

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL



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STATE OF TEXAS.

The fine picture on this page was drawn expressly for us by Billings, and exhibits the usual grace and felicity of his pencil. The device of the State arms is a "lone star." On one side of the picture is seen an Indian on horseback shooting a buffalo, and on the other a train of settlers, both characteristic of the State. The original inhabitants of this region were among the fiercest and most warlike tribes encountered by the Spanish adventurers. Prior to 1690, there was a small French colony here, but they were driven out by the Spaniards. In 1810, the North American provinces of Mexico revolted against the Spanish crown. The settlers of Texas, a large majority of whom were from the United States, weary of the constant revolutions of Mexico, asserted their independence, and finally achieved it by the battle of San Jacinto

in 1836, in which a handful of Texan riflemen defeated a vastly superior force, commanded by General Santa Anna, the "Napoleon of the southwest." In 1845, Texas was annexed to the United States, and admitted into the Union. The State is of irregular form, and embraces an area of about 237,320 square miles. The existing constitution of the State is wise and liberal. A constitutional provision provides for the support of public schools, and Texas has many respectable educational institutions. The revenues of the State are estimated at \$110,000, and the average annual expenditures at \$100,000. The surface varies greatly, being very mountainous in the west, and sloping down towards the seacoast. A large part of the area is exceedingly fertile and productive. The prairie region is, perhaps, the richest. The State is well wooded throughout, its sylvia embracing oak,

hickory, elm, walnut, sycamore, cedar, pine, etc. Fruits, including some of the choicest fruits of the tropics, and every variety of vegetable, are easily raised. The great staple is cotton. Grain crops thrive well. Rice and tobacco are cultivated, as well as the sugar cane. Indigo, vanilla and various medicinal shrubs are among the natural productions. The noblest river of the State is the Rio Grande, 1800 miles long. The Roman Catholic religion prevails among the descendants of the earlier settlers, but the Catholics are largely outnumbered by other denominations of Christians. The population at the last census was 212,592. The climate is said to be remarkably healthy. The wet and dry seasons constitute the winter and summer; the former lasts from December to March, and the latter comprehending spring, summer and autumn.



STATE of TEXAS.

[Written for Ballou's Pictorial.]

THE VISCONTI:

—OR—

BARBARIGO THE STRANGER.

A TALE OF MILAN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST SHADOW.

TOWARDS the middle of the fourteenth century, Milan stood at the head of the cities of Northern Italy. It had become the centre, or capital, of Lombardy, and held sway over sixteen cities which had before been independent republics. For many years there had been strife and discord in Milan over the ducal throne, and this had been mostly confined to two houses—the Visconti and the Della Torre; but the Visconti now ruled, and the power of that house was so firmly established that the rest of the nobles, save the Della Torre, gave in their allegiance. Barnabas Visconti wore the ducal crown, and his power was gradually extending on all hands, his house having planted its rulers even upon the confines of Tuscany. He laughed to scorn now all opposition, and stood proudly up among the great ones of earth, respected by many, and feared by the rest.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the domes and spires of Milan, and an hundred golden crosses were flashing back the dazzling beams, when within one of the chambers of the ducal palace stood a man with whom we have much to do. He was a tall, stout man, broad and muscular in his build, and with a head such as could only belong to a remarkable man. His hair was thick, and would have curled, had the straggling locks been gathered up, but now they twisted about his brow and temples, not unlike bent and crumpled quills. The hair was mostly black, though here and there a line of silver was perceptible. The beard, which was unshaved, curled closely about the cheeks and chin, while the moustache was the only thing that seemed to be arranged with any sort of regard to neatness and taste. His brow was broad and heavy, his eyes black and deep, his cheek bones prominent, his nose large and full, and his lips, though somewhat thick, were yet so closely compressed that they seemed hard and thin.

The man's dress consisted of a pair of hose of buff velvet, a short doublet of purple, and over this was a broad mantle of the most gaudy crimson. About the neck he wore a chain of gold so massive that it seemed almost a burden, and upon the end of this chain depended a broad, heavy seal, bearing the arms of the old kings of Lombardy. This regal seal he generally carried in his hand when engaged in thought or perplexing conjecture. His sword, which hung by a wide band of gold from a belt of crimson stuff, was long and heavy, with a hilt of jewelled gold.

Such was Barnabas Visconti, the Duke of Milan. By hereditary right, he was a prince, and though no duchy had been formally established, yet the proud and victorious noble claimed the title, and had it recognized.

The chamber wherein the duke stood was broad and lofty, and sumptuously furnished. He had been walking up and down the apartment, but he at length stopped and laid his hand upon the heavy crimson arras which hung upon one end of the place, and beyond which there had been the hum of female voices.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The duke's face wore a dark frown, and his hand clutched the broad seal with more than usual force and expression. He listened a few moments more, and then he raised the arras and passed through to the apartment beyond, where sat two females. The eldest of these was Silvia Visconti, the wife of the duke. She was a noble-looking woman, somewhere about eight-and-forty years of age, and still beautiful and lovely. Her hair was still black and glossy, her eyes still bright and full, and her face still fresh and fair. Age had only served to give tone and character to a countenance which must in early youth have been an index to a light, joyous and thoughtless soul. She was all gentleness and goodness, and generally meek and forbearing with those she loved. But she could be roused, for she possessed a firm will, and a good degree of courage. Silvia was a widow when the duke made her his wife, her first husband having been a prince of Verona.

