Carolina Watchman.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Story Teller.

THE DEPARTURE.

CHAPTER II.

Thy vows are all broken,
And bright is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in the shame.

They will name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?—BYRON.

Florence was in her father's house in the city, and looking forth into a large old fashioned garden, which was just growing dusky with approaching twilight; near her, in a large crimson chair, sat a man of fifty perhaps, tall and slender, with handsome but stern features, rendered more imposing by thick hair, almost entirely grey, and a style of dress unusually rich, and partaking of fashions that had prevailed twenty years earlier.

Florence was pensive, and an air of painful depression hung about her. The presence of her father, who sat gazing upon her in silence, affected her much; the secret that lay upon her heart seemed to grow palpable to his sight, and though she appeared only still and pensive, the poor girl trembled from head to foot.

"Florence," said Mr. Hurst, after the lapse of half an hour, for it seemed as if he had been waiting for the twilight to deepen around them—"Florence, you are sad, child. You look unhappy. Do your father's wishes press so heavily upon your spirits—do you look upon him as harsh, unreasonable, because he will not allow *his* only child to throw away her friendship—her society, upon the unworthy?"

Florence did not answer, her heart was too full. There was something tender and affectionate in her father's voice that made the tears start, and drowned the words that she would have spoken. Seldom had he addressed her in that tone before.—How unlike was he to the reserved, stern father, whose arbitrary command to part with her lover she had secretly disobeyed.

"Speak, Florence, your depression grieves me," continued Mr. Hurst, as he heard the sobs she was trying in vain to suppress.

"Oh, father, father—why will you call him unworthy because he lacks family standing and wealth? I cannot—oh, I never can think with you in this."

"And who said that I did deem him unworthy for *these* reasons? Who said that I objected to Robert Jameson as a companion for my daughter because of his humble origin or his penniless condition? Who told you this, Florence Hurst?"

"*He*, he told me," replied Florence; "did you not say all this to him—all this and more? Did you not drive him from your presence and employ, with bitter scorn, when, two weeks ago, he asked for your daughter's hand?"

"He ask for my daughter's hand!" exclaimed Mr. Hurst; "he, the ingrate, the —— Florence, did you believe that he really possessed the base assurance to request your hand of me?"

"Father, father! what does this mean? Did you not tell me on that very evening never to see him again—never to recognize him in the street, or even think of him? Did you not cast him forth from your home and employ, because he told you of his love for me and of mine for him?"

"Of your love for him, Florence Hurst?" said her father.

A voice of mingled astonishment and anger with which this exclamation was made.

"Father," cried the poor girl, half rising from her seat, and falling back again pale and trembling—"father, why this astonishment? You knew that I loved him!"

"Who told you that I did?" inquired Mr. Hurst.

"He told me—he—Robert Jameson," said Florence; "it was for this you made him an outcast."

"It is false, Florence; I never dreamt of this degradation," said Mr. Hurst, in a voice that seemed like sound breaking up through cold marble.

"Then why that command to myself—why was I never to see or hear from him again?" cried Florence, almost gasping for breath.

"Because he is a dishonest man—a swindler—because I believe that he has been robbing me during the last three years, and squandering his stolen spoil at the gaming table."

"Father—father—father!" exclaimed Florence.

The sharp anguish with which these words broke forth brought the distressed merchant to his feet. Florence, too, stood upright, and even through the dusk you might have seen the wild glitter of her eyes, the fierce heaving of her bosom.

"You believe, father, you only be colder to her bosom.

believe!—should such things be said without proof—proof broad and clear as the open sunshine when it pours down brightest from Heaven! I say to you, my father, Robert Jameson is an honest, honorable man."

"It is well, Florence—it is well!" said Mr. Hurst, with stern and bitter emphasis. "You have doubted my justice, you distrust that which I have said. You are foolishly blind enough to think that this man can love, does love you."

"I know he does!" said Florence, with a sort of wild exultation. "I know that he loves me."

