to the main mast.

each wave and then came down with a

soon go to pieces, and we strained every

nerve to new exertions in order to finish

As we reached them the mast went

by the board, and the drowning wretches

were plunging in the boiling surf. We were backing water towards the vessel,

and consequently were going stern foremost, and, in obedience to our cox-swain's warning cry, we pulled forward to avoid the tangled mass of rigging

close by us. Two men were clinging to a spar, and we reached them and took them off, one of them holding with a

deadly grip a submerged body, which we took in as well. The others had disappeared, and we were about rowing

shorewards when a hand rose from the

water and clutched my oar. Its owner was dragged in and then, with failing

strength and flagging energies, blinded and almost fainting, we again tried to battle with the surf.

I remember little more, except seeing,

after a quarter of an hour's hard rowing, the heads of the piles appear for a moment from a midst the seething waves,

and then there was a crash and a heavy

shock; the boat was capsized and we were struggling in the water. Thought

seemed crushed within me; I knew i

was a struggle for life and death, and I

was a struggle for life and death, and I essayed to swim, but don't recollect of feeling any particular dread or fear. How long my struggle lasted I cannot tell, but it, was ended by my being dashed upon a pile; and I recollected no more until I found myself lying upon the good surrounded by a through a naive.

sand, surrounded by a throngof anxious faces, while by my side, pale and still, his face gashed across, lay Fred Wilson,

our gallant coxswain.
Sobbing, weeping, and wringing both her hands, holding his head in her lap, knelt little Amy, and even in the half confused state in which I felt, I could not help gowething like a grim smile.

not help something like a grim smile coming across my face at the sight be-

fore me, so perfect an exemplification of a woman's nature. Rough but willing hands were pressing "sups" of brandy

to make me rise, but only to sink back nelpless, for I found I had a dislocated knee, and, in company with the seem-

ngly lifeless body of poor Fred, I was

aced in a donkey-cart and taken to the

The rest of our party, as I afterwards

learned, were safe, but anything but in a sound condition, for bruised—in one

nstance maimed—and half drowned

they had been dragged ashore, by those awaiting their return. I found myself in a few days more thought of than

ever, and would gladly have dispensed

with the thanks of those whom we had saved, for I only played a subordinate

part in the rescue. However, I had to receive thanks and deputations, as I sat in semi-state in old Wilson's parlor. For at their house I stayed, waiting

for convalescence, and sharing with Fred in the ministration of little Amy. Poor Fred was nearly at death's door on

ne occasion, for the shock of his blow

the excitement, and the terrible cut he received, left him with a wild fever, from which he recovered but slowly.

Anny—quiet, subdued, little, tearful-eyed Amy—came every day, and Fred seemed in no hurry to get well. I hob-

bled about with a crutch and stick, and one afternoon, when just waking from my after dinner doze, I heard subdued

voices in the adjoining apartment. In my half-waking state I cannot be sure of their import, but they sounded like

Never tease again, darling."

"Never tease again, darling."
"Never, dear Fred, oh, never!"
And then followed something like a sob or a sigh, and a sound that put me in mind of lying, when a child, in a little white-covered cot, with a fair, sweet face bending over me, and a pair feeth line part from puint to whiter.

of soft lips part from mine to whisper, "God bless you!"

A Snake in a Stove.

We learn that a gentleman residing in our town some weeks ago purchased a lot of old condemned sleepers from the

Railroad Company, for the purpose of using them as firewood. They were accordingly conveyed to his residence

and sawed in suitable lengths for the

stove and were used as fuel, and as such gavegreat satisfaction, until one evening

he good wife placed one of the piece

in the stove, when a very strange and remarkable occurrence happened. Shortly after placing the wood in the

stove her attention was attracted by a singular noise in the room, not unlike the crying of a child or the moaning of

the crying of a chim or the moaning of a person in distress, and upon searching for the cause of it ascertained that the noise proceeded from the stove, and becoming somewhat alarmed called in her husband and acquainted him of the matter. The gentleman at once advanced to the stove and upon

opening the door a strange and fearful sight met his astonished gaze—right in the very midst of the blazing flames

was a large black snake writhing in agony, and uttering the piteous noise which had attracted the attention of the

lady. The snake slowly crawled out of the stove and dropped on the floor, a veritable "fiery serpent," and in a few seconds expired. The snake had doubt-

less entered a hollow cavity in the eleeper in the Fall and relapsing into a

tornid state, was only aroused when en-

A Medical Case.

The New York Marine Court is a

present lucubrating over the important question whether hog's lard is a cure for

rheumatism. A doctor sued for services rendered, and according to the evidence it appeared that, like many quacks, he

had agreed to treat his patient for the cure of rheumatism and not to expect any payment if a cure was not effected.

The remedy applied was a mixture of hog's lard rubbed into the skin of the patient, who discontinued it after some operations, on the ground that the treat-

The patient's case was that the treat

The patient's case was that the treatment he received only increased his malady, and that, therefore, he was not liable to the demand made upon him; and so they continued pleading and rebutting until the Judge took the papers

by the flames.-Hanove

Vilsons.

which was to try

LANCASTER PA. WEDNESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 20, 1867

NUMBER 7.

THE SLEIGHRIDE. Mirth, awake! The day is dying, Hall with joy the starry hours. While the frolic colors flying, Dash the snow in pearly showers. Light the augh, the pleasure nameless-Wrapt in robes from distant plains, Where the bison, luge and tameless, Roves the lord of vast do . ains. High above us swims the crescent, Sharp the air and clear the skies, Circling vapors, iridescent, From the glens and brooks arise. On the foaming leader dashes, Swift the sleighers seem to fi Swift the sleighers seem to fly While Aurora flames and flash. Firing all the Northern sky. Through the snow crests in the billows, Over the bare and breezy swells, Fleet is every steed that follows, Jingle jungling all the bells. Over ice rifts sharply twanging, Past the frowning, fissured height Where the pointed pedants hanging Silver shimmer in the light. Underneath the forest arch s, Where the onks and bending larches

Jewgled blaze with moonlit rime. In the dim and far recesses, Echo dwells, the banished maid, Mocking still, she still cransgres es, Fitting through the winding glade From eneath the cracking bridges, See the struggling waters flow; Sparkling round the frosted ridges, Ribbon streaming through the snow See! the wood fire, redly gleaming, On the cheerful window plays, Lighting roomy halls and beaming From the inn of other days. Here, with song, and dance, and chorus swittly by the moments run, 'Till the morn! g ruddles o'er us, Tinted by the rising sun, Pleasures past. Alas, how fleeting All our joys and comforts are; Time is like a wave retreation. lime is like a wave retreating. Bearing all things bright and fair. Scarce we raise the brimming measure, Scarce the sparkling nectar sip, Fre the counter wave of pleasure Bears it rudely from the lip.

