BROKEN VOWS.

Promises are lightly spoken:
Vows on which we blindly build,
(Uttered only to be broken)
Go forever unfulfilled.
Oft betrayed, but still believing—
Duped again and yet again—
All our hoping, all our grieving
Warns us, but it warns in vain.

From the cradle and the coral—
From the sunny days of youth—
We are taught the simple moral,
Still we doubt the mortal truth.
When a boy they found me rather
Little to do as I was told.
"I shall buy a birch," said father.
Broken vows! He never did.

Grown encouragement, when youthful,
Was father's debt I paid:
He appeared about as truthful
In his talk as any man.
Let me tell you how he scolded me:
"Look you, Mr. Whats-Your-Name,
I shall summons you," he told me—
But the summons never came!

Through the meadows, daisy-laden,
Once it was my lot to stray,
Talking to a lovely maiden
In a very spoony way;
And I stole a kiss—another—
Then another—then a lot.
"Pity!" she said, "I'll tell my mother."
Idle words; she told her not.

The Ingraham Will.

(From the New York Tribune.)

We have no desire to discourage the reasonable anticipations of the Ingraham Family, which recently met in this city to take measures for obtaining possession of the city of Leeds in England, or a portion of so much of it as shall be worth $100,000,000. Indeed, they seem to be so enthusiastically hopeful, and their case upon paper, as drawn up by themselves, such an extremely good one, that to damp their ardor is probably impossible. If it were not for this, we might prescribe a careful reading of "Bleak House," to be followed by "Our Mutual Friend" and "Little Dorrit." Mr. Crooke had "documents" in her wallet; Mr. Crooke had "documents" in the paper-lamp; Mr. Tittimouse had "documents" of great antiquity carefully prepared under the subtle eye of Lawyer Guppy. The Ingraham Family are not precisely in so fortunate a position. They have no "documents," but they know quite enough to be led for a considderation. Two centuries ago one Joseph Wilson of Yorkshire made a will, devising to Sarah Cowell, his granddaughter in America (Ingraham by marriage), lands in Yorkshire, Leeds now stands. The Ingraham Family claim under her—a very numerous family, it would appear—and John of Bologna is dead; that, if the decision should be in favor of the descent, there will probably be a number of suits about the distribution. But, in the very beginning, there are suspicious circumstances, with just the faintest aroma of a swindling about them: The much-desired will of the old original Joseph has been hunted for by sages and hungry heirs for more than sixty years. Now it was in the possession of Lord Erskine. Now it was that of an heir who "died without issue," having been confided to the first-named lawyer by one Solomon Ingraham. Now again it is in America, last seen safely at is found, but alas! it is in the hands of "two lawyers," who demand "ten thousand dollars and a tenth of the property" as the condition of its surrender—"from the Ingraham Committee to pay; but it finally does agree to pay "twenty thousand in money and thirty thousand dollars in the Ingraham Association scrip," but with a wisdom which we should hardly have anticipated, withholds the scrip until the "two lawyers" shall have proved the will to be genuine to the satisfaction of the Committee. At present the facts are engaged in the troublesome preliminary of raising the money for the "two lawyers."

Such in brief, and divested of unimportant details, is the story of the Ingraham claim to the city of Leeds. It is, we are ready to confess, a suspicious though not a conclusive circumstance, that the main interest hinges upon the concealments and the uncommonly sharp practices of the "two lawyers" who withheld what they are bound in honor and conscience and law to surrender, having entered into possession of a piece of property which does not and cannot by any possibility belong to them. If we were never so distantly related to the Ingraham family, we would make short work of that beautiful brace of attorneys who want $20,000 for doing an act of the very commonest kind of honesty. We would call in the sharpest gentlemen in the Equity Courts, and we would treat the "two lawyers" to a course of Chancery prerogative writs which would soon bring them to their narrow bones. We would harass them with bills and subpœnas, and discoveries and commitments. We would bring a great variety of actions against them in the Common Law Courts, if we would, if necessary, indict them for larceny. We would try every other legal resort to rapivin: we would attach all the property in their possession, will included; we would have them out of town in an average once a week: we would have that "document" out of them, or know the reason why from the august lips of the Chief Justice of the United States himself. This is the way in which we should spend our money, because in this way we should soonest find out whether the "two lawyers" really had or not a testament which they themselves believed to be genuine. If it turned upon production or a fabrication, palpably and unmistakably a forgery, then we should not be at the expense of proving it. If it were *prima facie* genuine, then we could go to probate with it upon a tolerably light heart, leaving the "two lawyers" to pay their own costs, and a portion of ours into the bargain.

