

ther they had seen Unyah. They, of course, denied all knowledge of him; and the horse-men, having searched the house in vain, returned to the fort, having made the women promise that should Unyah return he was to go at once to the Nawab, who was anxious to reward him for his good services. Next morning Unyah, refreshed by his night's rest, fled to the hills, and defied every effort to find him, until he surrendered himself, as already related, to Skinner's troopers.

Ever since the murder of Mr. Fraser search had been made by the police, but in vain, to find the carbine used by Wassil Khan. It happened, however, that one evening, some time after the murder, a woman was drawing water from a deep well close to the Cabul gate of Delhi. While so employed, the rope broke, and the vessel attached to it sank into the water. She called her husband to her assistance; and he, letting a hook down fastened to a rope, pulled up not the lost vessel, but a carbine, scarcely at all rusted, and bearing the appearance of having been recently discharged. On it being shown to Unyah, he at once recognised it as the weapon used by Wassil Khan.

Other evidence, tending to establish the guilt of the Nawab and the trooper, was procured by degrees. Thus the grain merchant who had supplied for the horse depoted that he had done so at the trooper's request for several days preceding the murder; then people of the bazaar adjacent to the Nawab's house at Delhi gave evidence that Wassil Khan had been in the habit of riding the animal out every afternoon, and that on the night of the murder he had returned with his horse in a lather, showing he had ridden hard. There happened to be a mosque near the scene of the murder, in which it was proved Wassil Khan had been seen on the very evening in question saying his prayers for an unusually long time, and that on their completion he had ridden his horse sharply off, as if intent on business of importance. It further appeared, that on the fatal night the Commissioner had been detained later than usual, owing to the visit he had paid to the Rajah of Kisbengurh.

Both the Nawab and the trooper were tried by a special Commission, deputed by the Government for the purpose, and their guilt being clearly proved, they were condemned to death. They were hanged close to the Cashmere gate of the city, and both retained their resolution to the last, and denied all knowledge of the murder.

Thus perished Nawab Shumshoodeen Khan, a chief of considerable position and wealth, all of which he owed to the British Government, who had raised his father from comparatively humble circumstances for his services during the wars with the Maharrattas in the years 1802-3. The father was a man of ability, and was bred up in a school which demanded the exercise of the virtues of moderation, vigilance and industry. In his old age he was highly respected and even honoured; whilst the son, having no such inducements to self-restraint, passed a life of self-indulgence and recklessness, and came to an untimely and disgraceful death.

Some of the Mohammedans of Delhi regarded the Nawab as a martyr, and erected a tomb to his memory, which was in due time regarded as a sacred shrine, to which members resorted to worship.

Of all the Government officers employed in the investigation of this case, Lord Lawrence was till lately the sole survivor. Of those who did, Mr. S. Fraser, the magistrate, and Dr. Graham met with violent deaths. Mr. S. Fraser, then holding the office of Commissioner of Delhi, was killed in the king's palace, by the mutineers on the morning of 11th May, 1857; and Dr. Graham was shot dead about the same time by the rebels at Scalkote in the Punjab, both falling in the execution of their duty.

THE PORTRAIT.

A RUSTIC LOVE STORY, FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRY GREVILLE.

Maurice was wandering aimlessly in the depths of the forest. It had ceased raining, but the drops of water were still rolling from leaf to leaf with the light sound of a nearly exhausted fountain trickling into its half-filled basin, and in the distance the dark path opened out into a wet glade of a deep green of exquisite softness. The trunks of the trees were very black, their branches blacker still, and the massive boughs of the chestnut trees above the young painter's head seemed like the high arches of a cathedral at the hour when all is dark in the church and when the colored windows cast into the gloom gleams of light so intense and so mysterious that you would think them lit up by a fire of live coals from without.

Maurice loved this hour at the decline of day, when after the rain the sun has not shone out, and when a gray tint is cast over everything, blending outlines, softening angles and investing every shape with a smooth and exquisite roundness. He walked slowly, discovering every moment in the well-known forest some beauty till then unknown, and he was thrilled to the very depths of his being by that tender admiration for nature which is one of the characteristics of genius.

