

will transpire before I leave the body, I would not be unhappy. But it is not so; my visions do not extend beyond the soul's escape. Of all visions, the clearest was the one which presented you to me as I first should meet you. I was only a boy when my first vision came. It was not clear and well defined; it was more like a dream—shadowy, not well defined; but the second was very clear, and the third was a perfect picture of the coming event. You stood that first morning as you had often appeared to me before, and truly, when I saw you, I thought you an apparition. You smile now, but the time will come when you will believe in the shadows of the future. Old Ned knew you; he knew the traditions of our race, and was at once struck by the strong family likeness which, with us, is so marked. The De Courcys are all of medium height, willow, quick in motion, having the same lengthened face, high foreheads, hazel eyes, pallid countenances, heightened by straight black hair, pronounced noses and thin lips, as can be seen in the family portraits. Constantly of late has a vision appeared to me, which seems to have no signification, and yet you are so strongly portrayed in it that I will tell you and see what you think of it:

"There seems to be a large hall of stone, in which there are many people. I could not see them distinctly, but they appeared bright and attractive. I thought they seemed interested in a little group at the end of the hall that stood on a raised platform. One figure of this little party was a woman, whose hand I held in mine. You stood watching me. There were other ladies and other men present, but I could not see them; they faded away before I could look at them. Suddenly there was confusion and darkness, and I could see I was lying on the floor and you were leaning over me, with your hand in the breast of my coat. Then you rose and held your right hand up, with the palm turned to the assemblage, and your lips moved. The scene then faded away; not quickly, but slowly and confusedly. I cannot tell what it all means; it must signify my death.

"When you go to England, go down to Surrey and visit the old hall. The pictures still hang on the walls. You will find that in all generations extraordinary likenesses exist with our fathers. And if you look more carefully and select the ones who were fated to die in the fourth generation, you will be struck with the fact of their resemblance to me, and the survivor of yourself."

We talked for some time that afternoon, and as I left him and bade him good-bye, he said: "Henry, I may want you. You will feel that I want you. Come to me then, will you?" I promised. We parted—he for Virginia and I for England.

The following summer I was in France, every now and then making quiet little jaunts to the gay capital, and searching out those attractions peculiar to bachelor tastes, before which the art and more stable worlds are said to pale their ineffectual fires. A liberal deduction from the hours allotted to sleep hardly sufficed for the crowding pastimes hurried into the measured time of day. The present was all-absorbing, and though fatigue or discontent had not made itself manifest, I constantly felt myself drawn away in fancy to Virginia, to the home of my strange cousin, which amused me somewhat, as I had only seen photographs of the queer old manor. His letters were cheerful, chatty and instructive, and generally terminated with the suggestion that I should visit the old hall in Surrey. We visited some old castles, my friends and I; and then it was I spoke of the old Norman home of the De Courcys, which called forth a casual remark from an English friend that impressed me deeply. It was to the effect that when he had first seen me he wondered if we had not met before, so familiar was my face to him; but when I had spoken of the old castle he recalled a picture that was a likeness, in fact almost a portrait, of myself.

I determined to visit the castle, and so strong had the desire grown upon me that I resolved to do so at once, and a few days afterward I was in England. The estate, though still held by my family, had been rented for years, and the occupant, a courteous English gentleman, kindly received me when I announced that I had visited it to see the old gallery, to make the acquaintance, in fact, of my forefathers, and insisted upon my visiting him. On the morning after my arrival we were early in the saddle and hunted the country. That evening a cold, drizzling rain had set in, and the guests seated themselves about the huge open fire-place, and watched the logs crackling on a hearth which was renowned for its antiquity. The extraordinary resemblance of several old paintings to myself induced my host to speak of the old hall, its history and traditions. Some queer old tales were told, and among other things mentioned was a story that no De Courcay could live comfortably in it—an old nursewife's tale, no doubt.

