



3-31-1871

The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 40): March 31, 1871

Maxham & Wing

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail



Part of the [Agriculture Commons](#), [American Popular Culture Commons](#), [Journalism Studies Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Maxham & Wing, "The Waterville Mail (Vol. 24, No. 40): March 31, 1871" (1871). *The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine)*. 396.

https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/waterville_mail/396

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Waterville Materials at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Waterville Mail (Waterville, Maine) by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby.

RIGHT.

Low to myself I said the word;
With deeper thrill through voice and will
It rang as with a shout!
Such power was in it to be heard,
And from that hour my soul grew still,
And put away its doubt.

A battle-ory is in that word;
A force to wield on deadlier field,
Which he who grasps shall feel
As if his hand had drawn a sword,
And triumph were forestalled and sealed
With the first battle-ory!

A royal word! A conquering word!
Which none could speak with lips so weak
But straight they should grow strong;
As if, unknown, they had heard
The mighty hosts of victors speak,
And echoed the new song!

The grand word! the eternal word!
Given us whereby to glorify
This daily work and care,
Building our temples to the Lord
After the heavenly house on high
Where the city lies four-square.

And straight and perfect lives do grow—
Whose image in form is to be bright,
From heavenly light to light,
So let the will be done below;
O Duty, it needs only this,
And thou art named Delight.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

DESIREE.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTEHY.

Nearly twenty years ago an English lady and her little boy were crossing the Atlantic in one of the Cunard steamers. The lady was going to Canada, where her brother lived. She was a widow; she had lost her husband a very few years after their marriage. Her name was Helen Dunraven, and she had a sweet, gentle, somewhat melancholy face, as I think a woman named Helen ought to have. Her little boy was a bright-haired blue-eyed creature. His fair hair clustered about his forehead, and fell upon his shoulders. This was about the time when knickerbockers first became the garb of small boys in Europe; and little Eustace Dunraven wore black velvet knickerbockers, and looked like a tiny prince.

It was summer weather. The sea was really for once like glass. One could hardly be sick, if he tried. Mrs. Dunraven was sitting on deck one day with her boy, when she heard the patter of little feet, and a child came scampering up to her knee, and caught her hand. The newcomer was a little maid some eight years old, with a pretty head covered with jet-black hair and a pair of black eyes, lustrous and lambent. The little girl's complexion was of almost tropical darkness. She was a lovely little creature, indeed, who might have stood as an infantile impersonation of Night while the sunny-haired boy near her would have passed for a living symbol of Day.

"And what is your name, my little dear?" asked Mrs. Dunraven, who did not remember to have seen the child before.

"My name is Desiree," little Night replied, promptly and clearly; and then went on, "I saw you on the deck, and I ran to you because I love you!"

"Do you, my sweet little creature? I am sure I shall love you," said Helen, kissing the child tenderly.

"Oh yes, I love you; and I love your little boy."

The little boy was holding off rather sheepishly, after the manner of his race. In very early life the girls make all the advances if any are made. This little girl stood fearfully before the boy, and gazed at him with tender innocent frankness, while he was somewhat shy, and looked at her timidly out of his great blue eyes. At his mother's bidding he went near the child, and gave her his hand; but she put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"Do you know us, Desiree?" Mrs. Dunraven asked.

"Oh, yes, quite well. I saw you once before—the day you came on board; and now I knew you again, and I ran up because I am so fond of you. I was below for two days. Mamma thought she would be sick. But I hope she won't be sick; don't you?"

"Yes, my dear, I do indeed. Is she on deck?"

"Oh no; but she sent me up. She said I might go and play; and, please, may I play with your little boy? We have been in Paris, where he ever in Paris? There are such nice dolls in Paris! I suppose he doesn't care for dolls? Boys don't, I suppose."

There was a tone of resignation, almost of melancholy, in this; the reluctant recognition of an essential disparity and unbecomingly not to be claimed away—only perhaps to be compromised. No, he didn't care for dolls; didn't just yet care much even for little girls. But this little girl took him fairly by storm. Before the day was half over they were firm friends. They ran all over the deck together, and tried to play that game (what is it called?) which people play on board ship with round pieces of wood and a thing like a crutch, and a number of squares and figures chalked on the deck planks. They ran into all manner of holes and corners; they sat side by side at meals, and shared the oranges and apples captured at dessert.