# Diterary.

"Ah! it's a nice thing to be the belle "An: It's a frice thing to be the belle of the village; to walk down the street with a quiet, independentair, and feign-edly unconscious that all the marriage-able girls are looking out with envy, and all the youths with love; tripping along towards the shore, pretending not to see Fred. Wilson, the young farmer, as he half reins in his stout cob to bow as he passes, and to walk by the retiring waves for an hour on the hard firm sand, with a little coquettish soup plate straw hat upon the top of those wanton tresses, floated down and half covering a charm-ing little figure—every golden hair being very chain dragging some poor heart

just turned out of my lodgings, and was following in the wake of the fair craft, Amy Ellis—when at Rome we must do as the Romans do; and being in a fishas the Romans do; and being in a fishing village full of amphibious farmers, I, of course, felt it incumbent upon me to talk sea siang, which of course I did very badly and out of place. I was soon down upon the sands amongst shingle, dog fish and skate eggs, star fish and jelly fish, and the stranded eggs of many shipwrecked cockle. Being naturally of a sociable turn of mind, and having plenty of idle time on my hands, I had pretty well made my-self known throughout the length and breadth of Delsthorpe. I had been rabbiting with this farmer all amongst the floated tazily overhead: been shumping boating, fishing, marketing, learned to appreciate hogs—mutton, hogs beasts, pigs, turnips, and potatoes, and had played loo of a night at nearly every house in the village. I had free access to the house of the Ellises, much to the disgust of the young farmers, who looked bludgeons at me ti.l I asked two or three of them into my rooms, and over some choice cigars laughed them out of their jealous fancies. They were good friends with me directly, but not so among themselves, for little Amy Ellis and her deep blue eyes and ruddy lips were a perfect apple of d.scord, and no one could tell to whom the prize would belong. I had heard in confidence several times that the fortunate winner would be Mark Warren, then Philip Franks; another week Harry Henderwould be the ruling favorite, but only to be supplanted by Fre... Wilson, until conjecture wearred itself out in guessing Amy Ellis's future husband. Now, being her father's senior by some years, I considered myself quite at liberty to laugh and chat with the saucy little maiden, and I soon made up my mind that she was what Mrs. Ellis affectionately called her, "a merry little hussy," without a thought of matrimony in her pretty little head. She was far more ready for a good romp or girlish bit of merriment than making soft

brand among the young bachelors of Delsthorpe, and did more mischief in one night than Notting Hill boarding school would in a month, and my ideas were, that it would have been a blessing for the village if the little puss had been sent out of it.

I was not surprised upon reaching the shore, to find that Fred Wilson had made a circuit, and crossing the sandbank, had reached the spot where Amy was walking, and was now by her side, leading her horse by the rein. The sight put me in mind of a score of years before, of moonlight walks, of evening rambles, and wild flower gathering, and I felt rather lonely as I thought of years slipped by, never to return, buried hopes and lears; and looking far out to sea at the pallid rising moon. I had gone into a deep fit of musing, living the past over again, and wondering as to the future, when my chain of thought was broken by the heavy thud, thud, of Fred Wilson's horse as he cantered up to me. In a minute he pulled up at my side, and I was about to have asked after Amy when I saw the las flutter of her ribbons and the last way. of her hair as she stepped lightly through the gap in the sandbank, called by the people of that place a "stavver." Someneople of that place a "stavver." Some-thing was evidently wrong, for Fred was looking most fearfully blue. He was a favorite of mine, for I used to set him down as a beau ideal of a bluff young Saxon farmer, and by way of cheering him up, I pressed him to sup with me, perhaps rather selfishly, for it would help to cheer me up, too.

speeches or listening to them. Fond of admiration, artless as a child, and with

I could see plainly enough what was the matter, and I had to use a great deal of persuasion before I could gain his consent, but I gained my point, and an hour afterwards we were chatting over the fire, smoking some capital Havanas which I had brought with me, and drinking some brandy and water, the essence of which had never paid duty, and under the influence of which Fred and under the influence of which Fred had become communicative. He was in love, and Amy was a jilt—a firt; he was half mad, he said and nothing would give him any satisfaction but breaking the heads of Harry Henderson and a few others. But he would not do that; he would leave the place for good and emigrate, that he would. And so days and weeks rolled by, and must stay had almost reached its fullest. my stay had almost reached its fulles limits. I had made acquaintance with I had made acquaintance with every one, even to the revenue men who practised with the great gun in the shed; I knew the crew who manned the life-boat, and had been well in-structed in all the gear and manage-ment; but now that inexorable fellow, called Conscience, whispered of business and the world's everyday duties, and so I was fain to make my few preparations for departure. Somehow or other I had grown to be rather an important person in the place, and failing a better, was looked up to as an oracle. I had been chairman at the grand annual dinner and in many ways had deference shown to the weaker part was a pause for a second or two and of my nature, so that I might very then the loud boom, as of a gun, rever-

well have considered myself in the front rank of the elite of Delsthorpe. The course of true love was running in its usual channel, and the lads of the village "so merrily" one day were so lage "so merrily" one day were so and on going to the window I could see that there was a fire on shore. Directly after a vivid blue light shore out seaward, and by its glare I could discern some thick black mass in the distance

some thick black mass in the distance. It was plain enough to me that a vessel was on the sands, for they bore but an ill-repute, and I had heard more than one tale of their fatality.

On descending the stairs, I found my land lady up, and comforting herself with a cup of coffee, and from her I learned that the whole village was on the shore, for a large vessel had come on the sands. Resisting the old lady's the sands. Resisting the old lady's persuasions to have a cup with her, I ran down to the beach, and on passing the opening into the bank, was for a time dazzled by a large fire upon the sands, which was blazing up and roaring beneath the violence of the wind, and lighting up the assembled crowd. Where the vessel lay, all was intensely black, for the light did not pierce so far; but the foaming waves, as they rolled but the foaming waves, as they rolled over and tumbled with fearful violence upon the beach, seemed to reflect the fiery beams in vivid flashes.

volunteers. All at once a light form, with streamand to once a right to lift, which stream ing hair, rushed up to Wilson and clung wildly to his arm, and as I stood by his side, Amy Ellis exclaimed, "But you side, Amy Litts exclaimed, But you will not go, Fred! Oh, tell me you will not go, Fred! Oh, stop him,"she appealed to the men standing by, "do not let him go!" Then, turning again to Fred,

osened her hands from his arm, and and then turning my head, saw Fred Wilson climb into the boat, shoutd begged