Wearied by the morning's ride, the company early disbanded, and one after the other they retired for the night. My bed-chamber was one of the oldest rooms in the house, and the rafters, hewn out of oak, suggested to my mind many odd ideas connected with the De Courcay family. I cannot say that I had fallen asleep, and was perhaps only dozing, when I heard a distinct knock which brought me back to consciousness. On its repetition I arose, lighted a candle, and opened the door; and, finding no one without, closed it again, and, believing my senses deceived me, blew out the light and composed myself once more to sleep. I had observed

that the rain was now falling fast and hard, and the winds sighed in the gables. The knocks may have been in imagination only, or perhaps occasioned by a branch of a tree or a loose board swung by the wind—however, sleep made me indifferent, and I dismissed it from my mind. In the course of an hour, as well as I could judge, three distinct knocks aroused me, and, raising myself on my elbows, I looked out into the darkness of the room, as the sound seemed to have been inside, not outside of it.

In the northwest corner, which should have been the darkest, there appeared an undefinable whitish mist, which, as I looked upon it, seemed to grow more dense and gradually took the shape of a human form. It advanced into the room and its shadowy hands began to enact a pantomime of grief, clasped one in the other, now stretching out from the body, then down, and then unclasping, covered the face and ran backward over the forehead and hair. I had seen my cousin in his worst moods doing this very thing, and I immediately connected the phenomenon with him. I watched it and became convinced that it was in some way connected with him, and when this idea had firmly possessed me, it faded away and left me nervous and far from desirous of sleeping. At last I fell asleep, and as I passed into unconsciousness my cousin's words came back to me, "Henry, I may want you; you will feel that I want you; come to me then, will you?"

Shortly after my arrival in New York city I received a letter from my cousin which surprised me. I was startled by the news it contained, and perplexed by the strangeness of it. If ever I had for a moment questioned myself as to my belief in his sanity hitherto, I am sure that on this occasion I entertained grave doubts. His letter commenced in his usual frank and cheerful style, clearly written in his decided handwriting; but whether he was interrupted or a change of mood affected him, I cannot tell; however, the letter, so pleasantly commenced, terminated in a hurriedly-written, semi-legible hand, despondent and down-hearted. He had written to announce to me his engagement to a young lady of an old Virginia family—one with whom he had played as a little child.

The announcement surprised me. I had always known that my cousin had entertained a strong feeling of affection for her; but he had so persistently asserted his belief in the family traditions, and their repetition in his own case in the future, that I was surprised to hear his intentions, which were foreign to the facts of the family history. What I was most surprised at was the termination of his letter: "The happiness I have pictured will never be mine. Never before have I been so divided against myself as I am now. On one hand is arrayed all the feelings which make life endurable, if not enjoyable; it is the longing of the earthly part of man for life. On the other is my soul, or spirit, or whatever else it is, and it seems to mock the other pleasure it would find in this new state of living and longs for the freedom of which I know not. I know I must perish; but when, I cannot tell. I cannot comprehend the vision yet; it seems curtained with a mist. The vision is so obscure that I dare not risk the pleasure of the present happiness, yet something whispers I may taste of the sweetness, but will never drink it. Who can tell but love may prove a talisman? I am like a swimmer in mid-ocean, striking out boldly for life while hope has gone to the bottom. No, no, there is no hope; I must surrender this struggle. I must throw off this infatuation of earth's life. I must not be ready to stay here long. Here I am lost, lost, lost."

Plainly enough, he was engaged to be married, and the evidence I deduced from his letter was sufficient to convince me he never for a moment believed the marriage would take place; something would happen to prevent it. I realized De Courcay's feeling about life, his twofold character, the animal nature which loved the sun, the air, the trees, the birds, in fact the earth, and the spiritual, which saw only pain, sorrow, sadness around him, and which felt imprisoned in the body and longed for the immensity of boundless space. It was a struggle of the former to live; it was a coercion of the spiritual to the animal. I felt he wanted me, and I went to him, which happened within the week of my return, and I was surprised to find him in excellent spirits.