Mrs. Dunraven saw nothing of Desiree's mamma. An elderly matron woman came and looked after the child now and then; but the mother did not appear, and seemed quite content that Desiree should be so. The girl clung to Helen and her boy all through the voyage as if she belonged to them; and indeed people often wondered at the English lady's two children—the one so fair the other so dark.

Only on the last day of the voyage did the lady Desiree called her mamma make an appearance on deck. She was an invalid, apparently; she walked with difficulty. She was wrapped in shawls, though the weather was warm. Her face was indeed somewhat like that of Desiree, but it was sallow and yellow. It was prematurely wasted and old. It was lighted by the cold fire of two stern and dark eyes that burned with a penetrating, painful keenness. The matron woman, on whom she leaned, brought this lady up to Mrs. Dunraven.

"I am deeply grateful," the lady said, "for your attention and kindness to this little girl, Desiree. I am an invalid, and she is a restless, self-willed child. No nurse or servant of any kind can get any control over her."

"Indeed? I should never have thought so," Mrs. Dunraven replied. "She seems to me a very docile and loving little creature. It was such a pleasure to me to have your little daughter with us during the voyage!"

"Thank you, I am much obliged. Desiree is not my daughter; she is the child of my brother. He is dead. Desiree is an orphan."

Mrs. Dunraven sighed, and looked at her little boy.

"She calls me mamma," the other lady continued; "but she has neither father nor mother. I take care of her as far as I can; I am her guardian. Desiree will be well cared for, and she will make many friends if she lives for she will be an interest."

There was something cold and disagreeable in her tone—a certain grating cynicism, in m-

plied in the manner more than in the words. Mrs. Dunraven felt inclined to shrink from her.

"She looks a fine, healthy little girl," she said, in order to say something.

"Healthy! Oh no!" the other replied, coldly; "far from healthy! I should say she had the seeds of consumption in her. Her father and mother both died very young."

The little boy and girl were playing on the deck at some distance while the elders were thus talking. Mrs. Dunraven looked with wonder and greatly increasing dislike at the woman who thus so coldly cast the horoscope of this loving and lovely little child, and sought to find for her the house of death.

Poor Desiree came in for misfortune that day. She and little Eustace were missing for a long time. Two hours and more passed away without their making an appearance. At last they came running up together, hand in hand, and with an air of immense triumph and excitement, to where the elder ladies were sitting.

"Look here, mamma!" the boy exclaimed, half out of breath. "See what we have been doing! Desiree is to be my wife when we grow big; and so that we may know each other again, I have done my name—the letters of it on her arm, and hers on mine. Tom, the steward's boy, got us the gunpowder, and it didn't hurt a bit—at least not much you know. I liked it and Desiree stood it like a brick! See! there it is—E. D. on her arm, for Eustace Dunraven, because she belongs to me; and D. on my arm, for Desiree—only 'D,' because Desiree doesn't quite remember her other name, and I don't know it. And 'D' will do well enough; won't it, mamma?"

And the boy pulled up first Desiree's sleeve, and then his own and showed the work of his hand in triumph. He actually had tattooed the identifying mark in his rude little letters on their arms. He had seen and been immensely delighted with the tattooing performances of some of the sailors, and he thought the finest thing in the world was to employ the process as a love mark for Desiree and himself.

Desiree's "mamma" positively flamed with fierce, sudden and unintelligent anger. She loaded the poor little girl with harsh and bitter words, and struck her two or three sharp blows on the face. Little Eustace's eyes burned with anger and his fat round fist clenched. Desiree never cried or even winced. The punishment over, her guardian rose from her seat without a word to Mrs. Dunraven, and despite her invalid condition, hurried down stairs.

The parting of little Desiree from Eustace was a dismal piece of business. The poor children clasped each other and cried. Mrs. Dunraven found her own eyes wet as she looked at them. She made an effort to obtain the address of the little girl's so-called "mamma"; and when the "mamma" herself appeared on deck for the last time, the steamer being actually in the dock, Mrs. Dunraven went over to her, and made an effort to be warm and friendly, expressed a hope that they should meet again, and tendered her card. The other lady was cold and constrained. She said, "We are going South; we seldom go North; the climate does not suit me or my husband and children—or Desiree." But she gave a card which bore the name of "Mrs. Angelo Ryland, New Orleans."