The report of the Committee made at the late meeting seems to have been of a nature altogether too satisfactory. As soon as the "two lawyers" have been bribed to disgorge the "document," all difficulties, it is assumed, will have been surmounted, and the Shorthaling City of Leeds will change owners at once. It seems to have been most unaccountably forgotten that there are lawyers in England as well as lawyers in America; and that tenants who have held lands for two generations generally get a title not easily to be disturbed.

It is not a peculiarity of English practice to take wills for granted; they must be proved, as several hundred volumes of ecclesiastical and testamentary reports sufficiently attest; and if anybody thinks it easy to prove a will made two hundred years old, to the satisfaction of Doctors' Commons, we recommend him, if his money is to spare, to try the experiment. He will find that faith in the "two lawyers" who discover an instrument just when it is wanted, and will not be so large upon the other side of the Atlantic as it appears to be upon this. Time makes strong titles. Possession is nine points of the law. The men who are receiving the rents of the Leeds property might not be disposed to surrender at discretion; and there would be two hundred lawyers on each side to deal with, and perhaps even the whole House of Lords.

It will be seen that while we have pointed out the difficulties of their realization, we have offered no opinion on the validity of those remarkable claims. Even if we desired to do so we have no trustworthy data from which to make up our minds; but we confess that our suspicions of the "two lawyers" with a will for sale cheap somewhat grave. It would be strange if there were not heirs-at-law or devisees in this country entitled to estates long in abeyance in England. When we consider the heartache, the hope deferred, and the disappointment, we wish that it were otherwise. We have known more than one man ruined by trusting to these fallacious dreams of wealth to be had without labor, of riches to be acquired by good fortune, of estates to be secured by some extraordinary chance. In two many cases (we say nothing of the present) such hope is the moving master-spirit of the brilliant vision, and poor men are made poorer in the effort to grasp an unearned and immerited opulence. We could mention a gentlemen, long since deceased, himself one of the ablest legal writers in America, and whose works are of authority in the courts, whose whole life was embittered by the dream of a great English inheritance. Fortunately he knew well where to stop, although he could not cease to regret the *lacuna* in the evidence which kept him from rank and power in the city of his birth. That all experts might prove either more fortunate or as wise as he.

Miss Stebbins's Group for the New York Central Park.

Mr. Hurlbut, writing from Italy to the New York *World*, says:

In summing up matters and things at home, I forgot to speak of a subject of local interest to New Yorkers, and though it has no sort of connection with the themes of this letter, I will here, lest I should overlook it entirely. In the studio of Miss Stebbins, the sculptor, I saw the completed model of a group of statuary which is, so long as I adorn our beautiful Central Park. This represents the "Angel of the Fountain," and is meant for the vigor and grace which entitle Miss Stebbins to so high a place among our living artists. The angel, with extended hand and protecting wings, seems to overshadow with blessing the people for whose refreshment and delight the fountain is to flow. The figure is light and aerial—the latter is excellent, and, I regret to say, a rare thing in angels—the face full of tenderness and dignity. The fountain is uphorne and supported by gracious little beings who are certainly not cherubim and can hardly be seraphim: but who, even they be taken to be only children, are none the less lovely for that. The whole composition is admirable, which shall be at once an effective and an appropriate work of art is a very sore trial of artistic ability. Surely it is full of human failures in this kind, as witness the multitudinous and time-consecrated climbings of many-watered Rome, such as the Laocaccia, which most resemblesa battered bread basket, and Bernini's sprawling river gods and that old obelisk of the Piazza Navona. Ammanati and Bologna in city Signorias and the city whose name he took, have given reputation to the monstrous statues of Neptune, but what can be more ridiculous than a fresh-water Neptune presiding over horse-troughs and washwomen? Miss Stebbins's fountain, without obtrusively suggesting the angel of Siloam, is both hydrologically and mythologically, a much more rational and graceful conception; and as every really good work of art will be, we get into the bliss it is not merely a positive but a negative blessing, in that while it gives us an actual thing of beauty, it saves us also from a possible thing of horror. I take very great satisfaction in recording the success of this venture of the commissioners. They do many more such things, and 'may they be saved' be is coming to make his breakfast and dinners chiefly on admiration. He actually seems to thank you for starting him up when you come up suddenly and look over the rail fence, since it gives him the pretext he covets for displaying his master and his own skill as a vocalist.. He sings as though he had been assigning champagne, but he keeps running over with those delights which generally make wine-tasters light-headed. He is a perfect musical chatter-box, as he flutters on his short flights over the tips of the grass spires, or across from the brown rail fence to the purple, thistle-top. An old man's heart feels the new wine of his spirit working again while he stands listening to his rhapsody; and the heart of the boy bounds about like nothing but the motion of the songster's own little body, as he wishes he could close his hand on the gay singer, and claim him always for his own.

