## MR. DICKENS'S POETRY.

The new interest given to Mr. Dickens's writings by his own reading, tempts us, says the Boston *Advertiser*, to recall two of the illustrious Boz of the mercer rhythm into which his prose falls in some of its noblest passages. The following arrangement of Nelly's Funeral is from Harper's New Library Edition:

NELLY'S FUNERAL.

And now the bell—the bell!
She had so often heard by night and day,
And learned to wait with solemn pleasure,
Even as a living voice—
Rang its remorseless call for her,
So young, so mournful, so good,
Decrepit age, and vigorous life,
Childhood, youth, and helpless infancy,
Poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength
And health, in the full blush
Of promise, the mere dawn of life—
To gather round her tomb. Old men were there,
Whose eyes were dim
And senses failing.
Gray haired, who might have died ten years ago,
And still been old—the dead, the blind, the lame,
The palsied,
[illegible] bring dead in many shapes and forms,
To see the closing of this early grave.
What was the death it would shut in,
That which still could crawl and cross above it!
Along the crowded path they bore her now;
Pure as the snow-dillen strewed
Had covered it, whose day on earth
Had been as fleeting.
Under that porch, where she had sat when
Heaven
In mercy brought her to that peaceful spot,
She passed again, and the dim church
Received her in its cold shade.

Throughout the whole of the above only two unimportant words have been changed—*old* for *grandames*; *age* has been substituted for "grandmothers," and "*crutches*" for "*almost*." All that remains is exactly as in the original, not a single word transposed, and the punctuation the same to a comma.

The following passage is copied *verbatim* from the American Notes; but we have given the words the arrangement of verse:

## SNOW.

I think in every quiet season now
Still do these waters roll, and leap, and roar.
And tumble, all day long;
Still are the rainbows spanning there
A hundred feet below.
Still when the sun is on them, do they shine
And glow like molten gold.
Still when the day is gloomy do they fall
Like snow, or scum to crumble away,
Like the frost of a great chill;
Or roll adown the rocks like dense white smoke.

But always does this mighty stream appear
To die as it comes down
And always does the unfathomable grave
Arise that tremendous ghost of spray
And mist which is never laid;
Which has haunted this place
With the same dread solemnity,
Since darkness brooded on the deep,
And that first flood before the Deluge—Light,
Came rushing on Creation at the word of God.

To any one who reads this we need not say that but three lines in it vary at all from the closest repetitions of an iambic movement. The measure is precisely of the kind which Mr. Southey so often used. For the reader's convenience, we copy from Thalaba his well remembered lines on Night, as an instance:

"How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven.
In full orbed glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is Night!"

## THE KECKLEY-LINCOLN BOOK.

### "Behind the Scenes."

The following extracts from this curious book refer to many of the most interesting incidents of the five years' life in the White House, which the author, Mrs. Keckley, describes:

THE DEATH OF LITTLE WILLIE.

Finding that Willie continued to grow worse, Mr. Lincoln determined to withdraw her cards of invitation and postpone the reception. Mr. Lincoln thought that the cards had better not be withdrawn. At least he advised that the doctor be consulted before any steps were taken. Accordingly Dr. Stone was called in. He pronounced Willie better, and said that there was every reason for an early recovery. He thought, since the invitations had been issued, it would be best to go on with the reception. Willie, he insisted, was in no immediate danger. Mrs. Lincoln was guided by these counsels, and no postponement was announced. On the evening of the reception Willie was suddenly taken worse. His mother sat by his bedside a long time, holding his fevered hand in her own, and watching his labored breathing. The doctor claimed there was no cause for alarm. I arranged Mrs. Lincoln's hair, then assisted her to dress. Her dress was white satin, trimmed with black lace. The trail was very long, and as she swept through the room Mr. Lincoln was standing with his back to the fire. He smiled behind him and his eyes on the carpet. His face wore a thoughtful look. The rustling of the satin dress attracted his attention. He looked at it a few moments; then in his quaint, quiet way remarked:

"Whew! our cat has a long tail to-night."

Mrs. Lincoln did not reply. The President added:

"Mother, it is my opinion if some of that tail was nearer the head it would be better style," and he glanced at her bare arms and neck. She had a beautiful neck and arms, and low dresses were becoming to her. She turned away with a look of offended dignity, and presently took the President arm and both went down stairs to their guests, leaving me alone with the sick boy.