A hurry-a-ho, a rush for luggage, a carriage, a final flash of Desiree's sad eyes, and the parting was over.

Mrs. Dunraven and her boy went to Canada. She was to keep house for her brother, who was a widower, as she was a widow, and had young children.

I will not venture to say whether it is possible for a little boy to fall in love with her so that the feeling survives long separation, and abides with a tenacity of vital power which seems unconquerable. But it is certain that little Desiree had so deeply impressed Eustace Dunraven that the memory of her was always with him. For a year or two he was incessantly harrassing his mother with petitions and prayers to be taken to Desiree. Then, as he began to have a clearer intelligence, and to understand that thousands of miles can separate loving hearts, he implored and petitioned no more; but he thought of Desiree all the same. Mrs. Dunraven listened to his occasional talk of Desiree with a keen pain and sadness, for she had learned something which she would not tell as yet to her son. It was this: One day she happened to see an old copy of a New Orleans paper at the house of a friend, and turning listlessly over its pages, she was shocked and grieved to see in the list of deaths the name of Desiree Constant, aged nine years and three months, at the house of her uncle, Angelo Ryland, Esq.

So she was dead, then, and the cold, sharp-faced aunt was right after all! She was dead, the bright-eyed beautiful little creature, in whom life seemed so exuberant and affluent! Never had Mrs. Dunraven seen a creature who appeared to have been gifted with such lavish life-power; and now she was dead! Never would the brilliant, noble hearted woman be seen on earth whom Mrs. Dunraven had mentally looked on when she contemplated the future of little Desiree. Dear, lost little creature! Earth, lie light upon her graceful, winsome form!

Mrs. Dunraven resolved that she would not yet tell her boy of the death of his quondam little play-fellow. When the distinctness of his memory of her should have worn itself away, then she would tell him; not till then.

Two years after their arrival in Canada Mrs. Dunraven paid a visit to some friends in New York. One day, as Mrs. Dunraven was coming out of a bookstore in Broadway, Eustace clutched her dress, and cried, "Oh, mamma, look, look—Desiree!" Then he ran two or three paces on, and cried out, "Desiree!"

Mrs. Dunraven looked in the direction which the boy's gestures and movements indicated, and she saw a carriage driving on, and there was a child's face seen for a moment at the window, which did certainly seem to her to resemble that of poor lost Desiree. At least it was the face of a dark-eyed child with clustering dark hair; and the child did seem to be looking eagerly back. But that fact was easily to be explained. The child who probably bore some little resemblance to Desiree, was doubtless attracted by Eustace's sudden cries and gestures. The whole incident was pitious and pathetic. Mrs. Dunraven's heart

was keenly touched by the mournful expression in the face of her boy, as disappointed, he came back to her.

"Well, dear," she said, "you were mistaken."

"Mistaken! Oh no, mamma; it was Desiree. I wonder she did not stop the carriage! Perhaps now I shall never see her again. Why did she not stop the carriage?"

"But, Eustace, my child, it could not have been Desiree."

"Mamma, don't you think I should know Desiree? Besides she saw me and knew me."

Mrs. Dunraven shook her head sadly. She saw no use in pursuing the discussion any farther. Poor Eustace was quite perplexed and miserable all that day. Indeed, the holiday in New York was spoiled for him. There was something wonderful in the hold which the recollection of the dark-eyed child had on the boy. You might have thought he was a full grown lover yearning for a last mistress. At last his mother thought it right to tell him what she knew. The certainty of the worst seemed to her less likely to be wasting and injurious than the pressure and excitement of a barren hope. So she gently but firmly broke the news to him that Desiree was dead. He flushed all red with horror at first, and his lips and hands trembled; but then he broke out with the words:

"Mamma, it isn't true. It was a mistake of the paper, or it was somebody else of the same name. But it was not Desiree! I saw her that day in Broadway, and she saw me. Desiree is alive, and I'll find her yet!"