The Associations of a London Square.

A writer in *Belgravia* gossips about some of the squares of London. Here is what he has to say of one of them:

"Now, with a long stride westward, let us pass on to Grosvenor square, which Pope mentions as early as 1716. It derived its name, Mr. Cunningham tells us, from Sir Richard Grosvenor, fourth baronet (of the Gros-Veneurs), who died in 1732. That arrogant, virulent friend of Pope's, Bishop Warburton, lived in this spot; here he propounded his paradoxes, and reviled Methodists, Wilkites, infidels, and indeed anybody that differed from him. Thrale, the great brewer, who with his generous hospitality as Streatham cheered the melancholy of his friend Dr. Johnson, died in this square in 1781. At No. 30 John Wilkes died. The distiller's son, thin, squinting, lisping, yet delightful, after all his ducks and political squibs and sedition, came here and ended his days as a quiet constitutionalist, active against the Lord George Gordon rioters.

"Wilkie's patron and Haydon's horror, Sir George Beaumont, lives at No. 29. Here he talked his pleasant platitudes about high life and descanted over the Claudes that he used to carry about with him in his carriage. So see he known in grass, said Constable to him one day in the country, laying an old Cremona on the dazzlingly-green lawn, to prove that the old masters were darker than they are now. But Sir George's mind was not original; and he went on with his brown trees and his receipt for composition, till literary cares and painted as Claude should have done, and put twenty miles more landscape within the four sides of a frame than Claude ever could pack.

"No. 29 Grosvenor square is a house intimately connected with the first great conspiracy, 20th of February, 1820. The conspirators—of whom the chief was Thistlewood—ex-ensign in a West India regiment and a disgraced gambler of infamous character, who had dabbled in the Spa Fields troubles and in all the dangerous seditions of the day—met in the Hopmarket, in a room over a pork-butcher, a man of color, and a cobbler, met in a loft over a stable in Cato street (now Homer street), near the Edgware road. They were armed with pikes, pistols, swords, and handgrenades, and were to turn into Lord Harrowby's, directly Thistlewood rang the bell, with a pretended letter. Some of them were to mount the kitchen stairs and the area, and keep back the servants; while the rest were to enter the dining-room, and slay all the Cabinet Ministers that day invited to dinner. Ings carried two bags; one intended to contain Lord Sidmouth's head, the other Lord Castlereagh's head, which were to be put on pikes, and carried before the conspirators' march on the Bank and the Mansion House. The Bow street runners surprised them as they were arming, and secured the ringleaders. Thistlewood, however, ran Smithers, one of the officers, through, and escaped, but was soon captured, and with his confederates, Ings, Brunt, Tidd and Davidson, hung at Old Bailey, and afterwards clumsily beheaded, much to the disgust and horror of the crowd.

Judge Underwood's Experience.

The following letter from Judge Underwood appears in the Norfolk *Union Republican*, of the 27th inst:

NORFOLK, Va., July 24th, 1867.—*Mr. Editor*: I was surprised to see in the *Journal* this morning the statement that three-quarters of the crimes committed in this State were by the colored people. My own official experience leads to a very different conclusion. Of the hundreds of criminal complaints and convictions in my court, within the last four years, I do not recollect but a single complaint against a colored person—that was the case of a colored boy, indicted, convicted and sentenced for two years imprisonment for mail robbery in the city of Lynchburg. And I have recently heard from the former master and owner of this boy, assuring me that his conduct while in the employment of the Government was perfectly satisfactory. I have never had a