The reception was a large and brilliant one, and the rich notes of the Marine Band in the apartments below came to the sick room in soft, subdued murmurs, like the wild, faint sobbing of far-off spirits. Some of the young people had suggested dancing, but Mr. Lincoln met the suggestion with an emphatic veto. The brilliance of the scene could not dispel the sadness that rested upon the face of Mrs. Lincoln. During the evening she came up stairs several times and stood by the bedside of her suffering boy. She loved him with a mother's heart and her anxiety was great. The night passed slowly; morning came, and Willie still lingered between life and death. The days and died. God called the beautiful spirit home, and the house of joy was turned into the house of mourning. I was worn out with watching and was not in the room when Willie died, but was immediately sent for. I assisted in washing him and dressing him, and then laid him on the bed, where Mr. Lincoln came in. I never saw a man so bowed down with grief. He came to the bed, lifted the cover from the face of his child, gazed at it long and earnestly, murmuring, "My poor boy, he was too good for this earth. God has called him home." I know that he is much better off in Heaven, but then we loved him so. Is it wrong that I should feel so?

Great sobs choked his utterance. He buried his head in his hands, and his tall frame was convulsed with emotion. I stood at the foot of the bed, my eyes full of tears, looking at the man in silent; awestricken wonder. His grief unnerved him, and made him a weak, passive child. I did not dream that his rugged nature could be so moved. I shall never forget those solemn moments—genius and greatness weeping over the loss of a child. There is a grandeur as well as a simplicity about the picture that will never fade. Willie died in immortal—I really believe that I should carry it with me across the dark, mysterious river of death.

Mrs. Lincoln's grief was inconsolable. The pale face of her dead boy threw her into convulsions. Around him love's tendrils had been twined, and now that he was dressed for the tomb, it was like tearing the tendrils out of the heart by their roots. Willie, she often said, if spared by Providence, would be the hope and stay of her old age. But Providence had not spared him. The light faded from his eyes and the death-dew had gathered on his brow.

In one of her paroxysms of grief the President kindly bent over his wife, took her by the arm and gently led her to the window. With a stately, solemn gesture, he pointed to the lunatic asylum.

"Mother, do you see that large white building on the hill yonder? Try and control your grief, or it will drive you mad, and we may have to send you there."

NOW THE DEBTS WERE CONTRACTED.

Mrs. Lincoln was extremely anxious that her husband should be re-nominated for President of the United States. In endeavoring to make a display becoming her exalted position she had to incur many expenses. Mr. Lincoln's salary was inadequate to meet them and she was forced to run in debt, hoping that good fortune would favor her and enable her to extricate herself from an embarrassing situation.

"What do you think about the election, Lizabeth?" she asked on one occasion.

"I think that Mr. Lincoln will remain in the White House four years longer," I replied, looking up from my work.

"What makes you think so? Somehow I have learned to fear that he will be defeated."

Because he has been tried and has proved faithful to the best interests of the country. The people of the North recognize in him an honest man, and they are willing to confide in him, at least until the war has been brought to a close. So Mr. Lincoln is certain to be re-elected. He represents a principle, and to maintain this principle the loyal people of the loyal States will vote for him. It is not a question of his merits to commend him."

"Your words are plausible one, Lizabeth, and your confidence gives me new hope. If he should be defeated, I do not know what would become of us. We are in debt, and there is more at stake in this election than he dreams of."

"What can you mean, Mrs. Lincoln? I do not comprehend.

"Simply this—I have contracted large debts, of which he knows nothing, and which he will be unable to pay if he is defeated."

"What are your debts, Mrs. Lincoln?"

"They consist chiefly of store bills. I owe altogether about $20,000; the principal portion at Stewart's in New York. You understand, Lizabeth, that Mr. Lincoln has but little idea of the expense of a woman's wardrobe. He glances at my rich dresses, and is happy in the belief that the few hundred dollars that I obtain from him will supply all my wants. I must dress in costly materials. To keep up appearances I must have them—more than Mr. Lincoln can spare for me. He is too honest to make a penny outside of his salary; consequently I find, and still have no alternative but to run in debt."

"And Mr. Lincoln does not even suspect how much you owe?"

"God, no!"—this was a favorite expression of hers—"and I would not have him suspect. If he knew that his wife was involved to the extent that she is the knowledge would drive him mad. If he is re-elected I can keep him in ignorance of my affairs; but if he is defeated, then the bills will be sent in and he will know all;" and something like a hysterical sob escaped him.