Mrs. Dunraven wrote a letter to Mrs. Angelo Ryland, New Orleans, reminding her of their slight acquaintances on the voyage from Europe, and of the affection little Eustace had formed for Desiree; and asked if it were true that the dear little creature was dead. After the lapse of some weeks she received the following answer:

"MY DEAR MADAM—I well remember our too short and slight acquaintanceship, which might have ripened into something closer but for my invalid condition. I shall never forget your kindness to the beloved child who is now an angel in heaven. It is too true that Desiree Constant has been long since removed to that better land where those whom her love has bereaved may yet hope to find her. To me, who loved her as dearly as if she were my own daughter, there can be no earthly consolation for the decree which carried her off, but to which, however, as in Christian duty bound, I endeavor unflinchingly to bow. I remain, dear madame, with warm regards, yours ever,

ANGLO RYLAND.

Mrs. Dunraven thought there was something singularly repelling about the tone of this letter. "She never loved the dear little child; she was glad of her death, because probably she got some money by it," was her exclamation; but then the good woman checked herself, and said: "I have no right to judge her thus. After all, it would be cruel to suppose that a woman did not love a child, or mourn for its death, merely because she was sometimes harsh, to it in its lifetime."

She told her son of the letter, and even read it to him. He burst into a passion of tears, but even amidst the tears he exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I don't care; I don't believe it. I saw Desiree in Broadway that day, and she is not dead!"

Nine or ten years went over, and Eustace Dunraven was a rising young physician, settled in New York, his mother living with him. He had been attached to the army, had served through the war, had been in New Orleans, and had stood by the grave which a marble monument described as the last resting place of Desiree Constant, aged nine years and three months. He had looked at the grave with tenderness and sadness, remembering the fervor of his childish love. Of course the dark-eyed child had faded for him long since into a mere memory a cloud shape, a dream, something which impressed him sweetly and sadly to think of, like the recollection of exquisite music, or of some melancholy moonlight scene. But he had never loved any other girl since. He thought with curious wonder over his boyish conviction that he had seen Desiree alive long after the date on the tombstone, and though he now assumed that he was mistaken, it was strange how clearly on his mind remained the impression of his having seen her. In New Orleans he had made inquiries about the Ryland family. Fate had dealt heavily with them. Clotilda Ryland, the aunt of poor little Desiree, had died at an early period of the war, her death having been hastened by the news that her son, whom she passionately loved, had been killed in a battle by a Federal bullet. Angelo Ryland, her husband, who was represented as having been wholly under her influence during her lifetime, was living in Paris with his daughter; now his only child. They had lost nearly all their property (most of it inherited on the death of little Desiree) during the war, and were living in a poor and narrow way. The matron woman whom Eustace remembered as Desiree's nurse had been devoted to Mrs. Ryland, refused to accept her freedom during the war, and died soon after her mistress's death. The family was, if such an expression may be used, effaced from New Orleans.

And now Eustace Dunraven is settled in New York. One day he is sent for to attend an English lady, who with her family, has just arrived from Europe, and is at the Clarendon Hotel. He finds that the lady is very weak and nervous, from the effects of the voyage; partly, but that nothing serious is the matter. The lady's husband is an Englishman of wealth. They have been in America several years before; they have come again, to see how it looks after the war. He hears the lady ask one of the servants "where Miss Dennis is," and he hears that Miss Dennis has gone out with Miss Emily and has not yet come back. Dr. Dunraven takes his leave, to visit the lady again next day; and on leaving her apartments, and hurrying through the hall, he almost rushes against a young lady and a little girl, who are coming in. He takes off his hat—begins to make an apology, when he suddenly breaks off, flushes, stammers, and at last exclaims, "Do let me ask your name! Tell me—are you not Desiree Constant?"

For there before him stands a woman—not a child; but that woman has the face, the eyes, the hair of the child Desiree! The resemblance is wonderful, bewildering, overpowering. It is Desiree!

And the young lady turns pale, and says in a tremulous tone:

"Sir, my name is Elizabeth Dennis; but the name Desiree startles me in a manner I cannot explain. I do believe I must once have been called Desiree, and that I must have known you then."

"How did you get the name of Elizabeth Dennis?"

"I don't know; I hardly remember my parents. I cannot understand why the name of Desiree seems so familiar to me. I cannot, I now know, have been my name."

