGLAND'S QUEENS.

A railway had been laid with carpets across Palace Yard and the Sanctuary to the Abbey gates, and when all was ready, preceded by the peers in their robes of Parliament, the Knights of the Garter in the dress of the order, she swept out under her canopy, the bishops and monks "solemnly singing."

The train was borne by the old Duchess of Norfolk, her aunt, the Bishop of London and Winchester on either side "bearing up the lapsels of her robe." The Earl of Oxford carried the crown on its cushion immediately before her. She was dressed in purple velvet furred with ermine, her hair escaping loose, as she usually wore it, under a wreath of diamonds.

On entering the Abbey, she was led to the coronation chair, where she sat while the train fell into their places and the preliminaries of the ceremony were dispatched. Then she was conducted up to the high altar, and announced Queen of England, and she received from the hands of Cramer, fresh come in haste from Dunstable, with the last words of his sentence upon Catherine scarcely silent upon his lips, the golden scepter and St. Edward's crown.

Did any twing of remorse, any pang of painful recollection, pierce at that moment the incense of glory which she was inhaling? Did any vision flit across her of a sad, mourning figure which once had stood where she was standing, now desolate, neglected, sinking into the darkening twilight of a life cut short by sorrow? Who can tell? At such a time, that figure would have weighed heavily upon a noble mind, and a wise mind would have been taught by the thought of it, that, although life be fleeting as a dream, it is long enough to experience strange vicissitudes of fortune.

But Anne Boleyn was not noble and was not wise—too probably she felt nothing but the delicious, all-absorbing, all intoxicating present and if that plain suffering face presented itself to her memory at all, we may fear that it was rather as a foil to her own surpassing loveliness. Two years later she was able to exult over Catherine's death; she is not likely to have thought of her with gentler feelings in feelings in the first glow and flush of triumph.—[Selections from Saturday Night.]

There is something exceedingly touching in the history of the unfortunate duke, who, during his final illness, thus composed his own epitaph: "Napoleon Francois Joseph Charles Bonaparte; born King of Rome—died lieutenant in the Austrian artillery." Handsome, accomplished, brave, the inheritor of a splendid name and dazzling glory; loved almost to idolatry by the country in which his childhood ways passed; a magnificent future stretching before him—fate frowned upon his brilliant prospects, gave him a weak constitution, wretched health, bitter disappointment, and was only kind in leading him to an early grave. He breathed his last at Schonbrunn, in the chamber once occupied by his father, and in the neighborhood of the imperial chateau where he was wont to take his solitary walks.

He seems to have been completely blasé from his childhood, and so melancholy a temperament that scarcely anything gave him pleasure. Everything was done to cure him of his gloomy indifference, and when all else had failed, he met in one of his lonely rambles a beautiful peasant girl, with whom he fell in love at first sight. She appeared to return his affection. Her society aroused him with new life. He first taught him it is said, the nature of happiness, and by her presence the dreary emptiness of his being was delightfully filled. Peasant as she was, she was graceful, accomplished, witty, and to his fond fancy she was as a goddess on the earth. He revealed to her all the sources of his discontent, poured into her confiding ear the secrets of his thoughts and the sacredness of his feeling. She was the single break of blue in his clouded sky, and in that blue was set the star of hope.

One evening he was in the city, and attended the opera. When the ballet came on, among all the dancers suddenly flashed a form of wondrous beauty and grace, agile as a fawn, lithe as a spirit, and the theatre echoed and re-echoed with welcome to the new divinity of the dance. The pale youth flashed, and his heart beat quick.

Was he dreaming, or was the sylph-like creature bounding and whirling on the stage his beloved Marie