"And would you, if I were to give my consent—could you become the wife of Robert Jameson?"

"Father, I could—I would!" replied Florence.

"Then on this point be the issue between us," said Mr. Hurst, with calm and stern dignity. "Florence, I am about to send a note desiring this man to come once more under my roof," and he rang a bell for lights; "if, within three hours, I do not give you proof that he loves you only for the wealth I can give—that he is every way despicable—I say, that if within three hours I do not furnish this proof—clear, glaring, indisputable—then will I frankly and at once give my consent to your marriage."

"Father," cried Florence, while a burst of wild and startling joy broke over her face, "I will stand the issue! My life—my very soul would I pledge on his integrity."

Mr. Hurst looked at her with mournful interest while she was speaking, and proceeded to write a note, which he instantly despatched.

While the servant was absent, Mr. Hurst and his daughter remained together, much agitated, but silent and lost in thought. In the course of half an hour the man returned with a reply to the note. Mr. Hurst read it, then, waiting till they were alone, he turned to his daughter, pointed to a glass door which led from the door into a little conservatory of plants, and said—

"Go in yonder; from thence you can hear all that passes."

"Father, is it right—will it be honorable?" said Florence, hesitating, and weak with agitation.

"It is right—it is honorable. Go in!"

His voice was stern, the gesture with which he enforced it peremptory, and poor Florence obeyed.

A curtain of pale green fell over the sash door, and close behind it stood a garden chair, overhung by the blossoming tendrils of a passion flower. Florence sat down in the chair, and her head dropped upon one hand. There was something in the scent of the various plants blossoming around that reminded her of that wedding morning when the air was literally burthened with like fragrance. She was about to see her husband for the first time since that agitating day—to see him thus, crouching as a spy among those delicate plants—her heart beat heavily, she loathed herself for the seeming meanness that had been forced upon her.—Yet there was misgiving at her heart—a vague, sickening apprehension that chained her to the seat.

She heard the door open and some one enter the room where her father sat, with a lamp pouring its light over his stern and pale features till every line of lineament was fully revealed. Scarcely conscious of the act, Florence drew aside a fold of the curtain, and with her forehead pressed to the cold glass, looked glass, looked in. Mr. Hurst had not risen, but with an elbow resting on the table, sat pale and stern, with his eyes bent full upon Jameson, who stood a few paces nearer to the door. In one hand was his hat, in the other he held a slender walking-stick. He did not seem fully at his ease, and yet there was more of triumph than of embarrassment in his manner.—Florence observed, and with a sinking heart, that he did not, except with a furtive glance, return the calm and searching look with which Mr. Hurst regarded him.

"Mr. Jameson, sit down," began the haughty merchant pointing to a chair.—"I did hope, after our last interview, never again to be disturbed by your presence, but it seems that serpent like, you will warmed you."

"I am at a loss to understand you, Mr. Hurst," replied Jameson, taking the chair—and Florence sickened as she saw creeping over his lips the very same smile that had gleamed before her in the mirror. "When I last saw you, your charges were harsh, your treatment cruel. You imputed things to me of which you had no proof; and upon the strength of an absurd suspicion of—of—I may as well speak it out, of dishonesty, you discharged me from your employ; I am at a loss to know why you have sent for me. Certainly you cannot expect to wring proof of these charges from my own words."

"I have proof of them, undoubted, conclusive, and I had at the time they were first made!" replied Mr. Hurst; "but you had been cherished beneath my roof, had eaten of my bread and I was forbearing. Was not this reason enough why I should have sent you forth as I did?"

Jameson gave a perceptible start and turned very pale as Mr. Hurst spoke of the proofs that he possessed; but the emotion was only momentary, and it scarcely disturbed the smile that still curled about his mouth.

"At any rate, the bare suspicion of these things was all the reason you deigned to give," said Jameson.

Florence heard and saw, conviction; the loathed thing, came creeping colder and

"But since then, I have other causes for pursuing your crimes with the justice they merit; other and deeper wrongs you have done me, serpent, fiend, household ingrate that you are!" said Mr. Hurst.