"Why—do please forgive my strange questions, and believe that I have a reasonable purpose in them—why can not your name have been Desiree Constant?"

"Because," she said, somewhat hesitatingly—"Because, among other reasons, the initials of my name are marked on my arm; and I can faintly remember my little brother—I suppose it must have been he—marking them one day on board a ship, and somebody—I suppose my mother—was there, and was angry."

Eustace Dunraven broke into an exclamation that was almost like a cry. "Desiree," he exclaimed, "it was I who made that mark upon your arm! The initials were mine—not yours. My conviction—my faith was right. Desiree Constant was not dead. She lives and you are she!"

It was Desiree Constant. The change from childhood to manhood, the hardships and bronzing of the war, the heavy mustache and beard had so transfigured Eustace Dunraven that she could not possibly recognize him; but gradually a memory of him as the boy on board the steamer came clearly back to mind, and with it other recollections that helped to make the mystery of her life intelligible at last. It was never wholly cleared up, but piece by piece much of it came out then and afterward; and a crime was revealed. Mrs. Ryland and her mulatto servant had arranged it. Desiree once was attacked by a fever, and Mrs. Ryland announced her death. A slave child nearly white died just then; her corpse was buried in a coffin which bore the name of Desiree Constant; and Desiree was sent to the far West, when she had yet scarcely recovered from her fever, and kept there for a while by some people who received an annual sum for her, and were given to understand that she was an illegitimate child. The letters on her arm suggested to Mrs. Ryland a new baptism for the girl, and she smiled to herself to think how admirably the supposed means of identification could be made to serve the purpose of deception and fraud. She gave to Desiree Constant the name of Elizabeth Dennis; and the child, waking from the delirium of her fever to hear herself addressed only by this name, soon yielded to it in bewilderment, and at last forgot that she had ever been called by any other. Once, when for some purpose her keepers, as they may be termed, brought her to New York, and she saw the boy Eustace, some flash of memory leaped up within her; but she did not hear the name he called, and he was soon lost to sight.

It was not long after this that the English family with whom she was now living saw the child, were charmed with her, and were anxious to rescue her from the rough, ungentle, and mercenary hands in which she was placed. They paid off her keepers, got possession of the child, educated and brought her up, and had her now as a teacher and companion of their children.

This is the story as far as it ever became known. "It was not clear that Angelo Ryland, the broken old man now pining in Paris, ever was a party to it. No steps were taken to crush that broken reed by any legal prosecution."

Eustace Dunraven became a close friend of the English family, and of course of Desiree. The memory of his childish affection soon changed into the reality of a manly love. And the girl loved him; and they were finally married, and are happy. Desiree found a mother and a husband at once in Mrs. Dunraven and Eustace; and the future, let us hope, will repay her for the past.

"How did you get the name of Elizabeth Dennis?"

"I don't know; I hardly remember my parents. I cannot understand why the name of Desiree seems so familiar to me. I cannot, I now know, have been my name."

"Why—do please forgive my strange questions, and believe that I have a reasonable purpose in them—why can not your name have been Desiree Constant?"

"Because," she said, somewhat hesitatingly—"Because, among other reasons, the initials of my name are marked on my arm; and I can faintly remember my little brother—I suppose it must have been he—marking them one day on board a ship, and somebody—I suppose my mother—was there, and was angry."

Eustace Dunraven broke into an exclamation that was almost like a cry. "Desiree," he exclaimed, "it was I who made that mark upon your arm! The initials were mine—not yours. My conviction—my faith was right. Desiree Constant was not dead. She lives and you are she!"