To be awakened at any time from : To be awakened at any time from a sound sleep to some scene of excitement always brings an indescribable feeling of there being a want of reality in what passes; but never did I feel this more strongly than that fearful night. The deafening roar of the waves and the howling wind had a bewildering effect, with which it was hard to combat, and I felt as if in some wild, fevered dream, from which I was anxious to be awake and be freed. The boat was only three and be freed. The boat was only three parts manned, for the men, brave though they were, dared not face the hight. Old weatherbeaten fishermen night. Old weatherbeaten fishermen shook their heads at it and shouted to one another that "she must bide, for

and paralyze mind as well as body.— Another blue light from the vessel showed where she lay, and we heard or fancied we heard, the shouts of those on

but acted as the mouth piece of the group as he said, "It's no use maister. be on'y gettin' shut of one's life. must go to pieces directly; and as Mister Fred there, he couldn't find a gainer way to the church yard than try-ing to launch that boat."

constitutionally a coward. As a boy at school I dreaded fighting, and it was only after repeated blows and ill-usage of various kinds that the pugilistic spirit was roused within my breast, which proved a terror to my enemies, and drove away Jack Brown, our bully, and drove away Jaca Brown, our our, who would fight, crying, with the bridge of his nose badly damaged. And on this memorable night, surrounded by the excited crowd, and with Fred. Wilson appealing for volunteers, I felt my heart flutter within my breast, and a property temple about my knees—all

the symptoms of cowardice Love of self, thoughts or nome and friends whom I might see no more, the danger of the enterprise, the boiling surf, and the mighty billows chasing each other madly shoreward, all tended to increase the feeling; and then came

see forms clinging to the rigging of the dark indistinct mass out on the sands. I looked at Fred. as he stood at the operations, on the ground that the treat-ment was too severe, and he could not stand it. The patient says the doctor has no professional diploma; but he states that by his treatment he would have cured the patient if the latter had not taken to the use of another nostrum. boat's head with the blazing fire light boat's head with the blazing fire lighting up his noble countenance, as he frowned on the shrinking crowd before him, and then, with a muttered "God help me!" I was at his side, followed by a volley of cheers. The cheers broke forth again, for my example was followed, and two stout young fellows climbed after me. There was a squeeze of the hand from Fred, and then, in a whirl of excitement. I was in my place. whirl of excitement, I was in my place, with a strong ash blade in my hand, ready with my companions in the boat to battle with the cruel sea.

Rushing waters-choking sprayblinding surf—and the noise of a thou and cataracts in one's ears, and we were launched amid the boiling cauldron and billows. A sharp, short struggle, and Beatrice Cenci.

almost stove in by being dashed upon the beach. It was quickly upon the truck, and a hundred yards off, under Reatrice Cenci seems scarcely to be long to history. The mind connects her with the poet and the artist. Shelley the semi-shelter of a row of piles, we were again launched, and this time with and Guido seem to have given her immortality and to have been historians.

The stern facts of reality are thrust better success, backing water to the direction of our coxswain, and rising and falling like a cork, upon the mighty aside, and the ideal romance we read in the wondrous face on the walls of the Barbarini palace is a fit embodiment of the beautiful, noble and resigned victim drawn by the inspired hand of the side, and the ideal romance we read in waves which seemed almost to curl over into the boat. As we receded from the shore my cowardly feeling fled and I felt in a perfect frenzy, straining at my oar with nerves in a state of tension for English poet.

The life of Beatrice contains elements

the battle with the waters.

At last, after a tremendous struggle sufficient on which to found a romance. She was beautiful, of noble birth, young, and she suffered death. with winds and waves, we were under the lee of the stranded vessel, and then it was some time before we could com-The intervening circumstances of her life history writes with a sterner pen, and tradition—the impartial tradition municate with her by a rope. Go close up, we dared not, for the waves made a clean sweep over her decks, and passengers and crew, about thirty in number, had now taken to the rigging, which sloped over towards us as the vessel lay upon her beam ends. At length we got the in curbent one poor follow number. of her cotemporaries—proves that there were darker shades in her character, and that she was, no matter by incentives brought to it, the murderer of her father.

In the sixteenth century, Rome, after a long succession of deprayed Popes, had grown to be the most lawless and ten in our boat—one poor fellow, numbed with the cold, missing his hold of the rope, and with pale, agonized face disappeared in the hissing waters. Another struggle with the breakers and our freight was landed. Brandy was

deprayed city in Europe. The ancient vices of the Cæsars, the lawless violence of the Borgias, were united in the man-ners of those times. The Roman Pon-tiffgoverned only the poor and wretched, hurriedly partaken of, and soon we were again under the vessel's lee, returning this time with eleven fainting creatures who were but slaves and beggars, whilst every noble in the holy city held a court of his own, obeying no will but his own, submitting to no authority, and prepared to resist all invasion of his prerogative, having an army of retainwho slid down the rope of communica-We landed them, and then, halfder of the crew, who were clinging fast ers about him who shared his fortunes The moon was just sullenly breaking, and arms were frantically waving as we neared the vessel, which lifted with and fought his battles without scruple or anxiety as to the justice of the quar

Amongst the nobles of that day in Rome, the most conspicuous for lawless violence, extravagance and debauchery, was Nicola Cenci. His cruelties had startled even the seared imagination of all accustomed to lawless deeds. Young girls were snatched from their homes. girls were snatched from their homes, carried into the Cenci palace and never heard of again. Peaceful citizens were arrested by the followers of the Cenci and robbed of their money, glad to escape with life, whilst the usurers and jewellers were often compelled to save their lives by forced contributions to the fierce and relentless nobleman.

This Nicola Cenei was one of the

This Nicola Cenei was one of the handsomest men of his day. He had married in early life, and was the father of a numerous family, the two youngest children being Beatrice his only daughter, and Bernardo, but a year younge than his sister.

Notwithstanding his evil reputation

Anothitistanding his evit reputation and his being advanced in years, Nicola Cenci, when he became a widower, found a young and beautiful woman, who consented to be his wife.

Donna Lucrezia was, however, not the woman to have undertaken such a tack. She powersed the Italian listless. task. She possessed the Italian listless-ness and love of luxury, but no energy. She was voluptuous without passion, and had married Nicola without one serious reflection of what her fate would be, excepting that she would lead a listless and idle life.

The elder sons of the Cenci had all

followed in their father's footsteps faithful to the lessons he had given hem. Often they were away from the palace, returning to it with some wretched victim, whose cries thrilled all who heard them, but who dared not nterfere. Scenes of horrible violence and bloodshed would follow the noisy panquets, and it was no unusual thing for two or three of the guests to be thrown dead into the street from the portals of the palace. Donna Lucrezia found consolation and

support only in the society of her husband's daughter, Beatrice. Between these two women there sprung a fast friendship. Lucrezia, although the elder by ten years, and by her posi-tion calculated to be the protector, was however, the weakest of the two. Young Beatrice Cenci, brought up in imbued naturally with a woman's puri try, high-souled and high-minded, had escaped corruption. But her heart had grown stern and bitter; her soul was steeled to any deed of endurance and courage. She it was who sustained, consoled and cherished her stepmother, giving her power to endure the life o

iving her power to endure the interior of continual apprehension the Cenci and is habits made for them.