When in one of these excited moods she would fiercely exclaim:

"The republican politicians must pay my debts. Hundreds of them are getting immensely rich off the patronage I bring them, and it is but fair that they should help me out of my embarrassment. I shall make a demand of them, and when I tell them the facts they cannot refuse to advance whatever money I require."

THE FURNITURE OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

For five weeks Mrs. Lincoln was confined to her room. Packing afforded quite a relief, as it so closely occupied us that we had not much time for lamentation.

Letters of condolence were received from all parts of the country, from foreign people, potentates, but Mr. Andrew Johnson, the successor of Mr. Lincoln, never called on the widow, or even so much as wrote a line expressing sympathy for her grief and the loss of her husband. Robert called on him on duty to tell him that his mother would turn the White House over to him in a few days, and he never even so much as inquired after their welfare. Mrs. Lincoln firmly believes that Mr. Johnson was concerned in the assassination plot.

In packing, Mrs. Lincoln gave away every thing intimately connected with the President, as she said that she could not bear to be reminded of the past. The articles were given to those who were regarded as the warmest of Mr. Lincoln's admirers. All of the presents were passed through my hands. The dress Mrs. Lincoln wore on the night of the assassination was given to Mrs. Slade, the wife of an old and faithful messenger. The cloak, stained with the President's blood, was given to me, as also was the bonnet worn on the same memorable night. Afterwards I received the comb and brush that Mr. Lincoln used during his residence at the White House. With this same comb and brush I had often combed his hair. When almost too feeble to down to a reception he would turn to me with a quizzical look: "Well, Madam Elizabeth, will you do your duty to-day or not?"

There was much surprise when Mrs. Lincoln left the White House as to what her or sixty boxes, not to count her scores of fifty trunks, could contain. The government not been so liberal in furnishing the boxes it is possible that there would have been less demand for so much transportation. The boxes were loosely packed, and many of them with articles not worth carrying across the lot, I believing, with Touchy, that they were "handy to have about the house."

The bonnets that she brought with her from Springfield, in addition to every one purchased during her residence in Washington, were packed in the boxes and transported to Chicago. She remarked that she thought fled use for the material some day, and it was prudent to look to the future. I can only say that Mrs. Lincoln's foresight in regard to the future was only confined to worn-out clothing, as she owed at the time of the President's death different store bills amounting to $70,000. Mr. Lincoln knew nothing of these bills, and the only happy feature of his assassination was that he died in ignorance of them. Had he known to what extent his wife was involved the fact would have embittered the only pleasant moments he had in life, close this secret in regard to Mrs. Lincoln's debts, in order to explain why she should subsequently have labored under pecuniary embarrassment.

It is charged that a great deal of furniture was lost from the White House during Mr. Lincoln's occupation of it. Very true, and it can be accounted for in this way: In some respects, to put this case very plainly, Mrs. Lincoln was a shrewd Yankee trader. Lincoln's "Pen." When she moved into the White House she discharged the steward, whose business it was to look after the affairs of the household. When the steward was dismissed there was no one to superintend affairs, and the servants carried away many pieces of furniture. In this manner the furniture rapidly disappeared.

## FOREIGN.

FRENCH TABLE-TALK.—It is a little extraordinary that there is not a letter or any other manuscript in Molière's handwriting; all that remains in his handwriting is four or five signatures. There is not even an authentic portrait of him. Prince Napoleon and Princess Mathilde went to see M. Sainte-Beuve several times during his recent illness. M. Paul de Saint Victor has quitted "La Presse." M. Emile de Girardin had long desired to engage him for "La Liberté," but he was bound to "La Presse" by an engagement which has just expired. He informed the editor of "La Presse" he would remain if his pay was raised from 12fr. an article to 20fr. "La Presse" declined giving this advance. M. Emile de Girardin gives him 20fr. an article. M. Jouvin is M. de Saint Victor's successor. * * * Idle fellows are making themselves merry over a mistake of gender discovered in the Dictionary of the French Academy where *cambrée* is set down as a masculine noun! * * * Last week the court circle played "Les Petits Parleurs." The question was asked: Which are your favorite authors? The French Emperor quoted Tacitus. The French Empress answered: Calderon, Byron, and Shakespeare. * * * M. Sainte-Beuve some time since dined by the side of a young widow who has pretensions to great familiarity with classical literature. They had scarcely eaten through soup when she addressed him: "Mon, do you think of Homer?" M. Sainte-Beuve gravely replied: "Madam, do you ask with an eye to marriage?"—*Paris Letter.*