Maplewood was a grand old place—one of the few country-seats which, through all changes, had never suffered neglect, and, in consequence of the care that had been bestowed upon it, it had become the Eden of Virginia. The buildings upon it were quaint and picturesque, and although an architect might have been shocked by the apparent recklessness in which various styles of architecture were blended in the hall, it so reflected the times through which it had passed, and the varying tastes of its generations of owners, that it possessed fascinations even greater than those of art to all good, staunch Virginians, who loved Maplewood as an ancient landmark. The centre building was a curious old pile of stone, built in a circle, with a broad veranda, the roof of which was supported by Corinthian pillars. Upon entering the hall, the first thing that attracted notice was a cabin of rough stone, with the chimney constructed upon its side. Above it was the dome of the house. The rooms all opened upon a gallery which encircled an open space. This old stone house was the home of the first De Courcay in America. Adjoining the main building were rambling wings, which had been added to, generation after generation, as the owner of the premises desired. The old house was filled

with people during the week that preceded the wedding of Henri de Courcay. It was a continuous season of gaiety; the young people rode, drove and indulged in every amusement that could be imagined, and no one was brighter, happier or more merry than our host. The morning of the wedding came, and all the bridegroom's friends, and many of the bride's, who had been staying at the adjoining estates, walked to the old gray stone church, which a de Courcay had built and endowed with a living, and politely struggled for aisle seats. The stone pillars were wreathed with festoons of smilax, interwoven with roses, and the chancel was filled with palms and ferns. De Courcay had given the church an organ, one of the finest that could be purchased, and a celebrated organist had been employed to come from Boston to play it; and as the church was full and the bridal party had not arrived, the little gray church was filled with airs uncommon to its walls. Hitherto only the sweet, sympathetic voices of the village lads and lassies had been heard in it; but on this day the church was to be made fashionable, and the voices had been banished.

My cousin and I waited in the vestry-room until the sexton should tell us that the bridal party had arrived. Every now and then we would peep out and see an usher showing some lady to a seat, and chatting pleasantly to her as he escorted her. The people gossiped and said "Love has regenerated De Courcay; the old family traits have died out; no De Courcay of his generation ever married." This I learned afterward was what the people said. How it was I cannot tell, but I said to De Courcay, "How do you feel?" I referred to his going out into the church to be stared at. He placed his hand upon my shoulder and said, looking into my eyes: "Never have I felt so singularly happy, yet so very sad. I feel as if I were tempting fate."

Fortunately, the arrival of the bridal party was announced, and I was saved a reply. His answer had affected me deeply. We stood at the chancel steps and saw the bridal party enter the church as the oaken doors swung open. First came six ushers, walking by couples with a measured step, preceding four bridesmaids prettily dressed and carrying suspended from their left arm by silken sashes, odd-shaped baskets filled with flowers. The procession terminated with the bride, leaning on her father's arm. I noticed my cousin's face was deadly pale and his eyes sparkled like diamonds. He received his bride with a pleasant look of welcome, and advanced to the altar with her. The aged clergyman in his snowy vestments, read from a book the service prescribed by the Episcopal Church. The bridal party formed to the sides. I stood a little to one side. I watched my cousin and observed that he continually opened and closed his right hand, as though endeavoring to allay nervousness. I felt a hollow, sinking feeling at my heart, as though something terrible was impending. The clergyman read the question, "Henri, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together, after God's ordinance, in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

During the reading of the question, Henri De Courcay swayed backward and forward, as though deeply affected. A truant beam of sunlight found its way through an uncovered corner of a window, and fell upon the marble cross and flashed on its highly-polished surface. I saw that De Courcay was startled by it; his eye had wandered from the clergyman to the cross behind him. The question had been read and the answer suggested by the priest. De Courcay did not seem to hear him. He still continued swaying backward and forward; he lifted his hands from his side and extended them; suddenly he fell with a dull thud on the mosaic floor. I leaned over him, and placing my hand within his coat over his heart, failed to detect its pulsation, and rising, I uplifted my hand, with the palm turned out to the assemblage, and said, "He is dead!"

The weird significance of my cousin's vision flashed over me, and looking back, I saw that the straggling beam of sunlight no longer lit up the marble whiteness of the cross.—*Mirror*.

BRILLIANT COLORS FOR GLASS AND PORCELAIN.

BY DR. R. KAYSER.

The pigments commonly employed for decorating glass and porcelain have hitherto been prepared either by melting the metallic salt, which is generally the nitrate, in resin (colophonium), or by decomposing soluble resin soaps with the solution of these salts, whereby an insoluble resin is formed, which is first dried and then dissolved, just as that formed by fusion is, in oil of turpentine, or lavender, or in nitrobenzol or some similar solvent.