Having reached the glade, he looked around him. The grass was green and brilliant; the delicate leaves of the shrubs, shining beneath

the water that had washed them, formed a fine, lace-like network against the dark background of the great forest beyond. He stopped in order to see better, to observe better and to take in better the impression of the wet forest, more impressive and more human, so to speak, in its great shadows than beneath the sunshine in all the splendour of the day.

The pretty and graceful figure of a young girl stood out against the foliage of the birch trees. She advanced with a supple movement, without perceiving Maurice, who, as immovable as the trunk of a chestnut tree, was watching her. When two steps from him the young girl perceived him. She started, and let fall a few twigs from the faggot of wood that she was carrying on her head.

"You frightened me," said she, smiling; and her large black eyes shone out merrily beneath the tangle of her blonde hair.

He looked at her without answering. A complete harmony, which no words can render, reigned between the slender figure, the laughing face, the lace-like foliage of the glade and the tints of the landscape.

"Stand still," said the young man, "I am going to take your portrait."

She wished to push back her hair, which had fallen over her face, but he prevented her by a gesture.

"Remain as you are."

He seated himself on a stone and sketched rapidly the outline and features of his young model. She was a peasant, but delicate and refined as the young girls of the peasantry often are before their complete and often tardy development. The eyes were already those of a woman, the smile was still that of a child.

"How old are you?" asked the painter, still working.

"I shall soon be sixteen."

"Already! I saw you three years ago, a little bit of a thing."

"I was very little," said she, with a pretty laugh, and frank and bold as a sparrow, "but I grew fast, and on St. John's day I shall have lovers."

"Why on St. John's day?" asked the young man, stopping to look at her.

"Because one must have a lover to dance with round the bonfire."

"So soon! That pure brow, those innocent eyes, that childish mouth, all these were to be profaned by the boorish gallantry of a rustic! Maurice felt a vague jealousy dawn in his heart."

"Will you have me for a lover?" said he, resuming his work.

"Oh! you! you are a gentleman, and I, I am a peasant; good girls do not listen to gentlemen."

That is the village code of morals; the young man answered nothing.

"I cannot see any longer; will you come back here to-morrow, a little earlier?"

"For my portrait?"

"Yes."

"I will come back. Good evening, sir."

She raised her bundle of wood and went away into the deepening shadows, beneath the archway of the dark chestnut trees.

Maurice went home dreaming of the fair-haired child. He had seen her often, and had always looked at her, but with the eyes of an artist. Now it seemed to him that he looked at her with the eyes of a jealous lover. That night and the next day seemed interminable to him, and long before the appointed hour he was in the glade.

He worked alone, and when the young girl arrived, a little late—already playing the coquette—she was quite surprised.

"It is really myself!" said she. "Will you give it to me?"

"No, I will make you a little one for yourself."

"And that one, what will you do with it?"

"It will go to Paris, it will be put in a large frame, it will be hung in a beautiful gallery, and every one will come and look at it."

"Ah! yes, I know, in the exhibition."

"Have you heard of the exhibition?"

"There are gentlemen painters here who work for the exhibition, as they say, but they never took my portrait."

Daylight was fading gently; Maurice found, as on the preceding evening, the exquisite soft tints which had so charmed him, and his work advanced a hundred cubits toward posterity.

He saw her again several times beneath the checkered daylight of his improvised studio, and he took pleasure in making this work his best one. Already celebrated, he had no need to make himself a name, and yet he was sure that this picture would put the seal to his renown.

By the time he was quite satisfied with it winter had come, and Maurice loved his little model. He loved her too much to tell her so, too much to sully this field flower of whom he could not make his wife, but enough to suffer at the thought of leaving her. She had none of those qualities which secure the happiness of a life; neither depth of feeling nor the devotion which causes us to forget everything, nor the passion which is an excuse for everything; she was a pretty field flower, a little vain, a little coquettish, with no great faults nor yet great virtues.