MACHLEE'S NEW WORK, "The Mountain" contains, among other reminiscences of an autobiographical nature, the following rhapsody on the first of the golden Bough of Virgil:

"Vast forest! Sea of leaves and dreams! How long I wondered in it! Where passed away my youth, if not in sombre researches until the day I say, and I took this golden bough with which evoked nations. I in the reward of my life that I have been able to reanicate so many forgotten, misunderstood souls, and to make for them the instrument of justice and the redeemer of fate. This thought comes to me in nights and hours and strengthens my heart. But did I obtain the gift of evoking the dead ungratefully? How did I attain this golden bough? By loving Death too well. When I was young, I lived among the sepulchres. I was never tired of raising their spirits. Sometimes I has come when Death pleases me less, when I say to in: Wait! Do I speak in this way for myself? Are, for myself. I still love. And yet I have done much. In the world I have lived. I have exceeded three men's lives. I should accept fate, if among these thoughts another did not intrude, another uncasiness at the very vulnerable point where beats, were vibrates my heart."

NEW BRITISH BOOKS.—W. Carew Hazlitt, grandson of the great literary and dramatic critic, who was the intimate friend of Charles Lamb and S. T. Coleridge, has lately published, in one vol. 8vo. volume, "A Bibliography of the Popular Poetical and Dramatic Literature of England (previous to 1800)." The "London and County Review," the first number of which has lately appeared in London, is a very pretty monthly magazine, which is to treat of Science, Natural History, Letters, Fine Arts, Antiquities, and Amusement. Mr. Richard Spencer, Secretary of the Early English Society, is preparing an edition of Shakespeare's "Henry the Fourth," with grammatical and etymological rules for the use of student. Mr. Henry Green, M.A., has lately published "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers of his Age," a curious volume, with illustrations from the original woodcuts and engravings. Mr. Green should be able to show how for Shakespeare has borrowed from the emblem-writers. And also, if Mr. Green be a reader, how far some of the latter have borrowed from him, as, for instance, Withey and Quarles. Messrs. J. Forbes Watson and John William Kaye will shortly issue in London "The People of India," a series of photographs illustrative of the races and tribes of Hindostan. This work, which is to be issued in monthly parts, commenced since, under the direction of the government of India, for the use of the Empire of Hindostan and it is only now that the Secretary of State for India has authorized an edition for the general public. It will be published in instalments at intervals, and when complete will contain an volumes super-royal quarto, at the rate of two guineas a volume. The photographs amount to there are between four and five hundred. will be illustrated with descriptive letter-press.

The secession of Mr. Disraeli to the peerage has not yet been received the interest in and demand for books and talks, but the dull, dribbling and literary editions, published by Warne & Co., London, cannot be produced fast enough to supply the demand. A third edition, of five volumes, is announced for 700 pages, and called "The Beacon edition." has just been issued. Mr. Disraeli is advertised to preside, on the 6th of May, at the seventy-ninth anniversary dinner of that excellent and useful charitable society, the Literary Fund. The grants of money to distressed authors, out of this fund, amounted to £2,000.

Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, M. P., nephew of the late Macaulay, has contributed a sketch on him em-ployed literature of the American War" to the April number of "Macmillan's Magazine."

The British government have sent Major Tennant a highly scientific man, to India, there to observe the total eclipse of the Sun, taking a special view to photography and polariation. The *Athenæum* says he will be accompanied by three non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, well exercised in photographic manipulation: so that good pictures of all that takes place during that almost unprecedented event may be anticipated. The instruments will be set up at Guntoor or Masilipatam.—*American Literary Gazette.*