The second female was not over twenty years of age, and the striking likeness she bore to the duchess would at once point her out as a child of Silvia. And so she was, though the duke was not her father. She was the daughter of the first husband. She was tall—taller than most girls of her age,—but yet so admirably proportioned that the artist could not have given in the tenth part of an inch of her stature for fear of spoiling a bust which was now perfect. She was in truth a noble-looking woman, and as beautiful as she was noble. Her raven hair, which grew in gentle waves, was only confined behind by a wreath of flowers, and her dress, which was of white silk, was without ornament, save the broad, crimson girdle which encircled her waist. There was pride in her handsome face, but nothing of haughtiness. Love and truth beamed there, and affection had set its seal upon her. She lived for those who loved her, and found joy only while all whom she loved were happy. The duke loved her as though she were his own child, and made her bear his own name. Yet that love was not such as makes a gentle heart bound with joyousness, for it was formal and exacting. It came from a bosom of iron, which only the most deep emotions could move. The

duke could love as deeply as any man, but love had no power to soften his wrath when once aroused.

Both the duchess and her child started when they saw the duke enter, and an expression of fear stood upon their faces. Visconti gazed upon them a few moments in silence with a look of doubt, and when he spoke his tone was one of anxious inquiry.

"Signora," he said to his wife, "I have not been playing the eavesdropper, but yet I heard a few words just now which have filled me with apprehension. You were speaking to Julia of Francesco Della Torre, were you not?"

"I was, signor," replied the duchess, revealing her effort to appear calm.

"And what were you saying?"

"Surely, signor, you would not pry into all our private conversations."

"Not such as is safe to remain private; but concerning a child of the house of Della Torre, there can be no privacy between you and me. I came into yonder room on my way to the hall, and there I stopped to think a while upon this matter which has just turned up from the interference of the Pope of Rome in my affairs. I heard your voice, and I heard Julia's in answer—or her voice, and yours in answer—and the words were strange. They fell with a startling jar upon my ear. But I may have misunderstood. You spoke of the young marquis, Francesco Della Torre. What was't you said?"

"Let Julia retire, signor, and I will tell you all."

"Not so, signora; Julia is interested—so she shall remain. Now what was't you said?"



BARNABAS VISCONTI, DUKE OF MILAN.

It was some moments before the duchess answered. She gazed into Julia's face, and found the tears already gathering in her eyes, and she felt her own heart beating tumultuously; but she strove to gather her composure, and at length, in tremulous accents, she said:

"You know, my lord, how truly and fondly Francesca loves our gentle Julia."

"Ay, go on," uttered the duke, while the cloud upon his brow deepened.

"And you know how fondly Julia loves him in return. They have been intimate from childhood. Even while Julia was but a prattling babe, Francesco, then a stout boy, used to laugh and play with her, and as years passed on, and their understanding grew, they learned to love with a love more fervent and deep. A few years ago, before you took me from my home in Verona, the youthful marquis was our constant companion, and he and Julia lived in each other's love. He asked me then if he might have my child for his own wife. I knew that he was noble and virtuous, true and generous, and that his love was as pure as heaven itself. I knew, too, that my child loved him with the whole ardor and strength of her virgin soul, and I told him that when a few more years should have passed away—when Julia should have become more firm in physical and mental life—he should ask me again and I would not say to him nay, if both their loves were still the same. Those years have passed—the maiden has grown to be a noble woman—and Francesco Della Torre has asked me if I remembered my promise."

"Has he been here?" asked the duke, sternly.

"He has. He came yesterday."

"While I was away?"

"Yes—you chanced to be away; but he knew it not when he came."

"And he asked you for your daughter's hand the second time?"

"He did."

"And your answer?"

"I told him that he had my consent fully and freely."

"Did he ask concerning me?" the duke asked, in a low, hoarse whisper.

"He did."

"And what said you?"

"He feared you would not give your consent; but I told him that I did not think you would claim such power over the heart of my child as to plunge her into woe and agony."

"Ha!—you did?"

And as the duke thus uttered, he started across the room with long, quick strides. The right hand clutched the regal seal convulsively, while the left rested with a nervous grasp upon his sword-hilt. His brow was black as night, and his lips were compressed more tightly than was their wont.

The duchess and Julia gazed upon him with fearful looks, for they saw the storm that was gathering. They knew his proud spirit, and they had some idea of the hatred which he bore the house of Della Torre. At length he stopped in front of his wife, and gazed sternly into her face. His voice was low and deep, and carried the most deadly hatred in its tones.

"Signora," he said, "that you should have admitted the marquis to your house ere you became my wife, is no wonder, for he is smooth of speech, and a brave cavalier, I must admit. But that you should have done so now surprises me. Do you not

know that the Della Torre have ever been the enemies of our house? Ever since the first dawn of earth's light beamed upon my vision, the Della Torre have been trying to crush our family; but God has given us the victory. Between the Visconti and that house there is a hatred so deep and deadly that even imps would not dare to cross it. And now you would have me give one of the things I love best on earth to a scion of that house! By the most holy powers of heaven, before I would do that thing I would see everything on earth that ever bare love for me laid low and cold in the grave! You understand me now."

"But, my lord," gasped the duchess, "the young marquis has never engaged in any of these broils, and I know he favors your house."