He seems to have cared little for Lucrezia, for, after the first year of his marriage, he neglected her, nay, seemed wholly to have forgotten her, leaving her for days and weeks in the retired apartments in which Beatrice had taken refuge. Bernardo, the youngest son, a timid, gentle boy, was their only society and this period passed with her brother and her stepmother, their employmen music, poetry, and the tapestry work in which Lucrezia excelled, seems to have been the only happy period of he

ife. But an unlucky expression of admiration from one of Cenci's companions, as he obtained aglimpse of Beatrice passing along the galleries of the palace Changed all.

Nicola Cenci himself for the first time looked at his daughter, and saw that

she had grown up into a girl of extraor-dinary beauty. He determined that she should grace his festivals, and issued his commands that she should deck herself n magnificent garments and appear nmong his guests. Beatrice and Donna Lucrezia remon

strated. They both knew full well that the banquets were orgies at which a modest woman was exposed to foulest insult, but Cenci imperative. Donna Lucrezia wept and trembled, but Bea Donna trice peremptorily refused to obey her father.

Then began the struggle between the

father and daughter—a struggle for supremacy between two Cencis could not but lead to misery and to death. Donna Lucrezia advised submission but Beatrice, the more she was opposed the more resolute she became. She barricaded herself in her chamber, whence her father would have dragged her with violence, and amid the threats and yells of her father and her brother,

preserved her courage and serenity.

Bernardo, her young brother, alone defended her, bringing on himself illusage and violence, even to blows from his father and brothers.

Sometimes, however, in the interest of some lawless inversion or during the of some lawless incursion, or during the

of some lawless incursion, or during the wassall of some deep orgies, these victims of tyranny would be forgotten. Then they would sit listening to the shouts of the drunken crew with a stolid despair in their hearts, wondering when liberty would come, thinking, no doubt, often of Nicola's great age, and trusting that death might one day free them. day free them.

Rut Nicola and his party one wild

But Nicola and his party one will night exceeded even the license of the times. There was a public outcry against him even in degraded Rome, and the Pope advised him to retire for some time—to leave the city.

Nicola had a desolate stronghold in the darkest gorge of the Sabine Hills. To this he resolved to go, taking with him Lucrezia, Bernardo, and Beatrice. whose spirit he had determined to subdue.

But hard was the task that he had set himself. Beatrice, who had defied him in his palace in Rome surrounded by his followers, now utterly set his authority at naught. The life he made for these two poor women was full of terrors and torture, and it is here that Beatrice and Lucre-

from their tyrant, The Sabine Hills were the refuge o The Sabine Hills were the refuge of braves and desperadoes too obscure and indigent to purchase immunity from the police of Rome. Many of them claimed the hospitality of the Castle of Petrella.

zia formed the plan to free themselve

Watching their opportunity Beatrice Watching their opportunity. Beatrice and Lucrezia fixed upon two bravi on whom they thought they could rely. Donna Lucrezia possessed jewels of great value, with these she tempted the bravi, and a plan was conceived for the murder of the ruthless Nicola. Of the existence of this plot tradition, well authenticated in the Papal archives, has left no doubt. The plot failed, owing to the beauty of the two women. The bravi, knowing the desperate straight in while they were, presumed to insist Watching their opportunity Beatrice and Lucrezia fixed upon two bravi on whom they thought they could rely. Donna Lucrezia possessed jewels of great value, with these she tempted the bravi, and a plan was conceived for the murder of the ruthless Nicola. Of the existence of this plot tradition, well authenticated in the Papal archives, has left no doubt. The plot failed, owing to the beauty of the two women. The bravi, knowing the desperate straight in which they were, presumed to insist on another reward beside the jewels. Beatrice and Lucrezia had inspired

them with a lawless passion, but the Roman ladies, forgetful of their com-plicity with these wretches in crime, treated them with the utmost contempt. treated them with the utmost contempt.
The bravi revenged themselves by
betraying all to Nicola Cenci.
Then in that dark, isolated keep in

he hills, where the human voice found no response but the wailing echo, a deed of horror was perpetrated at which nature itself shudders. Nicola Cenci sought his daughter in the dead of night, struck Bernardo from her threshold, expelled Lucrezia from her chamber, and then barring her door, swore that he would conquer her or kill her at his feet.

What the deadly struggle was, not even Beatrice in her confession revealed, though she accused her father of an attempt from which our very nature

shrinks.
Certain, however, it is that the tremb-ling woman and the half-fainting boy who watched, heheld at length the door open and Beatrice, pale, her wondrous golden hafr streaming over her, come

forth alone.

On her bed lay Nicola Cenci with a dagger in his heart—dead.

Tradition and poetry have firmly be lieved to the outrage offered by Nicola to his daugnter as the justification of her dead, but nothing has confirmed her deed; but nothing has confirmed her confession, and this horrible crime was probably invented by the defenders of Beatrice when a petition for pardon was presented to Clement VIII.

Beatrice, Lucrezia and Bernardo were
all arrested and taken to Rome. They
had attempted no flight, and offered no

resistance,
Now that Nicola was dead his vices were all forgotten in the great crime of parricide, which Beatrice had commit-She bore herself with calmness and

dignity. Her great beauty and serenity astonishing the judges. She submitted without a murmur of pain to the application of the torture, weeping only when the sufferings and condemnation of her young brother were made known to her Unmoved she heard her sentence of

death.
"You can but take away my life, and what has life been to me?"

Her youth, her beauty, her high birth, however, at last infused some interest among the Roman nobility. A mitigation of the sentence was asked for from Clement VIII., but he refused it, and Beatrice was condemned to the Guido Reni, then painting in the

Vatican, was, fortunately for posterity, present at her trial, and struck with her extraordinary beauty, asked permission of the Pope to paint her portrait. He was admitted to the cell, and pro-duced that portrait whose wondrous eves look down on us, now with depths of courage, sadness and resignation, that tell her history at one glance. The strange heavy drapery Guido has wound about the head was a portion of the white penetential garment worn by parricides at the scaffold. He has thrown it from the shoulders over the head evidently to display the hair like burn-ished gold, for which Beatrice was re-nowned. The picture is in the Bar-

barini Palace at Rome, but is popular everywhere, from the frequent copies made of it in all forms. On the 15th of September, 1599, Beatrice Cenci was led to the scaffold—a mere block of wood where her head was to be literally chopped off by the Mannaia, or butcher's axe.

She was not only serene, but cheerful.

The world had nothing in it for her to

mourn. No love had ever made her heart beat; even the natural affections had been denied her. She had lived midst strife, bloodshed, vice, and viosensitive nature capable of feeling all the horrors of**s u**ch a life. No wonder that she smiled a smile of No wonder that she smiled a smile of scorn on earth, and looked up with gleaming eyes to the world above her. She trusted in God; but even had she not possessed that faith, the utter repose of the grave was preferable to the fate

of the grave was preferable to the late she had endured while living.