It was Desiree Constant. The change from childhood to manhood, the hardships and bronzing of the war, the heavy mustache and beard had so transfigured Eustace Dunraven that she could not possibly recognize him; but gradually a memory of him as the boy on board the steamer came clearly back to mind, and with it other recollections that helped to make the mystery of her life intelligible at last. It was never wholly cleared up, but piece by piece much of it came out then and afterward; and a crime was revealed. Mrs. Ryland and her mulatto servant had arranged it. Desiree once was attacked by a fever, and Mrs. Ryland announced her death. A slave child nearly white died just then; her corpse was buried in a coffin which bore the name of Desiree Constant; and Desiree was sent to the far West, when she had yet scarcely recovered from her fever, and kept there for a while by some people who received an annual sum for her, and were given to understand that she was an illegitimate child. The letters on her arm suggested to Mrs. Ryland a new baptism for the girl, and she smiled to herself to think how admirably the supposed means of identification could be made to serve the purpose of deception and fraud. She gave to Desiree Constant the name of Elizabeth Dennis; and the child, waking from the delirium of her fever to hear herself addressed only by this name, soon yielded to it in bewilderment, and at last forgot that she had ever been called by any other. Once, when for some purpose her keepers, as they may be termed, brought her to New York, and she saw the boy Eustace, some flash of memory leaped up within her; but she did not hear the name he called, and he was soon lost to sight.

It was not long after this that the English family with whom she was now living saw the child, were charmed with her, and were anxious to rescue her from the rough, ungentle, and mercenary hands in which she was placed. They paid off her keepers, got possession of the child, educated and brought her up, and had her now as a teacher and companion of their children.

This is the story as far as it ever became known. "It was not clear that Angelo Ryland, the broken old man now pining in Paris, ever was a party to it. No steps were taken to crush that broken reed by any legal prosecution."

Eustace Dunraven became a close friend of the English family, and of course of Desiree. The memory of his childish affection soon changed into the reality of a manly love. And the girl loved him; and they were finally married, and are happy. Desiree found a mother and a husband at once in Mrs. Dunraven and Eustace; and the future, let us hope, will repay her for the past.

AMERICUS VESPUCCI.—The Albany Argus revises the recollection of the Italian lady, who visited here as the relative of the great discoverer of America, and came near persuading Congress out of a donation in land in consideration of her birth. She was the alleged favorite of the Duke of Orleans, and was persuaded to come here by his mother, the Queen of France, it was reported, who wished to produce a separation. At Washington she received much attention, and even Mr. Adams favored her claims to national consideration. In Boston, also, she was greatly courted, and at the ball given at Faneuil Hall to the Prince de Joinville, was attended by Mr. Grattan, the British Consul. The omission of the Prince, however, to recognize her, excited unfavorable speculation, and shortly after she disappeared from the gay world, and retired to an interior town in New York, at the invitation of a wealthy friend, where she lived in luxury and seduction for many years. Finally discontent occurred, and the last we heard of Americus Vespucci, says the Argus, she was living quietly in Paris on a handsome allowance.

THE BEST PEAR.—What pomologist, when speaking of the many varieties of pears, has not been asked the puzzling question, "What is the best pear?" The innocent inquirer evidently expecting that he was going to receive in one word the results of years of toil and study; and the answer has generally been that the diversity of tastes, the different seasons, and the many excellent qualities found in pears made it quite impossible to say that any one variety was superior to all others. We have given this answer many times; but we hope we have grown wiser as we have grown older; and now there is one pear that seems to us to come nearer to perfection than any other. We think that when we get ready to answer the question, "What is the best pear?" we shall say, "Beurre d'Anjou."—[Tilton's Journal.]

The fellows who get up lotteries always seem to be lucky, some way or other. The wife of the old miser out in Hamilton, Ohio, who got up one to raffie off an opera house, won the first prize, the opera house in question while he got away with the principal money prize himself. The blanks went round among the ticket buyers beautifully.

When you have a hard, cold ride in a cutter of ten or twenty miles, against the wind, place a spread newspaper over your chest before you button up your overcoat, and you will not become chilled through. Nothing can be cheaper, and, as far as it goes, nothing more efficient.—[Country Gentleman.]