"Favors my house?" uttered the duke, ironically.

"Yes—I know he does."

"And he has reason," resumed Visconti, casting a meaning glance upon Julia.

"You mistake, my lord. Even before you took me to your home, Francesco told me that his sympathies were all with the Visconti. You had gained the ducal power, and he said it belonged to you."

"And yet his own father aspired to the coronet."

"I know he did, signor; but Francesco never hoped to see him win it."

"Why so?"

"Because he said his father was in no way fit for the office."

"By my soul, the youth spoke the truth then; but that matters not. He is a Della Torre, and that is enough. My clown's dog is a noble fellow, and cringes at my feet, and has even been taught to bark and growl at the Della Torre; but he is, nevertheless, a dog. No, signora,—Francesco Della Torre shall die by my own hand ere he weds with a member of my family! I am not wont to

be harsh with those I love, but—but—when one of my most deadly enemies comes for my jewels, he must see me dead ere he takes them away. Julia, I will find you a husband more worthy of your hand. A dozen of our most wealthy nobles have already asked me for your sweet person. Santa Marie! what a thing to put before the world! A Della Torre carrying off our daughter, while a score of my own true nobles are asking for the boon! Let me hear no more of it."

"One word, my lord," urged the duchess, clasping her hands beseechingly together, and raising them towards him. "Will you see the marquis once, alone? Will you probe him, and judge of him without preconceived enmity or offence? Would you but do this—"

"Stop, signora. You ask me to do that which would not only be useless, but which might lead to worse consequences. I know already, and have even so admitted, that the marquis is brave and generous; but that is nothing to me. Yesterday I saw a black man—as black as the surface of my boot. He may have had a heart as brave and true as my own; but do you think I would have probed him for a mate to my child. Out upon the thought of such an alliance! Let me have no more of it."

"Then farewell life!" burst faintly from Julia's lips, as she sank forward upon her mother's bosom.

"No, no," returned the duke. "We have plenty of brave nobles who shall bring you joy."

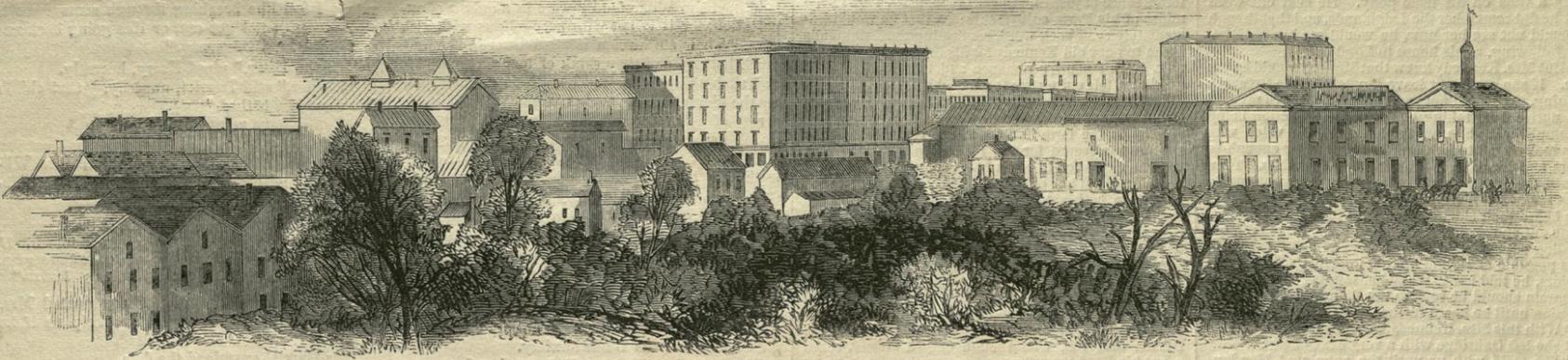
"I want—"

Julia would have spoken further, but a quick, fearful motion from her mother prevented her.

"What think you of the noble Count of Monza, Marco Lordano?" continued Visconti. "Where will you find a truer man, or more brave and noble?"

Again Julia would have spoken hastily, but her mother silently

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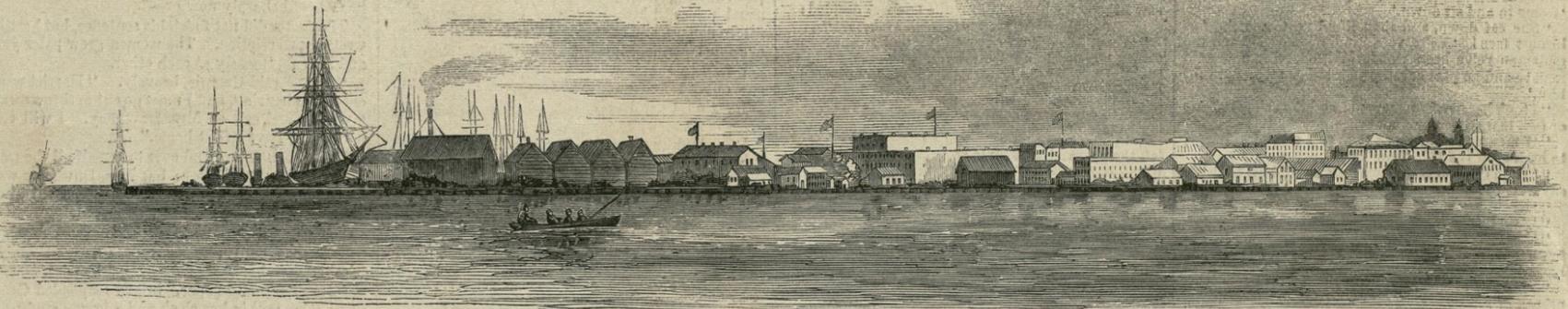