They bound her hands, and the executioner's axe glittered beside her. Then turning to the two sbirri who were tying her hands, she exclaimed:

"You bind my body for destruction, but you give to my sail importability." but you give to my soul immortality. These were the last words of the beautiful, heroic and unhappy Beatrice

The State of Nebraska When the Legislature of Nebraska has complied with the condition pre-scribed by the act of Congress for its admission, by formally providing that neither the elective franchise nor any other right shall be denied by reason of race or color, she will be proclaimed as in the Union, and will constitute the thirty-seventh State. Nebraska was organized as a Territory in the year 1854, under the Kansas and Nebraska act, and at one time embraced a vast region of unre claimed country, formerly a part of the original Louisiana purchase, out of which, up to the present time, six separate States have been formed. She then had 335,822 square miles, (but is now reduced to an area of 65,000 square miles, with a length, from north to south, of 640 miles, and a breadth of 540 miles. The State lies west of Iowa and nearly in the same latitude, and is yet larger than any State east of the Mississippi It is bounded on the west by Dakota and Colorado, and the Missouri river separates it from Iowa and Missouri. The eastern portion of the soil, for a breadth of from one hundred to one hundred and from one nundred to one nundred and fifty miles, is very fertile, partaking of thegeneral character of the prairies. Her products in 1865, as estimated in the agricultural report for that year, indicate a large average yield per acre in the cultivated portions of the eastern counties, to which mainly, if not exclusivally acress the parable arrivalture was consively, her arable agriculture was confined. About two-thirds of her whol area is covered by the plains which lie east of the Rocky Mountains, and posliffering widely from those of any por tion of our country east of the Mississippi. It is estimated that on the plains only fifteen inches of rain and (melted) snow

fall during each year, while the fall of moisture at Baltimore exceeds forty inches, and there are very few portion of our country receiving less than thirty inches. Forts Kearney and Laramie are within the State, this arid region intervening, the former in the southern and the latter in the extreme western part, several hundred miles apart. The levation of Fort Kearney above the elevation of Fort Kearney above the level of the sea, which is 2,360 feet, is increased by slow but regular grada-tions, until at Fort Laramie it reaches 4,519 feet. For the present the civilized population of Nebraska is confined to er eastern counties and the settlements along the line of travel which connects the Missouri with the Rocky Mountain settlements and the Pacific coast. The northern branch of the Pacific railros is being rapidly substituted for the ol stage and wagon road, and the Missour is navigable for a great distance above the northeastern boundary of the new State. At the election in June, 1866 the State constitution was adopted by a majority of 100 in a vote of 7,776, and David Butler, republican, was elected Governor, receiving 4,033 votes, while his democratic competitor, J. S. Brooke received 3,948. At an election held in October, 1868, the vote polled for mem-ber of the Fortieth Congress was as fol-lows: John Taffe, rep., 4,820; A.S. Paddock, conservative rep., 3,072; George Francis Train, 30—total vote, 8,920. The State is destined perhaps to

# asonably rapid growth, hereafter. Population of Philadelphia. The Press says: The population of Phila

The New Orleans Riot.

The New Orleans alot.

The Committee appointed by the Radicals in Congress to make a report on the New Orleans Riot, have finished their work. They have done exactly what work. They have under exactly what they were expected to do. They only heard witnesses on one side, and only reported such evidence as suited their views. Mr. Boyer, a Democratic mem-ber from this State, and an honest and pright man, has made a minority report, which can be received as true in all respects. He, after a faithful, full and impartial examination of all the facts, dissents from the conclusion of his colleagues, and says that the avowed object of the Convention was an amendment of the existing Constitution of Louisiana in such a manner as to se-cure their party the absolute con-trol of the offices in the State, ne-gro suffrage, and the disfranchise-ment of a sufficient number of those who had been connected with the late rebellion. These were the leading measures by which the desired ascendincy was to be obtained. Mr. Boyer proceeds to show the illegality of the Convention, saying, the Government, which was in force in Louisiana under the Constitution of 1864, was on the 30th of July, 1866, even from the Radical standpoint, by that acquiescence and the consent of Congess, a State de jure, as well as a Government de facto, and binding as such upon all persons within its jurisdiction. The Conventionists its jurisdiction. The Conventionists counted upon Congress's co-operation. Under ordinary circumstances, a small body of men assembling for the purpose of changing the government of a State, with so little color of law, might be treated as a harmless body, and be regarded as entitled to but little public notice. But in this case the time and circumstances were extraordinary, and well calculated to excite serious apprehension. A Judge of the Supreme Court was at the head of it, and the Governor of the State encouraged it. It was given out that Congress had been con-sulted and would lend its assistance. Preceding the action of the Convention Judge Howell proceeded to Washington to consult in person with the leading members of Congress. He informed the Committee that he consulted with members of Congress, and named the Hon. Messrs. Boutwell, Stevens, Kelly, Banks, Grinnell, Morris, Paine, and others. The result was that he returned to New-Orleans, and went on with the movement. The encouragement which Howell testified he received at Washington was made known to the friends of the Convention, perhaps with exag-geration, and on the 24th of July, six days before the meeting, a telegram was sent from New-Orleans to the Wash-

ances that Congress would support the Convention, &c. The indersement and support of Congress appears to have been the common topic of conversation among the Conventionists before the 30th of July. Mr. Boyer, in reviewing the origin of the riots, said the Conventionists appealed to the negroes to arouse them and their active co-operation was invited. "It will be remembered," he says, "that these demonstrations were made in the heart of the city, yet the speakers were not interrupted nor the meeting disturbed. After the harangues were over a procession of between 2,000 were over a procession of between 2,000 and 3,000 colored persons, between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, appeared with torch-lights, hurrahing and shouting through several of the principal streets to the City Hall. There the frowd was addressed by Dr. Dostie, and exhorted to go home peaceably, but to kill any who might assail them. After this no disturbance took place and the crowd peaceably dispersed. Yet no soldiers were engaged and no policemen came to interfere." "May not," he asks, "these acts be cited as a striking evidence of the toleration of free speech in the City of New Orleans?" The causes of the riot might be sought for elsethe City of New Orleans?" The causes of the riot might be sought for else where. It was the acts and the declared intention of the Conventionists and the illegal and violent character of their proceedings, which produced the excitement and brought about the collision. The character and antecedents of the Conventionists were not such as to make them the accepted standard of Unionism and loyalty in that locality The proscription threatened by such men through the action of the Conven-

tion, must have been peculiarly galling to those to be affected by their proceed-ings. It had already been shown that no interference was made with free speech, but incendiary appeals and acts of revolution could not be pursued with impunity, and arrest the progress of such affairs. Mr. Boyer does not agree with the majority that the riot was de-liberately planned by Mayor Monroe, and refers to the evidence to show that the first shots fired were by a negro at a policeman. To Lieut.-Gov. Voorhees, ex-Rebel, belongs, the credit of having supplied the place of his official superior in originating timely precautionary measures, which, it carried out, would have prevented the riot, and which failed from no fault of his. In reviewing the comments of the majority of the Committee on the course of the President, Mr. Boyer says: The President needed no vindication. were not on account of the partisar slanders with which he had been so

slanders with which he had been so unscrupulously assailed during the late election, it might justly be deemed as offense against good taste to name him in this connection. His acts, so far as they had any bearing upon the circum-stances investigated by the Committee, exhibited him in no other light than as Chief Magistrate actuated by a sincer desire to preserve the public peace, and to uphold the law. Mr. Boyer contro-verts the views of the majority that the iot is to be attributed to those who are charged with hostility to the Union and with proscribing those from bus ness who are loyal to the country. Mr Boyer submits the following conclu First, That the riot of the 30th