PAINY FREN has been reconstructing a Rethel. It seems that Mr. Parton (her husband) has an amanuensis who served in the Confederate army, a young gentleman of fine manners and accomplishments. Now Fanny has heard of sundry such American citizens retiring to walk under the American flag. So she fastened the bonnet on her head, opened the door of Mr. Parton's writing room, whereby the amanuensis could neither get in or out without passing under it. Appreciating the joke, the Rebel pinned on the lig a pencilled slip, to the effect that "lovely woman will had done what five years of war could not do; but that though his body passed under, his soul soared above." Next morning Fanny placed in the entry, by the side of the hat rack, a bust of General Butler, so that the gentleman rebel could not fail to take off his hat to it. Whereupon the amanuensis left on the pedestal a memorandum intimating that "persons curious to see Butler's face as he passes out of that door, might have a look at it uncovered at Rethel." During the afternoon Fanny set a bottle of "Cologne Water" by the statue, with the words "Good for bad blood and secession. Butler was *not* at Rethel, according to his regular engagement Parton. Therefore his *back* could not have been there. But, if it had been, he would have covered it with his wife's petticoats in decamping." The rebel's retort was: "I have no fancy for being 'bottled up.' I leave that to Butler."—*N. Y. Independent.*


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Special Notice.

Having completed our removal to New Store, No. 1222 CHESTNUT Street, we are now ready to offer, at lowest cash prices, a new stock of Desirable

CARPETINGS,
OIL CLOTHS,
MATTINGS,

With all other kinds of goods in our line of business.

REEVE L. KNIGHT & SON,
1222 Chestnut Street. 1222.
a22

SPECIAL NOTICES.

LIBRARY SECRETARY'S OFFICE, ANNUAL ELECTION of Directors and Treasurer of the Library Company of Philadelphia will be held at the Library, on MONDAY, the 4th day of May next, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the election will close, unless adjourned over.

Also, the annual report on which time has run, the Library will be closed that they will be forfeited, agreeably to the charter. Books may be returned or renewed on any day after the election.

JOSEPH JENKS, Secretary.

STOCKHOLDERS' NOTICE.—A MEETING OF the Stockholders of the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce will be held at the Hall of the Exchange, to change, Second and Gold streets, on SATURDAY, 4th inst., at 12 o'clock, M., pursuant to the 12th section of the Act of Assembly, entitled "An Act to incorporate the Chamber of Commerce and Exchange in the City of Philadelphia." SAMUEL L. WARD, Secretary.

OFFICE ELMIRA AND WILLIAMSPORT RAILROAD COMPANY, No. 116 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, April 16, 1868.

The annual election for Directors of this Company will be held on MONDAY, the 20th day of April, next, between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, A. M.

WM. H. WEBB, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS.—The annual meeting of Stockholders of the Harsley Coal Company will be held at the office of the Company, on TUESDAY, MAY, May 4th next, at 12 o'clock M., to elect officers to serve for the ensuing year.

WM. H. WEBB, Secretary.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA MILK COMPANY, will be held at the office of the Company, No. 1 Dock Street, on Monday, the 20th instant, at 10 o'clock, when an election will be held for Directors for the ensuing year.

J. HIGH, Secretary.

CHESTNUT HILL AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 18, 1868.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of this Company will be held on MONDAY, the 20th day of April, at 12 o'clock, at the office of the Company, No. 116 South Third Street.

WM. H. WEBB, Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE LEHIGH COAL AND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1868.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company will be held at the BOARD OF TRADE ROOMS, in the City of Philadelphia, on TUESDAY, the 21st day of May, next, at 12 o'clock, M., when an election will be held at the same place for Trustees to serve for the ensuing year, the election to close at 1 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN C. CLARK, Secretary.

GOOD SPRING RAILROAD COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1868.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of this Company will be held at the office of the Company, on TUESDAY, the 5th day of May next, at the hour of 12 o'clock, M.

WM. H. WEBB, Secretary.

SOUTHERN LIBERTIES GAS COMPANY.

SHIP RAILROAD COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 18, 1868.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of this company, and an election for officers to serve for the ensuing year, will be held at the office of the Company, in the City of Philadelphia, and Reading Railroad Company, on TUESDAY, the 21st day of April, next, at 12 o'clock, M.

WM. H. WEBB, Secretary.

MUSICAL FUND HALL.

PHILADELPHIA, April 18, 1868.

The annual election for Directors of this Company will be held on MONDAY, the 20th day of April, next, at 12 o'clock, M.

WM. H. WEBB, Secretary.

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Gold Guard Chains, Medals, Rings, Coral, Malachite Garnet and Etruscan Sets, in great variety.

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1868. SPRUCE JOIST. 1868.
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FLORIDA FLOORING.
FLORIDA SCANTLING.
VIRGINIA FLOORING.
VIRGINIA SCANTLING.
WALNUT FLOORING.
WALNUT STEP BOARDS.
RAIL PLANK.