"And what may those other wrongs be?" was the cold and half-sneering rejoinder to this passionate outbreak.

"My daughter?" said the merchant, sweeping his hand across his forehead.—"It sickens me to mention her name here and thus; but my daughter, even there has your venom reached."

"Perhaps I understand you," said the man, with insufferable coolness; "but if your daughter choose to love where her father hates, how am I to blame? I am sure it cost me a great deal of trouble to keep the young girl's partiality a secret"

Mr. Hurst, with all his firmness, was struck dumb by this cool and taunting reply; but after a moment's fierce struggle, he mastered the passion within him, and spoke.

"You love"—the words absolutely choked the proud man—"you love my daughter, then, why was not this never mentioned to me?"

"It was the young lady's fancy I suppose," replied Jameson; perhaps she shrunk from so grim a confident; at any rate, it is very certain that I did."

Mr. Hurst shaded his face with one hand, and seemed to struggle fiercely with himself. Jameson sat playing with the tassel of his cane, now and then casting furtive glances at his benefactor.

"Young man," said the merchant slowly, withdrawing his hand, "I have but to denounce you to the laws, and you leave this room for a felon's cell."

"It may be that you have this power," replied Jameson, with undisturbed self-possession; "I am sure I cannot say whether you have or not."

"I have the power," said Mr. Hurst "What should withhold me?"

"Oh, many things. Your daughter, for instance——"

"My daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Hurst.

"You interrupt me, sir, I was about to say your daughter has given me some rather unequivical proofs of her love, and they would become unpleasantly public—you know if her father insisted in dragging me before the world. Your daughter, sir, must be my shield and buckler; I shall never desire a better or fairer."

It was very painful, nay, withering, to his proud heart; but Mr. Hurst was determined to lay open the black nature of that man before his child. He knew that she suffered, that it was torture that he inflicted; but, nevertheless, she could be redeemed in no other way, and he remained as firm as a rock.

"So in order to deter me from a just act, you would use my daughter's attachment as a threat?" said Mr. Hurst; "you would drag her name before the world, that it might be blasted with your own. Is this what I am to understand?"

"Well, something very like it, I must confess," replied Jameson.

Mr. Hurst rose.

"I have done with you, Robert Jameson," he said, with austere dignity. "Go; your presence is oppressive. So young and so deep a villain! Even I did not believe you so terribly base. Go! I have done with you."

Jameson did not move, but sat twisting the tassel of his cane between his thumb and finger. He did not look full at Mr. Hurst, for there was something in his eye that quelled even his audacity; but when he spoke, it was without any outward agitations, though his miscreant limbs shook, and the heart trembled in his bosom.

"Mr. Hurst," said Jameson, "I do not know how far you have used past transactions to terrify me, but I assure you that any blow aimed at me will recoil on yourself. But this is not enough; you have told me to leave your roof forever—and so I will; but first let my wife be informed that I await her pleasure here.—I take her with me, and that before you can have an opportunity to poison her mind against her husband."

"Your wife—your wife?" Mr. Hurst could only master these words, and they fell from his trembling lips in fragments. He looked wildly around towards the door, and at the young man, who stood "There is the certificate in the inside three days ago, in your pleasant old country house on the Long Island shore.—You see that it has been regularly witnessed—the people about there will tell you the how and when."

Mr. Hurst took up the certificate, and held it before his eyes, but for the universe he could not read a word; for it shook in his hand like a withered leaf in the wind.

Then softly and slowly the conservatory door opened and the tall figure of Florence Hurst glided through. There was a bright red spot upon her forehead, where it had been pressed against the glass; but save that, the face, neck, and hands were colorless as Parian marble, and almost as cold. She approached her father, took the certificate from his hand, and tearing it slowly and deliberately into shreds, set her foot upon them.

"Father," she said, "take me away. I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight, and am no longer worthy to be called thy daughter; but oh! punish me not with the presence of this bad man."