July was a local disturbance, originating in local circumstances of great provocation, and in nowise the result of any hostility or disaffection on the part of the community of New Orleans toward the Federal Government. It was not in any just or fair sense of the term, a vestige or outcropping of the Rebellion, nor can it be said to be any ndication even in the remotest degree of a disposition on the part of the peo-ple of the City of New Orleans, or those of the State of Louisiana, to renew hostilities in any form with the established authorities, either State or Federal. Second, It would be monstrous injus-Second, It would be monstrous injustice to hold the people of the State of Louisiana accountable for the acts of those engaged in a riot confined to a small portion of the City of New Orleans; and, for that cause, to abro\_ate by any act of Congress the Civil Government of that State now in peaceful and successful operation, would be a usurpation of power not warranted by the Constitution, and a gross outrage upon the principles of free government. upon the principles of free government.

Third. The riot was provoked by the incendiary speeches, revolutionary acts, and threatened violence of the Conventionists, such as under similar circumstances would probably have led to a riot in any city in the Union.

Fourth. To provoke an attack on the colored population, which was expected to be suppressed by the military before it had seriously endangered the white leaders, appears to have been part of the plan of the Conventionists. This would afford an excuse for Congressional in

vestigation, resulting in Congressional legislation, favoring the ultimate design of the conspirators, namely: the destruction of the existing civil government of Levisland ment of Louisians.

Fifth. As respects that part of the resolution of the House which makes it a subject of investigation by the Committee, "whether and to what extent a subject of investigation by the Committee, "whether and to what extent those acts were participated in by members of the organization claiming to be the government of Louisiana," the following conclusion is submitted: In no proper sense of the term and in no degree whatever is the rict of the 30th of July attributable to the Government of Louisiana. If there be any members of the Government of Louisiana in whose

Administrators' notices,
Administrators' notices,
Assignees' notices,
Auditors' notices,
Other "Notices," ten lines, or less,
three times, official or personal acts the remotest cause of the riot are to be traced, the chief among them are: Judge R. R. Howell, who as the usurping President of the minority of an extinct Convention, headed the conspiracy to overthrow the State Constitution, which, as Judge of the Supreme Court, he had sworn to support, and Gov. J. Madison Wells, who lent to the conspiracy his official sanction, but on the day of danger deserted his post without an effort to preserve the public peace. And if there be any members of the Federal Government who are indirectly responsible for the bloody result, they are those members of the present Congress, whoever they may be, who encouraged these men by their counsels and promofficial or personal acts the remotest cause of the riot are to be traced, the these men by their counsels and promsed to them their individual and cial support.

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ne year, siness Cards, five lines or less, one

LEGAL AND OTH 'S NOTICES-

# The Stables of New York.

From the New York Evening Gazette, Jan. 4. The granite Baptist Church, with a neat iron railing in front, which stands on Amity street, between Greene and Wooster, is now used by Mr. A. T. Stewart as a stable for the horses which the employs in his dry goods trade. They are known as express or dray horses, and do all the work, delivering the goods as well as hauling them to and from the store. A number of churches in the lower regions of the city have been transformed into stables, while some are occupied for more ignoble pur-poses. The basement or Sunday School room of the Bantist Church is used as a store-room for the drays and express wagons; the second floor of the church, where the congregation used to meet, is filled with hay and straw. A cutting machine stands where the pulpit used to, and immense bins for meal, oats, etc., have been arranged around the sides of the room. Of course, the chandelier, the choir and the pulpit have been taken down; the pews, prayer-books, and carpets removed, but everything else remains as before.

A large brick building for the horses, and stalls, has been added to the rear end of the church. Thesunsulne is ad-mitted through skylights, many of which are arranged to open with cords and pulleys for the purpose of ventilation. This stable for work horses is tion. This stable for work horses is considered a model one, and is pronounced one of the best, if not the best in New York. When we remember how thoroughly, and with what good taste, Mr. Stewart has built his stores and dwelling house, which are the pride and the admirstion of the city we may and the admiration of the city, we may be sure that neither expense nor art have been spared to make this stable as healthy, convenient and perfect as pos-

ington correspondent of *The New York Times*, stating, among other things, that Howell had returned with assur-The stalls are arranged in sets of four each, placed each side of a broad aisle much like pews in a church. The floor of the stalls is of wood, and inclines at a slight angle from the head of the stall to the entrance. The rest of the floor is paved with brick. There are thirty-two stalls in the room, a force of this number of horses being required by Mr. Stewart to carry on his business. About twenty of these are employed at the wholesale or down town store, and six wholesale or down town store, and six at the up town or retail store. They are sometimes kept out until ten o'clock at night delivering packages. Poor Miss Flora McFlimsey has nothing to wear! Six horses running until ten o'clock P. M., to deliver silks, laces, shawls and kid gloves.

The stables are lit with gas; and a large trough of Croton water is, in the room, from which the horses drink. The room is very lofty, and when all the horses are in, and the windows closed, the temperature rapidly rises.

closed, the temperature rapidly rises. A small room opening out of the stable is used for a narness room, and is kept warm by a coal fire. One man is employed to keep the harness in order, mending and oiling them. The horses have no fixed time for their work, but come into the stable when there is nothing further to be done: a groom is always in attendance to rub them down and blanket them. Each stall contains a small trough lined with zinc for oats meal and liquid food, also a large trough

med and liquid food, also a large trough for bran.