Maurice knew that she was not for him, and yet he loved the graceful lines of her figure, as yet scarcely developed and which her home-spun gown chastely enfolded without disguising. He loved the deep eyes, the laughing mouth, the fair hair that was always in disorder, the little handkerchief tied across her breast—he loved it all, and it was with reluctance that he

went away. We always go away with reluctance when we have nothing to hope for on our return. It is so hard to leave behind a bit of one's life, of which nothing is to remain.

He carried away his picture, however, and it was before it that he passed his happiest hours that winter, always perfecting a work which was already perfect. The picture was admired; the critics, who were unanimous in their enthusiasm, declared that such faces could not exist, excepting in the brain of a poet or in the imagination of a painter. Maurice listened, smiling, and kept for himself the secret of the sweet face that had inspired him. He received brilliant offers for his picture; never had so high a price been offered for any of his works; but he refused, and refused also to allow it to be copied. Since he was never to possess anything of his model but her likeness he intended that that should be his alone.

Autumn was drawing near when he returned to the village, twice had the fires of St. John seen the whirls of the merry dance since he had painted the portrait, and when he thought of the young girl it was with a smile that was somewhat sad, as he asked himself on which of the village rustics she had fixed her choice.

His first pilgrimage on arriving was to the forest of chestnut trees; at the fall of day—night comes quickly at the beginning of October—he wandered down the long path; but it was no longer dark; it was traversed by an amber sunbeam, which seemed to have fastened itself on every one of the leaves which quivered on the branches or crackled beneath his feet.

The odor of the dead leaves brought to him a whole world of regrets, of remembrances of bitterness, stirring up within him an unspeakable sadness, and a more complete disgust with everything that he had sought up to that time. When he had reached the glade he sat down on the spot where eighteen months before he had made the sketch which had since crowned his renown. The cold stone seemed to laugh at him ironically for all that he had suffered.

A peasant girl—a coquette! a matter of great consequence surely! She would have loved me if I had chosen. Many others have loved painters, and have followed them to Paris, and then have disappeared in the scum of the great city without leaving with chains the one who had initiated them into the mysteries of art and intellectual life.

He is a fool who sacrifices to chimeras the real goods of this world; the love of a beautiful girl, the glory which talent gives, the fortune which success brings.

While he was thus denying the gods of his youth, he saw coming towards him, in the well-known path, the young girl of other days, who had grown up, who had become a woman, in one word. She was not alone; a rustic was walking beside her holding her by the little finger; a fine fellow, for that matter, strong and well made, and richly dressed for a peasant. He bent toward her, and from time to time wiped away with his lips a tear from the young girl's cheek.

On seeing Maurice they stopped, confused and surprised.

"And it was for that," thought he, "that I respected this flower?"

And he was thinking with contemptuous pity of his folly when the young girl addressed him:

"They will not let us marry, sir," said she, her voice broken with sobs. "I am poor; he has some property, and his mother will not have me for a daughter-in-law. She talks of disinheriting him."

"And you too do not wish him to be disinherited, do you?" said Maurice, ironically.

"Indeed!" answered the lad, "we must live."

"That is only too true! I pity you, my children."

They went away. Maurice, left alone, with his head bowed down on his hands, thought for a long time.

His idle fancy had flown away—nothing remained of the slender young girl but a peasant who was still L... me, but very near becoming an ordinary matron.

"So it is with our dreams," said he, rising. "The only sure thing that we can gather from them is to do a little good with them."

The same evening he wrote to Paris, and a few days later he presented himself at the young girl's house.

"I have sold your portrait," he said to her, in the presence of her astonished mother; "I received a large sum for it. It is quite a fortune. I have brought it to you in order that you may marry your lover."

HEARTH AND HOME.

IRRESOLUTION.—With the healthy reasonable mind a promise involves its performance; but irresolution never considers anything as settled so long as change is possible. Every hindrance, every difficulty is an argument for a reversal, or breach of contract, either with oneself or others.

