

ally lost all trace—that other mighty stone which lies on a mountain slope in Brazil, and weighs seven tons, and all the other aerolites scattered in every region from the Pole to the Equator, would tell us, if they could speak, of strange spaces where the earth has never been, where human eye has never penetrated.

One almost forgets the grandeur of their history in the purely human contemplation of the mischief they might do. These fire-balls, which are supposed to launch them earthward, seem far more dangerous neighbors than the comets. With a diameter exceeding a mile, they whirl past us at a distance sometimes not greater than thirty and even twenty miles. Some have been seen to explode like a rocket; oftener they sink into night as noiselessly as they came. Seven hundred of them, according to Olbers, fly close to us every year, and hurl some ponderous fragment contemptuously as they pass. Woe to the man or the house it strikes! “They were more,” said Joshua, “which died with the hail-stones, than they whom the children of Israel slew with the sword.” That deaths were not uncommonly caused in ancient times by thunder-bolts, is proved by the frequent mention of such catastrophes in the Greek and Roman poets. A couple of centuries ago, a monk was struck dead by an aerolite in Italy: one or two other cases of similar deaths have been placed on record since modern history began. Houses have frequently been set on fire by these heated visitors, and ships are said to have been destroyed by the same means. But how trifling the injury actually inflicted in comparison with that which might be caused by seven hundred incandescent missiles, varying from a ton to a few pounds in weight, and falling with a force which, in the case of the larger ones, would shatter the strongest fort in the world!

Shooting stars—perhaps the most beautiful phenomenon of the celestial world—have no terrors for man. Similes fail to render any adequate idea of these splendid meteors; there is nothing in nature worthy of being compared with them. The lonely star which shoots mournfully downward, threading its way through the heavenly host, and disappearing, apparently without reason, at some point above the horizon, is a sight which fills the sensitive mind with gloom; but the gorgeous star-shower, like a heavy fall of snow, which Humboldt saw in Central America in November, 1799, or that still more famous one which every one in this country watched with rapture in November, 1833, is a spectacle which exhilarates instead of depressing the mind, and fills the soul with joyfulness at the glorious majesty of the Creator. Every November the scene is renewed. On the nights of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth, the heavens are traversed by thousands of shooting-stars, which almost eclipse the fixed constellations. But it is only once in thirty-four years that the earth passes through the great stream of stars which Humboldt has compared to snow-

flakes. Those of us who live till November, 1867, will doubtless witness it again—unless some new and mysterious change in the laws of these eccentric bodies—and such changes are constantly taking place in obedience to a higher law yet unlearned by man—should hasten or retard their journey through space.

Whence do meteors come? To say that they are ponderable bodies revolving round the sun, and becoming luminous when they approach within a certain distance of the earth, is to tell us little of their character or origin. Are they star-seed, revolving patiently through space in expectation of the fiat which shall condense them into a planet? Are they wretched fragments of some shattered orb, wheeling sadly in its vacant path, and suffering gradual absorption into the larger bodies of the universe? Or have they no future to hope for, no past to regret? In their simple phrase, the old philosophers said that “Nature abhors a vacuum.” We know that every particle of space within and upon the globe is inhabited; that the solid rock has its lodgers, and the polar ice a race of insect inhabitants which die when the temperature rises above zero. Is it so with the heavens? Beyond this petty globe of ours, in the vast, measureless depths in which the insect planets float, is space wasted, or has every possible orbit its tenant, far beyond the power of telescopes to discover? A few years ago, it was disgraceful not to know that there were seven planets in our system; now, those only who keep the closest watch on the periodical reports of astronomical societies can venture to say how many companions we have. Nature, be it remembered, knows no capricious beginnings, or abrupt endings. Every thing in her economy is graduated from the infinitesimally small to the infinitely great. A gigantic Jupiter implied a tiny Flora; the latter may suppose myriads of aerolites, mere star-dust, yet endowed with orbs, volume, and orbits, and even peopled with new forms of life, as perfect of their kind as any with which we are acquainted.