All the hay eaten by the horses is cut, salten and mixed with oat and corn meal. Each horse is fed sixteen quarts of oats per day. The cutting machine was spoken of as a "bully one," and the name of E. H. Haney & Co., of 85 Water street, was painted upon the sides, a fact which may be of some interest to other stable keepers. Slides for the hay, oats and meal run from the church to the stable, which is on the ground to the stable, which is on the ground

and healthy. Their pedigree is traced back no farther than Bull's Head market, where they are purchased. A man attends the sales, selects such and as many horses as are wanted, and takes them to the stable on a week's trial. At the end of that time they have proved their soundness and working qualities, and are kept or sent back accordingly. The prices paid for them varies from \$508 to \$1,000. Some of the horses have been in Mr. Stewart's em-ploy for eight years. When a good one is found it is kept as long as it is able to

THE STABLES, OF CORNELIUS VANDER BILT.
At Nos. 23 and 24 Fourth street, are the brown stone stables of Mr. Vander-bilt. The principal rooms are on the ground floor, and consist of a carriage room and a small trotting park or training course. The trotting park is an immense room, lighted from above and paved with cobbles. The course is covered several inches deep with saw-dust. The horses are walked about this dust. The horses are walked about instead ourse twice each day, during the winter, to keep them in training. Mr. Vanderbilt keeps a stud of nine horses, and nine different styles of wagon. At present two of his best horses are out of town in the hands of their former

of town in the hands of their former owners for training.
His celebrated fourteen thousand dollar horse, Mountain Boy, is at Newburgh, on the Hudson, and Post Boy is at New Hamburg. The Boston Girl, which cost six thousand three hundred dollars, is also out, but her mate, the St. Lawrence Maid, is in the stable.
Mr. Vanderbilt's pet names for these two horses are Noye and Maggie. The stud mare Rosy, which trots a mare in three minutes, is also in the stable. A new colt, called Fenian Bill, which has not yet been "brought out into society," fills one of the stalls.

Mr. Vanderbilt pays but little attention to the carriage horses, although Madame rides after aspan of fine blacks. The stalls are arranged along the sides of what is known as a cellar stable. being seven feet below the surface of the street. Great attention is paid to the street. Great attention is paid to ventilation, each stall having a ventilator besides a general passage for fresh air and light which runs from the centre of the room up to the roof. No little attention is paid to this subject of fresh air for horses; at the same time a com-fortable temperature is preserved. In this stable it is impossible for foul air to

remain.

It was remarked that nearly every horse which came into that stable had a cold, or some disease of the nose or chest, but after remaining a while it was never heard. entirely recovered, and was never heard to neigh. The horses enter this stable by going down a flight of gradually de-

by going down a light of gradually de-scending stone steps thickly covered with saw dust.

There is a great difference in the management of different horses, the work horses of Mr. Stewart being able to bear more food of a different quality than the fancy trotting horses of Vanderbilt. "They differ the sa men and women in their grub," said the groom, and that explains the whole matter. If this fact is recognized by the keeper then each horse is a law work. keeper then each horse is a law unto itself, and eats that which is best suited to its constitution. In the summer time when a trotting team is at work each day, they have but nine quarts of oats

Boetry. drearily the next, and the wise women of Delsthorpe were as much at fault as ever as to whom Amy Ellis would marry. Fred Wilson was merry and sad by turns, like the rest of the youths. One day he was in ecstasies and the next vowing vengeance against his rivals and pursuing them all with homicidal glances. I was as much in his confidence as in that of his enslaver, and preserved a prudent silence, leaving time to work out his own scheme upon the couple. Everything good, to upon the couple. Everything good, to be thoroughly enjoyed, must be worked for, striven for, fought for; the apple that falls into the lap, dead ripe, bears no comparison with the sour, acrid, wooden-fieshed pippin that we knocked off the old parson's tree, and afterwards secured by climbing over the glass-bottled wall; and I dare say if our little Amy had "thrown herself" at her admirers they would have called her a forward chit, and gone mad after forward chit, and gone mad after Polly Brown, whose nose was as red as her cheeks, and whose hands were always rough and chappy. And they might have done worse than that, for when they arrived at years of discrewhen they arrived at years of discretion, and had got over the romantic part of their married life, they would have been as well able to appreciate Polly's cooking as I was, for I lodged with Mrs. Brown, and appreciate the excellences of the tidy little manager, her daughter. Poor Polly's nose would not have been noticed then, nor the roughness of her hands felt, any more than Amy's beauty would be, when it had grown "familiar to the eye," as the moral cowslips used to say. had grown "familiar to the eye," as the moral cowslips used to say.

I had only another day to spend at Delsthorpe, and felt rather reluctant to part from the quiet village and the hospitable friends I had met with. I felt, too, that I should regret much the salt sea breeze which had given me back my health—richest pearls that the sea can produce. My last day was a fete day—"Delsthorpe Dancing," a day annually looked forward to as the reunion of friends and relations. Probably in by gone days there may have been Terp-

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Delsthorpe Sands. at its end.

Not a bad soliloguy that for an old

my lot to be under the same roof as Amy Ellis and Fred. Wilson. Cross purposes were rife; flirting was in the ascendant, and a dark cloud hovered bachelor of five and forty down by the seaside for the benefit of his health and to get his broken wind mended. I had ver Fred's brow, growing blacker as the evening wore on.

At last, tired of the heated room, made my escape to enjoy an evening walk upon the sands, and had hardly reached the intervening bank, when I started as a heavy hand was laid upon started as a heavy hand was laid upon my shoulder, the thick sand having muffled the footsteps of my follower. I found, on turning, that it was my young friend Wilson, and I could just see by the dusky twilight that he wore anything but a pleasant aspect. I knew his complaint so well that I would not recently in the training that it would not recently in the start of complaint so well that I would not revert to it, but pulled out my cigar case, and lighting up, we climbed to the sea bank and sat down in silence. It was a warm, close, heavy autumn night, thick clouds hung overhead, and the darkness was fast closing round. The sullen was the first and the warm of the water upon the piles and "sine hills;" speared eels in the dykes wash of the water upon the piles, and with that one; shot mews as they iness of the evening, while a sigh-ing breeze which kept coming in puffs and dying away again, eemed to my shore-going wisdom to portend a storm. As the waves broke upon the shore their crests seemed, as it were, on fire, and the phos phorescent light wore the appearance of the tail of some huge rocket rushing along the sands. Fred.'s thoughts were along the sands. Fred,'s thoughts were evidently with the party we had left, and he smoked on in silence, while I watched the peculiar phenomenon before me. At length I brokethe silence, and said: "Is not this very much like a storm coming on, Fred?" But before and said: "Is not this very find in he a storm coming on, Fred?" But before he could reply a rough voice at my el-bow exclaimed, "Storm it is, as sure as guns is guns; the glass has been going down ever since one o'clock, and what with this heavy tide and the blow that's coming on I reckon we shall have the bank pretty well shaved before morn-