FORWARD.—It is well to look both backward and forward. They who look only backward become too conservative. They who look only into the future become too rash, and are incapable of true progress. For progress always implies a past, and is content to be an advance upon it. True development preserves the old and carries it forward in an expanded and improved form into the new.

SYMPATHY.—No human being can be isolated and self-sustained. The strongest and bravest

and most helpful have yet, acknowledged or unacknowledged to themselves, moments of hungry soul yearnings for companionship and sympathy. For the want of this, what wrecks of humanity lie strewn about us—youth wasted for the mocking semblance of friendship, adrift at the mercy of chance, without the grasp of a true firm hand, without a kindly loving heart to counsel!

NATURAL AFFECTION.—Natural affection offers a fine foundation on which to erect the edifice of a firm and enduring friendship, but it will not rise up of itself. We must build it, stone by stone, if we would possess it. If we have a valued and respected friend, what pains we take to cherish his friendship; how carefully we endeavour to prune away from ourselves that which would displease him, and cultivate those qualities which he admires; how we strive to gratify him by pleasant surprises and to avoid all that could wound or trouble him! Yet let the familiar house door shut us in, and how many of us take the same pains!

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.—The love that harbors jealousy is not love at all. Jealousy is far too mean and petty a feeling to find a resting-place in the vast abode where love sits enthroned. Love is trusting and unselfish, with the trust of an unsuspecting, unquestioning faith in its idol, and unselfishness carried to the extent, if necessary, of even giving away the beloved, though the music of life for ever after remain mute. This is true love, and the only love which wins in the end, and brings the winged boy back a captive and a slave to the feet of his mistress. And, if he is not brought back thus, then nothing will ever bring him back again; so of what use are wild regrets, dishevelled locks, and swollen eyes? They but hasten his flight by disgusting his nature; they alienate, and do not endear.

MIDDLE LIFE.—"It is a solemn thought and feeling connected with middle life," says the late eloquent F. W. Robertson, "that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the days of his youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling, it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is passed, and every day that follows is shorter, and the lighter and feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up hill, but down, and the sun is always westerling, he looks back on things behind, when we were children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work, and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. There is a second youth for man better and holier than his first, if he will look forward and not backward."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BRONSON HOWARD'S play, "Wives," is so successful that Daly could not withdraw it when the time came.

LONDON TRUTH finds that Sothorn's son has none of the father's mannerisms and acts without seeming to act.

OLE BULL, the violinist, has taken the residence of James Russell Lowell, on Elmwood Avenue, Cambridge, for the coming winter season.

MISS MINNIE HACK and Mrs. Pappenheim have made a recent success in Don Giovanni, the former as Zerlina and the latter as Donna Anna.

EDWIN BOOTH'S engagement at the New York Grand Opera House has been very successful, crowded houses being the rule during the entire fortnight.

THE Theatre Francaise, which, after the example of the Paris Opera, had either diminished or wholly suppressed the "claque," has once more established it on its former footing.

A MONSTER festival is in contemplation at the Trocadero, where will be invited the fifteen amateur symphonist societies of Paris, each of which, on an average, is composed of forty instrumentalists, wind and stringed instruments who do not usually appear in public.

It is said that "Aida," as now presented at the New York Academy of Music by the Mapleson Opera Company, is the most complete performance of grand opera in America. At no representation has the house been large enough to hold all who wished to see and hear it.

EVERY box, and all the seats as far as the third gallery of the Paris Gaiete, have been engaged for the February representations of Mme. Patti. The Diva, with Nicolini, has been warmly received in the Traviata, at Berlin, where the Emperor, who remained through the entire performance, frequently gave the signal for the applause with which the great vocalist was greeted.

MR. P. S. GILMORE has written and composed a national hymn entitled "Columbia," which he intends to dedicate to the American people. Those who have heard it speak in the most enthusiastic terms of both music and words. The poem comprises seven verses, three of which are composed for solo and chords, illustrative or descriptive of the national history, from the landing of the Pilgrims to the close of the civil war, from "day to dark" and "dark to day." New York will have the opportunity soon of judging of Mr. Gilmore's work.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. ISMAN, Station D, New York City.