SISTER ANNE.

SISTER ANNE sat in the porch watching the sunset. The luminary whom old-fashioned poets have baptized with all sorts of names, sooner than degrade their verses with the fine old Saxon word “sun”—this planet of many aliases was never more splendid than on the present occasion. There was a purple edge of hill on which he was hovering, red and enormous, as if he was reconnoitering the huge steep down which he was about to plunge. On the serrated crest of the purple hill waved a few plummy trees, standing blackly against the fiery glow, like watching warriors thrown out against the flame of some besieged and burning fortress. All along the meadows and creeks that stretched from the base of the purple hill to the porch where Sister Anne was sitting, a tide of golden light was slowly ebbing. A moment ago it was rippling over the garden-

walks, making, like a second Pactolus, the very gravel valuable, and now it has receded and washes the edges of the green meadow below, and trickles through the thin, transparent leaves of the motionless maple. Now the old stranded boat on the shore of the narrow creek suddenly glitters like Cleopatra's galley, as the waves of light dash silently over it; and lo! an instant passes, the galley is gone, and the splitting planks and mouldering keel again lie sadly on the sands. So ebbs this wondrous tide, silently but swiftly, until it reaches the base of the purple hill; then, trembling an instant on the grass and rocks, it suddenly sinks, or evaporates, or disappears like a fairy sea, and the shores it washed are cold, and gray, and dull.

Sister Anne loved sunsets. There was an indolent splendor about the hour of evening that suited her temperament—an atmosphere of opiate vapor that seemingly emanated from the retiring planet, lulling her into a dreamy repose. The truth is, that Sister Anne was lazy. When other girls were hemming the edges of mysterious garments, or cutting geometric figures out of linen, or stitching at patterns dimly seen through cambric fastened over the paper on which they were traced; while industrious maidens were doing all these useful and ornamental things, Sister Anne was used to sit in the window if it was summer, and by the fire if it was winter, and dream. She had the air of a dreamer. Her features were still and regular; her eyes large and dark; and when she moved there was a drowsy pliancy in her limbs that made her seem as if she had lived by the fairy lake on the shores of which Tennyson's *Lotos Eaters* dreamed life delightfully away. Her two sisters looked on Sister Anne as utterly lost. She was altogether useless, and did not contribute one jot to the general fund of labor. There was not on all Long Island so lazy a maiden. She knew not how to make pastry or butter. Her sewing was wretchedly crooked and uneven; and as to knowing any thing about cutting out a dress, why Sister Anne might as soon be expected to draw out the plan of a fortification as to perform that nice and intricate branch of female mechanics. She loved the woods, however, and the green leaves, and was very industrious in the line of gathering wild flowers and attending on the birds. Sister Anne was a slave to the feathered tribe. She was not black, nor did she wear gold rings on her ankles or any other sign of serfdom, still she was as much a slave as if she was copper-colored and fettered with gold. She followed the oriole from tree to tree anxiously and timidly, as a courtier haunting the presence of his king. For hours together she would lie in the high grass of the fields watching the blackbird with his crimson epaulets, keeping watch from a lofty tree over his wife as she sat in her nest built in the swaying forks of the golden rod. The cat-bird was to her a source of singular and endless delight

and admiration. His elegant shape, his jaunty swagger, his splendid confidence, his immense vocal genius, all captivated her, and she would hide behind a tree and hour after hour watch his gambols in the branches. I will not say that the birds knew Sister Anne. She was no bird-tamer, like the charming dream-girl in George Sand's romance of *Teverino*, and I doubt if she called ever so long whether any of her feathered friends would attend to her; but still I think the birds felt, by a rare instinct, as indescribable as any of the strange spiritual phenomena that are disclosing themselves nowadays, that Sister Anne was their worshiper. Cat-bird and oriole, it seems to me, permitted the young girl to come closer than any other idler in the fields.