HOUSTON, TEXAS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

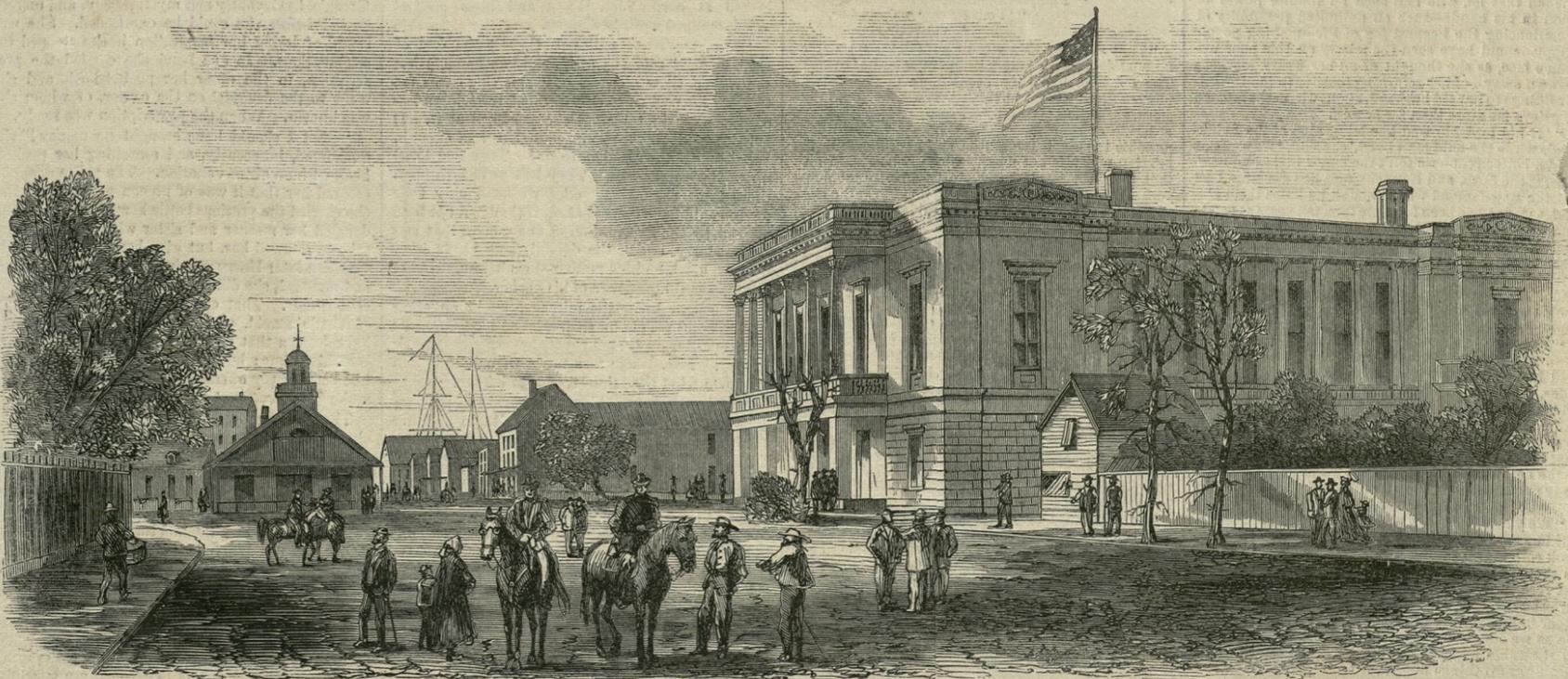


General Wright's Head-quarters.

THE STRAND, OR MAIN STREET, GALVESTON, TEXAS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



GALVESTON, TEXAS.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]



CUSTOM-HOUSE, GALVESTON, TEXAS.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 686.]

1866 GALVESTON VIEW

she would not trouble his lordship longer. He surely must remember the Laighlands; he had ridden there many a time on his little pony. He sent out word that he did remember the Laighlands, and that though he could not see her now, he would see her on Monday following, at his house in London.

"But Mrs. Kennedy knew that Monday would be too late. If she could not leave London on the Saturday evening, she would not reach home in time to prevent the notice from taking effect, and the ejection being accomplished. She urged this upon the valet, who was really kind to her, and he was daring enough to go in and speak to his master a second time. Then one of the guests—a merry-looking young gentleman; they seemed a merry set, Mrs. Kennedy thought, for she heard their shouts of laughter through the door—came out and spoke to her, quite civilly, but with exceeding entertainment at the idea of her thinking it was possible she could see his lordship. But, nevertheless, he told her to make her mind easy, for that a telegram should be sent to the factor to pause in the ejection until he heard further.

"With this Mrs. Kennedy was forced to be content; but she left Oxbridge with a very heavy heart.