IN ALBANY, on Sunday night, the Rev. Mr. Waters, while preaching, stopped a few moments, and then said: "I am rarely if ever annoyed by people talking. I am not this evening; but I am afraid the congregation is." You would have heard a pin drop during the balance of the sermon.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED for April, appears in its usual becoming dress, and contains an excellent variety of reading matter with several portraits. We would instance—Misses Nelson and Demorest, with portraits, Henry Burden and Elias P. Needham, two Inventors of the Day; the late Boy Suicide; Edward C. Delavan; Italians in New York; Tree planting in America; General "Stonewall" Jackson; The Anglo-Saxon Civilization as typified in Africa; The Great; Slavery without a master; Wm. K. Bowling, M. D.; Alice Cary, the poet; Genius and Honesty. A good number. Price 30 cts.; \$3 a year. Sent half a year, on trial, for \$1. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.—It is downright extravagance to buy music in sheet-form, when you can get nearly twenty times your money's worth by subscribing to Peters' Musical Monthly. This April number is at hand, with the following beautiful selections. Send the Little One Happy to Bed, Song and Chorus; Alone by the Sea, Song and Chorus; Building Castles in the Air, Scotch Melody; Somebody Loves me Dearly, Song and Chorus; Go, Pretty Flower, with Eyes of Blue, German Song; Beautiful Days that are Dead, Quartet; Easter-Time, Sacred Quartet from Abt; Blue Eyes Galop; Indiana Polka; Village Beauty Polka; Take me Home, Transcription.

The above prices, if purchased in sheet-form, would cost \$4.75. You can get the lot for thirty cents, by sending to J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York, for the April Number of Peters' Musical Monthly.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE March number of LEFFEL'S ILLUSTRATED MECHANICAL NEWS, a monthly journal published at Springfield, Ohio, by James Leffel & Co., a firm already widely known as manufacturers of the celebrated Leffel Double Turbine Water Wheel. The Mechanical News is published in quarto form, and is devoted to scientific and industrial topics, every department of those subjects receiving careful and impartial attention. Its columns are rendered especially attractive by the large number of choice engravings which they contain. The manufacture of needles, among many other branches of industry, is fully illustrated in the present number, with a descriptive article of great interest, and the matter throughout is of genuine practical value.

The subscription price of the Mechanical News is only Fifty Cents per annum, on receipt of which the publishers will send it to any address.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January has the following table of contents:—France: Lives of Bonaparte and Bonaparte; Business of the House of Commons; Key's History of the Seven Years War; Vol. 2; Facts and Fables at the Admiralty; Langley's Problems of Nature and Life; The Foreign Relations of China; The Military Forces of the Crown; Morris's Early Parables; The Treaties of 1860 and 1867.

The four great English Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Monthly are promptly issued by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 87 Walker Street, New York, the terms of subscription being as follows:—For any one of the four Reviews, \$4 per annum; any two of the Reviews, \$7; any three of the Reviews, \$10; all four Reviews, \$13; Blackwood's Magazine, \$4; Blackwood and any Review, \$7; Blackwood and any two Reviews, \$10; and the four Reviews, \$12.—With large discount to clubs. In all the principal cities and towns these works are sold by periodical dealers.

New volumes of Blackwood's Magazine and the British Reviews commence with the January numbers. The postage on the whole five works is but 50 cents a year.

OUR TABLE.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for April is as bright and readable as ever. Among the articles that will attract immediate attention, may be mentioned Mr. Grapney's paper, "The Anthracite Problem," presenting an interesting history of the Pennsylvania coal troubles. Dr. Holland discusses, in the "Topics of the Time," "Professional Morality," "The Temperance Question and the Press," and "The San Domingo Question." The illustrated articles are, "Life in the Cambrid Islands," a second and add exceedingly valuable paper from Mr. J. C. Bates; a curious microscopic disquisition on "The Fly," an account of the recent "Discovery of Antique Silver" in Europe, and an article on "Children who Work." The latter is, in some respects, the most important article in the present number. It is written by Mrs. Julia A. Holmes, a lady connected with the Bureau of Education, who here presents the results of her recent investigations in relation to the employments in which young children are engaged in the metropolis. Other attractive contributions are: "A Breakfast with Alexandre Dumas," by Mr. John Bigelow, in which is drawn a faithful picture of the celebrated novelist, whose death occurred so recently; a quiet, but natural and suggestive story by Ellice Woodruff, entitled "A Gentleman's Pre-rogative"; a thrilling sketch of the "Martyr Church of Madagascar"; the beautiful closing chapter of Hans Andersen's "Lucky Peer," and poems by W. C. Wilkinson, (author of the Bondage of the Pulpit articles), and others. The "Etchings" consist of a quaint poem by Marion Douglas, "Dolly Sullivan," and characteristic designs by Miss Ledyard. The Editorial Departments are now ranged under the title of "Topics of the Time," "The Old Cabinet," "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress Abroad," and "Culture and Progress at Home." The publishers promise great attractions for their second volume which begins in May—among other things a fine portrait of MacDonald, whose "Wilfrid Cumberland" is proving so popular a new story by Mrs. Oliphant; some marvelous chapters of discovery; sketches and portraits of American artists, &c., &c. Our readers should remember that this lively and sterling monthly is one dollar cheaper than any of the other leading magazines.