It may be supposed that these erratic habits were not very much relished by Sister Anne's family. She was generally up a tree when she should have been mending stockings, and those wild-wood sports of hers did not produce a very favorable effect upon her toilet. Her gowns were sadly rent, and her shoes wore out with the most astonishing rapidity; while the marks of thorns on her small, delicate hands, and the tan on her quiet, dreamy face were not the most favorable additions to her personal appearance. She was a moral weed in a family of thriving and useful plants; a toy in the midst of a whole factory full of industrial machines. In vain did mother and sisters remonstrate; in vain did they point to baskets full of awful shirts yet unsewn, and terrible handkerchiefs yet unhemmed. Sister Anne turned a lazy glance and deaf ear to all, and fled to the fields, when the singing of the birds and the breath of the flowers consoled her for all her troubles.

So Sister Anne sat in the porch and dreamed. Was it of her friend the cat-bird, or her comrade the oriole? Did flowers dance before her mind's eye, or did she wander amidst visionary forests? Something tells me that Sister Anne dreamed of none of these, much as she loved them. But two summers ago, a tall young fellow, with blue bright eyes, and long dark hair, came to board for three months at the house, bringing with him a small valise and a large sketch-book. He, too, like Sister Anne, wandered all day in the woods and fields, and it often happened that they wandered together. They explored the pleasant beaches that lie along the Sound opposite to the hazy Norwalk shore. They watched the gambols of the sunshine upon the blue waters and the plummy woods; and that summer Sister Anne heard sweeter music than the song of birds, and had other companions than the oriole and cat-bird. The young artist, Stephen Basque, was a new revelation to the young girl. For the first time she had found one who understood her love of nature, and did not look upon her adoration of birds and flowers as mere folly. He talked of art and beauty, and Sister Anne awakened to poetry, until then a divinity unknown. He lent her a couple of volumes of Tennyson, and she

beheld how, by a magic art, life and substance, and all the passion and beauty of earth, could be transferred into print and paper to live forever. In the midst of this delightful dream—dream far more delicious than all her bird and forest visions, Stephen Basque packed up his small valise and large sketch-book, and went off to New York city to pursue his art. Poor Sister Anne was left doubly alone; and when she went out into the fields for the first time after his departure, it seemed as if the birds no longer knew her as of old. She wandered now less than of yore, but shut herself up in her room, which soon began to be littered with bits of paper scrawled all over. Her mother and sisters grumbled in vain; her little room was to her a sanctuary, and she fled there from persecution. It seems then to me, that at the moment I allude to Sister Anne sat in the porch and dreamed of Stephen Basque.

"As usual—idle! Will you never do any thing useful, child?" cried Mrs. Plymott, Sister Anne's excellent mother. "Look at your sisters busy on father's shirts, and you—you do nothing but sit like a lady all day long, with your hands before you."

"I can't work mother," answered Sister Anne, starting from her reverie with an expression of sudden pain, as the old lady emerged from the cottage door, her large hands parboiled with washing. "I know I am very useless to you, but it pains me to sew."

"Pains? trash!" cried Mrs. Plymott. "You are the skit of the whole village. Do you know what they call you? You don't! well they call you Mother Plymott's Duchess."

Sister Anne smiled sadly.

"We have no titles in America," she said, "so they are wrong."

"Oh! its easy for you to turn it into a jest, but I tell you it's no joke for me to have a child that is not able to earn a cent for herself, or save one for me. What would you do, Miss," the old woman continued with a savage sneer, "if father and I were to die? How would you earn your bread, eh?"

"I don't know exactly," said Anne, "but I don't suppose that God would allow me to die of starvation any more than he allows the robin and the chipping-bird."

Mrs. Plymott burst into a loud coarse laugh.

"So you'd live on berries, and sleep in the hedges, my pretty little robin, would you? Oh! how pleasant you'd find it! I'll lay in a lot of poke-berries for you this fall, and your feeding will be cheap during the winter."

"Does my feeding cost you much, mother?" asked Sister Anne, mildly.

"More than you are worth," was the brutal reply.