"She staid with us until the appointed Monday; and we took her about and showed her and Jessie the wonders of London, and diverted her mind as well as we could from the painful suspense under which she was laboring. She tried to enjoy herself—she was touchingly grateful. But still the heavy sense of what was hanging over her—hanging upon half a dozen words from a youth's careless lips—seemed to cloud over every thing. I never spent a more restless, uncomfortable Sunday than the one before that Monday, in thinking and wondering what would be the result of her application: a result of such slight moment to the young nobleman—of incalculable importance to the old farmer and his family.

"I hope I'm no wicked, Mrs. Burns," said the poor woman, looking at me pathetically on coming home from church—we had taken her to hear our own dear minister, though he was Free Kirk and she Establishment, to prove that there were good 'soun' Presbyterians Kirks to go to even in London—"I didna mean to be wicked or unthankfu'—and I likit the look o' him, and his sweet voice and kind eyes—but I didna hear one half o' the minister's sermon."

"Neither did I, so I could say nothing. It was no use to begin moralizing to Mrs. Kennedy about the relations between class and class, and the respective duties that each owes to the other. It is just what I notice in my own household, that what seems a very small thing to me may be a very great one to my servant; and that it behooves all who are put in authority to take the utmost pains to look at every question from the under as well as the upper side.

"Eleven in the forenoon was the hour fixed for the interview. We dressed Mrs. Kennedy for it with great care, and helped her out with some few things; for she had hardly any clothes with her; and we thought it advisable that his lordship's tenant of fifty years' standing, and representing a tenantry of fifty years' previous to that, should appear before him as respectable as possible. To this end, it being a fearfully wet morning, we sent her off in a decent cab, which my husband gave orders should wait for her at the corner of the square.

"This done—we, too, waited; in a suspense that to my young people was very exciting, and to me actually painful. We had given her a full hour, indeed I expected a much longer absence, for I thought she would likely be kept waiting; people whose time is of little value never reckon the value of time to others. So if she were back by one I should have been well pleased. But long before the clock struck twelve the cab drew up to the door, and Mrs. Kennedy stood in the hall. The moment I saw her face I was certain all was lost.

"Come in," I said, and drew her into the study, and shut the door to keep the children out a while. "Come in and sit down."

"She sat down, and then lifted up to me the forlornest face! 'Ye're vera kind, ma'am; I'll tell the gudeman ye've been wonderfu' kind. My puir auld man!—and he past seventy year!—It's awfu' hard for him."

"I took her hand—poor soul! and then she shed one or two tears, not more, and rose.

"I maun gang hame as soon as I can, Mrs. Burns, to look after the auld man."

"Then there is no chance? What did his lordship say to you?"

"Naething. He went aff to Paris yestreen."

"And did he leave no letter—no message?"

"Ne'er a word. He's clean forgot me. Young folks hae short memories. Maybe he meant nae harm."

"This was all she said. Not a word of blame or reproach or bitterness. The instinctive feeling of feudal respect in which she had been brought up, or perhaps a higher feeling still, sealed her tongue even then. Nor did I—indignant as I was—desire to be more severe upon the young man than he deserved. I only wished that he, who had such an infinite power of good in his hands—such an unlimited possibility of experiencing the keenest joy of life—making people happy—could have seen the misery on this poor woman's face, as she thought of all her weary journeys thrown away—to her returning journey to tell the bitter tidings to her old husband, about whom she seemed to grieve far more than for herself.

"If his lordship had hae let us stop at the Laighlands while the auld man lived," she said, "we wad hae paid a better rent—we tell't the factor that—and new-stocked the farm, and Kennedy wad hae done his best w' the new-fangled ways, though he hates them a'—and it wadna hae been for more than ten years at most; and what's ten years to his young lordship, that will scarce be a man when my auld man's in his grave? Ochone—ochone! And she began rocking herself with a low moan, and talking in Gaelic to Jessie, who had run in eagerly with several of my children. I took them all away, and left the child and mother together.

"There was no more to be done. To apply to Mr. Kennedy had been so kind, was also useless; he had told her he was only in London for two days. Besides, he could not interfere openly in her affairs, which, from his position in the household, he had nothing whatever to do. The only thing was to accept passively things as they were, and trust to the chance that the telegram sent had stopped present proceedings at the Laighlands. While in the mean time Mrs. Kennedy might take the course which had at first been intended of addressing his lordship by letter.

"We wrote it for her, putting the case in her name, but in as strong terms as we could; and my husband took care that it should be forwarded in such a mode as that it was almost impossible his lordship should not receive it. This done, we sent the poor woman away by the night-train to Scotland—for she was most eager to be gone—making her and Jessie as comfortable as we could; earnestly hoping, and with perhaps an allowable hypocrisy trying hard to persuade her, that after all things might turn out less sad than she feared. We assured her—and ourselves in doing so—that the telegram would make all safe for a few days to come; and in the mean time her letter—that momentous letter, the invention and inditing of which

had cost us, as well as herself, such a world of pains—might, nay, must, not only appeal to the young lord's sense of justice, but touch his heart, even in the midst of his Paris enjoyments: so that he would immediately send back word, confirming the Laighlands Farm to poor old Kennedy for his lifetime. My young folk, full of youth's romance and inherent belief in goodness, felt quite sure it would be so; nay, I think the younger ones actually imagined his lordship would do all manner of noble and generous actions—even to driving to the farm in a coach and six, personally to express his regard for the Kennedys—the very next time he happened to be on his property.