Published by Scribner & Co., New York, at \$3 a year.

THE ART REVIEW, for March, is elegantly printed from new type upon tinted paper, and presents a most attractive appearance. The table of contents exceeds that of preceding issues, both in variety and excellence. A poem by Bert Hart, entitled, "The Hawk's Nest," is accompanied by an exquisite full-page, steel-plate etching, by True Williams. The leading prose article is by Francis E. Willard—recently elected President of the Women's department of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill.—and gives a thoroughly delightful account of a visit to the studios of the sculptors, Powers and Pierce Francis Connelly, under the title of "Master and Pupil"; this is followed with the second paper from J. Jackson Javes, upon "What American Women are doing in Sculpture," with very pertinent remarks upon the Government's Patronage of Art; "P. Green" tells what he knows about Nilsson; an eminent connoisseur contributes an able article on the "Portrait of Louis de la Valiere," in the private collection of Bishop Kip, of San Francisco; Rev. C. G. Trussell gives some very practical and common-sense ideas concerning "Church Decoration and Furniture," the department of "American Art News" is usually full and interesting, including Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis; the new departments of "American Art Literature," "Home Hints and Hints," and "Our Sketch Club" open up freely and add much to the completeness of the whole; while the editorials, "Rolla Ramble's Studio," and "Our Library," are well sustained, and full of interest. The Art Review is published by E. H. Trafton, 39 Park Row, New York, and 115 Madison street, Chicago, at \$1.50 a year, and is for sale by all newsdealers.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED for April, appears in its usual becoming dress, and contains an excellent variety of reading matter with several portraits. We would instance—Misses Nelson and Demorest, with portraits, Henry Burden and Elias P. Needham, two Inventors of the Day; the late Boy Suicide; Edward C. Delavan; Italians in New York; Tree planting in America; General "Stonewall" Jackson; The Anglo-Saxon Civilization as typified in Africa; The Great; Slavery without a master; Wm. K. Bowling, M. D.; Alice Cary, the poet; Genius and Honesty. A good number. Price 30 cts.; \$3 a year. Sent half a year, on trial, for \$1. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY.—It is downright extravagance to buy music in sheet-form, when you can get nearly twenty times your money's worth by subscribing to Peters' Musical Monthly. This April number is at hand, with the following beautiful selections. Send the Little One Happy to Bed, Song and Chorus; Alone by the Sea, Song and Chorus; Building Castles in the Air, Scotch Melody; Somebody Loves me Dearly, Song and Chorus; Go, Pretty Flower, with Eyes of Blue, German Song; Beautiful Days that are Dead, Quartet; Easter-Time, Sacred Quartet from Abt; Blue Eyes Galop; Indiana Polka; Village Beauty Polka; Take me Home, Transcription.

The above prices, if purchased in sheet-form, would cost \$4.75. You can get the lot for thirty cents, by sending to J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York, for the April Number of Peters' Musical Monthly.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED THE March number of LEFFEL'S ILLUSTRATED MECHANICAL NEWS, a monthly journal published at Springfield, Ohio, by James Leffel & Co., a firm already widely known as manufacturers of the celebrated Leffel Double Turbine Water Wheel. The Mechanical News is published in quarto form, and is devoted to scientific and industrial topics, every department of those subjects receiving careful and impartial attention. Its columns are rendered especially attractive by the large number of choice engravings which they contain. The manufacture of needles, among many other branches of industry, is fully illustrated in the present number, with a descriptive article of great interest, and the matter throughout is of genuine practical value.

The subscription price of the Mechanical News is only Fifty Cents per annum, on receipt of which the publishers will send it to any address.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for January has the following table of contents:—France: Lives of Bon