Both of these methods of preparation have their disadvantages, the principal one being that a considerable quantity of the metallic salt remains undissolved, and when the resinous mass is dissolved it is precipitated and lost, or, at best, is only recovered by a tedious operation.

With the help of carbolic acid these pigments can be prepared without difficulty and without any insoluble metallic compounds separating worth mentioning.

Bismuth.—Ten grains of metallic bismuth are dissolved in aqua regia and evaporated in a porcelain dish to a thin syrup. When cold 50 grammes of carbolic acid liquefied by gently warming in hot water are added. It is left standing a few hours, for if warmed and stirred at once an energetic reaction takes place with violent foaming. At the end of this time it is well stirred with a glass rod and heated awhile in a steam bath, when there will be an evolution of hydrochloric acid vapors. It is taken off the steam bath as soon as a drop taken out on a glass rod will dissolve clear in nitrobenzol. When this point is reached, the mass is dissolved in nitrobenzol or a mixture of nitrobenzol and oil of spike, when the preparation will be ready to use.

Tin.—Ten grammes of pure tin are dissolved in aqua regia and the solution evaporated to a thin sirup, then mixed with 50 grammes of carbolic acid in the manner above described. The remainder of the operation is the same as for bismuth.

Uranium.—Fifteen grammes of nitrate of uranium are mixed with 40 grammes of pure hydrochloric acid and dissolved. This solution is also mixed with 50 grammes of carbolic acid, as before, and treated as already described.

Iron.—Fifteen grammes of perchloride of iron are dissolved in pure hydrochloric acid and any excess removed by evaporation, so the solution when cold will have the consistence of a thin syrup. To this are added 50 grammes of carbolic acid; and it is then treated as described under bismuth.

A manganese pigment can be made from the chloride of manganese; and nickel and cobalt pigments from their chlorides in precisely the same manner as that of iron was made from its chloride.

Of course the finished preparation can be diluted to any desired extent, as the concentration of the original preparation leaves plenty of play for dilution.

The different pigments above described may be mixed with each other to form all kinds of combinations.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 2.

M. DAUDET, the great novelist, has pinked M. Delpit in a duel because he charged him with "imitating the English writer, Sir Charles Dickens."

THE Countess de Mortemart gave a grand ball the other evening which she designated "Le Bal Rose." It was not merely that there were roses everywhere where they could be placed, even on the cheeks, but all the decorations were rose-color. The furniture, we presume, was of rosewood; in fact, everything was *coulour de rose*.

THE work of demolishing the old fortifications of Calais, together with the gate immortalized in Hogarth's picture, is now in active progress, and ere long the old town so famous in English history, from the Conquest to the reign of Mary, will have got rid not only of these antiquated and now useless obstructions to light and air, but also of the deep encircling fosses with their fetid waters.

THE Parisians have recently been alarmed at the extent to which the edibles of their city are being adulterated, and it will be interesting to English temperance visitors to Paris to learn that out of twenty-five varieties of mineral waters tested at the Municipal Laboratory fifteen were recognized to be absolutely dangerous. The analysis of 442 specimens of wine was no less condemnatory; only 78 were found to be genuine; 70 were passable, 302 were bad, without being directly hurtful, and 12 were of a nature to injure the health of the consumer. As to articles of confectionery, only one specimen in twenty was found commendable, and no less than 18 were explicitly condemned.

THE carriage which was used by the Duke de Montpensier at the coronation of the Czar is probably the most remarkable specimen of the coachbuilders' art in the world. It was built more than a hundred years ago, and is constructed mainly of glass, the necessary metal framing being of richly-chased silver. The interior is fitted in blue velvet, embroidered with the arms of Castile and Arragon; and beneath the hampercloth there is a musical-box which was designed to play as the carriage went forward, but which is now out of order and cannot be repaired. The carriage last appeared in public upon the occasion of King Alphonso's wedding; but it has figured at all the great State festivals at Madrid during the last three generations, and is regarded as almost forming a part of the Spanish regalia.

LIVER, KIDNEY AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.