"We started her off—poor body!—with many good wishes on both sides: talked of her very often for a week or so, and then, hearing no more, we concluded all was well so far; the whirl of London life swallowed us up, and the subject dropped out of our memories.

"It might have been February—no, I have the letter here, and it is dated 12th March—that my husband got the following from Mr. Kennedy, written in a feeble old man's hand, but carefully composed and spelled, as became one of the well-educated peasantry of the North; one, too, who though only a farmer, could count his forefathers for more generations than many an owner of a magnificent 'place.'

"DEAR SIR,—I beg to return you my sincerest thanks for your unremitting kindness to my wife and daughter when in London: when they came home and told us, the whole family were delighted to hear of such kindness being shown them. Before Mrs. Kennedy came home, a friend got a paper made out in our favor to prevent anything being done against us; this friend was home in the boat along with Mrs. Kennedy, also officers from —, to get us put out. I went in the morning to call upon the factor and see if he had got the telegram from his lordship, but I could not see him, and I asked his clerk if he knew if he had got it, but he said he had heard no word about it. I told him the telegram was certainly sent, for that Mrs. Kennedy saw the valet go to the telegraph office at Oxbridge with it. The officers came to the farm, but this friend of ours got them stopped. We learned afterward that the telegram had been misdirected, and so it went to another place, and did not reach the factor till too late. We have got no answer from his young lordship to the letter you was kind enough to help Mrs. Kennedy write. We have sold part of our sheep in order to get some better kind, as we have been hearing that it has been said we were turned out because our farm was not fully stocked; but the Order in Council about the cattle disease, preventing cattle being removed from one place to another, and the uncertain situation we are placed in, has hindered this being done. But if we get encouragement from his lordship we will stock the farm, and get on as soon as possible. If you will be kindly pleased, say in your wisdom, if any thing can be done, and if we need to write his lordship any more till we hear from himself.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"ANDREW KENNEDY."

"On receipt of this letter we all laid our heads together to consider what had best be done. The result was that Mr. Kennedy wrote a second letter to the young nobleman—sufficient, we thought, to have moved a heart of stone—and my husband got it forwarded immediately by what he believed to be even a surer channel than the first one had gone by. And, meantime, we made private inquiries as to what sort of young fellow he really was: and, I must confess, we heard nothing ill of him: nothing but faults of youth—which a few more years may mend, and cause him to grow up a man worthy of his important destiny: worthy of his ancestors and himself. Oh, that, for many sakes besides his own, this poor lad, left orphaned at a time a lad most needs a father's care, and pinched on a height where the bravest and steadiest could hardly walk without tottering—oh, that it may yet be so!

"After sending this letter for two months more we heard nothing from the Laighlands. Then came the following, headed by another date, which the minute I saw I knew the poor old farmer's fate was decided:

"FAIRBANKS COXTER, May 5.

"DEAR SIR,—I am sorry to say that we never received any letter from his lordship; and we had to submit to be ejected from our farm and home, so that we are now for a short time in a little cottage belonging to my brother, James Kennedy. I called upon the factor to-day to see if he had any place for us now; but I got no encouragement. He had said the family could make us comfortable with another house if we left the farm; but there is no word of that now. We would have written to you sooner, but Mrs. Kennedy has been so grieved in her mind, and she had no time to spare, being busy removing and packing up furniture until we get some home elsewhere. She still remembers the kindness shown her by you and your kind family, and bids me say she has a small box preparing with a few articles to send to Mrs. Burns as a small token of her gratitude for the kindness shown her. You can let Mr. Kennedy know how we have been used, and how the young lord forgot us in our distress. If his lordship would have given us a small lot of ground and a house we should have taken it kind, though we lost our farm; and so we would now; but in the way he forgot us, we have no encouragement to ask any other favor.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"ANDREW KENNEDY."

"That was all. No more complaints; no blame; no wild democratic outcry against the lord of the soil. The old man had been brought up to respect 'the powers that be,' and to submit, un murmuring, in his stern, patient, unquestioning Presbyterian faith, to the ordering of Providence. Unto human injustice it is possible to submit too much; and yet there is a submission which is not merely wise but heroic. I own that poor old man's letter—in its brevity involving such a world of grief and loss, and that too at the close of life, when less is quite irreparable—touched most deeply both my husband and me. And—well, there lies before you Mrs. Kennedy's butter."

I tasted it, for the second time feeling "like to greet," but with a far deeper emotion than the mere remembrance of the lovely country about the Laighlands.

I should like to end this tale—a true tale, be it again understood—with the bright winding-up exacted by "poetical justice." I should like to state how—"better late than never"—his young lordship had recognized his responsibilities; and though the carelessly-worded telegram did fail of its object, though the promised appointment was broken, and the humble, entreating letters left unanswered, possibly even unread, still some good angel had brought the matter to the young man's memory, with favorable results for poor Kennedy's few remaining years. So that, though he could not be reinstated in his farm—nay (for let us hold the balance of justice fairly between poor and rich, the rich who are often in reality so painfully, humbly poor), although it might even be inevitable, for some recondit reason, that he should have been removed from it—still there was found for him that "little lot of ground" hard by somewhere, where the old man could live comfortably and content until the end of his days.