"Then it shan't cost you any thing for the future," answered the young girl, whose dreamy face lit up for a moment with a flash of insulted pride.

"Oh! we're offended, are we? we are going to earn our own living! Good luck to you

child! Let us see how long this good resolution will last."

"Longer than you imagine, mother," said Sister Anne, retreating quietly to her room.

She had taken on a sudden a strange resolution. Her arrangements were quickly made. She packed up a few things in a small bundle, examined her pockets, which she found contained exactly the sum of eight and sixpence. This done, she sat herself down to her little table and continued to write on several slips of paper until late in the night.

The next morning Sister Anne was up by daylight, reinspecting her little bundle of clothes, and making up her slips of paper into a small parcel. This done, she slipped into the breakfast parlor, and sat down to breakfast calmly, as usual.

"Well, are you going to idle to-day, as usual?" said her sister Mary.

"No," answered Sister Anne, with a queer smile, "I am going to be very industrious."

Then as soon as breakfast was concluded, she stole out unobserved by her industrious family, and, bundle in hand, set off for the railway station, which was distant about two miles. As she walked along the scrubby plain the lazy dreamer seemed to have vanished. She ran and skipped along, and tossed her bundle aloft, and sang vague melodies to herself. The face so still and calm seemed on fire with bold resolve. Assuredly Sister Anne had some great scheme in her little head.

She reached the station, paid from out of her eight shillings for a ticket to New York, and seated herself timidly in a vacant chair. It was the first time in her life that Sister Anne had been on a railroad, and it was with much wonder and alarm that she beheld herself whirled along until trees, and fields, and houses seemed to melt into a confused mass. Ere she had ceased to tremble and wonder the cars went more and more slowly, and she was informed that she had arrived at Brooklyn. She hurried out, and following the stream, found herself on board a ferry-boat, and in a few seconds across the river, and in the great city. Never having been in New York but once before, Sister Anne knew nothing whatever of the huge town, but being a stout little body, and having learned a sort of fearless freedom from her friends the birds, she asked the first person she met to direct her to the office of the *Aloe* daily newspaper. The man said he was going in that direction, and that if she would keep him in sight he would point out the very door. So Sister Anne, with her precious bundle in her hand, trotted off after her civil guide until they reached that cluster of streets that all merge into the Park, and where newspaper offices are as thick as blackberries.

"There Miss," said the man, pointing to a tall, dirty-looking building, "there is the office of the *Daily Aloe*. Editor's rooms are on the third story."

"Thank you, Sir," answered Sister Anne.

with a little bird-like nod of the head, and in a moment she was climbing up the steep stairs, dimly lighted, leading to the editor's room.

No one seemed to take the slightest notice of her as she entered. Seven or eight men were all sitting at desks, cutting up newspapers, writing as if by steam, turning over new books, amidst a horrible litter of papers and pens, and all the paraphernalia of an editorial room. Sister Anne timidly inquired if the editor could be seen. The scratching of pens ceased for an instant—one of the men looked up, pointed with his pen to an inner door, and went on writing again. In the inner room the child found a handsome bearded gentleman alone, and very busy writing. She stood for some time a little inside the door, expecting that he would look up. He seemed, however, as unconscious of her presence as if she did not exist.

"Please, Sir!" said Sister Anne, after waiting to be spoken to as long as she thought was reasonable.

The gentleman looked quickly up.

"What can I do for you?" said he, kindly enough, but still looking as if he wished that she had not interrupted him.

"Please, Sir," said the intruder, "I'm Filbert."

This singular announcement seemed to cause immense surprise to the editor of the *Aloe*. He opened his eyes very wide, and looked with an incredulous smile at the childish figure before him.

"You Filbert!" he cried. "You the author of those charming poems that have appeared from time to time in the *Aloe*? why it's impossible! You can't be more than fourteen!"

"I'm fifteen," answered Sister Anne, "and indeed, Sir, I'm Filbert."

"Sit down," said the editor, "and tell me what I can do for you."