Without a word, Mr. Hurst took the hand of his daughter and led her into another room. Jameson was left alone with his own black heart and base thoughts. We would as soon dwell with a rattlesnake in its hole, and attempt to analyse its venom, as register the dark writhing of a nature like his. The sound of a voice, low, earnest and pleading, now and then reached his ear. Then there was a noise as of some one fainting, followed by the tramp of several persons moving about in haste; and after a long time Mr. Hurst entered the room again.

Young Jameson stood up, for reflection had warned him that he could no longer trust to the power of [illegible] with her father; there had been [illegible] in the terrible stillness of [illegible]tion, in the pale features, the [illegible] of the [illegible] and the brows arched with [illegible] convinced him how mistaken was the anchor by which he had expected to hold so firmly in her love. He knew Mr. Hurst, and felt that in his lofty pride alone could rest any hope of a rescue from the penalty of his crimes. He therefore stood up, with more of respect in his manner than had hitherto marked it.

Mr. Hurst resumed his chair, and motioned that the young man should follow his example. He was very pale, and a look of keen suffering lay around his eyes; but still in his features was an expression of relief, as if the degradation that had fallen upon was less than he had dreaded.

"How, may I ask, how is my ——how is Florence—she looked ill; I trust nothing serious," said Jameson, sinking into his chair, and goaded to say something by the keen gaze which Mr. Hurst had turned upon him.

"Never again let your lips utter that name," said the outraged father, and his stern voice shook with concentrated passion. "If you but breathe it in a whisper to your own base heart alone, I will cast aside all, and punish you even to the extremity of the law."

"But, Mr. Hurst——"

"Peace, sir," exclaimed the merchant. The young ingrate drew back with a start, and looked towards the door, for the terrible passion which he had lighted in that lofty man now broke forth in voice, look and gesture; the wretch was appalled by it.

"Sit still, sir, and hear what I have to say," continued Mr. Hurst.

"I will—I listen, Mr. Hurst, but do be more composed. I did not mean to offend you in asking after——"

"Young man, beware!" interrupted Mr. Hurst, who had in some degree mastered himself; but the huskiness of his voice gave warning that the fire within him, though smothered was not quenched.

"I am silent, sir," said the wretch, completely cowed by the strong will of his antagonist.

"I know all, all, and have but a few words to cast upon a thing so vile as you have become," said Mr. Hurst. "If I submit to your presence for a moment it is because that agony must be endured in order that I may cast you from me at once, like the viper that had stung me."

"Sir these are hard words," faltered Jameson.

"You want money?" said Mr Hurst, lifting his hand, sharply; "how much did you expect to obtain from me?"

"I—I—this is too abrupt, Mr. Hurst, you impute motives——"

"I say, sir," cried the merchant, interrupting the stammered attempt at defence, "I say you have done this for money, impunity for your crime first and then money. You see I know you thoroughly."

The wretch shrunk from the withering smile that swept over that pale face; he looked at the thing he was—a worthless, miserable coward, with all the natural audacity of his character dashed aside by the strong will of the man he had wronged.

"You are too much agitated, Mr. Hurst; I will call some other time," he faltered out.

"Now—now, sir, I give you impunity. I will give you money. Say, how much will release me from the infamy of your presence? I will pay you well, sir, as I would the physician who drives a pestilence from my hearth."

"Mr. Hurst, what do you wish—what am I to do?"

"You are to leave this country now and forever leave it without speaking the name of my daughter. You are never to set your foot again on the land which she inhabits. Do this, and I will invest five thousand pounds for your benefit, the interest to be paid you in any country that you may choose to infest—any ex- was keenly watching him, and never not mention Florence as his wife, though the word trembled on his lips.

"What, then?" said the merchant, firmly; "why, you pass from this door to the presence of a magistrate from thence to a prison, after that to trial, on a single indictment, but on crimes urged one after another that shall hush you for ever."