But nothing of the sort has happened, or seems likely to happen, so far as I know. I can only tell the story, and leave it; as we are obliged to leave so many things in this world—sad, unfinished: unable alike to see the reason of them, or the final settlement of them. Only there is One above us who sees all.

THE WIFFLES.

THE entire Wiffle family were in a quiver of expectation, for it is not with poor folk as with rich ones. Their store-room is filled before ever they touch bottom, and they think of loaves and sugars and such things very much as though they grew for the picking; but people like the Wiffles live on a sort of general starvation plan, varied by occasional flashes of relief. When any money did find its way into a Wiffle's pocket Mrs. Wiffle immediately bought indispensable articles in small quantities, calculated exactly to stretch over the time before any more money would be found in the pocket again; and these indispensables were divided, something as shipwrecked sailors on a raft do their biscuit, with a view to holding out as long as possible.

Naturally, just before relief again, every thing was at low ebb, and there were a score or more of good reasons for the Wiffle anxiety.

There was just tea enough for another day.

There was not more than half a pound of sugar.

Mattie's toes were out.

So was the salt—so was the Indian-meal.

Mrs. Wiffle could not sew another stitch: no thread, and no black sewing silk.

And there was exactly flour enough for another baking—a Wiffles baking lasted two days.

The potatoes were gone.

The grocer had sent in his bill.

Miss Harriet Wiffle owed Miss Gregory fifty cents.

The Wiffles were ravening for a dinner. There had been no meat, and nothing but lunches for a week.

They had counted up the funds in the family pocket-book: three cents exactly.

Miss Harriet Wiffle had found a shop where they were selling damaged muslins and hosiery at cheap rates, which would be a godsend for the little Wiffles if money came in time.

Harry Wiffle was ailing, and out of the medicine that kept his cough in order.

Do you wonder that the Wiffle family was in a fever, and however it pretended to be busy about the house, was secretly on the look-out, every member of it, for the first glimpse of Miss Georgiana Wiffle, who had gone to the Post-office, and to call on Mrs. Duvernay?

Now I suppose you would like to know the connection between the Wiffle anxiety, the Post-office, and Mrs. Duvernay. Miss Georgiana Wiffle pieced out the resources of the family by little poems, in which she told where the moon was, the precise shade of the water, what her heart said to Time, Fate, and Futurity, and how the clock came in between. Her "At Low Tide" had just made its appearance in print, and the Wiffle family enthusiastically declared that there was not so very much difference between it and some of Mrs. Browning's things, if it was written by Georgiana Wiffle, and that the check was or would be exactly in season, when it came, as they could not hold out much longer. Georgiana had been twice already to the Post-office, and the Wiffles were convinced that the third time must bring the check. Mrs. Duvernay was a lady for whom Miss Harriet Wiffle did embroidery and plain sewing with great privacy, and at half the usual prices. Mrs. Duvernay owed Miss Wiffles fifteen dollars, and as the debt was five or six weeks overdue Georgiana undertook to call there also on her way to the Post-office. Fifteen dollars from one quarter and ten from another would set the Wiffles on their legs again, and the Wiffles took heart of grace while waiting for Georgiana.

The children spied her fast and sounded the news.

"Georgie's coming and she has something in her hand."

The elder Wiffles immediately ran about their business and tried to look indifferent, though they made a poor figure at it; for Miss Harriet, who was washing the dishes, threw away all the milk, and Mrs. Wiffle solemnly basted the bottom of a dress-skirt like a bag and sewed the two sides fast together. The younger Wiffles were less diplomatic. They saw no reason for not pouncing on Miss Georgiana at once with, did you get the money? though they might have spared the question if they had looked at her. Mrs. Wiffle and Miss Harriet Wiffle stopped work in dismay.

"Mrs. Duvernay will pay Harriet the first of next month," said the girl, coldly as possible lest she should thaw altogether; "and there was nothing at the post-office except this," throwing a letter down on the table. Nobody looked at it. It bore no publisher's stamp, and that was enough. What on earth were they to do? They had lived up to three days ago. They had pulled through these three days, Heaven knows how, only they never could have done it at all if they had not been buoyed up by the expectation of the money that was due. Harry, seeing the doleful faces about him, set up a howl, and his mother shrank in distress at the increased hoarseness of his crying.

"If people knew the misery brought on other and innocent people by their wicked neglect"—she commenced warmly, but the sentence never got any further. Mrs. Wiffle was not a woman to say in her haste what she might repent at leisure.

"If there was any thing to do!" said Georgiana, dolefully, leaning her arms on the table and her head on her arms. "What do men do at such times?"

"Write to the editor," suggested Harriet.

"Can't. We have not an envelope or a stamp in the world, or a bit of note-paper even. Paper is so expensive I bought just what I thought would last."

"I can sell matches," suggested Mattie; but the elder Wiffles were too miserable even to laugh.

Mrs. Wiffle, who had gone down to the kitchen, came up again in a sort of despair.

"Good Heavens, girls! what can I do? It won't answer to eat all the bread, for when that is gone we are ruined. I thought I would make an Indian pudding; but there is no meal, no sugar, no eggs, no corn starch; and the tea—"

Georgiana stuffed her fingers in her ears.

"Don't, mother, please. I am getting desperate. I feel like breaking through somewhere to see if we can not get out, or like going back and scratching Mrs. Duvernay."

"Or the editor," piped Harry, hoarsely.

"Mother," said Harriet, uneasily, "that child's feet should be bathed."