ng.'' Our informant was one of the revenue men, who, with his glass under his arm, had come up unobserved and given us the unasked benefit of his opinion on the weather He touched his hat and walked on, and we could just see that he was busying himself with striking the top spar of the signal mast, which stood or the highest part of the sandbank.
"Tell you what," said Fred, "th a rum one coming on, or else old Snod-gers would never be letting down the flagstaff, for he doesn't do that for a capful of wind. It's odd, too, you were the powerful passion of a woman's nature slumbering in her breast, she was ready to laugh and firr with amy of saying you would like to see one of our storms, and here it is coming the very the youths who played with her as a child, and if coquetry could be innocent, then decidedly her firtations were free from guile. But she was a very firenight before you leave; for come it wil and that's certain. If old Snodgers says a storm is brewing, you may depend upon seeing the yeast come flying over the pine hills. "By Jove! what

of friends and relations. Probably in by-gone days there may have been Terp-sichorean exercises carried on upon the greensward, but now the dancing was but in name; the generality of those met together enjoying themselves to the top of their bent with eating and drink-ing for which pastime the preparations

ing, for which pastime the preparations during the last few days had been on an extensive scale, the evident deter-mination of all being to live well upon

that day, even if they fasted afterwards. The parties in some of the farm houses mustered rather strongly, and it fell to

over the pine fills. "By Jove: What a puff!" he continued, as a sudden gust nearly took off his cap.
"Well, really I should like to see one of the storms you described," said I; "not a shipwreck mind, and bodies vashing ashore for days after, but a storm without injury to life and property; indeed, there is something majestic in the warring of the elements; the rushing winds, the scudding clouds, the metal tube like roar of heaven's ar-tillery, and the vivid flashing of the

arrowy lightning. There is something to my mind intensely poetical in the majestic fury of the tempest." "Yes, very," said my companion drily; "very poetical, no doubt; but, as in this case, intensely damp; and if you will take my advice, you will come with me from amongst these pattering lrops, and try to find a little more poetry ndoors."

"Bravo! Fred.," I exclaimed! "that s the most sensible speech I have heard you make lately. I believe you are you make lately. I believe you are turning into the right road again, and turning into the right road again, and are going to give a manly tone to the bent of your feelings."

"Ah, well," said the poor fellow, sighing, "it is about time, for I have made a fool of myself, or been made

one of, quite long enough." It was no time for further convers tion without doors, for the rain was be ginning to stream down, and the win nowling in fitful gusts over the water I hurried to my home, and after my customary chocolate and cigar, retired to my bed-room. Upon opening the casement I could tell that the storm had much increased; but the darkness and the rain proved themselves insuperable obstacles to my leaving the house to go storm gazing; besides which, the wind was not sufficiently high to ereate the mountain-high waves that would satisfy the desire I felt to see a storm of the sea coast.

the sea-coast.

Sleep fell softly on my eyelids—one of the great blessings of the air that may be commended to the sleepless. The wind rushing by the house lulled me to coat and I way coop in the land of rest, and I was soon in the land of dreams, or rather in that sleep, sound repose, whose walking banishes the sleeping workings of the brain. I must have slept for some time, when a sudden noise that seemed to my wak-ing senses like thunder, aroused me ing senses like thunder, aroused me with a start, and I listened anxiously for a repetition of the sound. I looked towards my window, but everything seemed of pitchy blankness, and for a time the startled pulsation of my heart, with its heavy throb, throb, was all that I could hear, beyond the furious wind, which was now raging fearfully, making the house rock to its very foundation. Ever and anon there would be a lull, as when I first awoke, and then early the essent would rattle and again the casement would rattle and the blast shriek by. Suddenly a flash illumined my room for an instant, there

# we were besten back and the bost

People were running to and fro, excitedly giving orders, which no one executed; the mortar had been tried again and again, but the men could not again and again, but the men could not get any communication with their rope to the vessel, and if they could have done so, the advantage would have been very doubtful, as the sea had risen to a fearful height. Another flash, and a report from the vessel sent a thrill the vessel has burned hrough the breasts of those who burned through the breasts of those who burned to render aid but were helpless, and a chill struck to my heart as I thought of the dire straits of my fellow creatures. An excited crowd on my left then took my attention, and I reached the spot to find that the life boat had been brough down to its truck but could not be manned. Most men shrank from en-countering such a sea, and those who would have dared were dragged back by wives and mothers, half frantic with ear. It was a scene never to be forgot-

ten: the roar of the cruel waves was ten; the roar of the cruel waves was deafening; and there they threw up casks, spars or plank, only, as it were, to pounce upon it and drag it back within their angry clutches as they came racing in, chasing one another till they arched over and broke in catalogue of the catalo they arched over and order in cata-racts upon the sands, drenching us with the spray. The wind came tearing by with redoubled fury, and as straw, iag-got and driftwood were piled upon the fire, the sparks and flames rushed in a stream landward, and blazed up afresh pon the wild scene. On nearing the boat I saw Fred. earnestly talking to the men, and in reply to an inquiring look, an old man shouted in my ear, that half the crew were not fit to go from "the drink," and they wanted

she continued, almost shricking, for the wind swept away her words, "Oh. Fred, stay, stay, for my sake stay!" But bitterness was in the heart of

Fred Wilson, and with a cold gesture he turning to me, made a sign that I should remove her. I half led, half carried her ing, "Now my lads, who dares?"
Amy was sobbing and wringing her to free herself from me.

Two or three of the neighbors relieved me of my half fainting burden, and I then turned back towards the life-boat.

they never'll launch her," and I, knowing the peril of those on board, gnawed my lips at my own impotence and want of energy.

All this had occurred in a very few minutes, and even in this space, the gale seemed to have increased in fury. At times it was almost impossible to stand against it, and, with clothes drenched with spray, itseemed to numb

board, for they were only five or six hundred yards distant. Every one present was in a state of greatest excitement, and though fresh arrivals were constantly appearing, all shrank from a combat with the sea now running.
I appealed to a stout fellow by me, and
pointed to the boat, but he shook his
head as a knot collected round, and he

I found I had only to look at a man

after this for him to turn away, and, sick at heart, I felt that venture must be desperate when these men, born and ife-spent upon thisspot, dared not make this attempt.
On looking round I found old Wilson

by my side, a fine old grey-haired farmer, with a coil of rope on his shoulder. On seeing me he spoke, and I could see the old man was all of a remble as in a broken voice he said. "There's my boy trying to get out the boat, and I can't go and stop him. I can't stand here and know some of God's creatures are choked with the sea water and howld my lad back from going; but Lord knows, sir, I shall the ready to read the ready to read the ready to the season of the ready to the season of the ready that the ready the ready the ready that the ready the ready that the read ready to go down on my knees if they can't launch her."

If I were asked, and gave a frank reply, I should say I was decidedly and

nervous tremble about my knees-al Love of self, thoughts of home and a reaction; another gun made the blood tingle through my veins, and by the flash of another rocket I fancied I could

> and said he would reserve his decision The world waits for the opinion of the New York Marine Court as to the effect of hog's lard on rheumatism. ---Six thousand four hundred and forty-two emigrants arrived at New York during last month, and 7,833 up to the 6th inst.