"But remember——"

"I do remember everything," erupted Mr. Hurst; "and I, who never yet violated my word to mortal man, at solemnly assure you that such is my destination, let the consequences fall where they will."

Jameson sat down, and with his fixed on the floor, fell into a train of the calculations. Mr. Hurst sat watching him with stern patience. At last Jameson spoke, but without lifting his eyes.

"You are a very wealthy man, Mr. Hurst, and five thousand pounds is exactly the portion that——"

"The bribe—the bribe, you mean which is to rid me of an ingrate!" cried merchant, and a look of ineffable disgust swept over his face. "The benefit great, too great for mere gold to purchase but I have named five thousand, choose between that and a prison."

"But I shall have the money down

said Jameson, still gazing upon the floor.

"Remember, sir, my affections, my——"

"Peace, once more!" exclaimed Mr. Hurst; "another word on that subject, and I consign you to justice at once.—This interview has lasted too long already. You have my terms; accept or reject them at once."

"I—I—of course I can but accept them, hard as it is to separate from my country and friends. But did I understand you aright, sir? Is it five thousand in possession, or the interest that you offer?"

"The interest," replied Mr. Hurst "and that only to be paid in a foreign land, and while you remain there."

"These are hard terms, Mr. Hurst, very hard terms indeed," said Jameson. "Before I reply to them, excuse me, I mean no offence, but I must hear from your daughter's own lips that she desires it."

Mr. Hurst started to his feet, but sat instantly down again; for a moment he shrouded his eyes, and then he arose, sternly and very pale, but with iron composure.

"From her own lips hear it, then. Go in," he said, opening the door through which he had entered the room; "go in."

The room was large and dimly lighted; at the opposite end there was a deep sofa, cushioned with purple, and so lost in the darkness that it seemed black; what appeared in the distance to be a heap of white drapery lay upon the sofa, immovable and still, as if it had been a corpse.

Jameson paused and looked back, almost hoping that Mr. Hurst would follow him into the room, for there was something in the stillness that appalled him. But the merchant had left the door, and casting himself into the chair, sat with his arms flung out upon the table, and his face buried in them. For his life he could not have forced himself to witness the meeting of that vile man and his child. Jameson closed the door, and, walking quietly across the room, like one afraid to trust his own strength, bent over the sofa.

Florence was lying with her face to the wall, her eyes were closed, and the whiteness of her features was rendered more deathly to the dim light. She had evidently heard the foot-steps and mistook it for her father's, for her eyelid began to quiver, and turning her face to the pillow, she gasped out with a shudder—"Oh, father, father, do not look on me!"

Jameson knelt and touched the cold hand in which she had grasped a portion of the pillow. "Florence!" he said.

Florence started up, a faint exclamation broke from her lips, and she pressed herself against the back of the sofa, in the shuddering recoil with which she attempted to evade him.

Jameson drew back, and for the instant his countenance evinced genuine emotion. His self-love was cruelly shocked by the evident loathing with which she shrunk from the arm that, only a few days before, had brought the bright blood into her cheeks did she rest her hand upon it by accident.

"And do you hate me so, Florence?" he said, in a voice that was full of keen feeling.

"Leave me—leave me, I am ill!" cried the poor girl, sitting up on the sofa, and holding a hand to her forehead as is if she were suffering great pain.

"I come by your father's permission; will you be more cruel than he is?"

"My father has a right to punish me, I have deserved it," she said, in a voice of painful humility, "if he sent you, I will try to bear it."

"Oh, Florence, has it come to this?—I am about to leave for ever, and yet you shrink from me as if I were a reptile!" cried Jameson.

"A reptile! oh, no—they seldom sting unless when trodden upon," said Florence, lifting her large eyes to his face for the first time, but withdrawing them instantly, and with a faint moan.

Jameson turned from her and paced the room once or twice with uneven strides. This seemed to give Florence more strength, for the closeness of his presence had absolutely oppressed her with a sense of suffocation. She sat upright, and putting the hair back from her temples, tried to collect her thoughts. Jameson broke off his walk and turned towards her; but she prevented his nearer approach with a motion of her hand, and exclaimed—"Do I not seem wretched enough?"