1868. WALNUT BOARDS AND PLANK. 1868.
WALNUT BOARDS AND PLANK.
WALNUT BOARDS AND PLANK.
WALNUT PLANK.

1868. UNDERTAKERS' LUMBER. 1868.
UNDERTAKERS' LUMBER.
CEDAR.
WHITE OAK, WALNUT AND PINE.

1868. SEASONED POPLAR. 1868.
SEASONED POPLAR.
CASE
WHITE OAK BOARDS AND PLANK.

1868. CIGAR BOX MAKERS. 1868.
CIGAR BOX MAKERS.
SPANISH CEDAR.
SPANISH CIGAR BOX BOARDS.

1868. CAROLINA SCANTLING. 1868.
CAROLINA SCANTLING.
NORWAY SCANTLING.
NORWAY SCANTLING.

1868. CEDAR SHINGLES. 1868.
CYPRESS SHINGLES.
CYPRESS SHINGLES.
CHESTNUT PICKET BOARDS.

1868. SEASONED CLEAR PINE. 1868.
SEASONED CLEAR PINE.
CHOICE PATTERN PINE.
SEASONED PINE PATTERNS.
FLORIDA STEP BOARDS.
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YELLOW PINE FLOORING.—100,000 FEET LIKE Pine Flooring, afloat, for sale by E. A. SONN-CKEN & Co., Dock Street Wharf.

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WINDOW SHADES!
No. 805 RACE STREET.

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LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF
"MOURNING BONNETS"
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## FADING SIGHT.

There is a shadow film before my eyes;
The outspread landscape shrouded in a veil
Is dimly beautiful; up to the skies
I look, and there the stars are few and pale.

The world now moets me with a darkened frown;
The flowers seem more reviling and less free;
As if they thought I do not love them now
So well as when they sweetly smiled on me.

The noon-day sun that falls upon the sea
Blending its brilliants with the dark blue hues,
Appears a faded glimmering to me.
While o'er the wild expanse I turn and gaze.

Old ocean, roll thy billows low, to calm!
An aged traveler stands upon thy shore
With clouded vision, listening to the psalm
Of dying winds and waves when storms are o'er.

What though the outlines of you mountain fade,
The sad still steps along its rocky height;
What though the wild flowers bloom in deeper shade,
They are so fair in tones of softened light.

Welcome, sweet twilight of a troubled day.
Thou'rt lead me to a quiet lowly vale.
Cannot one to forsake the world's rude way
Where dangers lie concealed and foes assail.

Welcome, thou harbinger of peaceful rest,
Thou'rt lead me forward to the promised land
Where not a ripple stirs its tranquil breast—
The peaceful rest through all eternity.

SAMUEL BARKER.

## AUSTRIA.

### Murder Trials—Murder Charged Murders in High Life—An Aristocratic Poisoner—Sentence of Death Passed—Mistress of the Case and Sentence of the Culprit.

VIENNA, March 16, 1868.—When a nobleman murdered the wife of his friend, he brought home to him we have a *gause célère*. The Earl Ferrers and the Duke of Praslin have no other title to their places in history than that of famous murderers. A case is pending here and in Hungary which will make the poisoning of the Countess Chorinsky by the Baroness Julie Von Prandau, the mistress of her husband and of the former's intended, the Count Chorinsky—who will certainly be ranked with the murders of the Ferrers and Praslin crimes. Julie Von Ebrer-prandau's trial is expected to take place early next month, and early after the conclusion of that case Count Chorinsky will be tried in Hungary for the murder of his wife.

In the meantime another aristocratic murder case has been brought to trial in Cracow, and after a prolonged hearing has ended in the conviction of Count Mirzejalski, the Duke de Valis of which I am about to give you, has created an immense sensation not only in Cracow and Galicia, but in the kingdom of Poland also, and a *résumé* of each day's proceedings has even been telegraphed to the leading papers of this city.

The Count Mirzejalski von Korytowski is a scion of one of the historical families of Poland. Some of his progenitors were the counsel of Poland's Kosciusko, in the war of independence (1793-71). His father, Leon Korytowski, is a leading member of society in Cracow. The culprit himself is twenty-six years old.