"But we have no mustard."

"Salt will answer."

"We are out of that also," returned Mrs. Wiffle, hopelessly, and taking up her letter—a crabbedly-written note, four lines long:

"SISTER ANNE,—I am in New York, at the Clarendon. Shall stay there two days. I hear you are in trouble. If you choose to let by-gones be by-gones, come and see me.

"Yours,
DAVID."

"From your Uncle David," commented Mrs. Wiffle, much excited. "He can help us if he likes."

Miss Harriet examined the date.

"This was written yesterday. One of the two days has gone already."

"We could not go if there were forty days. How should we get a ticket to New York?"

"Your money may come."

"Yes," assented Georgie, indifferently, "it may come. If I could only write now."

"Borrow paper and stamp."

"From whom? We know no one here."

"Mattie can run across the street and ask."

"What will they think?"

"Stuff! What should we think if Uncle David made us his heirs? Run, Mattie."

Mattie tripped across the street, and the Wiffles watched her through the blinds. She came back slowly. They were very sorry, but they were just out. Georgiana sat a little in a sort of stupid despair, and, bethinking herself, rushed up stairs and searched the dress pockets for stray pennies. Then she pulled out the children's boxes and the bureau drawers. Miss Harriet followed and got out her trinkets.

"I shall try to sell my ring," she said.

Georgiana stared.

"Why, child, they will not give you more than a dollar for it."

"A dollar will buy medicine and paper."

"The check may come to-morrow."

"Have you looked at Harry? He has fever already."

"Fever," echoed Mrs. Wiffle, who had followed them. "I have sent Mattie for Dr. Gray. I think Harry's case is serious."

Harriet tied her bonnet-strings very hard and went out into the street, and Mrs. Wiffle looking after her in wonder.

"She is gone to sell her ring," said Georgie, with a jerk. "She thinks she may get a dollar for it."

Whereupon the two women began to cry, and improved their time in that way while Harriet was gone. When they saw her coming they wiped their eyes, and pretended that they had been sorting clothes. Harriet came back, looking very pale. Nobody would buy her ring.

By this time the doctor had arrived and shook his head over Harry.

"You should have called me before. He must be doctored sharply now or—"

The doctor did not finish his sentence, but hastily wrote a prescription. The women grew paler yet, and looked piteously at each other.

"I see," said Georgie, bravely. "Harriet went out to sell her ring, and I must go out to throw away my pride and call on Mrs. Duvernay. I will tell her what I have left at home."

"She said that over and over to herself all the way to Mrs. Duvernay's door; but Mrs. Duvernay was not at home. "Miss Wiffle would wait till Mrs. Duvernay returned." The man stared.

"I beg your pardon, Miss. Mrs. Duvernay has gone to the country."

"Write to her there," suggested Harriet.

"No stamp and paper," briefly responded Georgie, sitting still in her cloak and a brown study.

"I shall go mad of that no stamp," burst out Harriet, ordinarily the most phlegmatic of mortals.

"A three-fold cord is seldom broken," answered Georgie, irrelevantly and mysteriously, and marched out before she could be questioned. She was afraid of losing her inspiration if she stopped for explanations. In one hand she carried the prescription, in the other her pocket-book, and she went to the druggist on the corner, of whom she was known. When the prescription was ready,

"That I should have brought no money!" she exclaimed, innocently, and searching her pocket-book with an air of vexation. The polite druggist assured her that it was of no consequence; and so she carried the precious bottle home in triumph and dazzled her mother and sister with it. Her conscience gnawed her, but give her no credit for it; for when later Harry was in want of lemons, sugar, and mustard, she did the same thing with the innocent grocer. That evening they talked dolefully of Uncle David, and Harriet thought he should have known that two days would not give them breathing-time; but Mrs. Wiffle contended that he had been deeply offended, and that it was heroic to make any advance at all.

They had not entirely relinquished hope. The check might come with the early morning mail; and Georgie had visions of jumping into the first train and reaching New York in time to catch Uncle David over his breakfast at the Clarendon. She was afraid to look at the slow clerk, indifferently going over his letters, and turned her head away. There was nothing from the editor or from Mrs. Duvernay, who, Harriet had hoped, would remember them, but a note from Uncle David:

"SISTER ANNE,—Since you neither choose to come nor write I see you mean to let well alone. If you are suited I don't know as I should complain, though I should have liked to say good-by to some one of my own before such a voyage as that to China, and to have left you something besides your pride. Good-by.
DAVID."

The Wiffles sat down and cried together.

It was the morning after the battle of San Jacinto, and General Houston, the hero of that glorious struggle, lay beneath a wide-spreading oak, with his saddle for a pillow. A painful wound in one of his ankles rendered it impossible for him to move, but his eyes, that had blazed on the battle-field like beacon lights in a raging tempest, showed the joy of his heart. His small army, suddenly called from peaceful pursuits, had routed a powerful Mexican force, and the braggart Santa Anna, when last heard from, was flying for his life.

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globe, and include specimens of the native Hottentot and the genuine Yankee, who is to be found everywhere where money is to be made. The eighth engraving is a view of the natives and their huts at St. Augustine's Bay, Madagascar. The inhabitants of this remarkably fertile island are composed of two distinct classes—the Arabs, or descendants of foreign colonists, and the Negroes, or original inhabitants of the

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