"Is it your father who has made you thus miserable?" said Jameson, in a low but bitter voice, for he feared the proud man in the next room, and dared not speak of him aloud.

Florence scarcely heeded him; she sat gazing on the floor, lost in thought, painful and harrowing. Still, there was apparent apathy about her that re-assured the bad man who stood by, suffering all the agony of a wild animal baffled in fight. He would not believe that so short a time had deprived him of a love so passionate, being not three days before.

Throwing a tone of passionate tenderness into his voice, he approached her, this time unchecked.

"Florence, dear Florence!" he said, "must we part thus—will you send me from you forever."

Florence was very weak and faint; she felt, by the thrill that went through her heart like some sharp instrument, as the sound of his passionate entreaty fell upon it, that, spite of herself, she might be made powerless in his hands were the interview to proceed. The thought filled her with dread. She started up, and, tottering a step or two from the sofa, cried out, "Father! father!"

Mr. Hurst lifted his head from where he had buried it in his folded arms, as if to shield his senses from what might be passing within the door room, and, starting to his feet, was instantly by his daughter's side.

"What is this?" he said, throwing his arms round the half fainting girl, and turning sternly upon her tormentor; "have you dared——"

"No, no!" gasped Florence. "I was ill—I—oh, father, without you I have no strength.—Save me from myself!"

"I will," said Hurst, gently and with great tenderness drawing the trembling young creature close to his bosom.

"I see how it is," said Jameson: "she is influenced only by you, sir. I am promised an interview, and left to believe that the lady shall decide for herself; yet even the very first words I utter are broken in upon. I know that this woman loves me."

"No, no, I love him not! I did a little hour ago, but now I am changed—do you not see how I am changed?" cried Florence, lifting her head wildly and turning her pale face full upon her miscreant husband. "Do you not know that your presence is killing me?"

"I will go," said Jameson, touched by the wild agony of her look and voice; "I will go now; but only with your promise, Mr. Hurst, that when she is more composed, I may see and converse with her. I will offer no opposition to your wishes; but you will give me a week or two."

"Do you wish to see this man again, my child?" said Mr. Hurst; I can trust you, Florence—decide for yourself."

Florence parted her lips to answer, but her strength utterly failed, and, with a feeble gasp, she sunk powerless and fainting on her father's bosom.

Mr. Hurst gathered her in his arms and bore her from the room, simply pausing with his precious burden at the door, while he told Jameson, in a calm under tone, to leave the house, and wait till a message should reach him.

But the worthless man was in no haste to obey. For half an hour he paced to and fro in the solitude of that large apartment—now seating himself on the sofa which poor Florence had just left, and again starting up with a sort of insane desire for motion.

"I will triumph yet!" he exclaimed. "I will see her, and when he is not near to crush every loving impulse as it rises. Once mine, and he will never put his threat into execution, earnest as he seemed. All my strength lies in her love—and it is enough. She suffers—that is a proof of it. She is angry—that is another proof.—Yes, yes, I can trust her—she is romance, all feeling!"

Jameson muttered these words again and again; it seemed as if he thought by the sound of his voice to dispel the misgiving that lay at his heart. He would have given much for the security that his muttered words seem to indicate; and, as if determined not to leave the house without some further confirmation of his wishes, he lingered in the room till its only light flashed and went out in the socket of its tall silver candlestick, leaving him in total darkness. Then he strode forth and left the house, softly closing the street door after him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the Home Journal

EDITORIAL MISCELLANY.

THE EXHIBITION.