Korytowski, *pire* and *mere*, occupied a "flat," or a suite of apartments, in a certain house in Cracow. Here he lived when they had let to an aged widow, named Agnes Zychowicz. Widow Zychowicz, previous to her marriage, had been a lady's maid in the house and of moving into another quarter of the town. Korytowski occupied the adjoining room to the widow's, on a sofa, and a door led from his room into the latter's. The widow's two unmarried daughters lived in even miserly woman. She was generally believed to be superb, was generally believed to be herited from a brother a considerable amount of property, which she had invested in Polish Bonds, which were then in Russian securities. So the murdered woman was thought to be a rich woman. The murderer had, even as a schoolboy, been noted for his idleness and indisposition to follow any steady occupation. He was, it appears, he was, there for good for nothing. For some years he lived on his allowance from his father and other of his relations. Finding that his relations were getting tired of him, he thought it time to settle down to settling out for a good match. Hereupon he paid his addresses to Miss Pauline Von Ebrer-prandau, the daughter of a rich landed proprietor. The young lady was smitten; her mother satisfied. He was accepted. Everything, however, was, naturally enough, not favorable to the suitor, and it appeared him that for the present he (the father) could not give consent to the marriage, because the chevalier had no settled income. Pauline, it is to be nothing better than a *chevalier d'industrie*. What was the chevalier to do? He was hopeless and happy though. That was to buy a heavily mortgaged estate, which was situate in the Kingdom of Poland, and which he (Pauline) out to the world at large, and to M. Kozmian, the Polish Minister of Justice, in particular. The estate in question was valued at 22,500 roubles, but as the charges upon it amounted to 22,017 roubles he was willing to pay only 600 roubles on the completion of the purchase, which comparatively small he managed to raise.

But this appearance of wealth did not last long. The chevalier could not pay the interest on the mortgages and the mortgagees entered into possession of the estate. When they did so they discovered that the new purchaser had already sold the timber and cattle, and that he had contracted other debts and that he had not paid some of his creditors, and had already sold to some merchants and received part payment for. This the chevalier was cross-examined at the trial, and he while in this position he hit upon the evil and fatal idea of poisoning the aged widow of his parents' aged tenant. With this he could win his bride.

Carrying out this design in his heart he paid a visit to his parents in last September and kept in the place I have already mentioned. He procured a pick-lock, and for two nights before the murder entered the room of the widow and her daughters, and there he managed her drawers, but found nothing. The widow had the money in her pocket-book and knew what the intruder wanted, but was afraid to cry out for fear of being murdered. She made this statement at the trial. Finally, on the 2d of October, last year, to one of her friends, whom she visited on that day, and added the ominous presentment that 'she feared she would never leave her then residence alive. The next morning, the 3d of the 2d and 3d October, she was found dead in her bed with her throat cut.

In the bed and clothing of the murdered one was found the sum of 25,000 Austrian florins, partly in bank notes and partly in securities. According to the inventory found in her room she had in her possession valued at 750 roubles in the aggregate, were missing.

Ten out of these eleven debentures were on the following day discovered in Mirczylam room, fastened to the chimney of the room functionaries who examined the room when the alarm was given above that the murderer could have entered neither by way of the window nor of the chimney, but could only have come in through the apartments of the Kozminskis. Nobody suspected the parents. Everybody suspected the son. Moreover, the son gave the alarm at three o'clock in the morning of the 3d and gave it in a very singular manner. He proceeded to awake the servants and told them that he had heard footsteps moving about in the widow's room, and that he had a presentiment that all was not right there.

The trial began in the latter end of last month, lasted sixteen days and has just been concluded. It was attended by the nobility, the jurists and officials of the neighborhood as well as by the gentry from various parts of Poland, who came to Cracow expressly to attend the trial. Admission to the court could only be procured by means of cards.

On the twelfth day Mlle. Bronislawa was examined. She showed that she dearly loved the culprit. When at one time her father opposed the marriage she expressed the determination to make away with herself. Of her intended's arrest she was made gradually aware by her father and her pain at the news was infinitely great. Immediately thereupon she sent back to her intended's mother the ring he had given her, and demanded that the ring which she had given to him should be handed over to a charitable institution.

On the sixteenth day the court gave judgment and decided that the circumstantial evidence was sufficient to condemn the accused. The Attorney-General demanded that the punishment of imprisonment for life should be inflicted.

The court adjudged a sentence of eighteen years' imprisonment with hard labor and the loss of his rank. Strange to say, the court decided that his tender age, the fact of the murder over twenty-five years of age) was a palliative circumstance. I mention this fact without comment.

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