Sister Anne took a seat, and put her hand in her pocket, from which she extracted a paper bundle. "Here," she said, "are ten more poems, Sir. I think they are as good as the first ones."

The editor took them with a smile, glanced at the handwriting, seemed convinced of the little authoress's identity, and said:

"Who taught you to write such charming poetry?"

"I don't know, Sir," answered Sister Anne, flushing, "but I think I learned it in the fields, and from the birds and trees."

"And your name is—"

"Anne Plymott, Sir. I live on Long Island, but I have come to New York to see if I can earn some money by writing."

"It's a hard trade," answered the editor, gloomily.

"All trades are hard," said Sister Anne, with a hopeful smile, "but people succeed in making money by them."

"Yes," answered the man of letters, "but a cabinet-maker has a better chance than a book-maker. There is a greater call for mahogany than for mind."

"But my poems are surely worth something," said the innocent, with a confident glance.

"Of that there is no doubt. But you won't get any one to give you any thing for them."

"What!" exclaimed Sister Anne. "Don't you pay for poetry?"

"My dear young lady," answered the editor of the *Aloe*, "we only pay for news and valuable matter."

"So you won't pay me for any of my poems?"

"It would, I assure you, be a deviation from our established rule."

"If they are not valuable, why, then, did you publish them?" asked Sister Anne, with untaught logic.

"Because we thought them good, and some of our readers like good poetry."

"Then if your readers like it, it is worth paying for."

The editor of the *Aloe* smiled compassionately at this innocent poetess, who expected to receive money in return for her labor and her mind. It was certainly a very absurd expectation.

"Give me my poems, Sir," said Sister Anne, very brusquely. "I can't afford to give them for nothing."

"And we can't afford to buy them," answered the editor, very courteously handing back the bundle of manuscript.

Sister Anne bowed majestically, took her bundle, and stalked indignantly out of the office. When she got into the street, however, a sick, hopeless sensation seemed to crawl over her heart. All her anticipations were destroyed at a single blow. The poems which she had labored at in secret, and which, when she saw them published, had given birth to such wild hopes, were then of no actual value, and all her expectations of making money and supporting herself were at an end. She would have given worlds to have gone back into the office, and asked the editor's advice as to what she should do, but her pride was wounded, and she would not stoop to ask a favor of one who she thought had treated her so badly. Oh! if she could only meet Mr. Stephen Basque. So she walked on through the crowded streets, where she was jostled and pushed about by the eager throng of people, each bent on the same money-getting errand as herself; and she rested a little in one of the parks, and took a cheap meal in a restaurant, which consumed all her remaining money except a few cents, and then as evening came on, she felt as if she would gladly have encountered death sooner than face the great heartless city by night.

Poor Sister Anne was completely bewildered. What was she to do? No friends, no money, no place to sleep. It was terrible; and she now began to regret having stalked off so majestically from that practical editor who would not pay for poetry.

She was looking in through the window of a brilliantly lighted print-shop, and admiring the splendid engravings, in spite of the tears that

stood in her eyes, when she observed a young man stop and look at her very attentively. It was not difficult to frighten Sister Anne now. It was night, and her friends the birds, however bold by day, were timorous indeed at night, and she was like them; so the steady gaze of this young man alarmed her. She immediately moved away, but to her great dismay he followed, and presently addressed her. He said that it was a beautiful night, but Sister Anne only quickened her pace. He next ventured on a remonstrance about her running away so quickly from him, and coolly passed his arm under hers. Poor Sister Anne thought she would sink into the earth.

"Go away! Please to go away, Sir!" she cried, half fainting. "I don't know you! I don't wish you to follow me!"

"But really I can not be so ungallant as to let you walk alone," said the young man, pertinaciously. "Pray let me see you home."

"I have no home!" cried Sister Anne, in an agony of fear.

"Oh, ho!" cried her companion; "so that's it. Let me offer you one, then."

"Oh!" murmured the poor girl, "if Stephen Basque was only here!"

"Who calls for Stephen Basque?" said a passer-by, suddenly catching the words, and stopping.