Great progress has been made, during the week, in opening and arranging articles for exhibition. Four-fifths of the space in the main building is occupied; the supplementary structure for machinery and pictures is progressing rapidly; the number of visitors on fine days ranges from four to five thousand. We regret to perceive that many valuable articles have been injured, and some quite destroyed, by the careless manner in which the cases were handled at the Custom House. A beautiful and costly window of stained glass was shivered into millions of pieces, last week; and that remarkable group of the grizzly bear and Indian was injured almost past repair. The roof of the palace still leaks in a dozen places, and many perishable commodities have to be covered with India-rubber cloth, on rainy days. This, however, can and will soon be remedied.

We observed a few *new* notions, during our last ramble in the mazes of the palace. Hubbard's carriage-spring seems to be a very admirable contrivance. Mr. Hubbard, a Yankee, doubtless, abolishes all the old complexities, and simply rests the body of the carriage upon four straight sticks of elastic ash, which extend from axle to axle. The under part of the vehicle is rounded; and the thing is so managed, that the springs *cannot* break unless they are pulled asunder lengthwise. The advantages are, a saving of twenty-five dollars in expense, and fifty pounds in weight, besides greatly increased luxury of motion. The simplicity of this improvement is another illustration of the old remark, that the best way of doing things is always found out last. Mr. Hubbard, tells, with much humour a story of a boy at Cleveland, who, after examining one of the new carriages, turned away with the contemptuous remark, that "any fool might have thought of *that*,"—precisely the effect which very happy inventions always produce upon the mind at first. To return the citizens to examine the beautiful carriages in the Exhibition, to which the improvement is attached.

In the English crockery department there is a new kind of lawn and garden seat, which is certain to become a favorite. It is made of porcelain, and is an exact imitation of a stump sawed off evenly at the top. The imitation is so good, that we passed them several times without examination, supposing them to be specimens of wood; when an accidental kick revealed their true nature and intent. Persons who are engaged in rural adornment will thank us for calling their attention to this artificial stump, particularly as a really good out-of-doors seat has been a desideratum. Wooden seats are damp and have an inclination to rot; iron ones are either incongruous or uncomfortable; but the porcelain stump is an unexceptionable hit. In this connection may be mentioned the stags and dogs in bronze, which are conspicuous objects in the Holland department of the Exhibition. The attitudes of these animals are very spirited and striking. Tastefully placed in a lawn, they would look extremely well in the absence of their living prototypes.

Another new thing to us was a silver-mounted, white-marble coffin—quite an elegant affair. As an illustration of the spirit of trade, we copy the hand-bill which sets forth the advantages of this "article." Here it is, verbatim:—

"TO THE PUBLIC!—*Our Departed Friends.*—The undersigned, inventor of the Marble Slab Coffins, having taken the initiatory steps to secure his rights by letters patent of U. S., is now prepared to dispose of rights either by license to build or for territory. A specimen is now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace World's Fair, and challenges comparison with anything of the kind ever before seen, for beauty, durability and strength. The non-conducting properties of the marble aid materially in the preservation of bodies placed therein, and the article is made entirely impervious to air or moisture when closed. It is exceedingly simple in its construction, susceptible of the greatest degree of ornament, and in view of its great durability and preservative qualities is very cheap, and commends itself to the public."

We have no objection the exhibition of this coffin whatever. It clothes death with elegance, and will probably become the *fashion*. But the hand-bill is curious, particularly the heading, "To the Public—Our Departed Friends." It is "very cheap," too, which is a consoling reflection, befitting the close of the bill.

This subject of coffins affords us an opportunity to mention that the display of death-dealing implements in the Exhibition is one of its remarkable features. Every description of fire-arms, from the pocket pistol to the brass cannon, is represented. Revolvers in all their varieties; rifles that discharge fifty bullets in two minutes and a half; guns that all but load themselves; blunderbuss-looking weapons which shoot short harpoons into whales; a complete set of field artillery, including cannon, ammunition wagon and cam-forge; and every other contrivance by which men can be expeditiously and scientifically killed, may be found in this division. These articles attract great attention, and the agents who explain them are generally surrounded by an interested crowd of listeners. Not far off, some patient German has arranged upon a wall, in a fanciful pattern, one specimen of every kind of clay pipe made; but this peaceful and pleasing composition attracts little notice from our warlike people.