"I—I!" cried Sister Anne, rushing toward the new-comer. "Do you know him?"

"Why, Sister Anne! Is it possible that this is you?" cried Stephen himself, winding a protecting arm around her. "What's the row?"

"That man—that man!" sobbed Sister Anne, pointing to a respectable-looking, fat old gentleman, who had just stopped, attracted by the scene.

Stephen marched up to him instantly.

"What did you mean, Sir," said he, "by insulting this lady?"

"Me!" exclaimed the man. "I never saw her before in my life!"

"Oh, it isn't him!" cried Anne, who by this time had recovered her senses; then looking round for the true delinquent, it was found that he had vanished. Stephen, of course, offered his apologies to the bewildered old gentleman, and explained the mistake; then making Sister Anne take his arm, he burst through the little crowd that had already formed around them, and marched up the street.

"I knew you were in the city," he said to his companion, as soon as they were clear of the throng: "the editor of the *Aloe* related to me a curious interview he had with you to-day. Where are you staying?"

"Nowhere," said Sister Anne, red with shame.

"Why, how is that?"

"I have no money. I expected to be paid for my poems," and the poor child sobbed bitterly.

"That, indeed, was expecting much. So

you really wrote those delightful poems! Why, Sister Anne, or Filbert, you are a genius!"

"That's very little good to me if I can't make money," said Filbert, still sobbing.

"Not by poetry, certainly. But has it never entered your little head that there is a style of composition named prose. People always pay for prose."

Sister Anne lifted her head. There was a gleam of hope in this.

"Do you think I could write prose?" she said, timidly.

"If you try hard, I think you might. I know a very respectable old lady who keeps a nice boarding-house in Fourth Avenue. You shall go there to-night. In the morning I will see if I can not get some newspaper to give you an engagement to write some pretty country sketches. You can call them 'Dried Leaves,' or some other vegetable title, and they will be sure to succeed."

"Sister Anne said nothing, but gratefully pressed Stephen's arm; and that night, when she was installed at old Mrs. Britton's boarding-house, she blessed the young fellow with a virgin prayer.

So, after all, Sister Anne staid in New York, and set up for herself. Stephen got her an engagement on the *Weekly Gong*, and very soon some sensation began to be created by her series of sketches entitled "Lichens," under the signature of "Matilda Moss." She was paid for these tolerably well, and had the triumph of writing home to her family that she was now supporting herself.

After she had been six months in the city, and had been asked to Miss Ransack's literary *soirées*, and actually was on the eve of publishing a book, Stephen Basque came into her room one day with dancing eyes.

"Filbert!" he cried, "I want you to come and pay a visit with me."

"Where?" said Filbert, raising her head from her desk on which she was writing.

"At a lady's," answered Stephen, with an exulting smile.

"What lady's?" and Sister Anne felt a fore-shadowing of evil.

"Well, Filbert, the fact is, I'm going to be married, and— Why, Filbert, what's the matter?"

Poor Filbert was as pale as death. She bent her head over her desk, and her whole frame quivered. Poor child! she had loved the young fellow silently for two long years, and now he was going to take another to be his darling. It was very hard for her to bear.

"Filbert! are you ill?" cried Stephen, lifting her head gently.

"No, no!" she cried impatiently, shrinking from his touch. "It was only a pain produced by stooping so long. I am ready, Stephen; let us go and see your bride!" And Sister Anne rose with a steady countenance, and proceeded to put on her bonnet.

"You will not have to go far," cried Stephen,

with a strange, joyous twinkle in his eyes. "She is waiting round at my studio."

"Come!" said Sister Anne, marching to her martyrdom with sublime resolution. "Tell me, Stephen, is she pretty?"

"Lovely as the dawn!"

"Young?"

"About seventeen."

"Clever!"

"Well, yes. She is rather silent, however, but she looks intellectual."

"May God bless you and her!" cried Sister Anne, clasping his hand convulsively as they reached the door of the studio.

"Amen!" answered Stephen fervently, returning the pressure.