The display of boats, models of clippers, and sections of ships, is highly interesting to persons of an aquatic turn like ourselves. There is a coil of the new cotton cordage, which, it is said, is going to keep up the price of the raw material, for the next few years. Herring exhibits some superb specimens of marbleized iron, which, in appearance, are unlike marble only in being more beautiful. Nesbitt & Co., who will have the felicity of printing these lines in an hour or two from the present moment, displays an assortment of illuminated work, which it is said, and we think, cannot be surpassed by any printer in the world. Whatever may be said about Nesbitt's envelopes—and a great deal *has* been said of them—*Nesbitt and Co.* are acknowledged to be unrivalled in the department of plain and ornamental job printing—Daguerreotypes are exhibited in prodigious numbers—from Portland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other distant cities—most of them representing faces, not scenes. The crockery department is very rich, and will well repay the attention of ladies, while their husbands are reviewing the regiment of ploughs drawn up in the same gallery. A French carriage, near the principal entrance, looks sumptuous and imperial, with its red trimmings, black exterior, and imposing dimensions. Under the dome is a table made of thirteen of the rarest kinds of Irish timber, and supported by the branch of an oak, formed and bent by nature into the exact shape required. Among the goods in the foreign departments will be found some curious specimens of English. This is one: "J. J. Pollak and Sons, Leather Manufactures, of Prague; privileged by his Imperial Royal Majesty; patented for their peculiar proceeding of dressing leather and currying with steam; and proprietors of a manufature for dressing leather," etc., etc. The time occupied at this "manufacture," in dressing "the skin of a calf," is stated to be "within two till three days." In the Italian department—strange as it may seem—there is a "newly invented balance." To the Italians we offer our sincere thanks for labelling all the objects in their department; and we earnestly call upon the representatives of the other nations to follow their example. Mr. Putnam's catalogue is, doubtless a very good catalogue; only the unassisted human understanding has not yet been found capable of unravelling its mystery. The information is *there*, but who can find it?

The Palace has increased its marble and plaster population since our last visit, the most striking addition being the group, before referred to, of the bear and Indian. A grizzly bear of enormous size—all shaggy and rough—is standing erect upon its hind legs, and giving the deathhug to an Indian trapper, and at the same time trying to extract with its teeth a dagger which the Indian had driven into its breast. The tremendous strength of the animal, and the utter helplessness of the man, are well contrasted. It is a thousand pities that this work has been so cruelly damaged. A little piece in marble is much admired, though the execution by no means equals the design. It represents the son of William Tell the moment after the arrow has pierced the apple. The boy has been kneeling, and has now turned to look at the arrow which has nailed [illegible] "a pretty" idea, and worthy of a great chisel. The artist has put no clothes upon the boy's person and little expression into his countenance. The nudity is absurd. Among other things worthy of note are, an "Eve after having sinned," of which the profile is expressive; a Columbus, life size, discoursing America upon a Globe; a fine head of the Italian poet, Monti; and a terrific group of lions contending with huge serpents. The bell rings, however, punctually at seven o'clock, and we must postpone further explorations till next week.

A Paris letter says:—"A few days ago a gentleman said aloud on the Boulevards to a friend, 'He's a brigand! a thief! an assassin!' A policeman was down upon him in a moment: Sir, you are speaking of the Emperor: I arrest you!' Here is another sample of police doings: People in the provinces are much occupied with the phenomenon of turning tables, and what is more, of tables that answer questions put to them.—M. Louis Pujol, one of the amnestied, having asked a table would Bonapaate fall soon, the table took to thumping the floor furiously with its feet by way of replying, 'Yes! yes! yes!' M. Louis Pujol has been arrested; the table ought also to have been arrested as his accomplice."

What strange creatures girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman "can spare any of her girls"—but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the chance of working a life-time for their victuals and clothes. A [illegible] way of eliminating things.