The door opened and they entered. The room was empty.

"She is gone—tired of waiting perhaps," murmured poor Anne, with a sigh of relief.

"No, she is behind this curtain," answered Stephen, stepping up to a red merino curtain that hung across one side of the studio. "Filbert, allow me to present to you Miss Anne Plymott."

He drew the curtain suddenly aside, and lo! there in a huge gold frame, Filbert saw a full-length portrait of herself. She uttered a cry of joy and running to Stephen, hid her blushing cheeks on his breast.

"You surely are not surprised, Filbert?" said Stephen, half reproachfully.

"I am," she answered. "I never dreamed of being so happy. What made you paint this picture, though?"

"It was my way of asking you whether you would have me. You have not answered yet though, Filbert?"

Filbert took the young artist by the hand, and leading him up to the picture, said, "There, Sir, is your bride. Why don't you kiss her?"

"True," said Stephen, "I forgot that;" but instead of kissing the picture he kissed the original, who screamed a little, blushed more, called him hard names, and then nestled up closer to him than ever.

"Filbert," said Stephen after a pause, "I intend to ask the editor of the *Aloe* to be my bridesman."

"I consent," cried Filbert gayly. "If he had paid me for my poems I should not have met you that night, and—"

"I should not have painted your picture!"

"Tell your friend the editor, Stephen, that I have forsaken poetry for ever."

"But you have not—"

"I have. Am I not going to be married?"

BELLOT.

HIS ADVENTURES AND DEATH IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

NOW that Dr. Kane has returned safe, the history of another heroic explorer of the Arctic desert is interesting without being cruel to relate. It will be remembered by all who felt an interest in the American Arctic

expeditions, that when Dr. Kane decided to undertake his last voyage, he was left free to select his officers and a crew. It was a matter of great importance that the former, especially, should be men on whom reliance could be placed. Dr. Kane, after due reflection, offered the post of second in command to a young French naval officer, Lieutenant Bellot. Had that offer been accepted, the people of New York would doubtless have been engaged at the present time in the pleasing task of féting one of the noblest and most promising young men this century has produced. It was declined; and instead of honors and fame in America, an obelisk of granite on the banks of the Thames bears testimony to the virtues and the services of Bellot.

His is a very simple story. Some eighteen years ago, a poor blacksmith, living at Rochefort, on the Charente, discovered that his son Joseph was a boy of unusual talent. It was the father's dearest wish that the boy should go to school and college; but, after many an anxious calculation, he found that he could not possibly afford it. The blacksmith had almost given up hope, when the City Government generously offered to defray the expense of the lad's education. Deeply grateful for the boon, young Joseph René Bellot entered college; wrought as boys will work when their object is really the acquisition of knowledge; became, at twelve years of age, a sort of tutor to an idle schoolfellow; and with his first twenty-franc piece in his hand, ran to his father—"Here, father, you said we must put by money for your journey to Paris: here are twenty francs." Through college with honor; then to Brest, where, after the usual probation, he embarked on board the corvette *Berceau*, an *élève de marine*, assigning half his meagre pay to his family.

"I must keep watch over myself," wrote this lad of eighteen in his private journal, "or I shall fall into the greatest sloth. The desire of showing gratitude for all that has been done for me, ought of itself to constitute a very sufficient motive for me. Ought I not also to reflect that I am destined to support a numerous and beloved family, of whom I am the sole hope? I am considered ambitious, it is true; but is ambition ignoble? Perhaps there is too much self-love in all my schemes. . . . I too often forget what I have been; I do not reflect that my father is a poor workman with a large family; that he has made great sacrifices for me." This, be it noted, when his captain was reporting him as an officer "whose post was wherever there was a good example to follow or a danger to brave;" when he was leading the sailors and being wounded at the attack on Tamatave; when the government of Louis Philippe was creating him a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Very soon, the admiral of the station bearing witness that he was "the most distinguished *élève* under his command for his high intelligence, his character, and his conduct," he obtained a step, and made his second cruise to